

The Great Good
By: S. Whittington

There You were, are, and ever will be.
Who else could have accomplished the deed?
Inevitability.
How much it cost You!
To take the wrath upon Yourself,
To deliver me.
How could there have be any other way
To achieve victory?

My doubt, my rebellion,
Self-pity
Is nothing more than
Anathema.
Instability.
The world's rancor, increasing.
Dystopia.
You, without sin
Yet were erroneously persecuted and hated.
Hostility.
I shudder.
Epiphany!
Reminding myself
Of Your promises.

In Your hour, You made Your stand.
You ascended.
Nothing binds You.
My eyes were opened
To Ultimate Reality!
Glory!
Euphoria!
Show me how to endure
The world drawing to its end.
Eternity.
I wait in tribulation's plethora
Crying out,
Maranatha! Maranatha!