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Are the Eyes of Christ for Christ Alone?

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ARE THE EYES OF CHRIST
FOR CHRIST ALONE?

Are the eyes of Christ
for Christ alone?
Shall *we* expect, O God,
to tap out waters from the stone?

What miracles and wonder stare
at us, from silent and iconoclastic air?

What sources of clear water spring
obscure to us by day, who search by night,
with angry rattle of our slide-rule
and intimidating light?

O moving God, You blind our complex brain
with Your simplicities. The monosyllables of pain
cry out, but crash on pills and perfumed bandages.
We understand You not.

We bind our mind with involute ideas:
we catalogue precipitation of our tears.
Mathematically, the mental fugue unwinds
its ornamental melody. We find
an emptied hall, the light grown dim:
and still no explanation of our world, nor Him.

O, we are left
with only cold, unpleasant instruments to trace
reason and cure for our disgrace.

Sextant and transit: our linear tools create
a linear world that can explain
no miracles, nor even adumbrate
meanings from stone.

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In desperate hope, we theorize our small confusions:
for only You, O God, remain as barrier
to great conclusions.

Our anguish is immense to know
anatomies of space
Our Soul distends itself to seek
the contour of Your face.

We cry,
we cry aloud in dreams
 (while Christ taps on our shoulder blade
 and points for us to see,
 the Hand of wind create
 motion and music in the simple tree.)

J. T. PERGIVAL
(First Prize: Category II)

WHO CAN WITH GAILY
COLORED STRINGS

Who can with gaily colored strings
 dance round and round the maypole,
 shouting hours' ends away
 with something more than pleasure . . .

Who climb the twining night-tree's branch
 to feel the air that has no wind,
 whispering hours' ends away
 with something more than pleasure . . .

Who find himself at the tree's end,
 at the string's end untwined, untwinned,
 dying hours' ends away
 with something more than pleasure . . .

KEN LASH
(Second Prize: Category II)