

Poetry of James F. Hill - Page One



An Introduction:

Since receiving a call on November 23, 1993 to write poetry as a personal ministry, I have been apprenticed to the study and practice of this art. Lately I have felt the need to write for Israel and the endtime events we now see coming to pass.



'Leaves'

Tons of leaves
From the trees
By degrees
On the breeze
That some see
And other seize
Leave their beauty

In the trees.

(James Hill's first poem!)

Jfrancis

11.23.1993

Light the World

Our brother Israel
having lit the candle
has kept the flame
to the fourth millennium.
Now, as first born
of all nations
tending the oil
sharing the light
in a world
imploding
into darkness.

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A terrorist took the life of two friends
and mortally wounded Rachel Theler.
She lingered in coma for two weeks
before passing. The following is but
a small portion of her legacy left.

Rachel's Tears

She has loaned her tear,

given sight to the blind,
a heartbeat for the waiting
and hope to the fearful.
For so young a child
the pathway home
paused
for one backward
glance,
a gentle smile
and the wisp of a kiss
from the poet's pen.

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A condolence to the parents of
Rachel Theler.

Tears for the Earth

The tragic beauty of death
splatters life
with creation's most somber
colors
and tears must fall
to water the soil of hope
as divine regeneration
prepares the heart and soul
of family and friends
whose lives must blossom
with the brilliant colors of life.

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Esther Greenberg

Jerusalem
has thawed
the heart of Esther
and
the richness
of her spirit soil.
Hebrew warms
the language
of cultural adoption
and surely
the goodness of mercy
has fallen
on this child
of the
Russian winter.

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Our Fathers Way

God has given to me
a child of his to be,
a reflection of his love to see.
My part is to magnify
God's love in me
and set his child free
so this world may see
the nearest thing to heaven
God has given to you and me.

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Smile

God's smile is found
in the warm flush
of rosy cheeks a-blush,
of toddlers hurried rush
and mothers fawning hush
while eternity waits
for the rainbow's frown
to turn upside down.

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Without Change

Abraham
believed G-d
and
it was credited
to him
as righteousness.
A powerful
statement
that flows,
without change,
down the rivers
of time
to
Armageddon.

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Captured Spirit

We the people are Israel!
G-d hath robed us
with this land
and we have put it on.
A garment of fine thread
woven through the loom
of persecution
dyed with bright blood
of Jewish martyrs.....
helpless mothers,
clutching their sacrifice,
children without memories.
Oh Jerusalem!
Coveted of the world
Moriah!
Jewel of our crown
Messiah
Come down!
Amen.

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Solid Israel

As gold is indestructible,
so Israel will remain
unmoved by power,

unchanged
by the acid nature
of arab and gentile nations.
Precious beyond
the concept of wealth
and eternal
as the infinite expansion
of space.
Apple of the King's eye
to be plucked from all nations
at the rage of Armageddon
by Messiah
and Heaven's host
to become first fruit
of his kingdom
for a thousand years
and then, endless peace and praise.

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Loving Warrior King

Eternity's dawn
is Israel's birth,
the jewel of
creation's crown,
a regal robe
of the shepherd G-d,
and as always
the beating heart
of his passion.
Should one touch
his first love
and live?

Be still
and witness
the annihilation
of all pagans
on the plain Megiddo
in one day.
Soon.

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Journey of Promise

To the eye
they were just ordinary folk,
though some wore the beard
of Judaism's passion
as comfortably as life.
You would never guess
their history wanders
from Egypt
through wilderness
to the promise.
but I saw it!
Today!
They bare scars
of the long struggle
with pain and persecution.
Still their zeal
of first love
burns through,
and their children—
beautiful in naivety.
All waited for release
as Jacob's clan

moved across the brook,
through a glade
to Rudman's daffodils
marking the pace.
Laughter was the sound of choice
among teen,
and she,
beautiful at four
long hair
denim dress
her flag of David's star
waving.
Finally
we arrived
at the promised
and all agree that day
terror was the enemy.

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Warring Lovers

Between opposing poles
lie a great magnitude
of warring multitudes.
Good and evil disguised
as ordinary humans
whose lives pray out
a drama for the pages,
surpassing even creation's
symphony
or the fall of heaven's
brilliance.
Eternity astride
the white stallion of purity;

ransomed from exile.

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As The Passage of Time

Marks the pages
of our days
to reveal
the heart of Judaism,
so also
as the stars are unveiled
by the blackness of night
so the intent of hearts
by the darkness of deeds
painting a mosaic
of blood
and Jewish hopes
as murals
for the world to view
through rose colored
passions?

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Jerusalem as Always

The anger of my foe,
I will grind
as dust for mortar
to strengthen this fortress;
walls built with
the stone and cement

of Jewish blood and valor.
A magnet for all,
holy and profane.
Strange and yet
predictable
that Satan
should covet this city
to establish his faith
of Pantheistic worship
among his people
over the earth.
Jerusalem as always
lightning's rod for now
centerpeace for eternity.

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To the Mount: Moriah

I will raise up
the presence of my people
to Moriah!
By dedication of prayer
my people overcome
and kings of dust
who rage in men
spill blood
as sweet sacrifice
along the upward path
to the Mount: Moriah.

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Title taken from a one line prayer written by

Moshe Feiglin in his delightful but sobering
article 'A letter to my Anglo-Saxon neighbor.'

Written in Blood

A history
not written in blood
would be
exceptional.
History's
most exciting book
has blood,
character,
and strength
dripping from the pages.
By G-d's nature
we are malleable man
from the forge
to the anvil
to the market place
to the home
and our house of worship.
Man's nature
overwritten
with G-d's love
and free will
produce
a remnant
worthy.

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History: Your Messiah Till Then

Sin never sleeps,
owns no timepeace
and flows unbridled
from the heart
of Ishmael's sons
and for this time
Abraham's G-d
allows
full flow
of torrential terror.
Pain has always
dwelt
in the melting pot
of discipline
to condition the heart
for tillage
of our soul.
Your present distress
must speak
to a mind
emptied of all
but total unwillingness
to compromise
your calling-----
the entire world
will be blessed
through the Jewish nation.
No shalom
until Messiah.
Your history sleeps
at the core of Jewishness,
Awaken it!

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Stop!

In the Kingdom of Poetry
there are rhymes and reason,
metaphors and open doors,
court Jesters
and thorns that fester,
and in some
the Queen doth rule,
but as always
without doubt
the King is:
when to end!
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"Aliya"

The countenance
of Israel
may be seen
in the ruggedness
of her

western Wall
face.
Weather beaten centuries
have not dampened
the gracious
inner heartbeat,
nor the soft "aliya"
of welcome.
And from the praise
of worship
flows
history unmatched
save for the blessings
poured out
over the sheep
of his pasture
by our shepherd
G-d,
robed in majesty
of time and space.

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Contradiction

We have a world
lost and dying,
without a clue
and for the most part
anti-Semitic
in their ways and words.
Amazing-----
faced with certain

destruction
they grasp the millstone
while cursing the wellspring
of salvation.

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Holiness

Power
behind the throne
of Jehovah G-d,
as manifest
by everyday
grace(charis)
in purity of deed.
The high order of Holiness
persuades man
to give his
right
so
G-d may step
from throne room
to earth
and lift the fallen,
where otherwise
the fallen
remain.

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A tribute to the work of
Liaura Zacharie and her
concept: 'Yiddishe Mamme'

Mother Israel

It may be fitting
as some say:
the blood of Jewishness
flows through
the land of Motherhood.
While G-d's great miracle,
wrapped
in human passion,
creates life
where none exists,
his spoken word
hangs the stars
as children of the night
by the breadth
of his intellect,
and the lives of Israel
two by two
praise our nation
from the fruit
of their love.

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