

the quick and the dead

I believe in the quick - the expanse
of life's landscape, guided
by the river's run of living water.
Surrounded by a quagmire -
the dead smell of swamp gas
and marsh dangers -
the heart of existence flows
on the way to eternity.
... and the dead - the quandary
of my day-in and day-out dogma
sways the ebb and flow
of my extinct expectations.
Yet, a well-spring of tears
wipes away the fears -
for the gift of God's love embraces
... "the quick and the dead."



2007 poem by Glen A. Busby
1969 painting by Robert W. Strandberg