Baptism: A Prelude

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THE SACRIFICE
OF LOVE

TOM SWETS

April strokes the town of Downden. In early evening lovers flood the roads that lead to love. They flow, though slowly, to the sky of blood beyond the town and past the steeple to watch the sun plunge into night.

The boys drive blind through groves and tunnel and await the light at the end of dark and quiver eager for the numbing sense of the sun's last stand at the edge of night. The girls lie waiting for the sinking sun and feel only want and the pain of love.

The lovers rising glance below and spot the once proud steeple point merging with the level of the town. The blazing lights of the town will die the moment the steeple surrenders its height and lies down limp in surrounding dark.

Towards the climax of the ecstatic fight between the dawning dark and the dying sun beyond the last bend and above the last hill the lovers are driven by the transient vision of the sacrifice of flesh and light in the sun's last flicker before surrender.

The sky is drained of the blood of sun; the steeple merges with border buildings; those who merged in love for a time return again to the dark before love.

Until the sun returns to Downden (when night will die of the blood of sun) the steeple lies ever humbly hidden and lovers lie apart in the dark.

BAPTISM

BAPTISM: A PRELUDE

I witness the way the wind bathes the broken world in baptist waves. The crowning of the good green trees in blowing hair of stems and leaves receives a washing windy praise.

L. ERIC GREINKE

BAPTISM

The touch of windy fingers on the bodies of bare and bending trees, makes them tremble in the presence of their lover.

In the bleakness of the black night, a single kiss would make you tremble. Your eyes were bleak with the blackness of the light-lacking night, and your hands upon mine were like a double-star in the heaven of my wishes.

The touch of rainy hands on the leaves of good green trees, makes them breathless in their sensuous joy.

In the brashness of the bright day, the taste and touch of you, with your eyes beaming like light in the brightness of a brash day, lingered like a hot and sunny kiss on the landscape of my back.