

Resurrection/Resurrección is a Spanish-English bilingual collection of poems that will challenge and inspire readers regarding a wide range of topics, including relationship issues, religion, nature, and social injustice.

Resurrection / Resurrección

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**Resurrection/
Resurrección**

**“Poems of Internal Revival/
Poemas de Avivamiento Interno”**

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Anthony Menzel

Chapter 4: Nature

New England and the Adirondacks

My second favorite place –
The based of jungle-covered hills
In transparent water
Next to fruit trees on white sand;
But because of the heat,
it's not my favorite place.

My favorite place to be
Is where fiery maples grow
Dancing with the evergreens
On low mountain summits
Less jagged than many new –

For all the new peaks' grandeur,
their aspens and their snow,
They still can't outdo
the ancients' autumn show.

Paintings of Life

Greylock is not Mount Washington
Pownal is not Stowe
but each has its special beauty
Each its unique crown

I could be content
with any of these paintings –
Even as I hope to see more,
I intend to be content
with Dover,
the painting God gave me as my own.

Life Travels

Ohio –
Periwinkle fields,
October snow,
woods now gone...
There I learned about sin and isolation –
Birthplace is not always the Promised
Land –
Like Abraham, never look back.

Virginia –
Colorful azalea explosions,
Dogwood snows,
Curving mountain trails,
But there I learned to be a traitor;
I destroyed myself;
I felt racism.
I went back to another part
and found God
but never found home.

Indiana –
Some forests, some snows,
Green sky adventure,
Revival trips and songs,
Closer to God
but still not home.

Northern New Jersey –
I don't look west or south
but sometimes north:
The snow can melt too quickly;
The woods can be too damaged.

But the seasons still are beautiful:
Rainbow highways in the fall,
Gray dirges in the cold,
Pinking hope in the spring,
Green summer symphony.
The hills still pretty pristine –
At the right angles
All you see are the tips of leaves, leaves...
Paths of gnarled roots
in new woods;
Valleys with human roots
that speak my languages,
Positioned to advance God's Kingdom
as much as possible –
A missionary
who can escape the mission everyday
and can be close to outside friends and
family...

I look north
but feel
at least for now
the earthly Israel
of my soul.

Chicory

What draws me to you?
Is it how your tough stalks enclose
 such delicate flowers?
Is it how you protect your softness
 with adaptability?
Is it the circle of your blossom
 reminiscent of eternity?
 The paradox of your rectangular petals
 so much like my tropical snow?

Is it your dark periwinkle
 reminiscent of pensive winter?
 The centeredness of your white base?
Is it the clear petal and stamen pathways
 to your center
 Just like the Words of God
 leading us to the Lord?
The uprightness
 of your multicolored stamens
 Like the multicolored Holy Kingdom
 Like the uprightness of God, His Ways,
 and His Word?

Modern Day Hike

Half thoughts
Half glances
I would love to stop
At each frond, each sporangium,
observing every stalk

But the trail is too long
My feet too weak
If I don't look down
I'll slip and never reach the peak

But at least I have the glimpses
and photos that will renew
my fading memory
when this day is through

I'm Glad I Came Alone

I'm glad I came alone
Otherwise I'd have to speak
to other people
Besides You and me

I'm glad the road was closed
So only those desperate for this peak
Could come up here
and smile with me

I want to be a blessing
But sometimes I need to be blessed
With at least near silence
Letting the wind just caress
Without worries of others' needs
Having some time for You
Just to speak with me.

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