

COMING ON

David Sparenberg

When the one who is awaited comes
and you find your face
within his face
and your heartbeat
living inside his heartbeat
as entwined as lover's breath;

when the angel that he brings
bears your name as
clearly inscribed as his own
and the animal at his side
walks peacefully
in the shadow of your footsteps;

then will the Earth Revolution begin
like a child
awakening at the onset of morning
(a Dawn Child)
and green will be as red as gold.

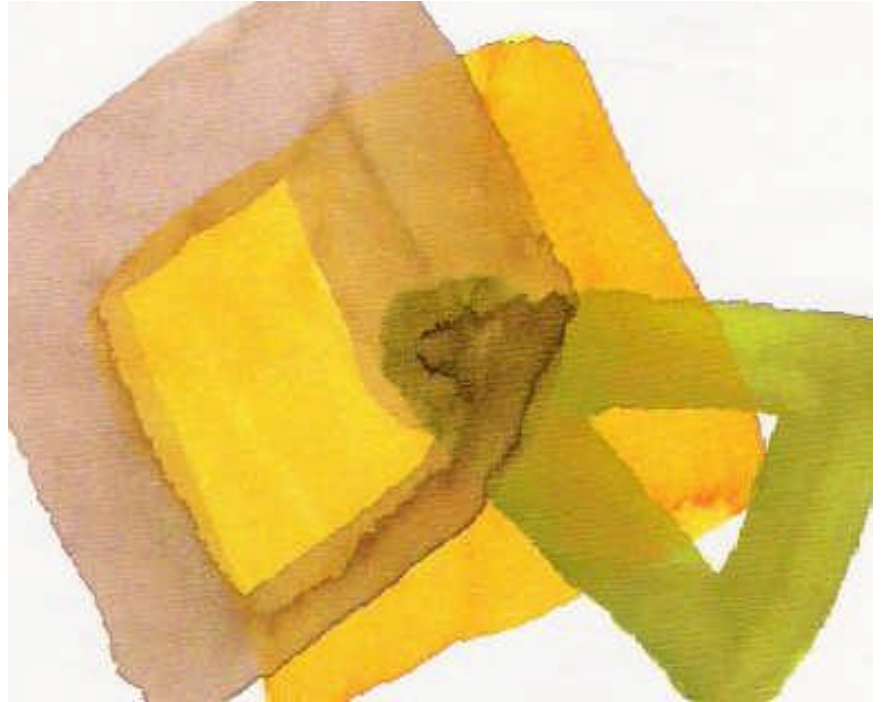
And that which starts
prayerful in a whispered word
swift as lightning
or as wildfire consumes
not but bitterness
and the lusts of exploitation and war.

And it shall end in this:
The never ending fertility
of the dream of God
and the promise filling the fields
of holy prophesy. For we

in the companionship
of the awaited—of one coming on—
shall eat at the banquet of our preparations.
And the one will be invited
to sit here
and be among us.

That day shall be called
Abundance. And that night
Deliverance from the Apocalypse
of manmade evils. And the world
with the one at the center of
the everywhere from
now until always will dance.

Dance as people dance
around a tree of fire
that does not burn but
shines with joy. With life.
With redefining
Liberty.



Painting: Lona Towsley