

CONTEMPLATE THE ORDINARY AND
EXTRAORDINARY THROUGH PHOTOGRAPHY
AND POETRY GATHERED AROUND THE
SEASONS OF THE CHURCH'S CALENDAR

CIVA

CHRISTIANS IN THE VISUAL ARTS

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AGAIN + AGAIN

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These are the appointed feasts of the Lord, the holy convocations, which you shall proclaim at the time appointed for them.

Leviticus 23:4

Kristina Erny

THE LORD APPEARS TO _____

See the crest, lean across the breach. What second skin needs to be pulled back, so the shimmer of holiness can break?

How can we savor the solemn bee hum of a spoken, not dulled, Presence? Hush, it is here we are newly made.

Finally unafraid to ask, we make supplicant of ourselves, imagine a response:

So what if what we ask is also spent, lent to the next guy?
O we are poor, so human. Always groaning. Our faces shine

and are shadowed in all our body's windows. See our temples of cut glass, what with their gleaming cedar beams.

Walk with me, Love, the Creator says. O, our Name will be placed here forever. Our Eyes see.

The human heart is not built or kept as easily as a temple. But we were under the impression

we still could hold each joist like a pencil, try to write us where we wouldn't fade. We know, in our guts, that the future can't be bought, or held, is but a shade.

We hear, but do not always understand. How much clearer could it be? *Ask, knock.* We hold up ours. These human hands.



Letitia Huckaby
Ask, Seek, Knock

... on the first day
of the week, at early
dawn, they went
to the tomb, taking
the spices they had
prepared. And they
found the stone rolled
away from the tomb,
but when they went
in they did not find
the body of the Lord
Jesus.

Luke 24:1-3

Kristina Erny

RESURRECTION PSALM

Lord of empty bowl and thrift store spoon,
of soil, of paint-flecked arms.
Lord of the mossed live oak, of blank paper, of lobe.
You are ginkgo leaf, its yellow tone,
an egg feather-stuck, a room.
The lingering scent of myrrh, of aloe, folded strips
of linen, cast light across the sandy floor of a tomb.

You live deep in ginger's bite, snow's precision,
the seed the wildflower's thrown.
You are the Lord of all expectant
breath: height, cloud, vapor, mist,
You are the Lord of what's been bitten down,
what's dormant, the remaindered, the paused.

Molecule's God, salamander's God, ragweed's
God, Lord of stones. Lord of green-bellied toad's
burble and spit. Of broad-winged hawks,
of weather and wings, of wood mites burrows,
of whistles, of small things.

We balk, Lord, at how you nestle deep: our bulb, our bee,
juice, the Spirit of pear, the shadow of the dimple,
what's under every ripple of the creek.

Lord of the hitch, the lob, the blink, the kiss, the shake.
Lord who rose, who wakes;
who lets us sleep, who satiates.
In our palms, cerebrum, nostrils, wrists,
your Spirit lives. What we miss,
forgive.

In our liminal lives, Great and Patient Mystery,
bless us, and if you will,
share with us your margins today.



Keith Barker
Stone of Help