

This is not really a prophetic word as such, but a poem that gives voice to the thoughts of many at this time...

so much blood
the thunder of its voice
rises from the smokey ground
reverberates from east to west
shrouding mankind
in ashen mourning veils
it's deafening cry for justice
assaults the ears of God
-who will pay the debt
to lay these sounds to rest
-how can the death of one
assuage this flood
of blood and tears and pain
-where is the place that
shelters all the hiding
answers to the questions
screamed from hearts
torn to shreds
of A4 printer-paper
tossing, turning
sinking
on the cloud of winded might
-why does the watered root
of bitterness in
hidden hearts
grow to such a giant tree
of hatred
that it makes eyes blind
with purpose
and ears deaf
to the coming cries
of thousands forced
to eat its bitter fruit
of loss and death
-what demons drive
the mind of one
to such a vast
destruction
-how can man
once made in the image
of All that is Good
and True and Light
become a dwelling-place
of such deep darkness...
How very far
we all have fallen
and only a journey
up the Blood-soaked steps
of Calvary
will lead us back
to the foot of Your throne
Only on the firm foundation
of the Rock of Ages

about
Sept 11th 2001

01/09/13

can this great house
be built again

O God
give this great giant
salve for it's smokefilled eyes
as tears obscure the sight
of all security and pride
and as it reels from the blow
gently move its staggering gaze
past heaped black body-bags
of loss
beyond the search for how's
and why's
until it comes to rest at last
not at the feet of fiery future fights
but at the cross
fulfilment found
in Him
Who bore the weight
of this world's future pain
from the earth's foundations slain
Here is One found
worthy
to open the seals
to answer the questions
His Blood weighty enough
to balance the scales
of Justice
It's voice declares the debt paid
His arms wide enough
to hold all the broken hearted
Only He is able
to turn these groans of pain
to songs of praise
His cry from the cross
is all that will bring closure.
Lord, let this giant
end its journey
on bended knee
before the King of Glory
for here the overwhelmed heart
of this nation
will find rest
by laying its head
on the Rock
that is higher than
I

for He has wounded
that he may heal us
He has broken down
that he may build us up
Come, let us return
to our God
that we may know Him
face to face again
