

# 0 Sun!

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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.