

Poetry Series

Christian Eliab Ratnam
- poems -

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Christian Eliab Ratnam(27th March 1990)

Date Of Birth: 27th March 1990

Place Of Birth: Singapore

About The Poet: Anyway I am a deep thinker and an avid reader. Writing poems is my passion! My main source of inspiration is the Bible although many other events and circumstances do sometimes give me the spur to write. Poetry is the essence of all things written. It is the projection of valuable deep thoughts brought forth in all it's beauty and glory! A wonderful stress reliever, I must say! I hope you enjoy my poems!

Praise Be To G-D! ! !

Quote For Thought! ! !

'Art is a collaboration between God and the artist, and the less the artist does the better.' -Andre Gide.

A Broken Body! A Condemned Soul!

In a wooden nest lies a body.
A body lies lifelessly there.
A bag of bones.
A memoir on woes.
A body lies lifelessly there.

In a sealed trunk lies a body.
A body lies lifelessly there.
A disguise of flesh.
A cover of sand.
A body lies lifelessly there.

In a funeral attraction lies a body.
A body lies lifelessly there.
A vulture's dinner.
A maggot's appetizer.
A body lies lifelessly there.

In a disposal case lies a body.
A body lies lifelessly there.
An expired vehicle.
A dried up lake.
A body lies lifelessly there.

Before the throne is present a soul.
A soul awaiting judgment there.
An amnesty avoider.
A mercy averter.
A soul burns permanently there.

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A Friend Indeed

A friend like you I could have known for ages,
Our Souls must have waited sometime.
About you, I could write a million pages,
Our friendship would eternity align.

I could not have met you just awhile ago,
Time has fooled me with common illusion.
A friend like you I have yearned to know,
Your provision of strength, joy and motivation.

A blessing like you, treasures can't outweigh.
Your presence, the Rubies shame.
Just talking with you, life's problems allay,
Every day is no more the same.

I promise you, we'll quarrel.
We'll have great times too.
But we'll keep each other out of trouble,
We'll be there when either is blue.

My dearest friend, you are to me,
A special wonder of God's creation.
In this time I've come to see,
The sweet reality, of my new found relation.

A friend like you I must have known for ages,
Our Souls have waited enough.
Our friendship will grow in steady stages,
Through all the times, smooth and rough.

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A Lover's Apology

It came upon a silent night,
The full moon shining bright,
When I remembered what I lost,
And recalculated it's cost.

The memory of our first kiss,
For a million I couldn't miss.
The words exchanged on the very first day,
No amount of money for it can pay.

The sweet smelling perfume you used to wear,
Just smelling it now causes my heart to tear.
Your elegant moves in our every dance,
Your lovely smile every time I gave you a glance.

Now I realize that my own folly,
Has caused my desperate melancholy,
And now I ask you to forgive me dear,
By just throwing yourself at me here.

And if my words have hurt you badly,
I beseech you now, accept my sorry.
Please my love, you know my heart,
You know I never intended to see us part.

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A Lover's Prerequisite

I looked into her eyes,
She looked into mine.
While the beats of her heart,
Was converted into love by mine.

I held her hand,
She held mine.
While her every squeeze,
Was transfigured into love by mine.

I locked my lips against hers,
And she locked hers against mine.
While her every kiss,
Was absorbed into love by mine.

The science of love,
Only a lover can comprehend.
What qualifications then must a lover possess,
But a tender heart and strong zest.

Certificates and medals,
Are not criteria to a lover.
But heart and blood,
Is the cause of it all!

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A Mirage

A long way had I come along,
A long journey ahead,
When thirst filled my mouth of song,
And death itself seemed dead.

The sand my companion,
The cactus false hope,
As I walked with vain determination,
And drought filled my throat.

At last I found a shore line,
With gallons of dreams beyond,
For all of it my tongue did pine,
All worries already gone.

I knelt down to take a gulp,
And drank the ocean dry,
When I found my mouth to be filled with pulp,
With great despair I did cry.

As my tears touched my lips,
And gave me joy in grief,
My life returned to me,
To write this poem so brief!

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A Symbolic Cousin (For My Cousin On Her 21st Birthday)

You are a wonderful friend,
A great companion too.
Sometimes a tiring journey wears a person out,
Strangely all that changes when I am around you.

At times we laugh together,
At times we cry too,
But all of it becomes worthwhile,
When I am around you.

A cousin only have you not been,
A beautiful symbol too.
Of motivation, hope and truth,
I hope you know that too.

A nice poem is not enough,
To express all I have to say.
But I just want you to know,
That for you I will always pray.

Now that you have attained the key,
A key to your next phase of life,
I wish you a HAPPY BIRTHDAY,
And a long blessed life.

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An Abode Of Love

Love what a wonderful feeling,
Love that has no beginning,
Love a well filled with petals,
Love that blossoms, swells and settles.

What can a man hope for,
That love itself cannot give?
What can a man love for,
Should love itself cease to exist?

Love the solution for all our cares,
Love the enemy of our despairs,
Love the root of all our desires,
Love the beauty of heavenly attires.

Love what an endless past!
Love that will forever last!
My love for you none shall take away,
Our love shall be a place for love to stay!

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An Ideal Woman

Her face is but a lifetime's joy,
Her lips will the flowers employ.
Her eyes a melange of sky and sea,
Her smile is but a melodious plea.

Her words a tender propensity,
Her posture a model of accuracy,
Around her stride the moon revolves,
With the wave of her hand my mood evolves.

Her gentle touch in all affection,
Will spur me through my quest for perfection,
And all that my heart yearns to say,
She by her actions will portray.

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Apologetic Love

Inside I know it's selfishness,
I think you know it too.
Yet I know the only solution,
The very feelings I have for you.

To apologize, or say I am sorry,
Would not the problem solve.
But to love you and love you deeply,
Would the problem in love dissolve.

All this time, I have been repeating,
Those three special words to you.
All this time, from the very beginning,
The answer has been clear and true.

The only thing I can ask for now,
Is that you those three words to work allow.
To unveil their gradual power and remedy,
To right the wrongs and to show you I'm sorry.

Honey, I can't in this poem tell,
A love story or an apologetic tale.
Yet I want you to know I am sorry,
And that my love will not go stale.

I hate our frequent quarrels,
I know I am to blame.
But I want to end these meaningless scruples,
By loving you all the same.

All I can promise sweetheart,
Is to make come true,
Those three special words,
I love you!

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Blessed Acknowledgement

I acknowledged the Lord,
In all my ways.
Awaiting His permission each step.
His divine mercy and infinite grace,
Kept my every move in check.

I followed his advice,
Though mine seemed better.
Executing His every command.
He brought me through an empty ocean,
Removing sin's every letter.

I obeyed Him in destitution,
Though disobedience seemed wiser.
God had the better option.
Taking the unpopular road,
I realised was a lot shorter.

Blessing after blessing,
A continual receiving,
As long as I consulted God.
He gave me the ultimate prize,
His constant presence and perfect guide!

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Book Of Life

Indeed it was a troubled mind,
Which came across a book divine,
A book written by each breath of life,
With each thought bad or nice.

Eyes tensely at work,
Reading each page word for word,
Tears start falling,
As memories begin pouring.

Every action done or undone,
Was reread by an angel's tongue,
No renewal of hope,
No regrets revoked.

At last was the punishment assigned,
To the troubled mind,
To death all death decline,
For all the deeds unkind!

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Bring Some More Unto Me!

On an island faraway,
My soul I left to run astray.
I was stranded in a prison,
Until I was released into freedom.

Just as I thought I was free,
My joy and happiness began to flee.
I had no one to lean upon,
Until on Him I called upon.

On Him who unlocked the gates of steel,
To Him I made but a silent appeal.
And just as I thought He did not hear,
He right before me did appear.

And as I beheld His wondrous glory,
I told Him I was indeed sorry.
As tears rolled down my eye,
He told me never ever to cry.

While He wiped dry the tears of sin,
All the world seemed to me dim.
Then looked I at Him,
And told Him adamantly to bring me in.

Then did He say unto me,
Set some more prisoners free.
And when I did obey,
All worries did fade away!

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Currency

Paper of evil,
Metal of spoils!
Sorrow exist,
With no happiness,
With no joy.
Harm you bring,
Disguised as great men.
Tearing love on you reliant!
Traveling through from
Palaces to villages.
Destroying lives,
Creating distress.
Worth you have not,
But deceived all but one!

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Despair

My heart upon weak shoulders I carry,
My soul evaporates by the hour.
I observe the times, cold and dreary,
Every second saps natural power.

Silence both kills and revives me,
The air my breath takes away.
Everything seems distant and foggy,
Despair inches closer by the day.

Each night brings much promise of happiness,
I scarce can close my eyes.
Morning brings forth restlessness,
Misery comes alive.

I cannot put my finger to,
What disappoints me so.
For life is but a fleeting thing,
Suspense it takes in tow.

I look for what I cannot find,
I find what I hate,
Tricks of the meanest kind,
My heart burns and aches.

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Distant Intimacy

It seems you are always by my side,
Though you are far away.
You always see me through rough tides,
When friends around, run off to play.

A poet's words cannot well describe,
The complex structure of this all.
Where distance cannot distance prescribe,
Where structure without physical foundation stands tall.

Our daily conversations,
Our constant thoughts and aspirations,
Our similar yearnings through life's complications,
Our shared stories at various junctions.

You are to me, more than a friend, more than a lover,
More than words I can put together.
You are to me more than a partner, more than a sister,
More than portraits Picasso may conjure.

To say I adore you, would undermine,
The depth that depth can give.
To say I love you, would define,
A big part of why I live.

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Dreams

Dreams, oh the pleasure,
Of glorious companion,
Assist me in my search for treasure,
While I journey in sleep's convention.

Tell me great stories,
I have yet to encounter,
And bring me to unknown places,
Mankind has yet to discover.

Dreams, oh just temporal joy,
Dreams sometimes the devils ploy,
Dreams illusional ecstasy,
Dreams, diurnal creatures may not see.

Oh what treason in the name of hope,
All sorrow is taken away.
Twin of transient dope,
Vanishing when day light comes to play.

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Elected Monsters

I ran for parties,
I rushed for trials.
I mingled with the rich,
I crowded with the weighty.

The beggar irritates me,
The poor do I avoid.
While wisdom of life awaits me,
I told her she was void.

I took the front seat in theatres,
I shook the hands of scoundrels.
I drove cars bought of deceit,
Taken from the lacking by "YOUR HONOUR";.

I pretended to ease the beggars of their pain,
By signing vain documents with my expensive pen.
But when the loud hailers of elections were unleashed,
I hugged the beggars, kissed the poor,
And fought with the rich I had once sought.

The hungry children with torn clothes,
I carried and posed with.
But when the horn of victory sounded,
I dropped the infant and ridiculed with laughter.

Oh you elected monsters,
When will the people learn that you are ruthless tricksters!

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Heart Of Deceit

The tranquility of a river,
My heart could not deliver.
The cry of pain,
My heart averted in vain.

A child's dancing feet,
My heart did consider a feat.
But all things evil,
My heart did consider civil.

All the good in life,
My heart did consider vice.
All the bad therein,
My heart did not consider sin.

Oh the vile in man's heart,
Even the heart with it can't part.
Oh the good in man's conscience,
Even the heart considers it nonsense.

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His Compassion, His Mercy

My soul seeks for compassion,
My being for mercy yearns,
I have sinned, I have sinned,
I have sinned against my God.

Ashamed to face Him,
Too afraid to look on His face,
I distance myself, I distance myself,
The more each time.

I feel like a hypocrite,
I pray but feel nothing.
Am I not heard? Am I not heard?
I am restless, I am impatient.

I flip to a random page in that Book,
The Torah, The Word of God.
"Seek the LORD and his strength, seek his face continually."
I kneel, I bow,
I seek and pray.

My eyes open, I seek my God,
I looked on that very same page.
"O give thanks unto the LORD; for he is good; for his mercy endureth for
ever."
I cry, I weep,
I see His reality, His Word, His deed.

My God does care,
I am reminded again,
His Torah, His Word,
His compassion, His mercy, I comprehend.

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His Gentle Gaze

In the morning,
when I get up
His gentle gaze
gives me the
morning start.

In the noon,
when I am at work
His gentle gaze
gives me joy
and strength.

In the night,
when I go to sleep
His gentle gaze
is unto me
a lullaby.

Each day from
dawn to dusk,
MY SAVIOUR'S
GENTLE GAZE
Motivates my every task.

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I Sit And Wait For Her

I sit and wait,
On that hill top,
Importuning every gust of wind,
For an answer to that same question,
To sustain hope within.

Each day I sit and wait,
The ground shaped by my posterior.
Looking bluntly at that same wind,
Waiting to ask and to ask it again,
To ease my patient soul's pain.

When will she come?
She who will ease my wait?
I sit and wait,
With that longing hope,
The same that has kept me alive.

She who walks with beauty and sagacity,
That from that insalubrious hill she will rescue me,
That she will calm my inquietude soul,
That she will that rebarbative question answer,
That she will that hope renew, make whole.

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If Love

If love could be another word,
If love always is true,
If love's all the world's about,
Then Honey, love is you.

□

If love, my love, is perfect,
If love, my love, is fine,
If love, my love, is love divine,
Then for you, my love, I pine.

If love is romantic modulation,
If love's my heart's only consideration,
If love is love's only calculation,
Then I have but love's declaration.

Can a man love a woman,
And not want to love her more?
Can a man love a woman,
And not want to be loved even more?

If love, my love, is the question,
If love, my love, is the solution,
Then you, my love, are my occupation,
My one and only adoration!

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If Only

If only I could hold your hand,
And not want to hold it longer.
If only I could look at you,
And not want to behold you longer.
If only I could talk to you,
And not want to speak with you longer.

If only you didn't steal my heart,
And incuse your name on it.
If only you didn't fill my heart,
As insatiable as it was insipid.
If only you didn't smile at my smile,
And told me how much you loved me for it.

Now my love...I wish these things,
Now that I am away.
But always remember,
If only I was with you,
I would have only said,
I will love you forever.

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In His Arms

In His gentle arms,
All worries gone.
In His cosy arms,
All joy is born.

In His strong arms,
I sail through.
In His comforting arms,
I am never blue.

In His protective arms,
I feel safe.
In His sheltering arms,
I have found a cave.

In His loving arms,
I long to be.
In God's arms,
I will forever be!

Christian Eliab Ratnam

Life So Brief

Under the debris, I hear a boy crying.
Under the mud, I hear a mother screaming.
Under water, I see a father struggling.
Under grief, I hear a girl lamenting.

A day ago, a boy was playing.
A day ago, a mother was cooking.
A day ago, a father was working.
A day ago, a girl was studying.

A week ago, a boy was hugging his mother.
A week ago, a mother was ironing her daughter's cloths.
A week ago, a father was fixing a table.
A week ago, a girl was skipping classes.

A month ago, a boy was asking his dad to get him a toy.
A month ago, a mother planned to attend a cooking course.
A month ago, a father was promoted.
A month ago, a girl was discussing her future.

A year ago, a boy was born.
A year ago, a mother went shopping.
A year ago, a father was rejoicing.
A year ago, a girl entered an esteemed college.

Ratnam 2007

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Love For Comfort

Oh my fair Patricia,
Know not hatred, weeping or hunger
For they who perceive it never sleep.

You who indulge in peaceful slumber,
Only love can bring you asunder.
Canopy of evergreens shade you well.

Thorny bushes engulf my shell.
You never had suffered,
Or had fear glands secrete in discomfort.

Your head was meant for roses never for thorns.
My love our hearts will keep together,
My love will part us one from another!

Christian Eliab Ratnam

Love, Joy, Peace And Presence

My love for you,
How rich in depth?
For joy to cherish,
For peace to restore,
For presence to make known,
My love to engulf!

Fireworks on candles,
Roses embedded beneath.
For love so pure,
For joy to rejoice,
For peace to uphold,
For presence to overwhelm,
My love to sparkle!

Lilies on a river,
Chandelier on the sky.
For love so innocent,
For joy to compel,
For peace to touch,
For presence to gaze,
My love till death will reign!

Christian Eliab Ratnam

Loving Tears

From my heart's eye
Came tears too heavy,
For human hands to carry.
Falling and calling,
No hope of landing
But loves understanding,
Never kept it pending.
Measuring each drop
With crystals and jewels,
Found none as precious as
My tearful lamentations.
Love alone kept grief hidden.
Love my heart had abundantly given.

Christian Eliab Ratnam

My Love, My Desire

A meaningful conversation,
She told me all I knew.
From my childhood dreams and fantasies,
To all of which I had no clue.

Her eyes said it all though,
Every blink, my every thought.
When she opened her mouth to speak though,
I knew all I wanted to know.

How long have I been waiting for her,
This Beauty who spoke with her eyes?
How long have I been waiting to hear,
Her rendition of my tears, my cries?

My heart could not keep up with it though,
The pace of it all.
Her occasional smile, her picturesque style,
I realised I had started to fall.

The reality of it I questioned first,
Studying it from every angle.
This Beauty? My Sweetie?
How could I this prolific love handle?

I tore at my heart,
Removing the cushions within.
Expecting to find infatuation,
I saw her in my love's only Inn.

All I ever wanted,
My passions, my fire.
I found in that sweet girl,
My Love, My Heart, My Desire!

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My True Friend!

I see it in his eyes,
Yes I do!
Yet I don't understand.
No! Not even the slightest clue.

Strange concern, rare with men,
So strange it rested within.
There in the depths of his soul,
Good nature breathing.

I am breathless,
What a surprise,
Humanity lost and found,
Celebrating depravity's demise.

Seated beside me,
Gazing into my eyes,
My true friend,
My Christ!

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One Death

Though a thousand years live one man.
Though a thousand books he read.
Though a thousand things plan one man.
Though a thousand races he raced.
Though a thousand mountains scale one man.
Though a thousand seas he swam.
Though a thousand sorrows has one man.
Though a thousand blessings in life.
Though a thousand loved ones has one man.
He but one death may die!

Christian Eliab Ratnam

Saved From Wrath

I walked along a lonely road,
Along a path of fear.
And acted as if nothing happened,
Withholding every tear.

I trod upon thorny ground,
Upon a region of pain.
And tried to comfort myself with thoughts,
All so very vain.

I sauntered along the edge of a cliff,
Along the road of death.
Until I stumbled upon the CROSS OF GRACE,
That saved me from God's wrath!

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Sonnet 1: Hope You Love Me Too

I love you with all my heart,
With my every breath,
That sometimes I wish we will never part,
Even it be the will of death.
I admire the beautiful rose,
And the birds in the air,
But it cannot compare to your gay pose,
Even your artistic flair.
The azure sky is my delight,
Even the nocturnal being,
Yet it will vanish with you in sight,
For seeing is believing.
Just remember my love for you,
And I hope you love me too!

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Sonnet 2: The Heart Uncovered!

In the midst of my table,
Lied a cordate book,
Bound by the thickest cord.
In it was kept my heart's desire,
Enclosed with capabilities,
And with passions of fire.
I drew out my sword,
The Word of God,
And broke the bonds apart.
To read all of the intentions,
Written in my heart.
Oh the evil!
Of that which was written,
Left me greatly smitten!

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The Broken Heart

My soul yearns for something more,
Specifically what, I cannot tell.
It whispers something in my ear,
A silent prayer, a curse, a spell.

Inside I want to scream it out,
The spell though, my mouth controls.
The natural curse on the broken hearted,
Simple communication from it withholds.

My spirit is as a dried up lake,
Each emotion getting weaker by the minute.
My tears, as solid rocks they fall,
They know not real from gimmick.

How much sorrow can one bare?
How much turmoil and travail?
The broken heart has it's curse to handle,
Distraction though, now prevails.

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The Creator

I used to enjoy my walks in the forest,
Among the lush greenery there,
Until I doubted the Maker of the leaves
And the fowls in the air.

I interviewed the birds,
Which just whistled at God's wonder.
And looked at the leaves,
Which did proclaim their Designer.

Yet I doubted His glory,
And His divine authority,
Until I pondered again on the verdure,
Which made my vision clearer.

Now I delight in my walks in the forest,
Among the lush greenery there,
While I proclaim my great Maker,
And whistle with the fowls in the air!

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The Lord My God

I shall sleep soundly in my sorrows,
I shall walk with courage in my darkest fears,
For the Lord my God is with me.
When my heart wails in sore distress,
His hand saves my tears from falling into the bowls of mine enemies.

He makes my laughter a bitter poison to them that hate me,
And He prevents my head from hitting my chest in shame,
Yet He causes the legs of my heart to tremble in his presence,
And the music of my spirit to praise His holy name.
For He was then, so He is now, and so shall He be forever more!

For with His eyes he calms my spirit,
And with His voice He convicts my soul.
As His right hand feeds me with wisdom,
So does His left shelter me with love,
While His smile cuddles me with joy.

His gaze never escapes me,
And He picks me up even when I fall in the midst of mine enemies.
He shuts their mouth with an iron bridle,
And their mocking laughter does He turn to tears of grief.
Yet does He bring me to forgive them and pray for them in my hatred of their iniquities.

JEHOVAH is the name,
Of the Lord my God,
Who loves me,
And gave His Son JESUS to die
For the sins of a wretch like me!

Christian Eliab Ratnam

The Voice Of My Saviour

Through the mist of my heart,
I heard a voice,
A sweet, melodious voice
That affirmed the words
Of my long awaited joy.

And through that mist,
A song I heard
That made my tear drops sweet.
A wonderful song that filled my heart,
With the expiation of my guilt.

That mist of sin,
My soul foretold
With repugnance deep within.
That song of peace that voice restored
Amidst a heart of hatred and discord.

That ineffable voice,
My state made known,
That ineluctable state I was in,
Until I inclined my heart unto that voice
That purged my heart of sin.

That voice of old,
Which cleansed my heart,
Is still ringing in my ear.
The voice of my Saviour which said "I love you! ",
Will stay within me forever.

Christian Eliab Ratnam

Understanding The Barrier In Love

A shadow lingers between the two,
Not quite a shadow, still I have no clue.
Not quite as strong, a force no less,
There it seemingly lingers, neither to curse nor bless.

Summoning its power, when hope reaches hope,
Restraining two desires, yet keeping love afloat.
It never keeps back hints though, enjoying the subtle act,
Flexing its muscles when the climax is close, staying true to its dutiful pact.

It plays around quite horridly, leaving no stench behind,
Testing patience patiently, it never leaves a sign.
It gives either one time to think though, with realisation it weakens.
Can be quite complicated, quite often so, when logic itself deepens.

The two are made to stand alone, one not as balanced as the other.
Realisation must quicken, the force cannot forever bother.
Understanding more than feeling love, the float must submerge.
Soaked with realisations deep, the truth must immerge.

I see the force as it really is, a heavenly gift no less.
To instill balanced understanding, it has come with divine authority to bless.
Two have come to realise, what love is that love never felt like.
Two meet again, bound forever in true loves delight.

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Until I Clung To Him

A giant step to me it seemed,
Though not even a step to Him.
A painful effort to me it seemed,
A needless effort to Him.

A tiring walk to me it seemed,
A jolly good stroll to Him.
A huge mountain to me it seemed,
An abode of ants to Him.

A deep ocean to me it seemed,
A puddle of water to Him.
An endless sky to me it seemed,
A blue coloured ceiling to Him.

A great world to me it seemed,
A rounded footstool to Him.
So great difficulty to me it seemed,
Until I clung to Him.

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Until That Heavenly Monday Lunch

I wish this pen was filled with blood,
Sucked from my every vein.
No words, No words, my sorrow can proclaim,
No words but the blood in my veins.
Squeeze out of me every dropp of blood,
Only they will the story tell.
That my tears could the whole world flood,
That my sorrow could outpour a well.

What a story my friend?
Can this paper hold?
If only you know my grief my friend,
If only you could read my soul.
A Monday lunch my friend,
Was the least you could have done for me.
If only I could have told you my friend,
How dear you are to me.

The places we visited my dear friend,
How will I visit them again?
The things we did my dear friend,
How will I do them the same?
Why did you not think of me my dear friend?
Why did you not cling onto my heart?
I cannot but bleed my dear friend,
When I remember our part.

The things we spoke of dearest,
How shall they come true?
The things we planned for dearest,
How can they happen without you?
I bleed dearest,
For that Monday lunch.
I'll continue to bleed my dearest Pearlyn,
Until that heavenly Monday lunch.

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Vain Speech

Is there no compassion?
In this world which speaks of passion.
Is there no kindness?
In this world which speaks of goodness.

The world is filled with iniquity,
Though it speaks of civility.
The world a home of criminals,
Though it speaks highly of officials.

No wonder the world's a prison,
From where there is no escape.
And if a man can't give a reason,
He is bound by death's never ending tape!

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Wearing Hope

I stood beneath a great oak tree,
Extending a fishing rod into the sea.
An hour went by,
Day said goodbye.
I stood there in vain dignity.

The sea became a stream,
Whispering hope to me,
Although her voice was much softer,
Than the sea which said it louder.
I wasn't still keen.

My hands held the rod,
Though not as firmly as before.
My heart sat beside,
Murmuring with the tide.
I was getting bored.

The time had come,
I could wait no longer.
The oak tree's laughter,
The daylight scorcher.
All hope undone.

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What Light? What Grace? What Gift?

Light shone into my eyes,
Yet I could not see.
What blinded my eyes from that light,
Blinded His grace from me.

People told me of that light,
That light that they could see.
I mocked them with harsh words.
Oh, how foolish they seemed to be.

I could not stand it any longer,
The turmoil and confusion in me.
Just then I saw the light,
Just then I could see.

Oh, what grace extended,
Extended to a person like me.
A mocker, a fool, a sinner.
A gift to set me free.

I accepted it with outstretched hands,
Throwing my pride away.
Turmoil and confusion gone,
With God I'll always stay.

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Won'T They Ever Learn? (The Red Sea And The Fall Of Egypt)

I wonder if I'll ever see,
That great wheel beneath the sea,
That wooden relic of old time,
That is to great men, a simple sign.

I wonder if I'll ever hear,
Snobbish voices, cruel cheer,
Insolence of the highest degree,
Mockery of that divine decree.

I wonder of the human heart,
If it'll ever learn its part,
Its wickedness and pride,
And that God controls the tide.

I wonder if the great king wondered,
How his army was defeated,
Generations of kings still wonder,
Every time God ends human plunder.

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Yearning

Inside of me a yearning grew,
Of what I yearned I did not know,
A gnawing ache, a thirst so great,
I could not banish it! Oh sad state!

The matter really was not too complex,
The complain seemed ill-founded,
Yet it bugged me every moment,
It nibbled at my soul! Oh vile torment!

I chanced upon an apparition one day,
It was by a lack; I recollect.
Her eyes contained a strange potion, I wanted to run,
I stayed.

On retrospect a better choice I never could have made,
Well a man cannot fool his heart,
It was really no choice,
Just a momentary plague.

She had porcelain skin, that figure I beheld,
It oozed the most provoking odour.
The yearning in me took a different form, I finally made it out,
Yearning for what it really was, pure, undefiled ardour.

I moved a little closer to her,
This apparition I could not resist.
I drank the potion from her eyes,
Yes, I inhaled the toxic odour.

She was more than beautiful, this apparition,
Too beautiful for beautiful to describe,
The bluest eyes I ever saw,
You see, I never could drink the potion dry.

Oh I knew! I knew!
I would need her for life.
The problem laid in claiming her,
I was too intoxicated to strive.

I gave up scheming and planning and all those things,
I went to her upfront,
I tried to speak, I could not.
An attempt destroyed, I was stunned.

You might not believe me,
So I shall describe,
She was such a beauty.
I will never accomplish it, but you cannot say I never tried.

You see, she had the most glorious hair,
Neither light nor dark.
Sapphires for eyes,
Roses for lips,
Her skin was without error,
Milk was black in comparison.
Her body was silk, oh yes the finest silk,
Her legs, Oh her legs, Oh my I cannot do justice.
Alas I have failed in the attempt.

The day came, courage stood by me,
Well I cupped her face with my hands,
Trembling while I did,
I was certain she'd disappear then,
She did not! The yearning ceased!
My own! My own! My very own.

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