

Enter the Land
By Arnold R. Sutton

Come, enter the land
in which one word stops time,
and we two, hopes shredded,
Panic, slow to rally through
fears and tears, cling together.
Looking unto Jesus.

I enter the land of dim lit rooms,
where robed figures, hover,
poke, then prod. Finally, to adjust
and coax three whirring machines
that leave for green
life altering spots
glowing, guiding red rigid lines,
planes restoring hope.

I enter the land of loss
in which body fluids mingle with
dark slumbers over five vague
days broken only by meager
attempts to obey. Only to re-
enter the fray to finally endure
those impossible six years
to lie in a muddled mess
along the path less traveled by.

I enter the land Phoresis to hope
held released by advance. Precious
cargo speeds through the night
in Iditarod style excitement,
Seven hours of storm, extended waits,
crowded room, fever pitch,
until drained, doped, depressed, excited
the room clears and hope is renewed.

I enter the land of eight days of wretched
retching, depressing darkness,
imploding, exploding emotions,
like the cat of nine lives,
emerging not whole but losing
yet gaining, dreading yet hoping,

winning through defeat, until

I enter the land with pain riddled body,
a sojourner in the land
rising to hope
looking to Jesus
in the ten year survivor's club.