“I did not come with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring to you the testimony of God. For I determined not to know anything among you except Jesus Christ and Him crucified” (1 Corinthians 2:1-2).

Poems 4

Poems 1 - Poems 2 - Poems 3 - Poems 4 - Poems 5 - Poems 6

30) Pioneers

The unknown brings fear to some. To others there comes a sense of excitement and adventure, especially if they believe that all will be well in the end.

Added to the blessings of excitement and adventure are surprise and elation when it is discovered that the journey has been internal and the unknown none other than the pioneer himself.

Pioneers we are and nothing else,
Strange country we are compelled to tread;
Hostile inhabitants deplore our presence;
We take their ground from under them.

Of our own kind there are but few,
The farther we advance, the fewer there are.
We go on and on until there are none;
Front lines are the goal for us all.

Where we stand no one has come
To comfort and to hold our hand

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Except for the Great One, THE Pioneer

Who has blazed the trail alone.

Ironic of ironies, where does that trail lead?

To bush and barren place, a land of dire need?

But no, it leads us home at last.

Where rest prevails and torment is past.

Lethbridge, Sept. 1984

31) Ode to a Harlot

I was hurt by a vain professor of righteousness. Of that person I saw a vision. She was like her kind and her kind like her - light, treacherous, full of lust and hypocrisies. So are all those who "go to church" and think they do God a service.

Twirl on the dance floor, harlot,
One hand on the hip, the other in the air.

You enjoy yourself and life is full;

You are well fed and rich and confident.

You have no thirst because you drink
From a cup filled with blood,

The blood of friend and foe alike;

The blood of saints is in your mouth.

You'll have what you will;

Your kiss extends to all,
But behind the lips of love and “concern”
Are hid the teeth that tear the flesh
Of unwary, innocent souls.
Spare the good you have for them,
Let them live instead.
Harlot, how is it you throw away riches for gain?
How is it you charge such a dear price for yourself?
Why does it cost you so?
"For a price I will care for you;
For a price, a small price at that,
I will console you in your circumstance
But if you'll not pay, then I will not love;
My love is not without price
Though small the price may be.
And once I have what I want from you,
I will invite you to come to church,
I'll take you to my pimp
Who teaches me well and salves my mind
To do with you what I please.
I do not determine my blessing by what I give
But by what I get.
I may be funny this way
But I simply won’t live
At my cost if I can live at yours.
So take my love, the price is small;
You'll find your troubles disperse
Though torment and grief will tear at you,
For I have eaten and drunk to my full
And gained the upper hand."

Woman,
Your lips profess the Christ,
Your soul in righteousness,
But let me warn you solemnly
That your teeth speak otherwise.
Consider the cost, the circumstance,
The devious ways you walk,
And know there is a price to pay
A fearful one you've not discerned.
Can you escape the Almighty Judge
Who perfectly reads the heart
And rewards according to its fruits?
You will fall, make no mistake
And there'll be none to catch you
For when you observed the vulnerability of others
You took full advantage.
Twirl on the dance floor, harlot,
Eat, drink and be merry
For if you continue, tomorrow you die
And then whose will your goods be?
Mystery Babylon will fall,
Her sins made manifest
And those who leave her for the truth
In prosperity and peace shall rest.

Lethbridge, Sept. 1984

32) The Higher Plane

The ways and thoughts of the spirit of the Lord are far higher than man is ever willing to acknowledge or can imagine.

This work had the crucible of a man with above average intellect who was rather impressed with his powers as well as impressive. What a blessing it would be to see a man set aside his strengths both real and perceived and take on the “weakness” of Christ. I have yet to see a man of high intellect do so. But isn’t it written that God chooses the foolish things to confound the wise?

Men dwell on different planes. There are those who are subterranean,
Less than animals;
They will not use even their bodies as they ought.
There are those who dwell on lower ground,
Their bodies they use acceptably well
But no more can they receive.
Then there are those who have taken to the hills.
They have sought the higher ground

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Of mind and intellectual things.
And with the powers of mind
Both given and honed,
They have awesome works achieved.
Yet there is higher ground still.
There are snow-capped peaks of the spirit
Where the air is cold and thin,
Where the traveler is rare,
Where few would care to come,
Yet the vista is supreme.
Satisfied with the planes below,
Ignorant of the plane above,
Each on his own level thinks
There is nothing better, nothing more.
Come up higher, man.
You've a long way you can go.
But put aside the weights of assumptions,
Vanities, arrogance.
Put away pride and foolishness
And riches of many kinds.
Climb on up and you will find
That you have nothing but a higher mind
And that higher mind is nothing
Compared to the things above.

There is the One Who made the higher mind,

The One Who takes those on lower ground

And sets them up above the hills,

Putting to nothing the wisdom of this world.

Lethbridge, Tues. A.M., Oct. 9, 1984

33) Water Does Not Always Find the Lowest Level

Inconsistency and contradiction are facts of life which increase in both stature and clarity as we grow in spiritual maturity. Stature because we are subjected according to our own increasing capacity to withstand these foes and clarity because as we increase, we see more of what has always been there.

Is it not ironic that the fool

Rejects the very thing that would deliver him

From the pain and failure he calls bliss?

Water does not always find the lowest level.

Is it not ironic that those

Who stand in need the most

Stand strongest against provision?

Water does not always find the lowest level.
And those who have less need
Have it because they have learned
The value of the provision
To minimize the need.

“To him who has
Shall more be given,
And to him who has not,
Even the little he has
Shall be taken from him.” Jesus

Lethbridge, Oct. 1984

34) The Chameleon

Our Lord's final stage of suffering began and His social freedom ended with a kiss of betrayal from the lips of one who followed Him for years calling Him “Master.”

Our journey of learning has its bitter moments, none more bitter than the times of subjection to duplicity, hypocrisy and betrayal.

Such a pleasant face!
What a wonderful disposition!
What do you want from me?
Or is it just that you have nothing to lose?
How easy it is to be pleasant
And helpful and polite;
How easy it is to show one self noble
And virtuous, even saintly
When there is something to be gained,
And the one with whom you are friendly has it.
Here, take what it is you are after.
I am so happy to give it to such
A pleasant fellow as you...
As long as you'll promise me
To keep your end of the bargain.
I expect you'll be as congenial as you are now,
When once you have what you seek from me.
You tell me you are honest;
You tell me you are reasonable and deserving
And just and upstanding and unselfish.
Fair enough! Here it is!
I could not have given it to a better man.

But sir, what about your promise?
What promise!? A misunderstanding?!
I was mistaken? But you said..!
I'm trying to get blood out of a stone you say?
Unreasonable?! But it's broken!
You guaranteed it worked!
"As is" you say? "Buyer beware" you say?

Why is your face clouded?

Why are you suddenly so harsh and haughty?

Where are the meekness, the gentleness,

The politeness, the smiles?

Where are the tears and the impassioned pleas?

Why do you stomp where once you stepped softly?

You asked for sympathy and I gave.

You asked for generosity for your sake;

I gave that too.

Now I ask you for the same

And my request falls on a different man!

Are you the one with whom I dealt?

My, how you have changed!

You have what you want!

And I am again without.

So is the lot of the one who trusts in man.

Beware of those who want what you have;

Beware of yourself when you want

What others have!

Lethbridge, Oct. 11, 1984
35) The Frenzy of Life

It is already a wonder that the word "leisure" still exists in our vocabulary. Its manifestation has become scarce, its original nature obscured. Leisure today is rushed toward, through, past and entirely missed. We are in a sea of drowning souls panicking, frantically grabbing for safety, pulling any and all rescuers down with them to death and hell. Only there will the hustle and bustle of this world cease even as the land of Israel finally enjoyed its sabbaths once the population was removed into foreign captivity.

Go a little faster, busy man.
There isn't enough time, not nearly,
To do all you would like to do.
There are only 70 years in a life,
24 hours in a day;
A third of those waste away;
Sixty minutes in an hour,
Not enough seconds in a minute
To accomplish, achieve, attain.
Find a faster way, a better way,
A short cut to get what you're after.
Give less to get more;
Get more by giving less.
Time is money and money is time.

Hear the rhythm of the stamping feet,
Tempo speeding, sound increasing,
Over the mind to reign.

Grab here, run there.

Does haste make waste
Or does waste make haste?

Horde your riches, busy man,
Or do you know where they are?

Pride is a merciless lord;
The Joneses must not get ahead.

Bigger and better is the code
And the mode and what a load!

Grab an upper to keep you going;
Take a downer to slow you up.

What?! A downer to slow you up?
Dare I say it? Wait a minute!

A downer to slow you up?
What will you learn, busy man,
The contradiction of your ways?

You rush to a failure of heart
And mind and soul.

You rush to a grave barely made ready,
Sometimes only three feet deep.

You leave behind the very things
You speed ahead to get.

But listen, my harried friend,

If you can find the time,

What if by the time you are seventy,

You accumulate all that you planned?

Whose will these things then be?

Where will you go and what will you be?

How much will you have of what one can take

To a world with no use for the coin,

Assuming you'll ever be satisfied?

For those who seek to fill themselves

Of anything in this whole world

Find they can never say, "Enough!"

But rush on if you want to die;

Rush on if you wish to die empty;

Receive the fruits of a fool,

A man without understanding,

One who picks his own pocket,

Slits his own throat,

Laces his food.

Grab for peace with your left hand;

Push it away with your right.
Run for fulfillment 'til you have no wind,
Knowing it is behind you.

Hear the rhythm of the stamping feet,
Tempo speeding, sound increasing,
Like people at a dance
With the throb of music,
A hypnotic, drunken dance
Increasing its reign in their minds.

Cursed people, you busy ones,
Busying yourselves to death;
Stop if you can and consider
The vanity of your ways.

Lethbridge, Oct. 1984

36) The Twice Dead

It is bad enough to watch a dog vomit though by vomiting it may well expel that which ails it. Then it is a pleasant experience to behold a healthy creature. But bad is bad when one witnesses the return of a dog to its vomit only to lick it up again. I do not know of many more disgusting spectacles to witness in all of existence.

Up from the pits of Hell
Come the vilest of the vile;
These are the has-beens of yester-year,
Full of venom and guile.
These have known the truth of God;
They have known His love and power,
His mercy to loveless men;
His goodness has made them sour.

Why do angels fall?
Why do just men call
On gods who have nothing to give?
Why do fools choose death
In order that they may live?

Now here is a marvelous thing
That would make any devil sing:
It is easier to find
The seeing man crying to be blind
Than it is the blind to see.

Lethbridge, Alta., June 1985

37) The Child of Evil

While servants of the prince of darkness present themselves as angels of love and goodness, they grant their victims in part those things the flesh desires to have without cost of life. Souls are thus ensnared in their own selfishness.

"I gave my child all it wanted. I spared nothing. What more could I have done?" laments the parent whose child is now on drugs or in prison or dead.

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How ironic that the sure path to destruction is receiving at request all that one could ask for! How ironic that our way to peace and fulfillment is in denial, hardship and deprivation until the final day!

The epitome of selfishness:

"I want," it declares;

"I want it all," it demands;

"I want it all now," it screams.

It loves to be pampered and cuddled.

It has no notion of cost to another,

No care for one's needs or desires

Other than its own.

When not obliged,

Its world stands still,

Its heart bound in the thing it wants.

A thousand things a day it wants.

"My way!" it cries,

Not for reason's sake nor truth,

Not for right nor even good,

But for self, and when denied,

It pouts;

Sullen and resentful,

It eats itself

And those around
Unless it gets its way.

The child of evil is ruled

By its passions

And its whims,

By its ignorance

And its needs so perceived.

At every turn it cries

Unless it gets its way;

It clings to itself to live,

Held in the grip of death.

But deliverance comes

As an enemy,

In the form of a rod,

The rod of chastening,

of discipline,

of correction.

The one who wields is wise;

He will not spare for the crying.

He knows the cries

Of a child;

He knows he is not

The cause of those cries
But the cure,
Though the child cries
When he cures.
He knows that if he spares,
He destroys.
The destroyer is
The flatterer,
The sympathizer,
The pamperer,
The one who understands
Without understanding,
The one who cares
Without caring,
The one who loves
Without love.
The deliverer
Understands and cares and loves
With the rod of truth.
Blessed is the one
Who is not offended in him
And cursed is the one who is.

Lethbridge, Alta., Dec. 1985
38) Terrible Good

It is supposed by the lovers and inhabitants of this world that Christ came to make their existence in this world a pleasurable one by following His teachings and "principles of success." They fail to realize that His purpose was to deliver us from the tantalizings of earth and prepare us for another world by overcoming and forsaking this one.

The cross of Christ represents death, not life to the flesh, and life, not death to the spirit, by the subsequent resurrection. Only a heart after God will perceive the reality of things and pursue at all costs.

Righteousness is a dungeon
To the son of iniquity.
Truth is a stench to his nostrils;
It cause his eyes to tear,
His nose to wrinkle,
His throat to choke.

Laws are as chains to him
With rough-edged shackles
That tear his flesh
And bind him down to Hell.
Those who speak the truth
Are as cruel tormentors,
Dictators, fascists, despots
To be despised and shunned.

Fanatics they are,
Upsetting the world,
A blotch and a disgrace
To a free thinking society,
To the modern man,
To the age of emancipation.

Lawlessness is a palace
To the son of iniquity.
His pleasure is to sniff the aroma of lies.
His eyes light up with delight;
He swallows the darkness with zest
And never has enough.
Unrighteousness is as fine clothing,
With lace and frill and charm.
Those who speak the lie
Are received as saints and kings,
Friends, bosom companions
To be loved and revered.
Sensible they are,
And level-headed,
Preserving the status quo.
Pillars they are if in a small way,
To protect the world,
From oppression,
From narrow-mindedness,
From antiquated ways.

"He that is unjust,
Let him be unjust still;
And he which is filthy,
Let him be filthy still;
And he that is righteous,
Let him be righteous still;
And he that is holy,
Let him be holy still" (Rev. 22:11).

Lethbridge, Ab., Dec. 1985

39) Truth

Who has known that the Day of the Lord, the Great Day of Judgment comes in the anointed servant of God who comes without warning or fanfare or observation? Who has known that he not only comes as a thief but abides and performs as one and leaves the households he has visited with their due judgments while most are totally unaware until it is much after the fact?

I am Truth.

I judge all things,

And all things come before Me,

Creatures great and small,

Young and old,

Foolish and wise.

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I ever preside,
Here and now.
All is under My scrutiny;
I am the great white throne;
I am that I am.

All are haled before Me;
All are tried,
All are made manifest,
All are sentenced,
All are recompensed
According to the thought of their hearts,
The words of their lips,
The works of their hands.
No man is exempt,
Even for a moment.

I judge the saint;
I judge the heathen;
I punish the evildoer
And reward the righteous,
Right where they stand.
None can escape Me;
Whether it be My wrath
Or My reward,
They receive their just dues.

The fool despises Me,
Is blind to My presence,
Ignorant of My power,
Scornful of My law;
He perishes.

The wise love Me
And honor Me
And are blessed,
Prospering in all things.

Lethbridge, Alta., March 1986