

THE BLOOD OF LAMBS

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*"The face of the LORD is against those who do evil, to cut off the
remembrance of them from the earth."* Psalm 31

The Man drives his donkey cart
Stealing mud from open graves
Giving it to farmers sowing seeds
Watering them with the blood of sacrificial lambs
Once painted on portals to save the first born
Filling the grail with a sacred promise
Growing opium to quiet the wounded earth
Scourged with gashes from the ten plagues
Pestilence, earthquakes, floods, hurricanes, radiation,
volcanoes, fracking, mining, drilling,
Scorching fires that blackened the earth
Unleashed by demonic rulers
Profiting from false prophecies.

The Man ploughed a pathway
With walls dividing dark from light
Freeing slaves awaiting the Promised Land
Delivered to a new earth that bore a savior.

Centuries later men were slaves again
Then the Man dug a worldwide trench
Bridging continents with a web of illusion
As men plundered the earth for her riches

Peering with orbiting eyes into her intimate secrets

Unleashing her venomous revenge.

Then the slaves asked - When will we be free?

The Man said - The more you know the less there will be for you to know.

The Slaves said - Then there will be nothing to know.

The Man said – No, when you know everything the unknown will destroy you.

The Slaves said – Then we should strive to know nothing.

Now the quiet earth awaits resurrection.