

When Evil Goes too Far, It Births a Star

It's natural to wonder how God will
Do great things He promised—but until
He points the issue to the "If"—the mind
Exerts itself—to see if it can find
A means of rescue—hiding its controls.

Unknown—buried self—itsself—extols
The wisdom of the everlasting me.

Then what a shock awakens us to see
The walls—harsh armor wrapped around the will—
So fierce—that no defense can fail to hold
God out—no matter what. The story's told
That God Almighty can do anything.

But can He, in His power, finally bring
A hostile will to throw down all its arms?

—Surrender all its strong, deceptive charms—
That keep the gate so tightly locked, that no
One—even God—can enter in? The glow
Of His bright sun, in all its love outpoured,
Would fail to melt resisting wills that roared
To keep the sovereign self enthroned. Within,
We think all's safe. Finally, though, He'll win
His entrance by a means so dire, that we—
The ones He knew are desperate to be free—
Will gladly open up the door to Him.

But how does He succeed at winning them?
The answer seems contrary, for He sent
His agent Lucifer—now Satan—bent
On making self-will seem a plan that—well-
Intentioned—subtly hides the depths of hell.
Behind his ploy, time sweats its way along,
And self-will turns so numbly cold, that wrong
Cannot continue in its dismal pain.

What flatters us and not another's gain,
Now violates our union in the Cross.
We strangely will to die and suffer loss.
Inwardly His jealous, strong desire—
In all its seeking, hell-discerning fire—
Makes love to souls the devil has worn down.

For this, the devil sports an ugly frown,
That after tortured work, he aptly gave
His sovereign one more soul raised from the grave.
Ironically revealing, all's disclosed—
That self-for-self had really subtly posed
As tolerance and love—But praise the Light—
That shined into the recess of dark night—
For through the Cross, the evil went so far—
It fooled the devil when it birthed a star.

Brian L. Coatney

12-28-01