

Resurrection II

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Shout, O Son of Man!

Hurl holy hallelujahs heaven-high!

Alive in the kingdom of the living standing, gates of joy ajar,
fling your carpenter's arms about blunt fishermen,
loving around your tiny world lost curl them.

Chained darkness of damp worlds cramped below conquered into nothingness,
prisoners of shadow blink in bursting Light unbarred
and tremble at the possibility of Innocence at war and victor.

Braid the breaths of gladness flowing toward your robes of glory
(soft Mary-smiles, homely sparrow-clutter, mute signature of stone)
into shining cords and cables reaching endless to the sky.

Return to your kingdom on carpets of exulting song!

Shout, O Son of God!