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Sunset-Moonrise

William Frankenberger C.S.B.
St. John Fisher University

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Sunset-Moonrise

Cover Page Footnote

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A tiny bright cross shines
silently
In the wine-mist, chalice'd
Upside down
By the bread of an earth
Flowing warm.
Gnarled hands of tree roots
Are washed clean
By cool peaceful waters
As are sands
Glistening all silver
In moonglow,
Each grain itself a moon.
Breezes breathe
Cedar incense on high
As in thirst
The horizon consumes
The wine-mist.

SUNSET-MOONRISE



BILL FRANKENBERGER

Jesus Go Naked

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FRANK DELLY

Cold cloudlets come
Rushing toward me
Searching seclusion
I am warm-life:
They die.

A thousand swans' song
The silent breeze
And dance
Death in the sky-fall.

A three-faced man-god
Stands two-faced
Looking down
Bare feet, bare hands
Body bare of but Himself.

(There is shame in failure.)

Winter webs are spun
Crystalline about Him.

(There is blame in failure.)