

Poetry of Asher Radunsky

(aka Asher Blake)



Introductory Statement

Jesus answered my heartfelt prayer for poems in 2009. I spent about 10 years on that full time, but have turned to other pursuits. At my website, theslowroom.com, are some of these, along with articles on scripture.

My friends, thank God for His love, because He perfects love in those He loves. If you have entered into the love of the Father, you have assurance, for "He who began a good work in you will bring it to completion at the day of Jesus Christ." (Philippians 1:6)

Before I knew Him, I was at once proud and impoverished, but now that God has accepted me as His follower, I pray to always acknowledge that I need Him utterly. By faith He adopts us into blessing, for, "the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him." (Romans 10:12)

Thanks, and please be blessed.

[Your email to Asher is welcomed](#)

[Visit Asher's website \(The Slowroom\)](#)

POETRY

The Man Who Left No Mark

They say he has forsaken us.
Wandering God, who knows where?
Leaving not happy with his children,
relying on us now to do.

That is what we say of him
behind his back now he
died. What words
did he offer,
thinking on us
who were in town that day?
Who is on our hands
and will not leave our minds,
who left a knocking in my heart
no one knows?
Who knows his word,
that is words

he spoke, no ill

his friends could sit on
as when he spoke of better things,
Magdalene...
Whisper me a word
he spoke, so none may hear,
whisper sweet, unregistered
we dine at dinner.
None may hear.
How he died at Calvary, when he

kissed my sins and died.
Don't go near there!
Who told you -

who said you could be here!?!

He crept in with lepers' beds.
He squabbled with fighting children,
by and by he simply made their troubles
fly. He ran out there, there was a sign,
where the man cried from
the mine field. What man
went there? Why, he lived
in an asylum, Worcestershire,
Gloucestershire, friends, friends
all followed, touching him
as lambs.
The family he had there
he boasted they did his meek will.

What was the thing he said
to gentle, gentle, people
at the square? He carried something
there that day - our hate,
that yet stays with me.
He told them not so,
not right, Pharisee,
and brought it on.
Something wrapped about him
there, our jealousy.
And serpent, serpent,
we forgot, they took his clothes
apart. Healer, healer
is it done? Naked, scorned,

the Tempter moved them

from the tree.
Was his race won?
Did the fruit that dropped
look good to eat as wisdom,
and tempt a savoring palette?
Do we go away so serpentine
from something so direct?

Nail down
that he was at the front,
the head of all the world,
which was then only beginning
to be established in its ways.
He led himself,
(did he love the world?)
to the grave, to holes in rocks,
to caves for rich men,
to garden pits,
sitting close to us like a baby
wrapped at our breast,
not stopping -
the Christ child was lowered
down further to an endless pit
beneath where she longed
to follow, but the sword
pierced just her soul,
she yet breathed.
Walking there, what said the one
who left us here?

“They will come for you
if you are good.
They will come for you.

Do not cry for me,
but for yourselves,
and your children
at your breast.
The tree my Father
gave is Love.
They murder it,
they chase the dove.
For terror overspreads the Earth
since Adam's bowed to Hell.
If shown the fresh face
of God they spit,
what will they do
when they aged and weathered it?"

[_ Your email to Asher is welcomed](#)

[Visit Asher's website \(The Slowroom\)](#)