

Risen to Change

They had seen the Lord
Thomas had even touched
But like stranded sand
Through a net of fingers
He kept slipping through
And they could not hold
Anymore than Magdalene
By the feet at the tomb.

They were all learning
Slowly how to let go
Of the old comfortable
Christ of shared walks
Explanations and feasts
But did not know much
About this replacement
Jesus promised to send.

Peter went out to fish
Half a dozen followed
Pondering the Spirit as
Lake Tiberias would not
Give up even a blue fish
Perhaps nothing new until
One of them made a cast
Of the old beyond recall.

Easier to advise than
Release the grip on oars
Letting barque have its prow
Harder still to wait for
A Spirit like the wind
To come and go at whim
After three great years
Of him in flesh and bone.

T. Kretz