

C. H. JOLLEY

PROPHET

" . . . no beauty that we should desire him."

Isaiah 53:2

The common cripple to the south of Palmyra
Dreamed God the Father, the Savior Son,
And, though clerical tradition predetermine his doom,
Can never, never, never
Search Kidd's treasure again.

Stout, paunched, hook-nosed mystic though he was —
Who gimped his way from fourteen on
Through the dark, deep furrows of those New York farms
To Ohio, Missouri, Illinois (and beyond) —
He faced Gethsemane alone,
Crossed back from deliverance,
And, from an upper room above the crowds
Who shouted blood upon their children's heads,
Reached wide his trembling hands to God,
Was pierced,
And, plunging headlong into Pentecost,
Was dead.

