

YOU ARE ALWAYS ON MY MIND

Ann Fletcher

The lilies of the field
are always on my mind.
I don't know what to
make of them,
I am so citified.
This conception of
planting and sowing
and reaping to keep
them a delicate white
is something better
left to the constant
gardeners, though
I don't know who
they are.

During Lent I am
all ashes and dust
and blinded by
a dark with no stars
as I wait for Easter,
my shiniest time,
when I come back
to fragrant soil
and His light,
and these lilies
return to me as
I believe in
their resurrection
and they believe
in mine.

RISE MY FRIENDS RISE

Rise my friends Rise.
Rise from what
is worn and tattered.
Rise from what
you avoid and hide.

Rise my friends Rise.
Rise from the frozen
ground that's hardened.
Rise to Blossom.
Rise to Beauty.
Rise to Flower.

Rise my friends Rise.
Rise to the Hope inside
His Resurrection.

Leave behind the threat
of scarcity and famine.
Disregard the clouds.

Rise my friends Rise.
Rise to what is Sacred.
What is Wise.
Tune out greed.
Refuse destruction.
Rebuild what has died.

Rise to Abundance.
Rise to Goodness.
Rise to Possibility.
Rise to Love.

Rise my friends Rise.

MAUNDY THURSDAY

“Could you not keep
watch with me for
one hour?”

-Matthew 16:40

I do not believe
this is all you are
asking of me.
If I give you
an hour of my
undivided attention,
you will ask me
to travel with you to
undiscovered continents.
This is why I keep you
at arm's length,
though sometimes,
I've considered you
an acquaintance, and
for brief periods
of time an intimate
companion.
You keep asking me
to enter The Temple
Of The Unfamiliar,
where I do not grasp
the language, or
understand the customs,
which is why
I would not consider
a formal engagement.
If we were to marry,
I know you would
ask me to carry things
too awkward and heavy
for my weakened
bone structure, and
you would want me
to have faith in you,
which is too fluid a
river for me to swim
safely through.
Do not try to convince
me to move in with you.
You are knocking at
a door with no opening.
If I give you that hour,
I know you will ask
me to throw away
the maps, disregard my
sense of direction, and
Come Follow You.