

And then you can, when Time is ripe, swoop to your feet—at
your full height—at a single gesture.

Ready to go where?

Why . . . Wherever God motions.



The Young Blood Hungers

The Young Blood sits—back to an Eternity—face toward an Eternity. Hands full of the things ancestry has given—thriving on the things today can give—guided vocationally—inducted spiritually—fed on vitamins—defended against diseases unthinkable—hungry.

The Young Blood hungers.

It's an old hunger. The gnawing world hunger. The hunger after righteousness.

—I speak not for myself alone.

Do not swiftly look and think you see and swiftly say, "It is not, most certainly, a hunger for righteousness this Young Blood feels!"

But it is. It is the Hunger.

Some Young Blood feels it—and then they see if they can out-strip it—if they can get rid of the gnawing—try to dance it off as a man smokes off a trouble—try to float it off on a drunken sea—try to cast a spell on it. Daze it off.

Sometimes the Old Blood perceives the hunger and offers food: "It's the World Hunger," the Old Blood says. "It's the Hunger-After-Righteousness. Take God. Take Him as we have taken Him."

That is what the Old Blood says: "Take God—Take Him as we have taken Him."

And the Young Blood sits still hungry and answers: "Not your God as you had Him."

The Young Blood sits. The Young Blood hungers yet. They cannot take God as the Old Blood takes Him.

Not God sitting at the top of a million worn orthodox steps. God in the old removed far-off Heaven. Not God showering thunder-wrath and stripping man of all Life's compensations to prove him righteous. Not God always offering a heavenly reward for an earthly Hell. Not God poured out in buttered sentences from the pulpit four or fives times a month. Not the Old Blood's God demanding incessant supplication—calling for constant fear.

Not the Old Blood's God—but the God His own Son said that He really is. His own Son, Jesus, who knew Him better than any earth-born creature knew Him. Jesus who said that He was a friendly father who wanted respectful fear and confidential chats and obedience to principle and cooperation and thanksgiving as much as He wanted supplication.—I speak not for myself alone, Lord. The Young Blood hungers.—

The Old Blood argues: "You don't seek God in too-brief garments and too-tinted cheeks—too fancy-free dance steps—too fancy-free Thoughts-about-Things."

Perhaps not—but how?

Up the million steps? Removed? Far? How? How?

The Young does not know. The Young hungers.

The Young Blood hungers and searches somehow. The Young Blood knows well that Life is built high on a crystal of tears. A crystal of tears filled with Illusory Veils of Blind Misunderstandings and Blunderings. Enough filmy veils wet with tears, stamped down hard beneath your feet to let you rise up—out—above—beyond.

Just think of the number of veils cast down! Just think of the tears to pack them down hard so you can stand on them.

Yet that is growing.

The Young Blood knows that growing means a constant tearing down of Illusory Veils that lift themselves thin—filmy—deceptive—between you and truth. Veils that flutter breath-thin across things and make you mistake the touch of Heaven for the touch of Hell.

Veils—breath-thin—so thin you feel them rather than see them.

Tearing down Illusory Veils. Jesus called it watching. Such watching that I of myself and you of yourself cannot do it alone. Veils lift themselves sometimes in the still of the night when even the soul is asleep. Eyes that kept Israel and did not slumber nor yet sleep are needed to help with the tearing down.

I speak not for myself alone, Lord. The Young Blood hungers for Eyes to watch.—

All this the Young Blood knows. All this and more.

Young Blood knows that some Truths solidified in Eternity will not rot until Eternity crumbles. Solidified in Eternity. One love perhaps is to be pure and clean or it is not love. When the mists of Half-Lies play around the face of a truth—Lord—the Young Blood hungers.

Solidified in Eternity—Rooted and tipping in Eternity. Young Blood knows this. And yet if you fumble through the mists of Half-Lies-About-Things to feel the Truth-About-Real-Things safe—sound—solid—behind you—are you a crab—a prude—out of step with your age?

Are there no regular drum-beats? Can't you mark your step to one drum that beats from the rim of Eternity up through the Dark Ages—through the Middle Ages—through Renaissances—through Wars and Remakings-of-Worlds—to the same rhythm?

Is there not a pulse-beat you can feel—beating—steady—Bloody Reigns and Terrors and Inquisitions and Torments—up to Hells-of-Republics and back?

Or is it, after all, a new gait for every new day?

A new drum?

A new rhythm?

A new pulse-beat?

A new step?

A new Heaven?

A new Hell?

Today, a Truth. Tomorrow, a Lie.

Everything new. Raw and new. No time to root before the sun sets its first rays of a new day dawning.

The Young Blood hungers for Truth for God. For the God they called Jehovah when Christ was yet to come. Where is Jehovah?—

Frye Street and Environs

A brief breath of a paper-weight-dress—slippers—perfumed—
curled—rouged even. Can't you toss your soul out—up—beyond
the mere room-full of brief breaths of dresses—perfumes—curls—
rouge—and walk and talk to God?

Must you come—eyes down-cast—to an altar four or five
times a month to meet God of a Sabbath morn? Can you only
commune with Him when you take Christ's body and blood on
an appointed day from hands not always too free from blood—
before eyes that seem to lick out and eat up—lusting for Young
Blood? Isn't it the call for God thrilling in the voice of Young
Blood when it is lifted in song—no matter the song?

Isn't it God seeking God in the question of Young Blood when
it asks: "Do you understand things? Sometimes I am afraid? Do
you understand?"

If Young Blood knew how to converse with God—would so
many Young feet stumble in the drunken mazes of seeking to find
Self—seeking to find Truth—seeking to drown cries within—
seeking enchantments to fill hollows within—seeking to catch up
with something greater than yourself in a swift mad consuming
fire-flash of living?

—It's the gnawing pains.—

Gnawing pains make you toss your body around. Make you
toss your body now this way—now that. Young Blood hungers.
Young Blood feels the gnawing pains of hunger—you do not
know where your body will come—where it will go. All you
wish is to toss your self away from the pain gnawing within.

—It's the gnawing pains.—

Can a mote appear to lay blindness across the vision?

Isn't there a part of Young Blood that leapt into being at
Eternity and goes on through all Eternity? Isn't there something
that sees beyond curls and rouge?

—I speak not for myself alone, Lord.—

Something winding and winding in the rhythmic inanities of
a dance, Young Blood hears things beside the music—the feet—
the talk—the chaff of laughter.

Sometimes when you teeter to a jazz-band's play voices speak
within you and seem to say:

The Young Blood Hungers

*You may prance, fool, prance
You may skim, you may slide,
You may dip, you may glide,
But you've lied to yourself,
Oh you've lied—lied—lied.
—Gave a damn for the night—
—Chanced your all upon Today—
But you've lied! Yes you've lied!
—I'm the Voice that never died.*

Voices and Hunger. Searchings and Seekings. Stumbling—
falling—rising again.

—I speak not for myself alone, Lord! The Young Blood
hungers. —Back toward an Eternity. Facing Eternity. Perhaps
that is the way in which Young Blood is to sit—back toward an
Eternity—face toward an Eternity—hungering.

Perhaps it must be that God must be sought in new ways—new
ways—fewer steps—fewer steps—each time there comes Young
Blood—each time there comes Young Blood—until they find
Him.

A few less steps each time. A few less steps each time.

Soon the top.

Then—no longer Hunger.

Then no longer—Hunger.

—I speak not for myself alone, Lord! The Young Blood
hungers.—