

HIM WE KNOW

Harried and hurried, men forget <sup>if all</sup> ~~that~~ Jesus  
haloed, <sup>white-robed</sup> ~~and~~ bland.

The explorer encountered him in a desert  
hairy and hungry,  
wilderness-wild and tempted.

The machinist found him in a factory  
work-muscled, sweat-shiny,  
toiling with hardened hands,  
skilled with tools and tongue.

The soldier met him on a battlefield  
grimy and grim,  
walking upright on calloused feet,  
confronting and confronted by  
the cannon and the carnage.

I <sup>understand as</sup> remember him ~~best~~ his arm raised with a whip;  
I leap to his voice commanding the sea.

This is our king,  
sweet infancy past,  
man-breathing his last  
and God-looking down  
to say: "Forgive them"