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## Poems: Jesus Walking on Water | Judas

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**Editor's Note:** From time to time readers have sent us poetry, and, for the most part, we have not run poetry because we were not sure that creative writing — i.e. poetry, drama, and fiction — was consistent with our traditional mission. Nevertheless, here are two poems from a series of seven written as part of a grant from the Ignatian Residential College at Fairfield University and the subject of which seems particularly appealing. Poems from this project have appeared in *Commonweal*, *Christianity and Literature*, *the Christian Century*, and elsewhere. Kim Bridgford, an English professor at Fairfield, has written four books of poetry and has won or been nominated for numerous prizes. RASsj

## JUDAS

I sold my Lord for thirty coins of silver;  
I sold my Lord the way that he had said.  
According to the prophecy, he's dead.  
I am the one to blame, the one to pilfer

The dirty skirts of history, and to find  
That I am now a scourge to all mankind.  
My name is but a synonym for how  
You do not treat a loved one, like a crow

That feeds upon misfortune, in the flesh.  
And it is this, I think, that made me wash  
My hands of life. I couldn't stand the grief  
That rippled into years with no relief.  
I like to think I saw him in the noose  
That kicked the world away and cut me loose.

*Kim Bridgford*

## JESUS WALKING ON WATER

The water was belief he walked upon.  
The water was a boat that he was on.  
The water wrapped their awe up in its smile.  
The water was a simple miracle.

Sometimes there had to be a show of power  
To illustrate where earth and heaven blur,  
Where expectation doesn't meet the eyes,  
And loaves and fishes will materialize.

Like Peter who would walk beside him there,  
Sometimes we need the way to put our bare  
And trepidatious feet upon the lack  
Of solid ground, and feel the shifting magic  
Of stars that take their time to throw their light  
While faith is sturdy with the infinite.

*Kim Bridgford*

