

Fallen Angel

*And I came to a place along my way,
Really, just a path through a wood,
Where I could stride easily,
Even to be there felt good.*

*Perchance it was, I came upon,
Not forewarned by any sound,
A fallen angel of the heavens,
Plunged from on High, and met by ground.*

*As I grappled with this sight,
It did perplex and mystify me,
How this creature of flight
Could be bound, now earthly.*

*Astonished as I was shaken,
I vowed then to improvise,
But my curiosity was mistaken,
For it was then I glimpsed into her eyes.*

*Seeming at once to beseech me,
At another, captivating in their shame,
Saying a barrage of things so completely,
I couldn't help but feel blame.*

*Insofar as being part of
This place of impact, she had found,
A fallen angel of the heavens above,
Plunged from on high, met by ground.*

*So I asked myself here
Just what was I to do,
In the presence and near
To one of God's own brood?*

*Then I shook my head clear
And tried to banish these thoughts,
Bending to touch this one dear,
Hoping with contact she wouldn't feel lost,*

*Or at least not feel alone.
Far removed from her domain,
Stripped of her usual view, To the bone
Of this earthly plane.*

*And with this lightning touch
It flowed to me to discern,
That it was I for whom she had come,
To truly, for her Creator confirm,*

*That I was worthy and without blame
Through Christ, growing beyond my years,
Seeing past sorrow or shame
To a life after this "Veil of Tears".*

*For if we are willing to reach forth
Beyond safety, with benevolence to concede,
Our compass reads not south or north,
But toward a place where we also fly free.*

*Kevin Riley
July 2008*



Dawn

**As the world goes from black to gray
I await the coming of the Son
To still my soul and find my way
Describing the dawn is what I want done.**

**First come amazing purples in swirls
Across the expanse of the horizon's line,
Like hues that sing when waking our world,
Hailing the day and greeting my mind.**

**Herein lies beauty and power and peace
A miasma of color tinting sky and my soul,
Simple shades, yet none more beautiful than these,
While each individual becomes part of a whole.**

**Gradually the stage changes with the sun's return
As fingers of light lovingly adorn the sky,
Banishing the darkness, causing me to yearn
To be with my Creator, no more to ask why.**

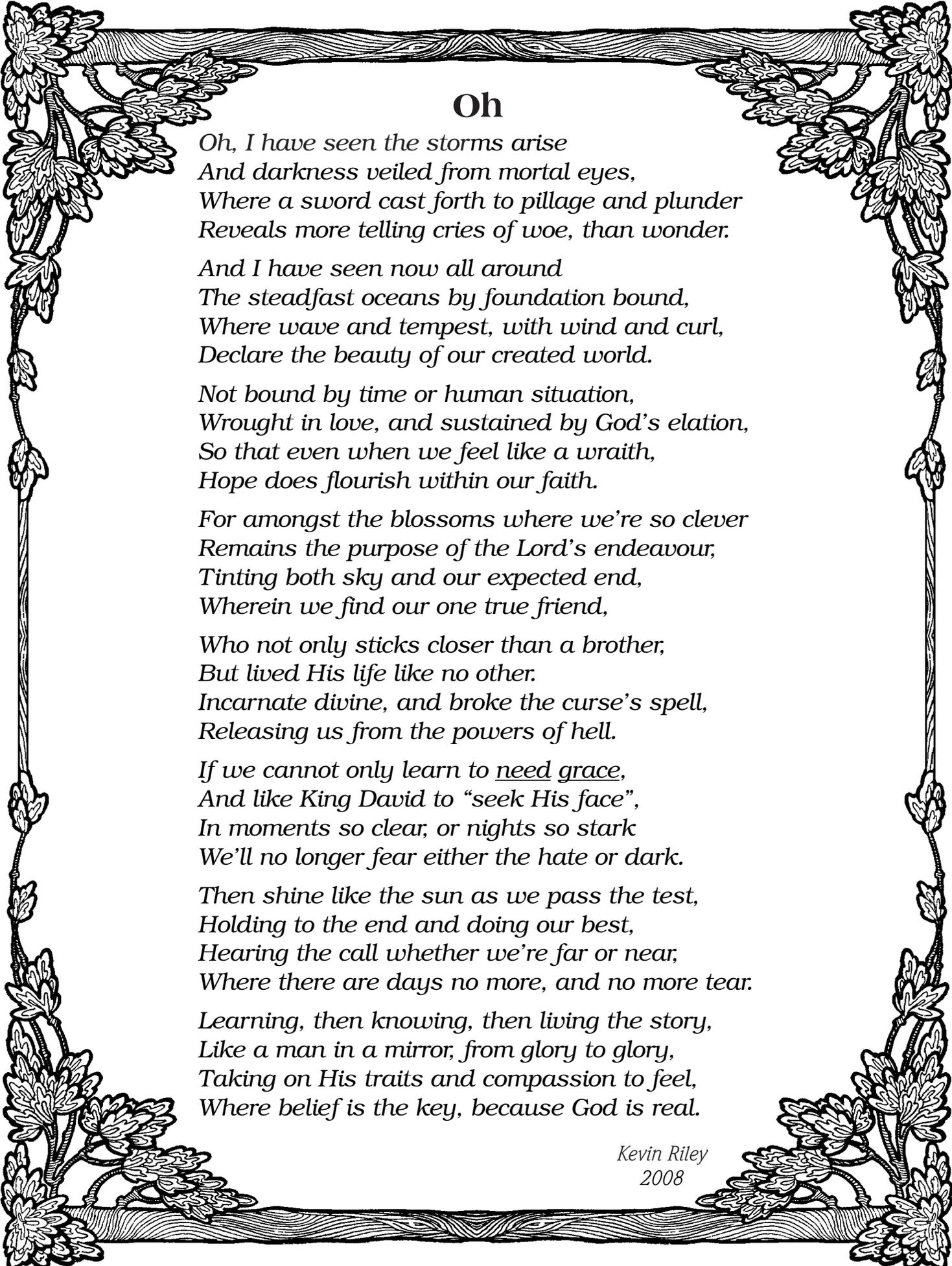
**Precisely then I realize the purpose of the dawn,
And why I've been told to seek this early hour.
It's so no matter what happens, I can move on
In awe of His love, and fear of His power.**

**Praising His name each day I draw a breath,
Patiently enduring others' scorn or shame.
The beauty of His holiness makes me not fear death,
Knowing He loves us all, that's why He came.**

**Redeeming fallen man from a grave situation,
Proclaiming what's right and also our worth,
Proving to us thru the perfection of creation
That He's Lord of all, even on Earth.**

**Then begins churning and myriad patterns of gold,
So lightly at first that they're not easily seen.
The majesty of this does my attention hold
With oranges and reds creeping now in between.**

**Slow yet incessant is the day's approach,
Patient but commanding in its surety,
Cleansing me from my guilt and reproach,
For if God can do this, He can surely forgive me.**



Oh

*Oh, I have seen the storms arise
And darkness veiled from mortal eyes,
Where a sword cast forth to pillage and plunder
Reveals more telling cries of woe, than wonder.*

*And I have seen now all around
The steadfast oceans by foundation bound,
Where wave and tempest, with wind and curl,
Declare the beauty of our created world.*

*Not bound by time or human situation,
Wrought in love, and sustained by God's elation,
So that even when we feel like a wraith,
Hope does flourish within our faith.*

*For amongst the blossoms where we're so clever
Remains the purpose of the Lord's endeavour,
Tinting both sky and our expected end,
Wherein we find our one true friend,*

*Who not only sticks closer than a brother,
But lived His life like no other.
Incarnate divine, and broke the curse's spell,
Releasing us from the powers of hell.*

*If we cannot only learn to need grace,
And like King David to "seek His face",
In moments so clear, or nights so stark
We'll no longer fear either the hate or dark.*

*Then shine like the sun as we pass the test,
Holding to the end and doing our best,
Hearing the call whether we're far or near,
Where there are days no more, and no more tear.*

*Learning, then knowing, then living the story,
Like a man in a mirror, from glory to glory,
Taking on His traits and compassion to feel,
Where belief is the key, because God is real.*

*Kevin Riley
2008*