3(1): 101-103

DOI: https://doi.org/10.15664/bcw.v3i1.2178

Finally Come The Poets

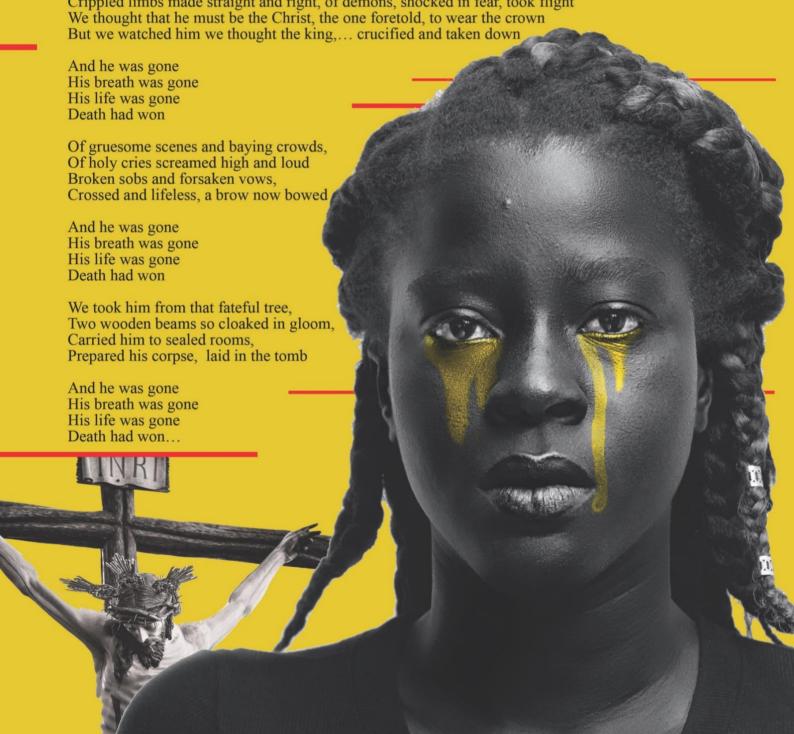
Oliver Barclay-Higham

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." 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.



102 BCW, Vol. 3, No. 1

Resonance of Seismic Shifts



FINALLY COME THE POETS 103

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