

PAROUSIA

Parousia Christian Poetry Chapbook

*The True Light
That Lights*

A E Reiff

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Phone No: +2347030874764, +2348128406752,
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The True Light That Lights
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The True Light That Lights For Jameson

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Foreword

Embassy

On the road ahead
to the unbelievable event,
it's too late to wonder
how I got to be singing
a King who inspires
the young to fruition
when they are old.

Maybe it was in the sky, two hands holding flares,
but who had any idea what it was?
A Turner, call it an angel burning
thirty years before my waking.

Who knew what was seen?
Prompted by a night's dream,
realized long after seeing,
incapable of saying such a thing.

When a King comes
we lose our heads dancing,
extravagant souls
who love that appearing
of a Hero preceded a long way
by of
embassies delight.

News

He is coming!
The sky is clear.
But it was beginning to rain
When sun disappeared.
For the city of heaven
You had to have rain
before it got near.

Time altered its shape.
First in the dark,
trees with somber trunks
rhymed within, lined the rim,
twisted with drought,
quarreled with rock.

Noah town was
beginning to set
when Moses said
Jesus was outside town
And Abraham and Angels
were flying around.

Solitude Surrounded

Speaking
Of the white ace
Of spades in the universe surrounded,
using words like mystic and visionary
to confound each other,
we go our way de-verbalizing verse.
But there is a human need for singing,
of praise to prove us grateful for our being
beyond what the cathode and the radio say,
everyone tells us we're not meant for that.
Different temperaments for all, humanly speaking,
till no one is left in the world but ourselves singing
the Great Solitude, surrounded by the air our gravities attract,
not thoughts like our own but their opposites,
solitude surrounded, compassed by pets,
homes, wives, children, oceans, walls,
When a monastery would have suited best.
And
We
Live
Long
Lives.

Jonah

When fine gold lost its luster
and I had no breath,
when the precious gold had altered,
and waters closed over my head,
sons once worth their weight
and pots of clay the work of hands,
I called on the LORD from the depths.

Once Like A Light

Once like a light in a sculpted city
That now lies dark under fallow ground,
So once the land unknown was full and free,
With cedar hill and golden meadow found.

I traveled to dawn, went toward the sun
To see this marvelous land, and it was good,
But there I saw a siege works and a gun,
Within the nation tops of watchtowers stood.

I went from the mountains to mourn the nations,
To grieve the fury, destruction and the death,
For over them I saw terror advancing,
Fear from the south, destruction from the north.
Below there stretched a molten lake,
Which sunset proved to be the blood of men,
It rose to the height of a horse's bridle,
And flowed away with the rain.

I looked in the holy book, inquired
After this fair land, its destiny,
I sought thus many days and nights,
But I had no eyes with which to see.
Wars of Magog, northern powers and lands,
Decrees of pestilence and blood, hailstones,
Fire and valleys of bone and I closed the book,
This knowledge was too much for me.

I sat to await the tumult's fall
When I heard a voice of thunder,
And turned to see as if one called from water,
And saw the form of a man.
I was lifted upward from the sun,

There it was, between the earth and heaven,
I saw all things were written in a book,
Which I read not for they are soon to come.

Then one said, these people need a warning,
Son of man how shall they hear?
I cried for grace but his eyes were fire
That pierced the cloud where I had hid my fear.
You shall go lest they escape their doom.
You shall go. Though I feared bitterly
When his hand was thus upon me,
Yes, I said, here I am LORD, sent me.

What is the fate of the beautiful people,
Will they win in the end? What of the siege,
How far does the field extend?
What is not written is told alone by age,
But the warning is not for them,
But lands turned inland far from the sea.
Yes LORD, will you not send me to the beautiful,
Lest the day comes and they know it not?

Such a strong and handsome people,
Theirs is a marvelous land, good above others,
Shall they not hear the warning voice?
Amen and Amen, so be it then,
There thy voice shall dwell.
I know this peoples' boundless beauty,
But their foreheads are as flint.
A diamond shall thy forehead be,

Thy words a new sharped sword,
Lest they hear me and restore my word,
I give thee the vision of the land.
And he gave me a colored glass to see with,
And a written scroll to speak the warning word.

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I opened my mouth and ate the scroll
And knew the words that it spoke,
And a warning to the people thus I took.

The Branch

When
the Lord of All
descended into flesh,
came through the
million worlds
into the one
of mercy,
wisdom,
beauty,
love,
unlike the prism that divides the ray,
undiffused, he came into the body's clay,
the Son
of the
Divine
Wisdom,
the Son, the
Incarnate
Redeemer.
Our world
has been
recovered
by his being
no extra-
terrestrial
intelligence;
his human body
shaped it to a tree
that roots in wisdom
but whose beauty's trunk
to the earth sphere, a branch extended,
on that tree, the Lord Beauteous hung suspended,
and then we were enabled to receive him.

The Bright Extensive Will

For Beatrice

As starry seas are caught up into clouds
To whirl Earth's sphere throughout all time,
Through space and out, where rising in a shroud
They roll the bright extensive will to find
Their will to fall again in showers, so crowds
Descending off the wheel give misty signs
Of life, and sons of Elohim who bow
From out the sky, concentrated and blind
In all their beams, then enter creation.
As though one could with the word written
In earth's center in the matter of its making,
As earth's heart was into pieces breaking,
Come into the body. Then wars should cease,
And earth, all surface, sky and core, find peace.

Angel Standing in the Sun

It came about a sun all blazing bright
had showered gold into the heart of man,
as clouds transparent sprung with golden light
like wings of angel's gold through blood then ran.

And shining out in glory still like light
a being light-radiant of golden man,
whose living passion like a redding sun,
with bright and fragrant flames of gold had run.
To you in whom all gold has been perfected,
First Begotten of the fire and flood,
My heart is raised to your sole light protected,
Blaze there thou Dayman in the fiery blood.
My thought is ever sprung from one desire,
That please you to burn sole within this fire.

Heaven's Man

Who then first found the cosmos in a man,
Divided minutes of his arc, set axis?
If man be heaven's, then heaven is for man,
And this his truth, how big the universe.
He is no sun that planets orb and orb,
Or like the moon, his body old and dead,
Nor is he earth, that planet swirling through
His sphere, or other, Mars or Jupiter.
What is man that heaven admired him,
Or sons of men to be so greeting them?
Creating heaven with a touch, his fingers,
God gave to man dominion of his hands.
In all the world and worlds beyond oh Lord,
I seek to serve you and to know your word.

The Plant

I live among you though you know me not,
But knowledge came to me found out of doubt,
 Hear, see me on my stem, I have come out,
For now, I rise and bloom while you're about.

I could but now receive you for I grow
Nearer to where my Lord His veins let flow,
 He has me and He will not let me go.
I am undone yet He shall be my Lord,
 He has into my life His water poured
That I bleed with Him for He loves the world.
He loves the world with His own shed blood,
 He has given me the way that I should go,
He has taken away all of my will and He would
 That I scatter these seeds He would sow.

Amarant

*Immortal Amaranth, a Flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life
Began to bloom, but soon for man's offence
To Heav'n removed where first it grew, there grows,
And flowers aloft shading the Fount of Life.
And where the river of Bliss through midst of Heaven
Rolls o're Elysian Flowers her Amber stream;
With these that never fade the Spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams.*
Paradise Lost, III: 353-361.

Where Love-Lies-Bleeding stretches all bejeweled,
I watch the fields that purple with their blood,
Incarnate flowers quicker turn to red,
A spark, a torch, forgotten in a flood.
Was this their care and that a sign, to light
The mind of spice that fills the heart? Or must
The crimson drape of time obscure the flight
Of sunlight fleeing from the mind of dust?
There, flowers bloom a vein of Love and Life
To wind about a disembodied cross,
But lose into the earthly air their life,
As night, dark sun, burns darkly on their loss.
And now my heart is but an aging sack,
For Love's gone to the world and won't come back.

*From their blissful Bowers
Of Amaranth Shade, Fountain or Spring,
By the waters of Life, where ere they sat
In fellowships of joy: the Sons of Light
Hasted.*
Paradise Lost, XI: 77-81f.

A Green Tree

There is no cold in Christ nor winter storm
To chill the bone, there is no frost in him,
No freeze there kills the stem, no ice brings harm.

He lives in us to keep his branches warm,
A green tree ever rooted deep within,
There is no cold in Christ nor winter storm.

There where the harvest hills through summer run
To fall, he keeps a barn, a winter bin,
No freeze there kills the stem, no ice brings harm.

He has into us all his flowers sown
A seeding of himself, garden within,
There is no cold in Christ nor winter storm.

He there a gardener of his lovely plants, forms
Protoplasm and a living mind,
No freeze there kills the stem, no ice brings harm.

The Rose of Nazareth, Lord to flesh was born,
Accept his seed sons, daughters, women, men,
There is no cold in Christ nor winter storm,
No freeze there kills the stem, no ice brings harm.



Biography:

AE Reiff is a native of Philadelphia. He is the author of *Encouragements for Such as Shall Have Intention to Be Undertakers in the Planting.*

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