

HEAVEN SENT ITS STORY

MARK BOURNE

Heaven sent its story.
Back in the desert,
drawn on the skyline,
up in the mountain,
raised on the axis,
heaven sent its story.

Its story was long as all Jerusalem's houses,
yet thin as a street, a tale without branches.
The story was born of one spot and grew upwards,
to bud of a cross, to petal-arms opened;
and seeds that were words went windward to ripen,
and blossomed the highway to Rome with more crosses.

Heaven wrapped its story;
a parcel of sorrows,
a bundle of chances,
an armful of praises,
all nailed up together.
Heaven wrapped its story.

The story was opened first after the funeral.
A vacuous tomb was crowded with heaven;
mere air was more lovely than all things together;
and absence was presence, and emptiness splendour.
A body not there was better than treasure.
The story was over; was substance forever.