

*New and selected Philosophy-Lite*

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*Lamplite  
(belief)*

## *Off the Mark*

(Matthew 7:1-2)

I will affix no labels  
and  
make no judgments—  
because  
I might  
    be right.

And that might crush  
some struggling soul—  
who  
had planned  
to change  
    tonight.

## *Holy Recidivism*

God  
I understand  
Your concept of grace.

Believe in it.  
Trust in it  
Rely on it.

And you should be  
proud  
of me—

Because  
everyday  
I do something  
that puts me  
in need  
of it.

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*A Need to Cuddle*

Lord I don't know  
what to say  
except that—  
I am me  
and You are You.

And I succeed  
and fail each day  
as an average personal  
example of our world's  
humanity in general—

which You seem to take  
credit for making. Though  
Lord only knows why.  
I truly love You. Believe me.  
I sincerely need You. Trust me.

So Father-Mother-Spirit  
I suggest, maybe we can  
both feel better  
about what we've done  
if You'll just hold me — please.

*Jim and Casper*

Jim and Casper went to church  
climbed upon their viewing perch  
looking for a righteous find  
or maybe just a holy mind  
did their research very well  
and found most churches here to sell  
their special view of what is right  
based on their leader's own insight.

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### *Perspective*

Do not worship the sun.

Worship the Lord, maker of the sun.

Do not worship the water.

Worship the Lord, maker of the water.

Do not worship the incense.

Worship the Lord, maker of the nostril.

Do not worship the scripture.

Worship the Lord, maker of the code.

The bow-down temptation  
of so many graven images  
necessary to be seen through with awe  
and enjoyed — in our world.

### *Judge Not Unless It's Obvious*

Early this cold Sunday morning  
I zip into my church parking lot.  
9:05 a.m. — five miles in five minutes  
not bad for residential,  
and Jesus forgives.

Screech stopping behind  
the same white Ford pickup  
I parked next to last month,  
I bump the left rear fender a bit  
but nobody saw me,  
and Jesus forgives.

I notice  
cool shiny aluminum, bed ramp tracks  
hanging over the tailgate.  
They look fancy new. The red rubber  
end caps lost by any normal person  
within a few uses are unscuffed.

What would Jesus think—  
a thrill-seeking 4-wheeler person,  
or a benevolent hauler of riding mowers  
to gratis cut fragile elderly folks lawns.

Lets judge. Well, it's January, and ooh!  
See the extra satellite radio antenna and  
the huge black pipe grill guard bumper.  
This guy needs religion.

Come on, Jesus  
Lead me to some soul today.  
Let's get him.  
He best not be in my pew.

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*Missionary Support*

An international soda straw pipeline  
trickling the few dollars  
not spent on excess  
by suburban refineries of calculated concern  
has done more  
to sustain  
idealistic love offerings  
than all the faith of all ages.

It is much easier  
to extend the hand of love  
if you don't actually  
have to touch anyone.

When you walk right in  
amongst the splatterings  
of mud, blood, and puke—  
and all the casual cursings,  
it is, to say the least, distracting,  
and much harder  
to find the pocket  
with the checkbook in it.



*Lord Make Me a Nephew*

I believe Jesus was  
the perfect choice.

I am thrilled God  
picked him to be  
the Son of God.

I pledge allegiance  
and unquestioning support  
to his Sonship because—

I have read the job description  
and I would not have wanted it.

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## *Fitful Seventh Day Rest*

Everywhere—  
organic, protoplasmic pieces  
cling to inorganic bits.

All created by God  
out of nothing.

Never functioning quite right,  
he's never really  
been happy with it.

Broke down stuff.  
Broke down people.  
Broke down world.

I hear there may be  
a Manufacturer's recall  
soon.