

## INTO THE STONE MOUNTAIN

Ben Jacques

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I have thought of the old Moses  
Going up into the stone mountain,  
His hands in crags pulling his tired body;

Always it was there the Voice spoke  
To him and to the children in the tents  
Below, giving them water and words

To live by in the desert. And I know  
The mountain is the holy sacrament of God  
Into whose body on the last day

He went up seeking pure similes.  
Somehow it's not right we should follow,  
Yet I climb up, crying out, "Moses!

From which stone did you peer into His form  
So long He turned and showed His face?"