O Sun!

O sun!
fiercely blazing through history
An observer of ants called nations
and ping pong planets
over roads and hills,
mountains and streams
Before the silent gaze of God
you pull us around
like a silent despot
a delicate truthful, firm habit
the things you have seen
still burning
still redeeming the seasons
tiny citizen of milky way
a small spark in eternity
a syllable of the greatness of God.
but you saw the blue marble’s beginning
casting light on Eden’s dew.

You observed the dust and breath of man
and the touch of Elohim that set in motion
the supple skin of woman
the ecstasy of communion
innocence and passion
melting together
like the first taste of chocolate.

The artist cupped his hands
pouring sheets of rain
a rushing firmament of declension
tides devouring lands.
divine tears and one single boat
the seas unite
silence once again
You saw caps of mountains

emerging from the primordial steams of redemption

And Sodom’s flames like holy rage
burst forth from your belly
Once again intimacy deferred
as Creator God
a lonely lover
scanned the horizon for his Children.

Burning still through wars and wonder
through the trail of time
which kept its score
the balance of time rested upon you.

A trickster at times
you stopped and stood
halting the dance of revolutions
for the sake of the warriors at Gibeon
to make clear the constancy of God.
and sister moon stood as well
in the terror of the Amorite siege
Joshua strong and defiant
Creator God, an all consuming warrior
setting forth the grand announcement
I am that I Am
and that is enough
for limping herdsman and suckling infants
and like an unrequited lover
God wooed the forgetful creation
that sought comfort and ease
in vain.

Strong perfect pebble of fire
amidst the ions of time
and expanse of stars
what holds you high
steady and ample?
Only I Am

He is self-existent
thoughts far greater than vacuous thoughts of kings
and the croaking of awkward poems
in dusty forgotten rooms
Name withheld
for fear of incrimination

You burn through the ages
laughing at the fools who consider you God
Burning incense to the bastard of unclean spirits
a lesser acquaintance Baal.
We once knew of you as a chariot
coursing through the landscape with the madness of Jehu
until the good lady truth revealed
it was Earth’s spinning and
you standing still.

Sister moon changes the seas
and makes lovers cleave
but in the light of day truth is seen
and fallacies swiftly leave

The sun has no heart but warms many
Brings life from seeds and rain from steam
calling out to those who slumber
a nightmare to the drunkard
blaring, pulsing, unwanted torture
vows of never again before and then…

Two kings:
father one
the other- son
spoke of thee in verse and meter
of one- the changeless dance from man
from birth to death
the other (the father)
triumphant warrior prompting you to praise
and joined at once by sister moon.

The son
A melancholy soul, having everything but nothing still.
Wisdom was his mistress
His lust for Life
leaving him distant and unkempt in forms of the divine.
Sun, he saw you as a watchman
a reminder of Creator God and glory
A figure in a lovers story.

Kings of each age tender their throne to your march of time.
Key stroke and quill marked caves, and scrolls-
parchment and the tick tock of galvanized destiny
Only one can veil history's golden watchman:
present Holy One in Three

In flight to render God's design
The bough of mercy clutched the tiny form of Christ
And in advent of God's renown
cast it's pearly rays sublime.
Wise and lowly
Strong and weak
Bowed among the keepers of sheep

Another sun- a mystery still
compelled the procession of sinners
and God's eyes cast redemption
upon the lost and wandering rabble
Sun kissed the prophetic import

The sun welcomed the Word of all
His creator in a feeding stall
suddenly all creation (even rocks) stood by
In remembrance of sudden existence and the artist's intention
pregnant with praise bated for the silence of man
And the glow of redemption
that accompanied Him.
a sudden twist like thrones in the hinterlands of Judea
crack open the sacred brow of Immanuel

And you, O sun, hid perplexed by love’s greatest monument
Calvary
hidden from the blood soaked wood
drops of crimson passion
sprinkling on the altar of dust.
The rage of demons
swirling, surrounding mocking teachers
and the Roman hammer
Like the shameful sanctuary of Adam
You too sought the cloak of retreat
Away from the raven of foreboding wrath.

But you, o sun, did rise again
the sacrifice of Godhead slain
The morning star brought forth
quaking creation
and Eden’s promised return.

And the earth twirling still
You watch this morning
Your prelude sung by birds
You rise again
in praise of grace
Waiting for creator friend
to sound the horn:
a strong sonnet of space and
world without end.