

Pondering Beatitudes — Wooed and Won

By George Herbert, if he were alive 10 years ago

(More of an Herbert Homage, but attributed nonetheless)

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The essayist sways while the poet woos
One peruses, the other pursues
God begins where poets eagerly reside
Persuading the poet to assay the essay
Poet God parlays, urging, "Do not delay"
Heartening poets to look up rather than stay

The poet fell forward recanting the pen
Sword wielded, that pen pierced his heart
He'd read again, the umpteenth time,
The poetic mount sermon by Jesus
Each word, every phrase, painfully explained
The poet's words lacked what blessings would gain

Not poor, his spirit, wealth's what he wanted
Mourning evaded for comforts grabbed, lauded
Where meekness lived, he did not know
Nor hungry folk or thirsty fellow
His plate and vault and drawers were filled
Assured he'd calculated, desires he had lived

The poet's only mercy — stood hesitant
A check, some change, a muttered chant
His heart he'd cleaned, Fabreezed, sprit sprit
The hardened part, a rancid comfit
Rotted and awful, yet flowered for show
Heart scented, covered up, retarded just so

Peace he'd made by judging others
Accorded ignorant, dim-witted, and bothered
Rued to persecution, he'd decided
Insult them then discard them derided
That's when rejoicing fuddled his being
Heaven's reward he'd tossed, fling fling

The poet forgot the kingdom of heaven

Comes to spirits intent for hereafter
Rather than here and now and laughter
Cuffed against divine's ready pardon
No cognition toward those who yearn
Insisting instead, "Heaven is easily earned"

The pen drove sharp, deep into chest
Fallen ragged ashamed in self arrest
"What have I done?" he cried a-blubbered
Nothing and less than little; soul clobbered
He'd offered scant compense to meekness
Certain of sin, now shocked awake, completely

Repentant, torn apart, discovering mourning
Dried mouth, soured tongue, lungs churning
The poet chagrined admitted his folly
No blessings and comfort and visions of holy
Fallen upon his fountain penned foil
The poet hung distraught at vanity's toil

Light of the world the poet was not
No salted taste for his heart caved in rot
He beat upon his head and bent knees
Chastised all he'd earned, stored, Fabreezed
Dangerously he considered a door knob death
A rope to strangle the sin, muck, and filth

"Dear God!" as the pains amped and recognized
Prayer instead subsidized, suicide subsided
"Dear child," heard clearly, "Know this. I do love you"
Banged head sore knees throbbled his heart anew
The words reverberated returned recompense
"Can it be?" rhetorically, unable to guess

The poet reviewed Christ's immovable blessings
Designed into character, ordered litany — surrender
From fallen, chastised, despised and distraught
So quickly the awakening had come, in truth?
Recanted submission reversing this fast?
Yes, promise of blessings unwinds bolted pasts

Showered hope drowned him, assurances shifted
Washed rot, hardened despondency suddenly lifted
Selfish abandon expired, divine's hold he did take
Child he'd been called, peace he should make
Righteousness desired, satisfaction in hereafter

First steps perused then holy blessings pursued

The poet stilled, heartened awake, now alive
To pen he returned inking words from the mount
Seek meekness and mourning and righteousness
For blessing and calling and holy rewards
Divinity delivered re-ripening rotting heart
Loved as a child called out now — God's part

He sat among pages, his edits scratched over
Remarkably converting frightful words like a mother
The poet raced through old scribblings in fever
He rewrote most and least, a flowing word river
"Stay here, in this heart," the poet called out
"Forever," spoke Jesus, from him to another

"I am here," arrived, moved in, "Have no doubts
Thank you for ingesting my love from the mount"
Poet, perused, pursued and won over
Rose above despondencies, mortised to Christ
Formed in essay, found and mounted in love
Poet's gaze into self, blinked, then fixed above

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