

Resurrect My Voice

Nancy Thomas

Ezekiel Saw His Wheel

Ezekiel saw his wheel,
Daniel his clay-footed man.
Isaiah puzzled people
with words of stripes and lambs,
and woolly John
shouted his slant on the Light.
All your children
have new eyes
and different
ways of
daring their dreams
into action.
And here am I, Lord.
Wipe the mist
from my eyes.
Roll back the stone
that blocks my mouth
and resurrect my voice.
Help me
to see and say
my own
my unique
vision.

At First I Thought

At first I thought
it was just another
reclamation project—
a simple reconstructing
of the slums of my soul
to meet the Management's
specifications.

But, no,
this rough Carpenter
has splintered my sturdiest beams,
torn off all supports and
blasted down to the very basement,
and out of the ruin
is currently
(so the rumor goes)
laying the groundwork
for a new
and royal
temple.

Cracked and Still

Cracked and still
my soul
stands brownly
like a meadow
of dry
summer grass.
Noontime sun
grins
and throws
copper pennies
on a
parched performance.
A solitary cricket
tires of his trek.
Remembered fruit
tastes stale
and even forever
looks brown.
I won't (and can't)
ask for much, Lord.
Send just a hint
of a bit
of a breeze
to whisper
and tease
these bare blades
with the small hope
of a greener
tomorrow.

Geometry Problem

When the angles
of my troubles
are sharper
than a blade;
when life
boxes me in
and I see the lid
slowly, cunningly
descending;
when my spirit bends
diagonal to the dust;

remind me
that
whatever
whenever
forever
I am safe
within the center
of the circle
of your love.

Born in Iowa, Nancy Thomas was raised in Southern California and attended George Fox College and the University of Oregon. She and her husband Hal, members of Northwest Yearly Meeting, first went to Bolivia as Friends missionaries in 1972. Now on missionary leave, they live in California, and Nancy is working on her doctorate at Fuller Seminary. She has been writing since the age of seven and has published poetry and articles in a number of publications, including the Quaker journals *Evangelical Friend* and *Quaker Life*. Her poetry appears in the anthologies *The Country of the Risen King* (Baker, 1978), *On the Edge of a Truth* (Barclay Press, 1980), and *Of Deity and Bones* (Barclay Press, 1983). A new collection of Nancy's poems is forthcoming from The Barclay Press.

Poems taken from *Of Deity and Bones* by
Nancy Thomas

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