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Patmos

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PATMOS

Lance Raymond Eads

Heaven's 7 unleavened loaves have rose,
Dispatched from ash that has been blown and glows
Near as bright as the lampstand's light
Echoing in cosmic flight
Down to earth's strange aliens below.

Fission's vision's spinning toward fiords.
As much will gush without support of cords
As the might of the tide of night
That caused good ol' Noah's plight,
Drowning all the evil throngs and hordes.

This time the dime dropped in the brine is heads.
The call after the fall is dead instead.
It's been replaced through time and space.
Humankind's the chosen race.
To change the call is why the Savior bled.

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