

Perky Poets Society National Poetry Month Contest

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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