

The Fall of Lucifer

by Brian Coatney

To Tyre's ruler a fierce oracle,
Came swift with judgment on his wielded pride,
Who said he was a god and not a man,
Upon the ocean's throne. The nexus of the world,
Mercantile, he swelled in trafficked goods,
With mariners upon each trading sea,
While heavy cargoes filled the treasuries,
With every sparkling jewel known to man.
Such beauty and its wisdom far surpassed
Imaginings thought possible to him.
In dizzied splendor, Tyre extolled her skill,
And longed to hear the worship of her peers.
A mystery, unknown to Tyre's king,
Ignited wondrous claims to be this god,
For human mouth spoke not itself alone,
But chronicled a prehistoric fall,
In realms now hidden from the eyes of man.
But open to the seer's inquiring mind,

Revelations penetrating stare disclosed
Another king behind the king of Tyre,
Who once hid not, but walked arrayed in jewels,
Himself adorned with studded mantle bright,
In blinding light of every color's shaft,
And sheen through endless prism's stony hue
Of rubies, topaz, emeralds and gold.
Diffused, the light made rainbows in the mist,
With sapphires arcing through a turquoise haze,
Of glory spread across a crystal sea.
Rushing, holy thunder from the wings
Of cherubs called for worship to their God.
In Eden and arising to the mount,
The one who as the moon is to the sun,
Walked blameless then until the day he held
A mirror to himself that caught his eyes,
And riveted his soul upon himself.
Enamored with his beauty, he perceived
Himself the star of morning, son of dawn,
A pendant orb suspended in the sky,
A jewel hanging just beneath the throne.
Spectacular in light, he knew the praise,

Of hosts that celebrated with their song,
The grace of Him who by His own decree
Had said, "O Lucifer" come forth to be.
Intoxicated, Lucifer grew dim,
When supple will began its hardening,
By willing his own will in five great bursts
Of reckless claims to rise above the heights.
Instead of grasping to the fiery core
And capturing the Light to be his own,
A new sensation wrapped him all about
With painful darkness, dreadful by its cold,
But burning him with lonely flames of rage,
Unknown until his will had sought itself.
Alarmed, he wondered if the change did show,
If other angels saw his inner strife,
But yet their eyes met his with only slight
Inquisitive alert as to some change.
Relieved about appearances, he cast
Within himself to understand the strange
New hidden rim within himself where light
Went in but never to return again.
No warps had ever been conceived except

As theory fraught with warnings from the throne,
About a thing called choice by which a soul
May fix its destiny to love or hate.
Now the light within him deep turned dark;
How great a darkness shuddered he to think,
Could mask itself with overweening strain,
An effort far too great to hide for long.
The dial on the clock began to move,
Or had it always moved along carefree,
With scarce a notice of its timeless flow,
That never lost the slightest energy?
He watched the dial spin at frightening speed,
His eyes swam restless, fixed on racing time,
A moment swelled into eternity,
And in his mind a thing called work was born.
With much to do and little time at hand,
The other cherubs noticed that he spoke
A bit more hurried than he had before,
And now his muscles tensed at everything.
Beads of sweat pushed out upon his brow,
While Lucifer complained of being hot,
Now that the Light lay trapped and still within,

Without a way to circulate and cool.
Even though the Light had filled his heart,
He craved it more as if it were not there,
And looked upon the others for their light,
With burning lust to have it for himself.
But how covert to steal it, that's the point,
Where undiscovered murder lies in wait,
The victim drawn along by silver cords,
That promise newer freedoms God had hid,
To keep his subjects distant from himself.
Though troubled that a Satan had emerged,
Some nonetheless were fascinated by
His craven boasts, and bawdy reckless claim,
That hollow threats say, "Lies destroy a soul."
A hush of silence over heaven hung,
The Father's stillness led them to believe,
Some weakness in His rule perchance they'd
found.
Angel looked at angel all across
The wide expanse of known infinity,
While each did search his heart in quiet fear
Of what to think and what to do, as now

The boldness of the new, dark light,
Impassioned Satan's plea to join his stand.
The Son and Spirit equally sat with
The Father in restraint, as weakness seemed
The more their cause of silence while the new
Found boasting of the devil rose in pitch.
No choice like this had ever faced a soul,
Though once the Lord had warned this choice
would come
To them when least expected and without
A hint of what appearance death might take.
The hosts looked back again at Satan's frame,
In which transparency still kept a form,
Until at center there the rim appeared,
Where light and dark had strangely juxtaposed,
As Light continued streaming steadily,
Through some dark realm they could not see
beyond.
To watching eyes this posed a mystery
Of how a being could attract the light,
But not return it back to glory's source.
Then Satan spoke to say that he had learned
The secret of another universe,

In which new ecstasies could lead a soul
To knowledge that no soul could ever learn
Without the rim of darkness. "Light," he said,
"Must pass this way to perfect radiance."
The mystery enticed a third of all
The angels, who then one by one began
To look in mirrors with adoring eyes
And drink the light of self-enamored love.
The two thirds that refused the ghastly spell
Stood firm, but soon the devil's legions rushed
At them to steal their light, as if they might
Now plunder them and strike them down by force.
At first the faithful angels cowered back,
While looking to the Godhead for support.
Against the spreading darkness there around,
The Godhead in majestic voice decreed
In unison, commanding them to dip
Their robes of light in scarlet drops called blood,
Shed from before a prophesied event,
Beyond foundation of some world to be.
Though they would never need to know the power
Of drenching blood sent out in rivulets,

That streamed to make a sacrifice for sin,
The vials poured upon their holy robes,
In prophecy of future gibbet's flow
Propelled their faith. Ruby light shot forth
From the Son's eyes, in fiery shafts that soon,
In all their hands would harden into beams.
Amber torches, lighting wheels, appeared
That drew a chariot led by four tall beasts,
Four winging creatures filled with eyes that looked
In all directions as they spun and moved.
A voice commanded ruby beams to rise,
And occupy by force on all terrain. The host
Of spirits in rebellion swooned, for they
Could no more hold their ground in heaven's
realm,
So fled to lower air remote from view.
The conquering legions that the chariot led.
Waved high their ruby lights with outstretched
arms,
In jubilation and dance in victory.
A sea of voices crashed like waves against
A towering cliff where ripping wind will send
The shocks that thunderous stop the ear in awe

The sea of voices lifted up again
In cadence, and a rolling harmony
In rise and fall of every measured note
Of victory, serenely fell away.
As voices stilled and peace returned to all,
Then down through airy regions spiraling,
The demons fell that had rebelled to seize
The throne. Dismayed, they aimlessly flailed hard,
In swirling currents of unrest and winds
That whipped about them and confused their
thoughts.
They sought the dimming light, but could not set
The drafts of wind into a safer flow,
To equalize their balance so that they
Could steady up and muse their newfound state.
Their angry tones grew louder and more harsh,
With questions as to where they were and why
They could not anymore
control their fate.