

Bloodlines.

By Lancelot Schaubert

Around a certain cousin titled James
There is a dampened smoldering of fames.
For those in shires who share ancestral wombs
Think: "I would never leave an empty tomb."
And since they cannot see their life as spell,
Enchantments of the vine become a hell
Of writhing steel. A preaching from a town
That scoffs at healings; water walking frowns,
Will quickly take to practicum, concrete,
To making real the known, to math made meat:
And thus The Word made flesh is prophecy —
Contrast with preaching — is an act of speech,
And every minor role of Passion's play —
The scatologic joke, the regal sway,
The growing back of amputated limbs,
The camel in the needle eye that thimbs
Neglect to ward away from rich
Who MUST divest both with and without itch
To do so in the towns they own
And thus leave prophets from said towns to groan,
"Among my own I have no honor left."
— which leaves the business preacher all bereft
Of what would prove his ministry no fraud:

For miracles are more than merely odd.
They show where truth breaks in upon the lies
Of money changer's cannibal meat pies.
They are where Beauty knocks the urn from bier
To show which ones need wax and which sincere.
They poke a good deprived with all of Good
And turn from merely could and should and would
Into the Real. A miracle awakes
us from the dream of shadow; real from fakes.

For that to hit your life in such a way
That unto hometown feel you must convey
The boon of resurrection, they hear threats
To all their money, all their power, sex,
And every modicum of status quo.

It's easier to get your blood to flow.