**The Yearning and the Fury**

I imagine Him, Jesus,

moving between places,

(with His daft followers trailing behind,

bogged down in denial,

on route to their misunderstood destination,

bickering about status),

while He strode along his punishing journey

constructing those parables.

There is an aching *yearning* behind

that man’s crafted stories of lamps and light

and night falling.

And of old wine, new wine, gates and doors,

sheep and shepherds, fathers and sons,

bosses and workers, us-versus-them.

And money.

And of being early and of being too late.

Of things planting and growing -

or not growing.

Of soil and seeds and birds and lilies.

We have such glimpses into the man

through the blossoming diagrams

He left us

of Kingdom, Kingdom, Kingdom.

And then there was His fury:

that occasionally visible contempt.

which forced Him to turn tables,

to overturn tables

to rage at hypocrisy, intentional deafness.

Vipers.

What a man-in-the-round he was:

the yearning, the fury

merely two sides of the same ache

for that lost Kingdom coin;

and so many Satans, too, to get behind him.

He is arrested today, everyday,

by the same people.

And loved, today, the same way,

by we, His faithful mis-understanders,

trailing behind him.

And how *do* you walk with Jesus?

Do you share in the yearning?

Do you share in the fury?

Do you get behind him?

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