

Hidden God

Hidden God
in crashed-out stores
that frame
bare shards of stained and streaked glass

Hidden God
in booze and bags
and broken souls:
(fix-em-up)

In feral streets
that never rest
... sometimes bleed
In holy walls
around the church
In sparky words and mother-wit
of kids and wizened old ones.

Hidden God
whose finger writes.
Chance to hear
Us.

Hidden God
plug you in
and light you up?

What can be done
that's not been done
to have Good Tidings shine
above our harried block,
have angels sing
of joy and kings
and wise men tread
through powdered dreams
with gifts of frankincense and myrrh?

We strain to see
You hidden God
hidden, hidden God

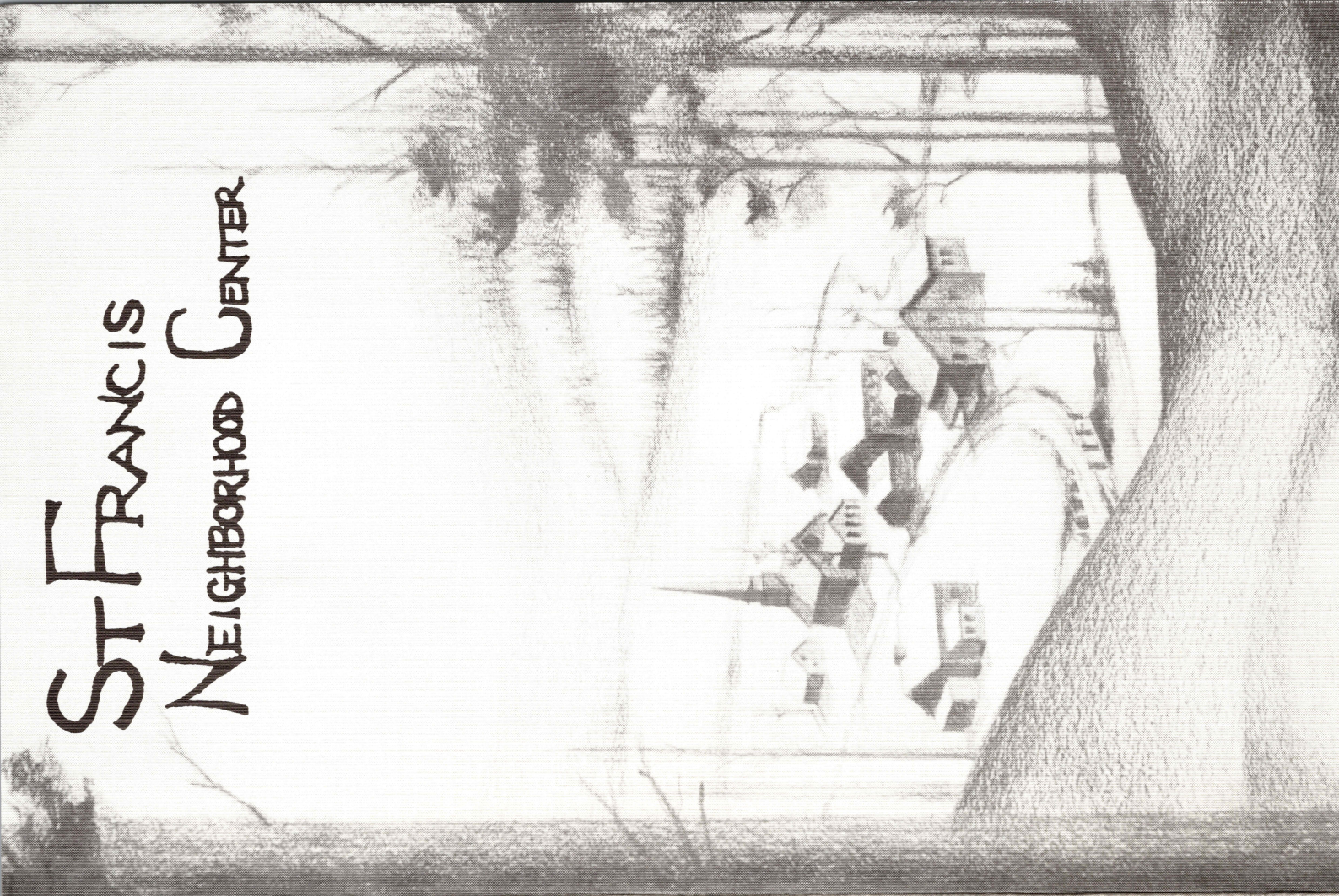


Christina Blessings

He. low. Blessings
I. Debbie

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ST FRANCIS NEIGHBORHOOD CENTER



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