

Finally Come The Poets

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Brueggemann said “There are many pressures to quiet the text, to silence this deposit of dangerous speech, to halt this outrageous practice of speaking alternative possibility. The poems, however, refuse such silence. They will sound. They sound through preachers who risk beyond prose. In the act of such risk, power is released, newness is evoked, God is praised.”¹ The use of poetry is used extensively through the Bible. It allows a different viewpoint in comparison to historical narrative or epistles. It provides us with a fresh way to see both the ancient context of scripture and the contemporary world in which we aim to make sense of the Bible’s wisdom.

We Spoke With Whispered Tones

We spoke with whispered tones
And hushed hues,
So the rabbi and the priest
Could not hear the rumbles of sheer joy.
Unearthed, our secret
Spilled silent like salivating lionesses.
Dripping with life,
Words that broke like shards of light,
Like the birth of the world.
Unnervingly simple,
The eerie briefness of the mantra.
Our eyes quickly, when excitement lit our tongues,
Re-established our muted words.
Our eyes, though, burned with knowledge.
Knowing our muffled speech
Could not withstand the surge
Of exuberant shouts that pushed
Against clamped teeth and pursed lips.
Our eyes shone like suns as they connected
Knowing, with unshaking certainty,
That we could not contain this truth,
So new and fresh and wrapped in the ancient.
Our eyes furiously making bonds,
We stared deeply in states of bliss
Into each others thrilled souls
And let that sentence fill the room.
“Religion is dead,
He loves us.”



1. Walter Brueggemann, Finally Comes The Poet: Daring Speech For Proclamation (Minneapolis: Augsburg Fortress, 1989.)

Resonance of Seismic Shifts

Our eyes, bloodshot red and drained, plead for answers to bloodstained pains
 This weeping comes, chests are strained, this numbness all our souls have gained
 Just hollow shells of men we used to be, of followers, now sunk at sea
 Swallowed shipwrecks now are we, turned to driftwood, junk debris
 Devoured by cross and stormy waves, watery graves for foolish knaves
 To false ideas we were enslaved..... he had not come to rule and save
 We'd trod his dust, souls entwined, walked his paths, seen the signs
 Given him our very lives, seen men transformed and realigned
 Blind eyes view first time the light, of spit and mud and healing sight
 Crippled limbs made straight and right, of demons, shocked in fear, took flight
 We thought that he must be the Christ, the one foretold, to wear the crown
 But we watched him we thought the king,... crucified and taken down

And he was gone
 His breath was gone
 His life was gone
 Death had won

Of gruesome scenes and baying crowds,
 Of holy cries screamed high and loud
 Broken sobs and forsaken vows,
 Crossed and lifeless, a brow now bowed

And he was gone
 His breath was gone
 His life was gone
 Death had won

We took him from that fateful tree,
 Two wooden beams so cloaked in gloom,
 Carried him to sealed rooms,
 Prepared his corpse, laid in the tomb

And he was gone
 His breath was gone
 His life was gone
 Death had won...



But wake from sleep, we stretch and yawn and then heard the news upon this dawn,
 That all we saw will carry on, of empty caves and new day born
 The resonance of seismic shifts, of resurrection evidence
 Of skeletons replenishment, of life afresh took residence,
 Resettlement of heaven's reign, of reinstated eminence,
 Of reawakened excellence, of serenades of cherubim,
 We join the songs of seraphim, heaven's choirs praising him
 Of blood in veins, of breath regained, of Christ has come alive again
 ...of Christ has come alive again

We start this day in raw belief, not filled with grief but fullest peace
 A hope we thought three days deceased but sunrise turns to joys release,
 That song bird's beak exclaims the times, as if they knew this son would rise
 The irony now fills the skies, the chorus rings that death itself now dies
 On shaking legs it takes the knee and grabs its chest and finds no breath
 Failed though it tried its best, now death it takes a mortal's rest
 Stood the test and satan found too impotent, God's power just too infinite
 Triumphant shouts significant, his kingdom come so imminent

For this is easter, eternity ahead, no time to mourn
 For this is easter, three days and then the son reborn
 For this is easter, three days and on the third restored
 For this is easter, three days and proof he is the LORD

With swings of stories, twists of fate, we cry, oh, satan, where's your win?
 Proclaim it now with broadest grins, that death has lost its frightful sting,
 No victory songs for you to sing, forced to end your truthless din.
 So let the hymns of churchbells ring, joining songs angelic hosts begin
 To him glory, to him honour, to him power....Jesus Christ, is King of Kings



Oh Death

Oh death, your crown has slipped
 And fallen to the floor
 Smashed like broken glass
 And your face is wrenched
 In shock and awe
 He has risen from your grip
 Bonds and ropes
 They have been shorn
 Your clutch is poorer than you thought
 Hail Easter's glorious dawn
 Ivy wraps around your neck,
 You're dressed up for the tomb
 Pulled into your own dark plan
 Walk eternal catacombs
 Forever you have failed
 So wallow in your pain
 He sits on glory's throne
 And Satan
 Hollow be thy name