Puer Ferox Adventus

Ian Anderson

The brash North wind strikes
upon the isle of Lindisfarne.
I offer searching souls the wisdom of my years.
These lessons writ in book of ages holy, past.
The agony, the righteous path to
steer between the waves,
the dark abyss, tied to the mast.This sponge of pragmatic Constantine
mops them all up and wipes them clean.
It's all okay, it's all official. The Christ
child advent here to be seen.
Saturn's Solstice, Yuletide blotted,
blended in cynic innocence.
Meet in Milan and host the party,
safer to sit astride the fence.
What is this book? These airy pages?
Scribed and scribbled with latitude.
Tallest tales for poor and needy in wide-
eyed wonder at faith renewed.
Words of gospel and redemption,
absolution if we repent
Emperor's deathbed, late salvation,
baptism in dubious testament.There's a wild child coming.
There's an angry man.
There's a new age dawning
here, to an old age plan.
Manic mother, her child gone missing:
found in the temple with the elder men.
Gone about His Father's business. Yeah -
but he soon goes missing once again.
Ducked his head with the mad-John prophet.
West bank desert doubts and fear.
White magic, healing, and exorcism: got
twelve good men - now the gang's all here.There's a wild child coming.
There's an angry man.
There's a new age dawning
here, to an old age plan.Proclamation, divine seed sown.
(Did he really say that thing?)
On donkey colt, calm, to the Passion, knowing
full well what the charge must bring.

The body bread, a farewell supper,
bounty silver, a kiss betrayed
lt's a long, hard haul, that Via Dolorosa.
No last contrition, quite unafraid.There's a wild child coming.
There's an angry man.
There's a new age dawning
here, to an old age plan.

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