

C. Thomas Asplund

UPON THIS ROCK

We laughed in the temple
and found favor where
the Lord lashed with lightning and laughed too
when he saw the size of salvation.

Adam between the consecrated trees
tied his hammock for secure slumber
and fell not with the night
and with the morning rose not
but slept in the sun

As tangled fishermen slept too, in a garden
tumbled in sleep
secure in the infinite grass
and dreamt of glory which flashed by them in the night
then shattered like a crowd of guilty waifs found
apple-stealing
when Old Man Death raged.

Oh Jesus loves this careless freckled world
that stretches aimlessly where

lilies left and fig blossoms blown
(eye hath not seen)
blackbird whistle and bobwhite song
(nor ear heard)
and hours and days that no man knoweth
flutter
fall

in the forest
like

wastrel leaves.

With all of that

Jesus had to trust

a calculated concern

(dreamless with the pungent balm of love
frugal with the poisoned sacrament of sop)

to tie Him on a tree.