

Plums & Prophecy

Rev. Jock Stein

*"We don't yet see things clearly . . . but it won't be long before
the weather clears . . ." 1 Corinthians 13:12 (The Message)*

I shook the plum tree gently,
picked up fruit that fell at once;
shake the tree much harder
and the fall is like the dance
of life, for some are rotten,
some are fit, and some are taken
by surprise, as war and peace
leave one guy whole, and others broken
by the winds that shake us,
make our faith a fragile leaf
that falls or flies in hope
an unseen hand will keep it safe.

For what? A compost heap?
A grave in Binning Wood – imply
with fashion (and some truth)
that nature gives, and takes away?
Suppose God shakes the nations,
as the prophets used to teach,
and holds us to account?
Suppose the cynics right to poach
is part of nature's freedom?
Suppose that science is on track,
with angels on its side,
to give us all a mighty shock?

I shake: or is it years
of listening, one ear on news,
one ear on Scripture, heart
on God as best I can, and eyes
bifocal, seeing near
and further than a telescope
with no community
of experts; just a humble group
of friends who pray and share,
probe the sense of what's to come,
link 'notice' with 'to know':
make us think in more than rhyme.