

The whole world over

by [John F. Deane](#) in the [July 10, 2013](#) issue

I see him, mariner Jesus, walking on corrupted waters of the Danube while down in silted depths lurk the unexploded bombs of lately wars; I walk out, hand in hand with the poem, crossing on the high redemption bridge, to earth corrupted by tar and concrete, where down in the darkly shiftless soil words crawl, eyeless and eager. Between sleep and day, light and black, I grow conscious of compelling truths— but something in the ego-wassailing of flesh compels me back to comfort, and something in the slippery eel-mud of the mind eases towards sleep, though always Jesus plods on over all the corrupted waters heading for the unforgiving hill, for his piercing cry of forgiveness out-into-the-outraged world.