

Dangerous Memory

At seventeen a motorcycle strut,
body-builder swagger, King of the Hill,
until friend of my young years,
the man of God,
who spoke strong words from heaven,
cut the brag with one spiced movement,
when he laid consecrated hands
lightly on the body --
Mass in reverse --
My pal, Judas, betrayed me with a kiss.
Renegade touch dormant, opening the gates of rage.
Now ten years of tears unwept,
moral stuttering.
The scab is ripped red by institutional fear
with raw bones unset.
The bleeding flares at the holy stall.
Still I mend.
The God in whose face I flung my anger
(for years I waited for love)

bends, broods and weeps over the long pain,
bearing me up on eagles' wings.

I do not soar,
but God, my refuge,
my shield, my high fortress,
keeps my freedom free.

I fight,
I search beneath the shadow of God's hand,
though the dangerous memory
gnaws like an exorcism that did not take.

But someday, someday, I will the wrong make right.

As Jesus did, I will be priest to the priest:

Justice sure wit pardon. And I'm released?

Composed by Kilian McDonnell in Radolfgell, Germany
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