

The tongue

Eternity at a Glance

This tale I tell is of a weapon of war.
It's used to hide feelings, and settling scores.

You'll find it's effective if you wish to try,
As you see all your enemies and friends wave good-bye.

Wise are the tongues of the upright and just,
when they bridle the evil as they know Christians must.

But then there's the fool, saying all that he knows;
Soon he will find out he reaps what he sows.

So, it's up to you to be foolish or wise,
Just remember, God's listening to truth or to lies.

By Van A. Zallee

When the boy was spun around,
the Donkey was not to be found.
Voices jeered,
laughed,
mocked,
devised,
(could this tail be needed? He
surmised.)

...and deep inside sinks Dachau's cries.
Pride drums
to bind tightly
the blindfold,
echoes, "Taps"
in his soul.
Hope drowns
to exhaustive sounds.
Naked now
he cowers.

Whispering by
breezed the butterfly
at the center of it all.

All Creation waited
and the pinpoint glistened
when he listened
feeling wings promptings,
muting confusion,
freeing glances
of eternities
brightly reuniting
Home.

By Greg Benner

