

xi. Shining through.

(Mt 24-25; Mtk 13; Lk 21:5-38.)

When the fig falls like a tear
to earth and, from these muddy origins,
the tree takes root and the tip
of the twig is tender with life,
the end is near.
The hour begins.
The time is ripe.

In that proud fellowship
of admiration and contented sighs,
your friends gaze at my house, my earthly home.
Tell them of the day
when this temple, stone by stone,
lies forsaken on the ground.

Haunted prophets pray
with wild accusing eyes
amid their trembling followers. They greet
the starving mouths, the rumours and deceit
with frowning righteousness,
but those who hear your voice - your gentle sound -
wait in peace, as warring kingdoms groan.

Once-friendly faces howl your name
with treachery and lawlessness
as your friends are handed over - called
to the accusing microphone.
They feel no hurt, no shame.
Your breath is guiding them. The nations hear.
Good news is taking root.

Weep for Jerusalem - hauled
beneath those slouching wings
by which the holy is defiled.
Abandon the city; flee to the hills
as vultures appear
with eager eye and dangling fruit
and the mother clings
to her wailing child,
as the cup of lamentation fills.

The moon and stars are fallen from the sky,
the gentle dreams undone
and all can hear the resolute cry
of the faithful champion:

*Rise and see
my madness shining through in victory.*