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Church

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"Things can be fixed," said the father.

"Where's my daughter?"

"She's too proud to be pulled up

by those who saw her fall,"

said the master-glider.

"She'll walk the canyon."

The father's face fell. He crept

to the edge and cried:

"Jane, these men can pull you up.

You can't cross that gulf."

"I'm going down," came the voice.

"I can make it on foot."

"Child, child, you're my flesh and blood.

You can't make it," said the father.

"I got legs, ain't I?" she retorted.

"I'll make it on my own."

"Yeah, you got legs," muttered the father,

"but if you can't fly like an angel

or walk on water,

your legs can't get you home."

Mike Vanden Bosch

The Church

"You are the body of Christ, and each one of you
is a part of it." I Cor. 12:27

This body loves its Head which serves its feet,
Bends stiffened knees to shoulder Satan's heat;
Its fingers search through heaven's piercing Word,
And gather guts to wrestle for the Lord.

Stout chests will stomach battle, legs will run
Should Satan kick the groin, a throat and lung
Will suck the Ghost that gives the body bones,
And feet will toe the law that shapes and hones.

It grows soft hands and laps to cradle rue,
Long arms to hug a bellied boy—a blue
Or blackened child—a back like any mule's
To lug lost legless stumps, a heart that heels.

Mike Vanden Bosch