

I Have Known Enough Saints

I have known enough saints
to know they fall
just like the rest of us.
They fail to see the mud
globbed on their feet
and leave their footprints
on the Persian rugs.
They slurp their shakes.

They hold their share of doctrines
based on anger, fear, pride
and sloppy scholarship.
They scribble their biases and misconceptions
into unbaked clay
and offer them as the Added Commandments.
Their towers are indeed towers to God,
but they have basements in Hell.

It takes the potential for great evil
to reach the potential for great good.
The guard dog is sister to the wolf.
Bleach is deadly if swallowed.
Razor blades clean legs and open wrists.
Only innocence is built on innocence.
Forgiveness is built on guilt.

Elegy for a Gray Rose

She was one who chose the best, her Lord,
and blessed the children with Him.
For me she was my gray Rose from God,
teaching me that to grow with thorns
is still to grow in grace, knowing
thorns are temporary, to be borne
while letting God spread the sweet scent
of His salvation to a scentless world;
a world she was moved by,
a world she moved in return.

Sword Mistress

Sword mistress who taught me to hold my blade
Always ready for defense or offense.
Sword mistress with weakening arm
and weakening eyes.
Sword mistress of the faltering foot.
The unsteady voice.
Sword mistress finally sheathed.
Detached from the belt.

The hiss of my saber drawn from its sheath
Is the memory of your whispered encouragements.



H. EDGAR HIX is a poet who lives in Minneapolis, Minnesota. He works with the Legal Aid Society of Minneapolis. He blogs on the CBE Scroll as Hubert Edgar.