

Poetry of Roger Reeves II



Introduction

Shalom, my name is Roger L. Reeves II. When I was eight years old I walked the aisle of a small Baptist church in response to a call to salvation. At nineteen I married a beautiful woman who just happens to be of Jewish descent. At thirty-three I rededicated my life to my Lord Jesus Christ. It took another ten years before I began develop a deep love for the Jewish people, I'm in my fifties now. I've written poetry since I was very young, and after my rededication to our Lord, I devoted it all to Him.

Yeshua Ha'Mashiach has blessed me with a great family of four children, two daughters and two sons, and a loving wife that I can say is truly my bersherta. I would like to say that since that first walk down the aisle, I've been a fantastic Christian always walking with the Lord and being faithful, but the Lord if not everyone else would know I would be lying. There have been many trials and many failures on my part, so much so that I know when the Lord uses me, it truly is nothing I merit or deserve. My Yeshua is so wonderful and forgiving that I cannot stop from praising Him.

I continue to do and write as my Lord directs and if you find anything worthy of praise in all that you read, please give that praise to Him, for Yeshua is the true source of my heart song. I thank Marshall for being

so kind as to publish me here on his web page and I pray I can be a blessing to him and all of you in some way through these poems.

The Wild White Dove

She watched the old man, a wise and stout sage,
he had taken the Raven, leaving an empty cage,
grunting and climbing he rose to the ceiling,
whatever was happening left a frightful feeling.

A window he'd made, he flung open up there,
sunlight flooded in along with fresh air,
she noticed the man spoke something to the Raven,
then with both hands launched him from safe haven.

Now that Raven, at first, had been a bothersome one,
yet as time passed good relations had begun,
but with the Raven gone, his empty cage is so bleak,
he's been gone many days now, perhaps even a week.

She worried and fretted for him these days long,
missing that noisy Raven and his annoying song,

she tried to remember, to bring his song to mind,
but her heart was so heavy, no song could she find.

She knew what she was missing, her heart craving,
it was the image of that nasty old black Raven,
but instead of the Raven, returned only the old man,
now she was the one cuddled in his loving hand.

He climbed and he grunted till they were high above,
yet careful and loving with this white dove,
he spoke something to her, but she didn't understand,
but the words carried a peace coming from this man.

When he opened the window in came moist air,
suddenly she felt confined in this man's lair,
he spoke and kissed her on top of her beak,
what was it this old sage would have her seek?

The two hands pointed her out toward the sky,
a gentle launch, she flapped and began to fly,
she soared and stretched toward heavenly blue,

for the first time in months she actually flew.

She climbed and climbed in an abandoned daze,
being carried away by sudden freedom's craze,
her heart beat wildly as she flew further astray,
till she realized she had already lost her way.

She fluffed her tail and angled wings to glide down,
looked below and to the horizon, but saw no ground,
she tilted left and spiraled, right and glided around,
nothing in sight, no green, no brown, no land found.

An amazing sight she had never before seen,
a world of blue, no sand, no leafy green,
the water had no breakers, there was no shoreline,
the ocean had no branch, or grew any vine.

Gracefully gliding and enjoying the warm sun,
she'd forgotten flying was such thrilling fun,
just when she thought this was living the best,
she realized below she'd find no place to rest.

Is this what became of her old friend the Raven,
her hope was in G-d, only He could have saved him,
but worse now than worrying for the black Raven bird,
she had to face this predicament, no matter how absurd.

She rested as she glided, down to water's edge,
then she'd flap her way upward to exhaustion's ledge,
she'd glide and rest, spiral left and spiral right,
all the while searching the limits of her sight.

Listening to the heaviness of her heartbeat,
finding no rest for the sole of her feet,
looking back to where her fight had begun,
a place of captivity where she would run.

No surprise to her, just a feeling of dismay,
in all the spiraling and gliding she'd lost her way,
even though she was smart and keen of sight,
she wandered the ocean flying all the long night.

Exhaustion had begun to wear her senses down,
yet at early morning light her weary sight found,
a speck so far away she could not tell,
if she could make it there before she fell.

Her heart beat wildly inside her white chest,
for all day and all night she had found no rest,
and now she was here at strengths very end,
what must have happened to her Raven friend.

While mourning for another concern, not her own,
she'd forgot her peril and flew on and on,
until she realized that home was just down below,
at last no more to fly around, or go to and fro.

She landed by the window, exhausted, and stood,
waiting there, something told her she should,
to her relief it opened and there was the old man,
he reached out, comforting and caught her in his hand.

He drew her inside to safety at long last,

cuddling and soothing, never moving to fast,
comfort she felt now in her small little home,
yet she could not rid herself of feeling alone.

With her thoughts of the Raven and the flight outside,
if her eyes could do so, she would surely have cried,
could he have survived these many days above the sea,
she thought, "I would have failed, the strengths not in me."

Before she could count another week went by,
again she was cooing with a most heavy sigh,
she thanked her Maker for the time she had shared,
with that black Raven who had so pitiably fared.

Yet somehow inside her there still lived a hope,
that over endless waters he somehow could cope,
suddenly she was surprised by the return of the old man,
it seemed she would leave again in search of dry land.

Her heart was not set on survival unless,
she could find hope that the Raven found rest,

but out that window she flew from his hands,
knowing both shared the hope of a brave new land.

Flying in the sunlight, not so crazed as before,
she kept her bearings on that window, safety's door,
not so long did she soar, search, and fly,
green beckoned out and called her to fly nigh.

Wonderful trees full of beautiful green life,
breeze fluttered leaves that soothed all strife,
branches to rest in, lop around and play,
and quickly she spent playing the entire day.

But the chill of the evening warned her not to stay,
she plucked an olive leaf, jumped and flew away,
and before dusk turned to that old black night,
she was waiting at the window at the end of her flight.

The window opened in a quick and good time,
to the old man that leaf was a really good sign,
he returned her to her cage with very much praise,

all seemed hollow with the Raven gone all these days.

Another seven days in her cage she now rested,
she'd forgotten the Raven, but she'd never confess it,
she really did care, but she had begun to feel odd,
she knew his life was in the hands of Almighty G-d.

Once more the man took her up expectantly,
hoping this time, not only her, but all could be free,
she flew out the window thinking of the giant sea,
but right outside she landed in a nice shade tree.

She and the old man knew she'd never go back,
she was now free like the Raven of black,
this shade tree she'd make a fine homey nest,
right next to where G-d brought Noach's Ark to rest.

Old man Noach was free to now come outside,
from a very long trip and quite a scary ride,
she could see by his face the old man did know,
as he smiled through tears at G-d's rainbow.

Many of us are like that Wild White Dove,
sent on our errands, missions from above,
when tired, ready to fall, as is the way of man,
G-d reaches out of heaven and catches us in His hand.

Roger L. Reeves II
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Amcha – עמך – “Your People”

To Yitzhak Katzenelson

With gentile eyes I see the world, not knowing,
and you see what I miss, generations flowing,
but I cry tears tender at those times I read,
and you have not tears, but inwardly bleed.

What place is this, Sobibor, Treblinka, Dachau,
where all look now not seeing, or wonder how,
man can do what no one has ever seen,
as if taught of hell where they should have been.

Death! Jew! Death!

So easy the words to a gentile 50 years later,
the question endures to those, is God a traitor,
not knowing, how can I tell the real truth,
without being with them, where is my proof.

How can one hate so insidiously and not love,
and cause those who were to question God above,
their hearts were the ghetto of Krackow,

the shadow of Dachau.
Pain was their fruit and horror at their life so foul.

Dare I touch on the pain of those in Sobibor,
those there for moments and eternally no more,
those who loved the ones who burned before them,
such sacred suffering, to compare to this is sin.

Yet my soul cries out for some sort of reason,
how these animals could bring such a hateful season,
and I am not different in what must be the solution,
never to forget must be the final resolution.

Written by Roger L. Reeves II, CR 2009

'Ehyeh 'ašer 'Ehyeh

(I Am that I Am)

'Ehyeh 'ašer 'Ehyeh
before me you will stand
as many as the sand
throughout al the land.

'Ehyeh 'ašer 'Ehyeh
so you might understand
'Ehyeh 'ašer 'Ehyeh
for the whole of man

'Ehyeh 'ašer 'Ehyeh
Yeshua is at hand
I come as a mortal man
into my chosen land.

'Ehyeh 'ašer 'Ehyeh
mighty, forgiving, and grand,

called the Son of man
suffering in your hand.

'Ehyeh 'ašer 'Ehyeh
a mighty sword in hand
not held by death's band
but living upon the land

'Ehyeh 'ašer 'Ehyeh
Yeshua right at hand
If you can understand
take my nail printed hand.

'Ehyeh 'ašer 'Ehyeh
giving my life for mortal man
to take it up, once again,
and reveal YHWH's Holy plan.

The Pinnacle

On a pinnacle I stood, high in the air,
no pinnacle I saw could ever compare,
the height so great and no bottom there,
the earth was a memory, of it I was unaware.

On a pinnacle I stood, made of precious stone,
I realized I was not standing there alone,
before me lay a giant crystalline throne,
as my mind comprehended, my soul groaned.

On a pinnacle I stood, at Holy command,
before me were scarred feet covering the land,
the height was beyond any mountain grand,
terror shook my body, I could hardly stand.

On a pinnacle I stood, by His mighty rule,
suddenly I knew all my life I was a fool,
I knew it was true what I heard in school,
Heaven was His throne, the earth His footstool.

On a pinnacle I stood, in silence absurd,
my mouth closed, I couldn't say a word,
all my life reviewed and no verdict was heard,
suddenly I realized my judgment had occurred.

On a pinnacle I stood, my life to tell,
the cost of sin I knew so well,
I knew I deserved to be cast in fiery hell,
In my shame and despair, upon my knees I fell.

On a pinnacle I knelt, as my heart raced,
for compassion I sought to look at His face,
in dizzying height His head reached to space,
there was no desire or chance to speak of my case.

On a pinnacle I knelt, my soul did sigh,
YHWH Almighty towered high above the sky,
I wondered if I ever believed that after I die,
that before such majesty my life would openly lie.

On a pinnacle I knelt, my fate was His choice,
a thousand waters I heard, no, it was a voice,
the words He spoke for me made my eyes moist,
I felt my spirit beginning to rejoice.

On a pinnacle I wept, for the joy He brings,
The Yeshua that died for me, now King of Kings,
of me He only spoke good and loving things,
in His presence I knew why the Angels did sing.

On that pinnacle I rejoiced, the Lamb has won,
YHWH the Father and my Yeshua are one,

yet He paid my dues as G-d's only Son,
my salvation's sure and life eternal begun.

In my room I knelt in prayer, this vessel of clay,
all around the world, the same it did lay,
taken from me was my desire of here to stay,
and clear in my mind was the vision of that day,

Where on a pinnacle I will stand.

The Mishkan (The Temple)

I am the Mishkan of Almighty G-d,
Fashioned and measured by His rod,
Ordained before time by the Eternal Best,
who now dwells in me, the Ruach haKodesh.

Chosen a vessel for His burning fire,
saved by grace from sins ugly mire,
a witness to any, whom I can tell,
the path of this world is leading to hell.

Not just a house, I am His Holy Mishkan,

as much as possible by any mortal man,
Many chambers within know my friends,
yet the outer court is for all He sends.

When paths cross of those I don't know,
it's there they enter, friend or foe.
These courts reflect all that's within,
whether I be Kadosh or full of sin.

Those who enter must beyond this court,
come either at bidding or surmount the fort.
Temple guards are placed at each gate,
barriers to those who would hurt or hate.

It's my decision of whom I will invite,
and whom I'll bar, it's my divine right.
Not by force but by ru'ach they enter,
and none save the two come to the center.

The inner courts are for those of like mind,
souls of such love that are hard to find.

Without knowing and loving my Father above,
you cannot taste or know this kind of love.

A chamber of sacrifice exist deep inside,
and from those who scoff, hate, or deride,
I keep it a secret chamber and well hid,
even hidden from what my right hand did.

To this world it may not be in style,
yet this is that place of self denial.
In the outer courts I give to the guest,
so to avoid favor among all the rest.

For friends should never enter for gain,
there is no profit that any might remain.
The Holy Chamber is closest to my heart,
where at my faults friends will not depart.

My L-rd, my brethren, my children and wife,
they enter here freely and never cause strife.
I trust they would never desecrate this place,

who know His forgiveness as I, by His grace.

The Kodesh HaKadashim is indeed the center,
the place I said where only the two can enter,
myself alone, and she of the same flesh,
the two are one, and here G-d will bless.

Only in Him can we be the threefold cord,
Fulfilling His will and wielding His sword,
it's here that is known our existence reason,
to worship and praise G-d in every season.

I am a Mishkan, and so are many others,
whether friend or foe, sisters or brothers,
I abide in mine and never desecrate theirs,
I invite whom I will; they enter if they care,

I enter none by force, nor will so hard,
I take my example from Yeshua my L-rd.
Knock at the door and wait to see,
if they wish me to enter, and sup with me.

How long till sunset, my love?

This westward room is such a grand affair,
if only the heat of August would forbear,
but warm and cozy on many a winter's day,
when we came in youth's first love play.

How long till sunset, my love?

We met and beheld a new wonderful life,
we struggled together in such worldly strife,
together to conquer and to succeed,
our family grew from love's very seed.

How long till sunset, my love?

He joined the army we were very proud,
we were thrilled at the cadence so loud,
Our last young one march away from home,
and now we live our lives the two alone.

How long till sunset, my love?

The fire still burns but I move so slow,

In our L-rd we continue to live and grow,
I see your youth in your smile and eyes,
and I hear your love in your content sighs.
How long till sunset, my love?

Live long friend and my lovely wife,
I will admit that I tire of the fight for life,
you inspired a dream that kept the pen in hand,
I know you were created for me by His command.
How long till sunset, my love?

Glorious rapture my soul is totally filled,
an eternity with Him my heart is thrilled,
my bersherta with me in this wonderful place,
life forever loving and being loved in His grace.
How long till sunset, my love?

Who Will Believe?

O' heart's sorrow, what is this thing you've done,
our life together soon to have begun,
my trust in you was such a surety,
tho' it cannot be with no purity.

*Hear my plea my love, yes I am with child,
yet innocent, you know me meek and mild,*

*I've spoke truth, why can you not believe?
Why mistrust me? I swear I don't deceive.*

Mercy I will show, I'll not have you shamed,
nor gossip fly or your sin widely famed,
you'll not worry for any living needs,
there shall be no price for your sinful deeds.

*The cost I bear is greater than you know,
my loss of you, love, will be my great woe,
I shall fill rivers with sorrowful tears,
all my life alone, long and empty years.*

Take leave woman on the morrow's first light,
this that I do is what I know is right,
you I loved will always be in my heart,
pierced now with betrayal's stinging dart.

*Farewell love, I will stand till he is gone,
and perhaps I will weep till night is dawn,
I know the truth, why could he not believe?
Who will believe how this child was conceived?*

O' deep sleep, what is this that I have dreamed,
my love's purity, heavenly redeemed,
yet dawn's first light the eastern sky does show,
hurry I must, before my love shall go.

*Dear L-rd in Heaven, in sorrow I pray,
with my future husband, I long to stay,
this price, Your will, so heavy to carry,
why wait I here beyond light and tarry?*

What one do I see in front of her home?
Standing forlorn and looking so alone,
tis her mother mourning her departure?

Then tis my heart pierced by love's cruel archer.

*Who wanders so early down yonder lane?
Tis my love come to see my further pain?
But what spring is this in his sorrow's step?
What change has come while my love slept?*

Dear Miriam, love, an Angel this night spoke,
and the truth I knew when early I woke,
Blessed women, and future bride of mine,
In you, our L-rd has given us a sign.

*Thank You my G-d that You have confirmed me,
to my love and my husband soon to be,
Yosef, love, a Savior I am to bare,
a joyous event that we will now share!*

Matthew 1:19-21

Mal'ake ha-mawet* (Death Angel)

Mal'ake ha-mawet quietly whispered in my ear,
in the night his breath draws silently near,
Despair and loneliness he speaks so clear,
he speaks of a path to freedom from here.

Mal'ake ha-mawet quells such thoughts as mortal fear,
he destroys faith and my fate he would steer,
he amplifies the woes of this last year,
and removes the thoughts of those I hold dear.

Mal'ake ha-mawet hides from the malak YHWH*,

not ready to stand, he takes sudden flight,
knowing this one comes in the righteous might,
to my battle field, this spiritual fight.

Mal'ake ha-mawet creeps up in dark lonely night,
to find me praying in his cold death sight,
he seethes in temper and clenches fist tight,
knowing G-d will send His malak YHWH.

* Mal'ake ha-mawet = Death Angel malak YHWH = Angel of the L-rd

Gulgolta

Yoshiyahu's Discovery, a scroll famed,
Lost to the people, now reclaimed,

Yet centuries past, again it was lost,
Rediscovery existed at Gulgolta's Cross.

The Ruach HaKodesh nudges our ways,
Guiding us through theological haze,
As a Baptist I knew nothing of the loss,
That could be found at Gulgolta's Cross.

I tried to live a good Holy Christian life,
In my spirit remained a nagging strife,
Evidence mounted like creeping moss,
I find myself seeking truth at Gulgolta's Cross.

Guided by Ruach HaKodesh I read,
Of your people in camps now dead,

Shocked by the horror of the holocaust,
I looked for answers at Gulgolta's Cross.

No longer deluded by the claiming cry,
Because my spirit sensed man's lie,
Riches by G-d was theology false,
Not what was given at Gulgolta's Cross.

Gulgolta's Cross was a completion of grace,
To draw all men of every creed and race,
Abraham's faith is Yeshua's Covenant,

For Hebrews of every race, it was meant.

A Hebrew is anyone who crosses over,

And lives life listening for the Shofar.

If you love me follow my commandments,

To help us the Ruach HaKodesh was sent.

Yeshua's blood flows freely covering all sin,

His love is greater than any friend.

No longer alone, Yeshua lives in me,

He rose from the grave and ascended to eternity!

Gulgolta's Cross is the atonement place,
Shame, guilt, and burdens covered by grace,
So now here I knelt, wept, and cried,
Before my L-rd with nothing to hide.

My Grandfather was a Baptist Preacher and I often remember him as he preached on one particular morning. This poem is to him.

The Preacher

(In Memory of Lewis F. Crews Sr.)

In the quiet of Sunday morning reverence,
lay the glitter of the parking lot evidence,
And inside rang out G-d's Holy Word,
faithfully the message of Jesus was heard.

In my heart lay the seed of undeniable fact,
my eyes testified for the pews were packed,
the anointing of G-d was with this man,
spreading the Word, living the life of G-d's plan.

It was peace I knew at fair Farrington,
amidst the harshness I could share with none,
the terror at home from which I would hide,
was relieved at Farrington where love did abide.

Memory fails at all the sermons he preached,
Yet preserved is the vision of all the souls reached,
some weeping and crying, afraid of the last day,
others rejoicing for they found Jesus is the way.

My grandfather brought me such great pride,
he possessed the secret to have me smile inside,
no one else could I ever learn to confide,
and still I didn't weep on the day he died.

Those peaceful days of Farrington memory,
short moments of love in a troubled sea,
Yet longing never brought the past to be,
it does not save, never sets anyone free.

Never once I thought to offer him thanks,
nor allowed him the vision, I, on Yeshua's banks,
to see my life turned away from destruction,
when finally I accepted Yeshua, became G-d's son.

So now the day will come, with him I'll be,
together on gold streets beside a crystalline sea,
and Yeshua will tell him so he will know,
G-d used him to touch my very soul.

Uninvited Companion

In childhood we became two who are acquainted,
Then we shared but a moment that soon fainted.

But you now come too oft and spend time with me,
our relationship has in time become something I see.

I deny you not your right, or your eager willingness,

or your rare absence which delivers my silliness.

Tho' I would that you be gone and a stranger more,
I accept your presence even as your power will soar.

I muse when the creek becomes a river, as you oft do,
in attempts to overwhelm my life as if it's about you.

When from the annoyance arises the unbearable time,
you push me far from my presence and ease of rhyme.

I guess more at timing, when and where, never why,
Cause is elusive to all who share in my inner cry.

You take my freedom, you take my joy, and I smile,
If I smile I am hiding your awful powerful guile,

And that power I will deny you and your esteem,
So I deny you the pleasure of showing others your sting.

When the beat is faint or the burning just a smolder,

sometimes only a hint of the future in my shoulder,

It is then I venture to the great things of yesterday,
knowing I can only achieve if I avoid any delay.

For I know you will not allow a long reprieve,
A rule of my life that I cannot allow to deceive.

Is it that everyone knows you and cannot say so,
Even in these times I've seen awareness of you grow.

They cannot measure you or tell others the tale,
And only in your measure can you ever fail.

Or is there a precious few who never know you,
Who live a life of freedom without paying the due.

If so they cannot tell the darkness because of the light,
They can never be an advocate for those of my plight.

Worse to my mind would be if I was alone in my plight,

That only I and a few others know you in this crazy fight.

Most live days free from all that you have shared with me,
And not knowing the depths of how horrible you can be.

Is it better to know and feel some rare days of liberty?
Those days in my life seem like a purse of poverty.

So I celebrate and soar like no day has ever come before,
Knowing that time is a trap and soon my pain will endure.

Oh yes, friend, I know of your return, that you so oft visit upon me,
I do not dread you, I do not consider you, I accept that you must be,

For I know my pain in acceptance for I must have known it's absence,
However brief, however fleeting, there will be my joy as a fleece.

As time flows I know I will never be free of my painful fate,
I will always know your intense and horrible stabbing stake.

Until another takes over with His Kadosh Kadosh Cloud,

And my loved one wraps this vessel in that final shroud.

Purchase Roger's Poetry Book On Lulu

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