

Tse

The Adoration of the Magi



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Books

The Adoration of the Magi

The Adoration of the Magi commenced as a simple project to construct a poem 18 stanzas long in the structure of Edgar Allen Poe's *The Raven* and tell a story. The story had a life of its own, however and took me down a long six year, 431 stanza path. I would say road; but, that thing made me clear out every briar and bramble in front of me. I shouldn't say that. The Bible helped a lot. It contributed 264 footnotes where are reflected words or phrases or in cases whole lines and more. It's a marvelous adventure and though I won't ruin it for you here I'll show a sample. It takes up where the Wisemen inform Mary they must tell Herod who they've found and we begin with Mary's response.

Selection from The Adoration of the Magi

184¹

We had thought she would rejoice, instead her passionate, cracked voice
Pleads with us to give her her choice! ~ Just one thing do I requite:
That my young child be left alone! Already it's been to me shown
More than I would like to have known! ~ God's ways are so recondite!
When He's grown what will ignite, I don't know! It's recondite!
For now, let Him be my sprite!

¹ Luke 23: 31 (KJV) (line 5)

185²

Every time I turn around more prophecies of Him abound!
It's scary! I fear they will hound Jesus morning, noon, and night!
Just like when we left Bethlehem and went unto *Jerusalem*
To *sacrifice* to God for Him, He was met by gifted sight!
Simeon was erudite! *Anna* seconded his sight:
Israel's *redemptive* might!

186³

This *child's Israelitic* call *is set* he said to be *the fall*
Of many ... Jesus starts to squall and no more does she recite!
The subject we do not pursue; whatever we would do we'd rue,
And on that note Joe shows us to where we will take our respite ~
She tends to her heart's delight as we go to our respite ...
Are her intuitions right?

187⁴

On a pallet on the floor we stretch out; it's sufficient for
An interlude of sleep before we decide what's wrong and right ~
Mary's wishes we esteem, but were it not for Herod's scheme
Assembling literacy's team, we'd not know the sacred site!
Should we, should we not requite Herod's help? ~ This sacred site
Is at peace ~ All sleeps ~ It's night ...

² Luke 2: 22 – 38 (KJV) (lines 4 – 6)

³ Luke 2: 34 (KJV) (lines 1 -2)

⁴ Matthew 2: 4 – 6 (RSV) (lines 2 – 3)

188⁵

Stirring up the air, ascending up a golden stair, descending
Down again ~ Their voices blending, Angels in our dreams take flight!
They from ancient scriptures mark the life of the first patriarch
Who was prepared to strike the spark of the sacrificial rite!
Ponderous the depth and height of that sacrificial rite!
Fearing God! His son he'd smite!

189⁶

Seeing that he would obey, that *on the altar Isaac lay,*
The angel of the Lord did say: Lay your hand not on the sprite!
And lifting his eyes, Abraham, beheld behind him, caught, a ram
Provided by the Lord, I Am, for the wood he would ignite!
As He spared the Hebrewite, Jesus He will not ignite
For King Herod's appetite!

190

Sickened and by burnt flesh scented, we throw up as we're presented
To King Herod, mad, demented, hideous to gifted sight!
Smug the smile upon his lips as water mixed with wine he sips ~
I wish to make you rich, he quips ~ I will fill your coffers tight!
Bring me word about the sprite and I'll fill your coffers tight!
We say no! ~ He blanches white!

⁵ Genesis 28: 12 – 15 (lines 1 – 2)

Genesis 22: 1 – 14 (lines 3 – 4, 6)

⁶ Genesis 22: 9 – 13 (RSV) (lines 1 – 4)

Exodus 12: 1 – 13 (RSV) (line 5)

191

These are not wisemen! They are fools! Do they not know that Herod rules!
Their lives will pay! See how he cools! ~ Sycophantic tongues recite!
Villains! Artificial creatures! Think you you can read my features!
Think you you can mock these teachers! Dictators of wrong and right! ~
Magi! You decide their plight! Death will teach them wrong from right!
I want heads to roll tonight!

192⁷

You will use the bloody sword! You'll strike out! You will be abhorred!
But you'll touch not the baby Lord! Prophecy we, filled with spite!
You will find your hands as tied as Ramases who's *first born* died
When in futility he tried to o'erride the Israelite!
All will read about the *flight* of the Chosen Israelite!
You the scripture's shall indict!

193⁸

What does that mean? I like it not! I'll kill them then your lives I'll plot!
As for that brat that God begot! Soon enough I'll hold Him tight! ~
Through indistinguishable wails we sense that something somewhere fails,
As in his lunacy, he rails, I will skewer the bastard sprite!
Is He pure! He'll roast just right! I will skewer the bastard sprite!
I've a bloody appetite!

⁷ Matthew 2: 16 – 18 (KJV) (lines 1, 6)
Exodus 12: 29 – 30 (RSV) (lines 3 – 4)
Matthew 2: 13 – 14 (KJV) (line 5)

⁸ Matthew 2: 16 – 18 (RSV) (line 3)