

Who Told You I Need a House?



“Who told you I need a house”,
asks the nomad G_d,

of those who grew weary of the eternal restlessness
thinking S/He might appreciate
a fixed address, like a Queen or a priest?

“Your temples
conceal streams of grace
where once desert pilgrims
found respite, quenched thirst, offered thanks,
and then felt the mistrals moving them on.

Manager priests in fixed and fancy offices
do not feel the wind
or hear the gurgling music.

Am I being too harsh?



Look into your eyes.

A creation story explodes when,
in every astonished moment,
you behold

the adventure of life
as my advent.

Look again. Steady.

I am in that retinal explosion—
in the still, black, center,
and in the lines of light that converge
in the you of this moment,
and from the you of this moment
outward to encompass a future
that is born of my restlessness.

Bang!

If you must build your houses,
then make them sacraments of Sophia—

more mobile than motion.



Tilt the foundation
toward the future,
so that in short order
gravity pours even the most
reluctant inhabitants,
out the open door,
to join the procession of pilgrims,
led by the one who has no place
to rest his head.

Yes, I am unrelenting.

But you knew this.

Your bright and searching eyes always knew it,
before the dullness of the Great Domestication set in.

I do want more.

It's that simple.

You may think this cruel
if you have already fallen in love with changeless form.
Even your house of love
will be shattered and swept away
by the tide of Love itself—and without apology—
to become an anthropologist's artifact,
an interesting study of how an earlier love
was constructed.
I want to transcend myself
in you.



Befriend fear,

that unsolicited angel
appearing at the tent
of your life,
come to announce
that the Wild One
is breaking camp and moving on.
Time to pull up stakes.
Again.

Nobody, (not the Nazarene for sure),
said it would be easy.

Here's my one concession
to your fear:

Lean back.

I will carry you for a time
in the momentum of my yearning.

The Future asks—only—
for your trust.”