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None Dare Ask

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None Dare Ask

Mike Vanden Bosch

“None of the disciples dared ask him,
‘Who are you?’” John 21:12b

“Who was that masked man?” someone always asked
as hoofbeats galloped on airwaves to oblivion.
I, a kid, would yell at the radio, “Ask him, dummy!”
But too late—the mystery savior was mystic.

I’d ‘ve asked, I thought, ripe with a child’s
curiosity. Why not unmask the bashful do-gooder
before thundering hoofbeats spirit him away?
He’s too modest anyway. Let the devil be shy!

Now here’s another mystery man whom none dare ask
“Who are you?” Their eyes are buried deep in the
pit of disbelief, too deep to see above the rim;
they are the rich man’s kin, reeling in the ditch

of doubt. Unless He opens their eyes, they see
only sealed tombs, hear hoofbeats clop to death
and sob loud in the night, “Who walks beside us?
Send Lazarus from the dead to tell us who.”

He paints the east glad but they see shades;
White tulips pierce spring’s mud but gardeners
smell manure. If the Shepherd’s not saying and
the sheep not seeing, how’ll the dogs be saved?