Poetry by Roy Rhodes

THE ROAD TOWARDS EMMAUS
If I do not recall that long morning,
let my swollen tongue gorge with blood.
O, the heat, the crowds herded by troops
avoiding the chance their throats be cut.

The distant city as if burning, unconsumed,
with built-up walls blotting first light
had erected outside a noonday killing spot
between the faceless sun and eyeless moon.

The bundle of clouds overhead cracked open
with new light, a whip snap crack of light,
a blade bluntly shearing life and death
for a scale that teeters weighing my days.

As I watch my flat shadow join my shadow,
the rising light each step is melted into light,
into nothing but the light-rich light beyond.
And I know I come from darkness, and return.

I shunned the grim commotion pulling others.
My own lonely sorrows were sufficient,
as I walked the road farther and farther.
But who is that stranger who walks ahead?

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YDS: Lux et Veritas

Weary saints reclaim this holy hill,
from fifty years or more of wilderness.
We parse no bible text, but pill for pill
compare our health. The things we now confess
mostly deal with diet. Classmates, dead
and gone, are mentioned and the soon retired
envied. Authors, Deans, and those who head
a Board or two, and classmates simply tired.
We name with others: Bainton, Latourette,
Childs, Minear, and Muehl who still inspire.
While budgets vex us and the missalette,
the psalms we sing still burst with deathless fire!
Life has worked its best to keep us humble.
Lord, renew us as we fall or stumble.