

You Cannot Keep a Good God Down

A new poem by Simon Foster

A throw away line from a theologian
It is THE Easter truth though
Truth par excellence for sure
I wasn't there but we have what is recorded
Someone who had died, limbs broken too
A broken heart, blood and water poured out
Someone very dead, so dead
Anointed One, Chosen One
Jesus, Ye shua, Joshua, Our Josh
Broke out of death's tomb
God powerfully pushed the stone away
Mystically shattered death and deaths
All deaths whether physical
Spiritual, mental or emotional
All our deaths have been pushed
They've all been pushed out of existence
Love's powerful force has pushed them
Death could not keep Josh
It cannot keep us either
There is no tomb will keep me prisoner
Free, I'm free from all my tombs
Tombs real or imaginary
Grave clothes are left, I'm gone
Gone with my prisons, gone
Soaring to new heights, free
I cannot be trapped, once free
Free forever, set free from limitations
Death could not hold him
It cannot hold you or me
In his death is my life, our life
Think resurrection, death defeated
Instead we are set free to live
Real live, free of all death holds
You cannot keep a good God down
You cannot keep a good human being down
May we see life suffused by folded grave cloths