

The Colored Port Saga: Faithwalk Trinity | Welcome

First,

Giving honor to The Most High

Who ensures, all the days of our lives, Goodness and Mercy follow nigh.

I just had to stop by

Today

To say

I, too, am donned in apparel gay

Affording me the ability to see straight through that girdle, that wig, that slip

That sportcoat, that turtleneck, that Kangol, that tie clip

And discover the purest form of vulnerability,

The one you strategically hide.

I welcome you once

For the times you thought you'd died,

Hoped the doctors had lied,

Mustered the strength to maintain but felt perpetual pain and strain inside.

The facets in your eyes make it harder than you realize to disguise.

Bulging blood vessels transform to trestles to keep your eyes lifted amid your cries.

I welcome you twice

For the times life wasn't so nice.

When you had to repair from the grim, reaping pair: Trials & Tribulations.

So many smiles stolen by hellacious situations,

Poetess Lady Munira (Crystalyn Whitaker-Nelson): #2 of 7

Comforted by highs and hallucinations for their unpredictability brought normalcy.

I want you to see that

We

Are one in the same with need to know each other's name, for

We're Human.

Grown, yet children: still being reared by Our Mother Nature

Replenished by Our Father's Nature

Eternity meets on our mortal behalf to

Welcome ALL in The Name of Jesus Christ.

Ase.

Selah.

The Colored Port Saga: Faithwalk Trinity | Sermon

These words sit

Low.

Life's sticks and stones thrown

Have broken bones and found harbor in

The marrow of this hallowed vernacular.

Every inhale disturbs their collusion to kill.

You can hear their confusion when they

Still,

Despite their most earnest efforts to author a story,

Find themselves within the depths of

Profusions

of Revelation.

of Joy!

of GLORY!

Their rhythmic shuffling generates the

Spark

That rekindles the fire

In voice.

In bones.

Shut up!

The words scorch throat

As they escape out of mouth

And seek to slay any adversary they encounter

On their way

to Souls.

These words swing

Low

swEEEEEt Chariots

That come forth to carry

griEEEEves Home

For

One

Too kind

To bear

For us.

Swing

Low

Acrobatically; axioms

Vanquish vagrant vices

Ere evils, egos, entanglements

Have time to jump from one to another.

Swing

Low

Enough to perforate the

Fog that has been

Blinding us for so

Long

Prompting Precipitation

to Perform our

Affusions afresh.

Salvation laced with Sweat

From our brow

from Jump

from Shout

from Dance

from Bow

Marveled by how

Excellent is

Our

God.

The Colored Port Saga: Faithwalk Trinity | Benediction

May

The Lord

Watch

Ahead of us and

Behind.

Closely the corners

that we Do not find,

Especially, though, the ones we do.

From frigid

Glaciers that

They might cool smoldering terrain.

Inside and outside our homes

Just in case

Knives connive at our doorsteps,

Letting Love abide always

and Melodious memories remain.

Near our bedside.

Over our minds

for Pathological pestilences pursue

to Quench our

Righteousness.

Since we are human.

Throughout our days.

Under, up, upon

Valleys and fjords

Waters and shores

Xenismos we try to recreate on our plate

Youth: in heart and in age

Zeniths peppered with principalities that would sell their souls to graze the soles

of Celestials, in hopes to glean the power that is already

Between

Me and

Thee,

While we

R

Absent

1 from

‘Nother.

Amen.