

Barnabas

"Breathless Wonderment"

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Hidden from the mystics whose writings had foretold
With shattering simplicity, the mystery unfolds
A small bouquet of cells becomes a living child
Fathered by the great I AM, a mother; gentle, mild

Nurtured in the shadow of the iron Roman fist
Shunning the dementia no human can resist
Reports of earthly wonders stir the troubled universe
The second Adam suffers to restore the fallen first

Hosanna Hosanna
Breathless wonderment
The perfect sacrament
From the dreadful crags of Zion, and the lowly
Bethlehem
The mighty heart of God is pierced as nail pierces
hand
The Spirit broods in silence as He did when time was
young
The Father turns away from His beloved, tortured Son

Stumbling, with my face toward the twisting, sobbing
sky
The dream is reality, through tear-streaked spirit eyes
The wickedness I cherish bruised the One I claim to
serve
The horrendous crucifixion, I most richly deserved

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