

C. H. JOLLEY

## PROPHET

*"... no beauty that we should desire him."*

Isaiah 53:2

The common cripple to the south of Palmyra  
Dreamed God the Father, the Savior Son,  
And, though clerical tradition predetermine his doom,  
Can never, never, never  
Search Kidd's treasure again.

Stout, paunched, hook-nosed mystic though he was —  
Who gimped his way from fourteen on  
Through the dark, deep furrows of those New York farms  
To Ohio, Missouri, Illinois (and beyond) —  
He faced Gethsemane alone,  
Crossed back from deliverance,  
And, from an upper room above the crowds  
Who shouted blood upon their children's heads,  
Reached wide his trembling hands to God,  
Was pierced,  
And, plunging headlong into Pentecost,  
Was dead.