

Poems

Dr. Stewart Bitkoff

And he went into the desert to find the answers.
He looked into the sky and began to ask,
And the days passed.

When no answers came
He looked across the land and asked again,
And the days passed.

When he realized the desert could not answer,
Tears from the heart began to fill his eyes.
And the tears fell like spring rain
Forming a small pool at his feet.
And he looked into the water
And watched the sands drink of his suffering.

Then, the answers came.

* * *

The Child

And so they came
To see the child.
The miracle had occurred
And they were drawn
To share in the beginning.
Bearing gifts they came,
Singing praise to their King.

This child was born
To dance among humanity
And turn heads upward in remembrance.
And with His breath
This life began
And in each heart
A candle is waiting.

This child was born
To carry the flame.

* * *

And he shall walk among us again.
His presence
Shall sing of breezes from mountain streams
Touching hearts with a loving caress.

All men shall bow before his majesty
And ask forgiveness for their fears.
He shall awaken a realization, never known,
Of the Father's Mercy.

Men shall weep in their fellows.
Nations that were parted shall be joined.
And all men shall be One
With the Father.

* * *

Religion may be compared
To a great river that feeds the land.
The river winds its way as a mighty force
And smaller tributaries are formed
To serve the distant regions.
Some are satisfied
To drink of the small stream
And forget they must travel
The river to its Source.

Beyond the river's gate,
The Ocean is waiting.