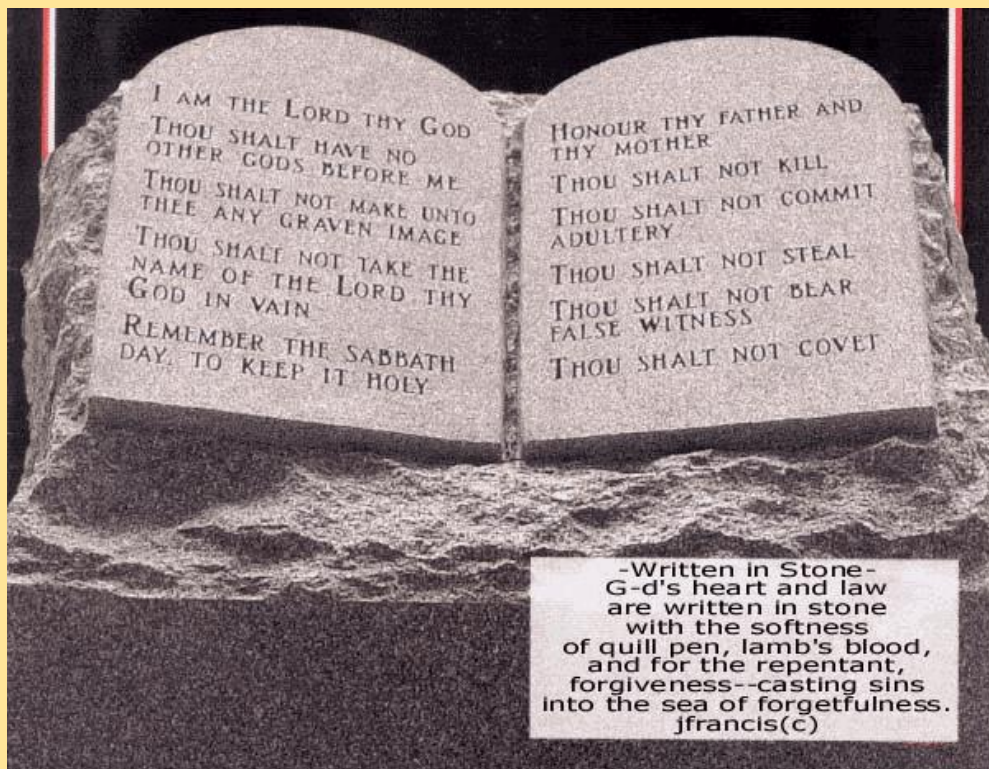


Poetry of James F. Hill - Page Seven



Freewill Revisited

Make no mistake,

freewill

is never free.

To live or die,
eternally,
an awesome price
all must pay
for choice,
So choose one path:
the crowded broad way
of this day,
with pleasure
or
life's narrow path,
from creations moment,
with treasure,
incorruptible.
Choice always
has its price,
present and future.

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november 20, 2003

Burying James
(among the living)

Controversy,
a cultural phenom
among ruins
of ancient Israel.
Poor James, no peace
even
in second-hand burial
and designer bone box.
Digging the past
is both
art and science,
yielding a plethora
of voices
from the plentiful earth,
speaking languages
even of Babel tongues.
"James, son of Joseph,
brother of Jesus".

No small statement
in Israel,
where 'Messiah' is future,
not history.

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november 16, 2003

Majesty of Glory

I stand and see
one small ray
of the brilliant majesty
of His glory
where no man
has beheld
the face of G-d
or the brilliance
of His being,
though
he has revealed
Himself
in his word

which lights the world
through personal light
of each believer
until we see
the full Nova brightness
of His purity
reflected
from the Bride
of His choice.

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august 10, 2003

Choice

Ultimately
the Grand Divide
between
right and wrong
life or death
white or black,
where all shades

are never white,
and sin is always,
Choice.

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august 10, 2003

The Lamb

(of life)

Nature's symbol of
gentleness

and G-d's choice for
sacrifice.

We follow in willingness
a Shepherd blameless
who created the stars
in darkness of void
and gave us
the Living Alternative.

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august 31, 2003

As Seeds to the Wind

Scattered.

Sown to the soils
of preservation,
falling on stony
and sparse ground,
roots growing deep
into dirt of persecution.

Dispersed among nations
for winnowing
at the threshing floor
of G-d's Lovingkindness.

A Diaspora as none other,
two thousand years
and countless generations
living, dying and buried
in strange dry valleys
where hope lies parched
and bare.

Waiting.

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november 2, 2003

Ownership

The cattle
on a thousand hills
are mine.

Should you
not recognize ownership?

Should you
not see the word
before your eyes?

And yet
only a few do.

All birds
on the mountain
know his care
in the warmth
of breaking light
upon their nest.

Should you not recognize
the tenderness
in His discipline,
even yet?

Where
are my people, Israel?

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october 24, 2003

None Other

The span of man
from Abraham
to Melchizedek,
past ancient ruins
of kingly power
laid waste
by idol cakes
is but a line or two
of grief laid down
on the way

through Eden
to yesterday.
If history is proof
of naked need
for Grace outside ourselves,
then Peace
and a Prince Perfected
bring the world a name
we can ill afford to face
under Heaven's
judgment place,
in Hebrew called
Armageddon.

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october 22, 2003

For Bethlehem
(Jewish Humor)

All are welcome
to the nature
of nativity,
penitent and Priest
shepherd or star.

So gunmen yet?
Pressed of battle
to salve the fury?
This is perhaps normal-----
just this once
but surely-----nevermore,
still the Spirit's touch
of hearts in stone?
Who knows,
maybe these Arab boys
understand
why they are safe
in this nice
Jewish church.

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Love's Price

They have bombers
who have not
moral absolutes
and do
what is right
in their eyes.
We have death
with no penance
for the price paid
by our young Rachels,
slain at life's door.
And the loss
of Israel's fathers,
cannot be valued

with human prose.
For one
the dance of death
ends
life as we know it
for six left to mourn,
forever:
father
husband
son
Hero,
whose life chiseled
Torah word
on the face of terror:
"No greater Love-----."

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Parallel Creation

Angel of the morning;
a star fallen
among the hearts of men.
This tinderbox
sparked of evil
ignites passion
of brother
against a thread
of righteous rule
through the weaver's
garments.
Woven many colors
of purple royalty
and rahab red

to the bright star
garments
sacrificed for
nationhood.
And today
the robe of
shed blood crimson
wraps this nation
in grief and loyalty
awaiting
the arrival
of Messiah-King,
Warrior-G-d
of expectation.

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Finality

Confession and forgiveness,
an edifice of redemption,
built on the
bedrock of salvation.
A mural painted
with broad strokes
by Messiah
at the end of Age
as his presence
divides Mt. of Olives
opening the holiness
of sacrifice
and awareness

for profound grief,
greater than Josiah's,
even to the separation
and weeping of Jews
worldwide
for sorrow
and personal redemption.

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Jeru35salem

years of sweet
to bitterness of joy
for Israel's children
in their maturing
have sprinkled the land
with blossoms of hope
as a rich savor to life,
and a reaping of sadness
in the fields of grief,
a lament for loss
as we lay memories
to rest in the soil
of sacrifice.
Yet our joys multiply,
as sons and daughters
of righteous passion,
while the sadness fade
as nights depart
to rejoice the day.
For the great
victories of battle

history creates heroes
among the living
and fallen
to glorify
Israel.
Now for the present toil
of loss amidst life,
we count danger
the duty,
remembering a lad
of Goliath days
who raised the land
to his shoulders
and slay
our eternal enemy
sin.
To G-d
be the glory.

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Wall of G-d Present

Two thousand years
of Roman silence
has not weakened
the very heart
of all creation
beating
in the stone and script
of this Holy Wall
where Jewish existence
is written

with stylus
and blood
spilling down
through centuries
into weathered wrinkles
on this battle scarred face
that fathered time.

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Zion Heart

The zeal of his passion,
for Zion's Mount
and redemption of all
G-d's creation,
is his signature,
written in battle
and blood
for endtime Israel.
With heart planted
in holy soil,
his feet and breath
give lift and life
to the dust
of Adam's perfection
and fall
till G-d
wraps this earth
in regeneration
for the reign
of Messiah
and his redeemed

at the center
of worship
and praise,
Jerusalem.

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Footprints

Never before
G-dly Josiah
has one leader
poured his heart
on the altar prostrate
before Heaven's throne
in total submission
to G-d's guidance
and never since
a King of Israel
the measure of Josiah.
G-d waits.
Follow the footprints.

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Final Order

All prose and poets
of earthly language

fail to justly express
sorrow of collective loss
for world Jewry
this deadliest of centuries
and the danger
of this day.

The enemies of Zion:
legion among earth
and friend-
few and blessed.

Now hatred,
the white hot iron
of blindness,
leaves a world struck
and staggering in disbelief
at Israel;

postage stamp nation
in a driven sea
unmoved Rock of Zion
around which revolves
the sun
moon.

stars
and all planets
of Heaven and Earth.

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**Who is Your Mama,
Rabinowitz?
(Jewish Wisdom)**

When men rule the world
and women take their name,
why should Jewishness
flow from the blood of
Maidenhood?
Wisdom's answer
from the ages—
men come and go
leaving their mark
on the land;
women stay
rooting man
giving certainty
to the blood
of birthing pain.

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Torah Given

They came as spokes
to the hub
from all the land
to Jerusalem
and even now they come
with no temple
they bring gifts
for the poor
as to G-d
painting this city
with Torah love
as a mural
of worthy conduct

for observant Jew
and all Israeli
foreign and secular.
Love of Torah:
a heart phenomenon
rising to level
of national treasure
shared with
Jerusalem,
Temple Mount
and Jewish People.

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Torah Crime

Smuggling
deceit
near extortion
haggling(real extortion)
cover-up
beatings
and payoffs.
Torah crime
to be sure
and all in a days work
for Rabbis of Rescue.
Not often does the end
justify the means
but Torah scrolls—
held hostage in Iraq,
whose to say "crime."

The hostages were freed,
some in poor health
and some, alas
required burial.
All in all
the rescue was daring
and maybe clandestine
requiring help in high places.
The lesson learned?
For love of Torah
all Israel is Rabbi.

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Jeru2002salem

A wild and solid beauty
of reckless flirtations
splendidly robed
in festive garments
whose love eternal
fills the heart Almighty.

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Conscripted Hearts

He shared a burden
no other could,
on the day

man's sacrifice
failed our load of sin,
and gave his back
to bear the cross
up Golgotha's climb.
Chosen by chance
to immortal history,
Simon the Cyrene
served as we
when called
to bear the cross.

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Footprints in Time

No city the equal
of Jerusalem's footprints.
Not Rome
with hellish emperors,
nor London
and crusader kings.
Perhaps Paris
with conquering hero?
What city can boast
such famous prints
of Prince and pauper...
in one day?
An entire city
paved with G-dly
impressions
bearing the message
of salvation

from Adam
to breaking light.

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Megiddo Seventeen

Unbelievable,
again the nation's heart
bleeds profusely
and youthful wealth
pours out
on holy sand
of Megiddo,
all for a paltry sum
of \$hatred:
a taught emotion,
without logic,
destroying
heart and soul
of caregiver.
He who gives care
to hatred
will reap
it's fruits
eternally.

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Mindgame

We walk our way
in confidence
of the day
where focus of breath
reaches only to death
and seldom beyond
where length of forever
extends
beyond ancient of days
to the end of eternity.

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Pray the Spirit

Remember the hand of
David.
From a stream
five smooth stones.
In his hand
the sling of shepherd life
and a heart for G-d;
an awesome arsenal
defeating the Philistine
nation
not by power
nor by might
but by my Spirit
said the Creator
of all we see
and much we do not,
all in a still, small voice.

Pray the Spirit.

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Righteous Gentile

Soponova
Ordinary Russian
uncommon heart
touching the breadth
of human emotion
and Israeli compassion.
Her body battered
her spirit soaring
she defines courage,
written in homeland soil.
A gentile grafted
into the root of
righteousness,
set apart
from the world's foundation
for this good work,
that G-d might be
glorified.

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MIA
(From the Heart)

The sinews of life bind
tightly
but not so well
as those of hope
and a mother
for her lost child.
The dead are buried,
the missing are grieved
forever.

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Shawn Greenberg

Jew extraordinaire.
A statement
reserved for all
who live
to the consciousness
of their faith.
His exploits,
though of diamond quality,
rise only to humanness.
His stature of spirit
stands him among
the Jew of his day.

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Slaughter of Innocents

Inspired by Paul Ruben's
masterpiece
"The Massacre of the
Innocents" 1609-1611

The day of Herod broke
to the billow of hooves
through Bethlehem dust
and the wail of Rachel
for helplessness
as the innocents
of slaughter
became blood sacrifice
to vanity's pride
poured out in streets
where a gentle donkey
once trod
bearing Lamb of G-d
who became
slain
for the sins
of Herod.

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Healing the Place of Pain

Pain of loss springs from life
and covers the land
from Aviva to Zehava.

Shalom to these Mothers.

Grief.

A smoldering fire
consumes the anger
of loss
and must burn
to purify the heart
for regeneration
as it comes on light
following darkest night.
Language can never
express loss
of a mother's daughter
and grief must linger
as purifying
clears the spirit
of bitterness and anger.
Mend the broken heart?
A task for creation light
as light divides darkness
from broken hearts
revealing fractures
to be sealed
with loving nature
of mother compassion
flowing from
G-d's creation power.

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Jerusalem Light

A beacon flame
guarding truth
while others
are cast
on the reef
of unbelief.

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G-d with U.S.

The greatness of this land
is wrapped in power
and majesty grand
for the purpose of his hand.
We are the eagle wings
of whom the scriptures sing
to watch o're his land
and protect
as the time of the end
is here
where labor by man
in a vineyard dear
is measured
by the word of G-d
setting the heart ablaze.

World History

Lives of Israel
sewn daily

to the land
produce
a spiritual harvest
of determination
and strength of value
echoing the message
of Exodus
"affliction
multiplied the host
of Israel."
So once again
the enemies of G-d
stumble
falling on their own
sword of persecution
and there remains
Israel 101

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The Spin of Sin

Truth of Scripture
written for man
by the G-d of Abraham
was given life
and breath
by the hand
of Arab land.
"Blessed are those
who care for Israel,
cursed are those

who rage their hand
against my land."
For those who serve
little gods,
the force of scripture
is lost
in the blindness of sin
as they stagger
in wander
with the wealth
of ages
and failure of time
to prove their way,
so the Potter
spins-----
one for honor
another
for destruction.

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Jewish History a Holocaust

The sweep of Jewish history
first began
with creator G-d,
Adam
and man.
The first holocaust
reared it's viper head
as Satan

fathered death and sin,
destroying
man's perfect state
and infecting world history
with rebellion's virus
replicating in man
down the ages
from Noah
through wilderness
wandering
to the promised
with struggle
across the silence
of old to new
where but a few
embraced perfection
sent to me and you.
The page of history
detailing Diaspora
lengthened to millennia
punctuating grief
of twentieth century
disgrace,
to the endtime
of our age.
Holocaust,
never in G-d's plan,
the work of rebel man
by Satan's hand
to take the throne
most high.
This, the story of man,
without G-d
without Grace.

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[Your email to James is welcomed](#)