Two Thoughts, a Poem and a Letter

Salvation through the blood of Christ ('love's vivisectomy of doubt) exposes the dark roots of violence in us to the sunshine of perfect love.

Theology is the mind making a fool of itself for the love of God.

The man we love we call the Lamb.
His end its slaughter, pleasing God
Who is the ultimate I AM
And no one finds this bloody odd:

Murder and holy sacrifice
In tantalizing counterpoint
Whose only role is to entice
The mind that love holds out of joint.

The interplay between these two
A dance of God within the heart,
The dancer is in love with you
You mustn't hold the two apart.

The dance is yours, it takes you out
Into new uplands of the mind,
Love's vivisectomy of doubt
Where even death is left behind.

The counterpointing is the point
For it is inexhaustible
Releasing Spirit to anoint
The mind as priestly king and fool.

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We see this now, whose eyes are skinned
To look at murder as our source
And yet the bible *said* we sinned
Where pagans lived without remorse.

Our murder driven underground
Left only myth to mark the place
Of Abel, till the Word would sound
And join the two in blood and grace.

Murder with sacrifice its myth
Keeps history with bated breath
And there's no thing to end this with
Except that awful holy death.

Things come together for the mind:
Surprisingly, we find we knew
Already, and the past refined
Makes us cry out, 'My God, that's true!'

Indeed the thing is obvious:
The man we love, the slaughtered beast
Together stay outrageous
And send us inward to the feast.

But still we fear where God has fused
Profane with sacred in one deed,
This counterpoint has us bemused
Who will not hear that we are freed.

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