

Shadow in the Doorway

Philemon

Dear sister, soldier, friend;
that shadow in your doorway
is no slave thing anymore
no thief nor conspirator
rather my own heart
powerless before you.

Now I am bold without command
so I will save decree;
let your "Jesus Loves Me" drive you.
But by way of aide memoire:
Freedom for this One my son
is freedom all around.

Pull them through the rectangle
timbers
that open to your soul
let love and not one other thing
make itself at home.

He turned my prison bars
to curtains across a private cove,
the mat and stone into a cushion and
a bed,
Would that I could keep him here,
that these amenities remain,
but know he'll flip your house the
same.

Grab him from the night of cold and
chains,
embrace and move toward the hearth
where warmth and light and friends
can melt the frostbit parts
and glow within each other's eyes
as they will then in mine.

[Chorus]

Me, he, and JC,
Martin Luther King and Ghandi
Rosa and Malcolm
and all the beautiful people,
pull them all in and LOVE.

One more thing—
my gratitude of course will sail
in on the chill that open door admits,
but keep an open room
for me and my own heart
we both may visit
come tomorrow, come tomorrow, come
tomorrow.