



Windhover

A Journal of Christian Literature

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January 2009

Volume 13

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University of Mary Hardin-Baylor Press

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Julie L. Moore

BENEATH THE MOON

*Art enables us to find ourselves
and lose ourselves at the same time.*

—Thomas Merton

Walk with me beneath the moon's candlelight.

Let's shadow the easygoing creek
And the locust trees poised on the edge of its bed,

Our voices silhouettes
Of the crickets' unbroken tune.

Walk with me as we rouse the spices

Of fallen leaves, our feet
In step with the fading breeze,

Our bodies like clouds, cloaked
In the robe of evening,

Entering the open meadow.

Let's walk beneath the luminescent lip
Spilling its secrets, like we hope it will,

Onto our shoulders. Let's stand then
Like deer in the tall grass,

Still. Listening for direction.

William Foy Coker

RELIEF

The moon glared like a streetlight
from that corner of sky where hickory
and oak converge on the pond's south shore.

Among squandered stars we found
both dippers, moonwashed, but brighter
than where they scoop sky over Omaha.

We shared Grandma's quilt and some dreams,
perhaps, until you nudged me, asking
where to relieve yourself and was it safe.
Safe? With poison ivy, mosquitoes,

and a black bear that chewed a camper's shoulder
while he played possum in his sleeping bag
over by Cass? Sure, my son, it's safe—
as safe as it gets.

Then you were back, shaking me
with vastness in your voice:
"You've gotta see, Dad. It's like
it's got milk poured out all over it."

And you were right.
The moon had passed on,
leaving a legacy of lesser lights
sharp against the deeper darkness,

and the Milky Way—not carelessly sloshed
from some celestial banqueting table—
but poured across the heavens
by a hand even more deliberate

than the one guiding the plane silently,
steadily flashing above the horizon
and echoed over the pond
by flashes of fireflies.

*John Jenkinson***THE CHRISTIAN POEM**

Is a poem by a Christian
A Christian poem? *Sans* Jesus?
If it simply shucks peas, seduces
A girl, or shoots pool on worn baize?

Does the ghost of the holy
Reside in our base quotidian
Blindness, the banal crucifixions
Reserved for the world's next victims?

Is the song of a pagan
A Christian song, quavering
As Christ opens his red flesh
In the intimate ravish of suffering?

If a beast prays a poem,
Does Christ reappear in the straw?
In a barnyard's scattered scat?
Does a donkey bray in awe?

Does a Christian poem keep
Both scabbed knees on the ground,
Swathed in the frankincense
Of its own well-meaning sound?

Barbara Crooker

TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

The Lord is my GPS, I shall not want. He maketh me to drive the
highways
and backroads in their proper order. He restoreth my direction.
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, the correct exits,
the most direct routes. Yea, though I drive on the turnpike,
surrounded by SUVs and semis, I shall know no fear; thy
coordinates
and reference points, they comfort me. Thou preparest a true
course
before me, in the presence of all traffic; I shall not take detours.
Surely making good time on the road shall follow me all the days
of my life,
and I will arrive at my final destination at the appointed hour.

Larry D. Thomas

THE CROSS

(Van Horn, Texas)

The yards of the barrio
are red, compacted earth.
The sun and the wind

are their gardeners. Cacti
are all they know of grass.
At the barrio's edge, inching

one bleak plot at a time
toward the mountains, lies
the *campo santo* on one

of whose crude cedar benches
sits an old woman dressed in black.
Perpendicular to her dark

vertical countenance, cradled
in her arms, cringes a newborn
swaddled in a black, hand-made shawl.

As each stares into the other's
ancient, deeply wrinkled face,
they make a perfect cross.

Till the sun sets, they stay
this way, the red earth
settling on their cross like stardust.

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