

[*MJTM* 19 (2017–2018) 31–33]

CONTINGENT ORDER

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Gravity works,
electrons work,
sound works on those three little bones;
the water cycle works,
ligaments work,
light works on those rods and cones,
and images backwards and upside down on our retinas
come out right.
Alleluia!

1. Debbie Sawczak is a poet living in Georgetown, Ontario. Her poems have appeared in such journals as *Crux*, *Writual*, and the *U.C. Review*, and in the anthology *Adam, Eve, & the Riders of the Apocalypse*. She participated in the first arts evening, in Hamilton, sponsored by Imago and McMaster Divinity College.

JOHN 13:1

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Here's how you love us, then:
before the world's foundation,
and while knitting us in the womb;
you woo us from our first day's light,
lead us by the hand and by your voice
through years of fumbling following,
falling, dancing,
fighting, doubting, trusting,
weeping, laughing—
the whole bewildering way into our graves;
you love us deep and deeper,
down
to your own vicarious grave,
and clear on through, and out
to the rising.

You love us till our mutual foe's your footstool,
love us to Kingdom come,
till the cows come home,
to the bitter and better end
to the uttermost:
us, who are yours in the world.

WIND ON THE TRAIL

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Pausing our linear progress on the Bruce
on the boardwalk by the pond
we watch laced trees of all species
in a tall wall ringing the water:
a brisk stiff breeze is riffling the leaves
and rafting the boughs on its undulous swell,
so fluidly,
gracefully—
not like a gale's wild lashing; yet
somehow animated as one,
they dance so strong in different directions.

The other day a guy said
whoever did not tick the doctrinal boxes
he ID'd
must not be moved by the Spirit.

I disagreed.