

The Vision Poem

So this guy comes up to me and says,
"What's the vision? What's the big idea?"
I open my mouth and words come out like this...

The Vision?

The vision is JESUS – obsessively, dangerously, undeniably Jesus.
The vision is an army of young people.
You see bones? I see an army. And they are FREE from materialism.

They laugh at 9-5 little prisons. They could eat caviar on Monday and crusts on Tuesday. They wouldn't even notice. They know the meaning of the Matrix, the way the west was won.

They are mobile like the wind, they belong to the nations. They need no passport. People write their addresses in pencil and wonder at their strange existence.

They are free yet they are slaves of the hurting and dirty and dying.

What is the vision?

The vision is holiness that hurts the eyes. It makes children laugh and adults angry. It gave up the game of minimum integrity long ago to reach for the stars. It scorns the good and strains for the best. It is dangerously pure.

Light flickers from every secret motive, every private conversation. It loves people away from their suicide leaps, their Satan games. This is an army that will lay down its life for the cause. A million times a day its soldiers choose to lose that they might one day win the great 'Well done' of faithful sons and daughters.

Such heroes are as radical on Monday morning as Sunday night. They don't need fame from names. Instead they grin quietly upwards and hear the crowds chanting again and again:

"COME ON!"

And this is the sound of the underground. The whisper of history in the making.
Foundations shaking. Revolutionaries dreaming once again. Mystery is scheming in
whispers. Conspiracy is breathing. This is the sound of the underground

And the army is discipl(in)ed. Young people who beat their bodies into submission.

Every soldier would take a bullet for his comrade at arms. The tattoo on their back
boasts, "for me to live is Christ and to die is gain"

Sacrifice fuels the fire of victory in their upward eyes. Winners. Martyrs. Who can
stop them? Can hormones hold them back? Can failure succeed? Can fear scare
them or death kill them?

And the generation prays like a dying man with groans beyond talking, with warrior
cries, sulphuric tears and with great barrow loads of laughter!

Waiting. Watching. 24 – 7 – 365.

Whatever it takes they will give: Breaking the rules. Shaking mediocrity from its cosy
little hide. Laying down their rights and their precious little wrongs, laughing at labels,
fasting essentials. The advertisers cannot mould them. Hollywood cannot hold them.
Peer-pressure is powerless to shake their resolve at late night parties before the
cockerel cries.

They are incredibly cool, dangerously attractive inside.

On the outside? They hardly care. They wear clothes like costumes to communicate
and celebrate but never to hide. Would they surrender their image or their popularity?
They would lay down their very lives – swap seats with the man on death row – guilty
as hell. A throne for an electric chair.

With blood and sweat and many tears, with sleepless nights and fruitless days, they
pray as if it all depends on God and live as if it all depends on them.

Their DNA chooses JESUS. (He breathes out, they breathe in.) Their subconscious
sings. They had a blood transfusion with Jesus. Their words make demons scream in
shopping centres.

Don't you hear them coming? Herald the weirdos! Summon the losers and the freaks.
Here come the frightened and forgotten with fire in their eyes. They walk tall and
trees applaud, skyscrapers bow, mountains are dwarfed by these children of
another dimension.

Their prayers summon the hounds of heaven and invoke the ancient dream of Eden.

And this vision will be. It will come to pass; it will come easily; it will come soon. How
do I know? Because this is the longing of creation itself, the groaning of the Spirit, the
very dream of God. My tomorrow is his today.

My distant hope is his 3D. And my feeble, whispered, faithless prayer invokes a
thunderous, resounding, bone-shaking great 'Amen!' from countless angels,
from heroes of the faith, from Christ himself. And he is the original dreamer, the
ultimate winner.

Guaranteed.