

THE SCARECROW

Dragging his rood
the scarecrow pondered
'midst the stones
denied their song
and the palms hate-crushed:
'How strange
that one designed to repel,
denied form or beauty,
should, when displayed
with agony-stretched arms,
attract so many birds.'

NEHUSHTAN

Galled, sore footed, plague-
ridden,
poisoned by the vipers of their
own despair,
Israel's children
stood lost in a wilderness
of barren dreams.
The warped threads of memory,
acting alchemically,
turned dross into gold
and wrung from their hearts
keening psalms of longing
for skeletal flesh pots
and straw-less bricks.
Elohim, distanced by his grief,
raised the brass-bound
scarecrow
to save them from their
angry suicide
and in the callous silence
the song went unheard:

ELOI, ELOI,

LAMA SABACTHANI?

The Rev'd J. Wheatley.