

**Six Inches:
Reflection for "Where to Draw the Line"**

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*Dust on the horizon, hoofbeats to the ear, and rolling, billowing black clouds of
Dark, dark energy gather behind. A storm is coming, you'd best be braced,
For those with guns and horses to run you down will come, come for you,
And seemingly supernatural jabs of jolting lightning,
Electrify every square single speck of the distance between.
This is arguing weather, and it's a storm on horseback with weapons you're getting.
Angry, as if provoked, angry as provoked, angry because provoked.
It doesn't particularly matter, really. Those who've armed themselves laugh inside.
Your reaction is what they wanted, when they saddled up to ride.
Your anger confirms their power, which they fear they don't have,
Except when you validate it and not them,
As you do now,
Because these people,
On horseback
Are
Six
Inches
Tall,
Shadows
Sixty
Feet
Stretched,
And
Merely
Voices
That
Pierce
Like needles six inches
But
The
Thunder
Is
The
Sound
Of
Your
Heart
And
The
Lightning you see
Is
Your
Fear.
Deep breath... and calm.*

Reflective Practice: Formation and Supervision in Ministry