

Poems by Allison Grayhurst

Before a Day of Light

Hidden like the intelligence
guiding intuition,
bending the wound toward
a transforming tenderness.
Even my eyes can see,
as death overcomes,
how so much more difficult this place
would be without God,
without the anger I feel
toward my loving God for breaking me
with this violence.
Without my anger, I would not have found
a way through. I would be toiling
on the edge of depression, reconciled to a state
of abandonment, concealing myself
from any mercy, any possibility
of hope.

Bellythroes of God

The rawness behind the mastery,
the way to speak of the bellythroes
of God and kneel while doing so,
kneel not from the hindered place of
God and I,
but from knowing it is all God even
your self is God, and you are and God is love wider than air,
more abundant than eternity. Kneel
because this love is both personal and absolute,
it is reaching to you alone while
spreading thick the blaze of stars.
Kneel because for a fraction of a second you
know it is never God who stops giving, but it is
you who stop receiving, you who block
the constant flow, you who deflect it with your habits,
boredom and fear. That God is always there but that
you only feel God's presence when you decide to,
when you let the barriers crack and split a
sliver in your daily husk of coasting existence.

Sometimes too, when grief becomes the sword this
soft word never prepares you for - when with this word grief
you begin to hear not only the sorrow but also the scream
that hits like a hurricane pulling a child from
your breast. And there it is grief in all its monstrous
proportions. There it is, the very thin line between God and chaos
with the soul's ultimate peace at stake. Faith is the bridge.
For the faithless in grief would either go mad or harden like
little pellets in a mid-February storm. The faithless would
not know how to cope and stay whole.

Kneel because you know God is the dream we all seek
whether we know or not.
God is the goal of all our striving -
the financier nestling in the fat, protective arms
of worldly security, the intellectual devouring ideas like solutions,
ideas as a path to lead to some mysterious
ever-complex cerebral calm,
the soccer player feeling her victory in her torn ligaments
and in the shafts of her sweaty hair -
We look but we do not name it as such.
We look but God still is not the priority,
not the weight of all our emotions and thoughts,
not the bulk of our dilemmas, and not
the subject of our intimate talk.
God is something to hide from, the one hope
we all innately look for in prayer books
or in politicians. But God is not something
to be looked for, God is simply something to see.
God is my cup of restive tea. God in my shopping cart.
God in the standard and not-so-standard things –
in a teenager or a brick wall,
in an animal's unexpected tenderness or a dull piece of box.
God is not something to discover
but something to finally, wholeheartedly acknowledge.
God is and we are when we embrace
the boundless directed compassion of God,
when we realize that God is the only one thing we need
that can grow to be stronger than gravity
and the cold desperation for survival.

OnlyOneGod

In you I place
the hope of centuries,
a hope beginning before
the pounding of water on rock.
For you I sang the anthem
of my ancient race and
waited to hear a reply.
Before you, I stand
revealed, lonely, in need of change.
Against you, I lean
like a child who has never known parents
or any connection for so so long.
Because of you, I remember
the gifts in my hands, the core of my striving
and the reasons I have
to stay
with you
in you
where I place
my will and means
to be restored.

I see

I see women
finding home on the wicca altar.
They are good women, warm women,
smelling of frankincense and rosewood.
They are woman who tend to the sick, commune
with the souls of animals. I love these women,
their methods, so much like mine. But I am not like
these women, wedded as I am
to the pure Christ of Jesus, sibling to my highest octave.

The one that flushes through me, bringing waves of clarity
to every depth, every torment, every
aspiration. I hold hands with my Jesus. I lean against
him when the hot winds arrive. I press my heart into his
and I feel the peace and certainty of life beside death,
of the greatest love beside the greatest responsibility.

Easter Faith

It is not emptiness,
but redemption. A redemption
after the emptiness
that comes with the hope of a blessing,
after there is no further down,
there is only up or death.
It is not suffering that bears such wisdom,
but the surrender and acceptance of God's love
no matter what - it is the purity of that acceptance,
the absoluteness of it
that matters, that causes the miracle -

playing out like a walk across the sun
without going blind or getting burned.