

Waiting at Megiddo

*By: S. Whittington*

In the workshop, I lay here mouth closed  
And my mind is now ajar.  
A rhythm courses in me like war drums of old,  
An essence like cinder and mold.  
Have I grown well too far  
From my Master, the star  
In a vain heaven, according  
To crude mortals? My mouth threaded  
Shut by my terror, the path of bread  
Is open, but I lament.  
I cannot feast on one loaf,  
For I lay here with  
My mouth closed. Savor a taste  
Of death, I would. I must fast  
For the Master's cause,  
Wishing for the rumbling of Megiddo  
To set me free.  
I was known,  
Another part of the vast obituary  
Before my time in the workshop.  
Is there time?  
For every drop of sand, one victory,  
An army is lost.  
I weep bitterly,  
For my time is too short  
On Earth's now ruined bounty.  
But now I rejoice in silent adoration,  
There lies a crimson moon.  
Five were welcomed, and five were banished.  
The sand grows lighter now  
As the war drums sound.  
My scars are now healing,  
For flesh is flesh. Come!  
Deliver me, I speak!  
Mouth, no longer closed, for the finale  
Comes now at the rumbling of Megiddo.