

Perky Poets Society National Poetry Month Contest

First Place

(this is a companion poem)

The Coming

Oh, the storm did grow near
like a thief to the cache,
And its lightning was tied
on the sky like a sash.
And the roar of the thunder
was that of a flood
When the waters course through
nature's veins as though blood.

Like sheep on a hillside
when safe from all plight,
The landscape at sunrise
was peaceful to sight.
Like sheep on a hillside
when slain by a foe,
The landscape at sunset
lay crushed by the blow.

For the fury of God
had delivered this force
To teach all a lesson
which caused them remorse.
His message was clear
and long must it stay:

"There will come from the Father
a judgment one day."

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The Dawning

Oh, the storm did grow near
like a thief to the cache,
And its lightning was tied
on the sky like a sash.
And the roar as of wind
came near, then away,
"Hear Me!" it said,
"Today is the Day!"

Like sheep on a hillside
we graze in the dawn
Not knowing before us
The Battle's been drawn.
Around us, so distant,
guns seem to roar;
Not guns – but a trumpet –
proclaiming "No more!"

God warned us and warned us
and waited and wept,
But still His creation
ignored Him and slept.
"Enough!" says His voice ~
clear, undiminished ~

"I AM;" "you are Mine;" "don't you hear?"
"It is finished!"

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