

Jesus Rising, 2023 A.D.

It's Spring.
The sky is robin's egg blue,
as deep
as deep
as anything

Endlessly high,
high
to where My sky
sparkles
like sapphires.

If I were Jesus,
I, too, would want to spread my arms,
robe flapping in the fresh, west wind.
Folds flapping,
Sleeves waving
 Making snow angels
 in the blue air
Independent of me,

because I am standing on a small hill,
 a local pitcher's mound,
and the wind is crossing the river.

The Opening Day crowd is cheering
and I am spreading my arms

and oh!

I am leaving the ground.

Just moments ago,
I kicked off my shoes.
Just moments ago,
my toes
were wriggling on the almost-warm
 ground
with shiny worms
and bits of clover starting to peek through.

My feet were loving the energetic dirt,
but now
they are extended
like a ballerina's
in mid-leap.

A plump robin pulls at a worm below.
The yellow-green forsythia
and surprisingly pink dogwood
and fresh white flowering peach,
 having just erupted after the rain,
gently wave hosannas to my enlivened
 robes.

My toes reach out to the sweet earth
they do not want to leave
but I feel the pull of a Greater Gravity.

Go I must.
Bid good-bye, I must
on this gloriously clear day
the color of My Mother's robes.

My friends and fans grow smaller.
My head spins in the thinner air.
My body has no weight.

I am Spirit this Spring,
On to Higher Things.

-- *Joan Paylo*