

YESHUA IN HAIKU

by James Tazelaar

His Blood my blood? Nay!
Except ... His Spirit be my
inner man's zoe.

My good health you ask?
It is His in whom I live
being to this world dead.

His Spirit my guide
His Word my staff, my day's food
His faith mine at work.

Freed, delivered, I
now bind, forever, myself to
Him who died for me.

Penitents still search
for what's been freely given:
His Grace, Life, Peace, and Joy.

Philosophies, books,
man's wisdom, greatness - all nil!

God's Word, I AM, the sum.

An urge within that
God is leading? Do not fight.
Surrender! Be led!

Be awed constantly
by unspeakable glory:
His alone exists.

With Him already
seated, our spirits rejoice
forseeing freedom.

Pray for your leaders!
I do. "Lord, may he know You
before he dies - here."

Our task? To know Him.
Wherever. However. Look
for His hand. Listen!

China's mummies, old
before David, carried tales
of the Flood still fresh.

Paul's revelation,
Christ in you, speaks not of flesh
but of Him within.

God's Wisdom came not
by Socratic dialogue
but in flesh of man.

From existence here
to Life there, one step is all.
The door? Yeshua.

Yeshua heals all:
leper, psycho, weary of soul.
M.O? Faith in Him.

God's wiseness is found
on whom His anointing rests,
the unction Himself.

Holy mystery.
Three in One. How so? "I Am!"
Father. Son. Spirit.

"Truth?" Pilate shouted.
Before him IT stood, naked,
bloodied, eternal.

Prove Yeshua lives?
Act now on His name, in faith:
Speak in unlearned tongues.

Paul's revelation,
Christ in us, the hope of glory -
Yeshua within!

The world is bondage
my senses hostage to it.
The key? Yeshua!

Seamless, endless love
the Father's all, Messiah.
Lord! How threadbare, mine.

Hypocrites! They play
pious games in their pulpits
meantime being watched ...

Your email to James Tazelaar is welcomed!