cloud of witnesses

some plan

their own phantasmagorical funeral

preacher boys with stories that’d make everyone cry.

even mother-in-laws and accountants

I have different plans on that day.

when i die

I’ll watch my father sling jawbones

with samson

both made it in the door by the grace of God

same as noah

he found grace

he discovered it

or it discovered him

before he clanked the first nail into gopher wood

or shoveled the first cart of kangaroo caca

the story began in grace and splinter

the mercy of limping jacob and stumbling bartimaeus

they sidebar and tell stories

smiling and wondering about weak eyes

discussing it with the miracle boy of Jesus’ mud pies

look(!) there’s paul—the lasik surgery is divine

big letters not necessary.

he can read the fine print

he’s catching up with a big stack by his side

& checking out the far flung analysis of his work

from n/t/wright to barnes to hal lindsay

(the later, just for fun)

The speech therapy is complete for stuttering moses.

he can wax eloquent for millennia

AND Jesus is smiling

His children—the whole great cloud is back home

The aroma of the spread catered by angels

and feasting on the vision He’s been waiting to see.

and in gobsmacked wonder, there’s a whisper

under the breath of all the saints-

“it’s all true”

me?

i’m the guy way over in the back of the family portrait

on the 12,857,009th row

next to a man named bart wrankle (of whom i have not met)