

Ode to the Mirrored One

Zadkiel, great archangel of the mirrored chamber that reflects secrets and salvation.
Funhouse mirror angel who turns everything upside down to show the way home
Wingman of Zeus, companion of pantheons
Who sees in all directions with the multitudinous eyes of the Cherubim
I thought the path went down, but you turned it up
You gave the grave (cloaked in the sorry stench of decay and sunken in self-pity),
haunted by the seven sorrows, not just a pretty face, but a true countenance.

The darkness of the cave dissipates when your hand fuels the fire in the secret
crevasse.
But in that impartial quicksilver mirror (that you reveal and hide yourself behind) I
discover that the subterranean blaze is revealed first through dense smoke, then
humid steam, then churning currents
As an undersea storm – tumultuous within a deep watery canyon hidden many
depths below seemingly calm waves that process far from any known land.

A voice cries out . . .
I am Isaac, Abraham's son
With my tears I wash your feet.
Your firm grip on my father's deliberate dagger hand, made me anew from that
perilous moment which is none other than our present abode.

But now as I stare into your glittering mirrored eyes
I see a soul bound not by the law but unchained by spirit
The spirit is the womb where I dwell and grow to readiness
The determined cutting edge of my father and the nurturing milk of my mother are
reconciled in the thousand delicate mercies that blossom in the gardens of your Hall.
I recognize myself, and I am called by the name you have revealed to me.
I am Lazarus.

I am raised up as I pass through the Second Chamber of the First Hall, and you have
burned away every mask I wore with a searing brilliant blue acid rain.

And when my face was exposed and I was finally naked, you made sure the promise
was fulfilled, and as I sit in the Sixth Heaven, your imperial eagle cries for justice
finally perfected in this realm atop Mount Kailosa.

On my left is Father Zeus, his presence is a conflagration and in this purple fire only
the compassionate justice of the King is left unconsumed.

And on my right, reflected in your mirrored eyes, I see the Auspicious One, Parameshara, the Supreme God in the faceless form of the great lingam. The one who is called Shiva.

And in the sultry sky of a luxurious summer raga, his wife Parvati, the Great Goddess is arrayed in a silken sari the color of spring violets bordered with the late afternoon sun and textured with cool veins of Himalayan snows.

She nurtures their infant elephantine son, Ganesh, fruit of righteousness and mercy, the benevolent dispenser of prosperity and patron of the Ashram.

But in your mirrored eyes what was a craggy towering mountain appears out the slowly evaporating mist to be the Cross.

Stretching tall over the hillside and casting a stark shadow silhouetted across the rock strewn field of Golgotha, cluttered with skulls and sorrow, now finally giving way to light. A light of hospitality.

Holy angel Zadkiel, you are the jewel whose facets dispense the light of the Beloved, the light of this sacred chamber into the shadows of the slumbering city of man.

And once touched by your light

No heart stalks the famine-plagued fields in a dusk made weary with aimless labors.

But in that sacred light . . .

First, the test of unwavering faith, the test of Abraham, Patriarch to the people of the Book, called to obedience.

Then, justice made manifest by the spared blood of an innocent youth, the sparing of Isaac,

Who is revealed as the risen Lazarus, the one who fulfills the promise of the new covenant, a covenant bound with the mystery of forgiveness and surrender.

This history is holy, written in the blood of Zadkiel.

It is the destiny of every world and every heart.

This is the story that those mirrored eyes will tell

When you finally let yourself see.