

Before I meet Bart Wrinkle

when it's all said and done here.

look me up.

I'll be kicking back, slinging jawbones

with samson

who made it in the door by the grace of God

same as noah

found grace

discovered it

(he happened upon it or rather it happened upon him)

i'll be listening to stories of limping jacob and stumbling
bartimaeus

I'll be all ears— smiling and wondering about weak eyes,
pharisees and romance

discussing it with the miracle boy of Jesus' mud pies

look! there's Paul (no longer writing with big letters—the
lasik surgery is divine)

he's catching up on his reading

checking out the far flung analysis of lettered theologians
from barclay to barnes to hal lindsay (just for fun)

I will not dare disturb him.

and Jesus is smiling

His kids—the whole crew is back home

all of them

He's feasting on the vision He's been waiting to see

me?

i'm the guy way over in the back of the family portrait
next to a man named bart wrinkle (of whom i have not met)
