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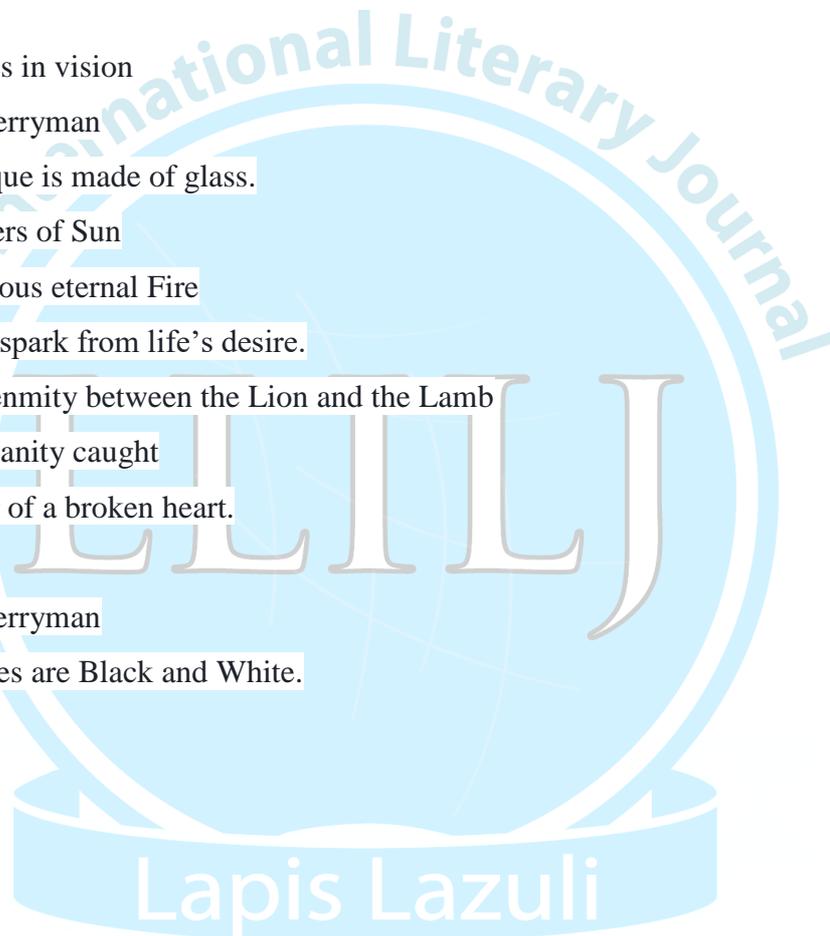
JACK KAUSCH

Justice is a Ferryman

The tongue tips the body
The lips quiver like the boughs
The Holy Word is coiled within
Poised, shadow-pouncing heartthrob
Seraphim wings caress my throat

Justice comes in vision
Justice is a ferryman
And the barque is made of glass.
Held in fingers of Sun
Shelter precious eternal Fire
Simple soul-spark from life's desire.
There is no enmity between the Lion and the Lamb
To weep is vanity caught
In the mirror of a broken heart.

Justice is a ferryman
And the scales are Black and White.



Truth

A line of cornmeal falls upon Sand
A thousand miles from where I stand
Truth is not her daughters or her sons
Who make war on each other
The Ocean does not care
For the storm that tousles the surface
The fruit of the Garden is not the root of the Tree
And the Serpent cannot not know this.

Yet before all of this
Was a breath of wind
Like the one a child makes
When he plays at the edge of a meadow.
Where no one sees it

Waiting for Corn Maiden

Where in the morning of red twilight
The russet clay musk of white-oak
Scent of forest incense have you gone?
Is my blood bound by the theft of your legacy?

Theft of a myth
The tired, trammeled, hands of time
Trembling and hoary from a long journey
Who took your body wrapped in husks
From the puckered mouths of the survivors

Or their gentle, offering hands.

My heart soars like sweetgrass haze

When I see the plume of your hair.

Yet in the fire and umber of Empire

Mutilated and enchained, your flesh

Rots in a bitter soil: fallow and occluded will

‘Honor Corn Maiden,’ they said.

‘That she might honor you.’ When a dream is

Stolen, pawned off, perverse

It is like the crimes of all the ages

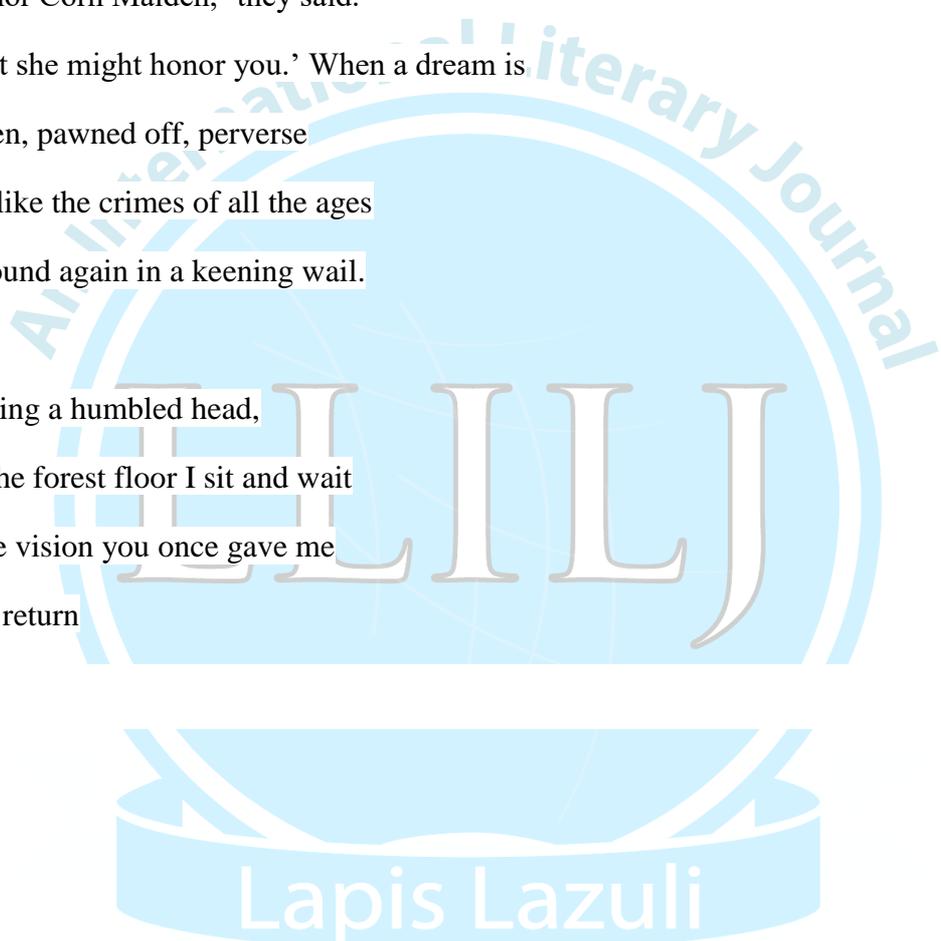
Resound again in a keening wail.

Bowing a humbled head,

On the forest floor I sit and wait

If the vision you once gave me

Is to return



BIO-NOTE

Jack Kausch was born in Ann Arbor, Michigan, in 1993. He studied at Community High School, and achieved an M.A. Honours in Linguistics at the University of Edinburgh in Scotland. Jack is an activist, artist, poet and inventor who currently lives in Auroville, in Tamil Nadu, India. His poems explore the relationship the loss of moral compass and spiritual vision has on traditional societies everywhere.

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