

On the Ride Home, Exiting a Freeway

We are not going fast your grandson says
We are not going fast he insists from the back seat
The traffic crawls along the freeway

Hearts beat from the force of habit
Nerves muscles bodily fluids doing all they know how to do
Pretty much the same as how cars work, or our scheduled
Weekly routines and the familiar safety they bring

A heart beating with the force of love is something unfamiliar
A heart fibrillating in the palm of the savior's hand belongs
In the zone of the strange

And nobody died
Later come the martyrs mimicking their savior
Judged and handed over for execution
Beaten by mobs
Flailed by soldiers
Pierced in the heart by sinners calling for help

You are driving home from work
A normal Friday evening herd of automobiles bleating
Across his drawing pad my grandson writes in block letters

WE ARE GOEN FAST

He signs his name to make it so
He reads his words aloud with conviction
He wants a sign that imagination works and writes again

WE ARE GOEN VERY FAST

You get off the freeway
Sometimes you have to enter the wide world
Leave behind the familiar shepherding

Now you are driving home from work along unknown roads
Warm spring evening urged you to explore unfamiliar routes

Herds of sheep grazing lambs chasing each other
Across a green warmed by the reds of a declining sun
Blossoms enveloping leafless trees with their puffiness
Growing pruning decomposing nourishing sprouting
Beauty beating In sync with your heart

Which is why the savior in his glory
Offered his beating heart reminding
his followers of the day he was
Rebuked repudiated whipped pierced
Executed buried lost to the pleasures of this world
The unfamiliar pierces the routines of settled lives

When all is said and done you don't know
How to handle an unfamiliar world
Church used to require your presence in the expectation
Christ's presence touched you
Whether or not you were paying attention

Gather lilies for Easter and search for eggs in the grass
Light the candles and offer an intention for someone in need
Follow the Twelve Stations of the Cross
Remorseful for your contribution to the savior's torment
Sit with the sorrowful mother under the tree of life

Plant the star of Bethlehem on the highest branch
On the fortieth day he ascended into the heavens body and soul
A thousand years of peace he promised when he returns
When he touches you with his sacred, scary beating heart

Lovers come together and emit a new chance
Just like the Holy Spirit with an immaculate conception
Where habit breaks off love moves
Soul germinating its own flower
Its husk left to rot like any fallen fruit

Weaving between vineyards orchards chicken farms
You explore farm roads craving something unexpected

It is beautiful here your grandson says
The freeway was a boring way
He writes on his pad

WE ARE GOEN HOME