

## Poetry Series

# ArmourQuill Hunter

- poems -

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## 2-Halves Made= Whole

From where do you pull such words out of Heaven?  
How can you encapsulate the beauty of the whole...?  
Oh, enchanting billows which soothe the mortal soul.  
I soak in the rhapsody, I breathe in your name...  
Who ever heard such words of life, so pure and so gold?

What if 'her head be bald, ' and weather was just like hell?  
What if 'there was no princess' but only a southern bell?  
Perhaps, only in the light of day, her heart was swept away.  
But even if that wasn't true; I'd wait always to hear from you.

How, in all the fascination of love, 'can you see to perceive? '  
Ascribing enthralling beauty with specialized words so framed....  
Your metrical lines are better than a thousand dreams of flare.  
What is your awesome-, profound, and sought-out name?

Who's doing the hypnotizing here-, 'You or me...? '  
Only 1st. stage... Hope your comparatives won't begin to frown.  
Really-, perhaps you've never seen this "Lady" on the down...  
Still, such stunning elegance- has enthralled my sensibility.  
Who could not run and drown in your maze of delight...?

For one so instinctively sensing-, how can you be so sure...?  
Never have I known of a rapturous love capsulating, in look, to lure.  
Such "passionate humor-" painted from Heaven's breathtaking design.  
Talk-about seizing the moment; what store would've had this in mind?

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## **Aladdin's Ladder**

Jacob dreamt and a ladder came on earth, opening such a door  
We can't climb without a ladder; try a goal, reasonable, to soar  
You cannot ascend to success dressed in the costume of failure  
Christ's robe of Righteousness graciously covers to adore

It's not the climb, it's the positioning of the ladder that matters  
Though it's best to travel light, in case there could be a splatter  
It is never crowded at the top but, perhaps, lonely for sure  
Those who've made it for quality in life avoid distraction's lure

So many crosses of plumbines, step on the rungs of opportunity  
Failed regrets can prepare a plateau to win another possibility  
Many climb a proverbial plumbline, or ladder's rung, all wrong  
Courage is a ladder on which all other virtues mount with song

The wise prudently lower to climb, respectfully against a fall  
Many reach the top to find the ladder's against the wrong wall  
Reaching too far, one can get stabbed before ascension's climb  
Considering, indomitably, I shall not wane in faith or resign

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## Apples Don't Fall Far From The Tree

I want to tell you of my second Love,  
Of a church's' impact from heaven above!  
I'd grown up in such a small church.  
Yet small groups can make for gossip, and worse.

Not so with Shiloh; it was heaven on earth...!  
This icon of community flair was 'golden mirth.'  
'Cause for too many years I'd been handicapped;  
Unfortunately, having wed a controlling rat.

Unworthy, I felt as if in a deep-dark pit.  
Hardly would I look one in the eyes-, as I'd sit.  
Though Shiloh's heart and doors were always open,  
With all people-types whose hearts were broken.

Never had I been in a hospital that was a church.  
Pure-love poured forth from this people's search.  
Out of 2,000 members, one hundred 'I fondly knew, '  
Many of us would sit, visit, and have coffee too!

You could hear the sounds of prayer down the hall...  
Sometimes there was dancing, and we had a ball...!  
There, an amphitheatre of seats 'led to the front.'  
When Pastor preached, some thought her too blunt.

Even-though I knew 'tales of her compassion's action, '  
With one's greatest need- came her love's reaction.  
Sleeping on her office's couch, in case of distress.  
She mothered us all, in humility and 'sweet zest.'

So all pitched in and made her a special quilt.  
Each had a patch of their signature for it built.  
Jewel, my black beauty friend, told me her tale-,  
Thinking of suicide, 'Violet ran after her trail-! '

Catching her around the block, with-a-loving hug.  
No one, at this church, was sweeping under the rug.  
Women made bread, for the 'coffee house' next door.  
Their singing groups rocked-the-socks off the floor!

You could see Shiloh believers all around town,  
Wisdom's principles were of a prototype laid down.  
It was great just to see them in the market places,  
Healing light-&-love poured-forth from their faces!

Such longing I still have, to see my Pastoral mom,  
Indubitably, her prayers were 'to keep me strong.'  
Though, before any churches, she married Mr. Right.  
Later her David was born before tragedy's night.

A car accident took her beloved husband home...  
For the year she was motionless, she felt so alone.

Her baby was spared, leaving her totally paralysed.  
She was only-17, for that year she'd much to realize.

Miraculously, God healed her and gave her a church.  
Maybe she's the 1st. pastor to do so after a birth!  
With 25-revival churches, in all; she was going strong.  
Father God has truly 'blessed and kept her from wrong.'

The Lord God, strong, almighty is in the midst of them.  
Training victorious warriors 'waging war against sin! '  
So believers went in with peace- and come out with joy!  
This place was 'so serene' there was no-need to be coy.

Restoration is the message- for God restores all things.  
I was once like a cripple, now I can stand and sing!  
God's Dunamis power for wounded Pigeons, now like Doves,  
Creates longing in me still, for such fellowship of love.  
Such fond memories linger- as 'I miss her still...'  
Bless you, dear Violet, for caring; when I had no will.

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## Arithmetic Minus Six

I hate six; six is the number of man.  
I hate six, though I love the great "I AM".  
I hate six, however eight... "Is matchless in style...! "  
I love the Holy Spirit's nine-, without man's guile.

I hate six... "It's such a number of sin."  
But I love your numbers Lord; they help me to win.  
Now it's your leading Father, guiding: "one, two-, and three."  
But oh how I hate six, as you can plainly see.

Five is OK, appearing as Mercy's Grace, bowed before God's face.  
Still, I do so hate six; though 'it's dressed in the finest of lace.'  
Strange, how no one sees you Lord 'as a Mathematical muse.'  
Some would rather question Your miraculous existence, and accuse.

Timeless circle, Eternal One made flesh, manifested into Living-Light.  
With all mathematical equations, minus six 'symbolic of sins' might.  
How might you equate the Heaven's lovely One, minus that of two?  
Division is often a dysfunctional number, without unity of glue.

You're the God Of Numbers; they reign uniquely throughout my head.  
Not enough can be said; I hate six- denoting all types of death.  
I hate the number of six, although it always comes in tens...  
Five reminds me of His matchless Grace, forgiving me of all sin.

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## **Auckland, New Zealand, by Night**

It's late at night, after a hard day's work.  
The many coloured lights, some distance below,  
Flatters the moon with its twilight of stars...

Time and distance just fades into part "of one global,  
And undifferentiating light-show, " of tranquillity...  
Overlooking the midnight sky, "turned-down-to-rest, "  
I stand complete, "in majestic paradise found..."

Never could a sacred pose be, of distant architectural frames...  
Till I saw this one, of New Zealand; called 'Auckland'" by name

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## **Brilliant, Brilliant, Light (Song)**

Brilliant, brilliant light  
Paint your rainbow each new day  
Living Word to shine the way  
With Angel guides that warm my weary soul  
Springs of fountains spring  
From depths within the Saviour brings  
I watch a child and I know God's thrill  
Vibrantly His brilliance inspires the land

Chorus:  
Now I understand  
What you tried to say to me  
How you suffered for your sanity  
How you tried to set them free  
They would not listen they knew not how  
Perhaps they'll listen now

Shadows in the night  
Stars like flowers that brightly blaze  
Guiding us through a violet haze  
Reflect in brilliance of God's plan  
Transitions of the hues  
Morning fields of pleasant dew  
Weather laced with grace anew  
I pray upon these troubled times (shifting sand)

Chorus:  
Grateful for 'Grace' insight  
No longer alone in the night  
Rejection comes through the best of friends  
I'm anchored safe- in the end  
You gave Your life unlike Lovers seldom do  
But I could have told you Saviour  
This world was never meant for one as  
Wonderful as You

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## Communication, tThe Key

It is a sad, the social state-of-affairs,  
When there's no forgiveness from the heart.  
Such egos' web, behind such shallow pride,  
As if in others we see- "what in ourselves" couldn't be-  
By refusing the truth- patterns of illusion are set;  
Thus, filling our lives with 'fear and regret...'  
For Communication- "that's the key...!"  
So the only justification for marriage should be:  
"Two helping each other to be-, the best that they can be..."

We see conversing as a wall, instead of a bridge to mend a-gap.  
We see love to end 'all' needs; not 'honor' to share life's map.  
We see commitment, in a fast pace rat-race, as unrealistically true.  
We'd rather love for the moment, or night, than be responsible too!  
Yet, in history's mirror, if love we see (as patterns of our kin) ,  
We reject what we 'hated -,' yet still think that we'll win.  
All the while, history repeats itself "again and again."

To be transparent-, is that the key...?  
Won't others, then, take advantage of you and me?  
Ok, how-about a somewhat open-book...!  
For those 'trustworthy-' an even closer look.  
Still, jealous seed are within the heart of the 'insecure...'  
Help may be "the sunny-side of relationships but "control is the lure."  
Perhaps, ones who don't know themselves- "don't even take a peek! "  
For they believe their fish stories and make you- "hide-or-peek! "

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## **Dream Scenario**

I once had a dream whereby a man, in love, came and asked advice.  
"What's the secret to win such a lady's heart?" he asked; then twice.  
I paused- and went for counsel; "to the wisest lady that I knew-."  
She was 'a Pearl of Wisdom, ' elaborately dressed, in sea-breeze blue.

Consequently, I soon returned with "a jewel of wisdom" in my hand.  
He was most expectant; and yet, as if he had an alternative plan...  
Thus, my simply reply was: "make yourself vulnerable, with a kiss-! "

The following night- in an altogether different dream...  
I found myself mesmerized by a "twelve year old boy..."  
Then "I kissed him; he, then, quickly arose to go make wedding plans.  
"What have I done, " I had said? ! When "all I wanted" was this child-man!

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## Embryonic Explosive Impact

Like a "time-bomb" getting ready to 'explode...! '  
People- get out of the road! ! !  
Ok, "so never say never- , '  
Because that's just what people will do!  
Even friends don't seem to" see the whole,  
Nor, do they, the proper time' to avoid you! "

Talk-about-the-straw that broke the camels back!  
For intense, my beloved cat; 'No kids, no-bliss-no-bleez.'  
I couldn't convey enough to- 'stay-out-of-my-way, please.'  
Right, never-say-never; for that's just what they'll do.  
No one seems to care, when you're hanging-by-a-rope,  
Or in the air, and have reached the living-end, too-!

No; not friend, nor prophet-, nor apostle too-.  
'Jesus' is the only-one-I-know who'll take-care-of-you.  
So, what-do-you-do, when 'hell's-gait' is opened wide-?  
Well, for one thing-, don't look for a saint to confide!  
I reckon it's not wise to put much confidence in a friend.  
Only God has promised- to be with you, until the very end.

This one thing I know; no friend-, nor dog-, nor toad-,  
Will ever take the place of the King!  
Cause when it comes down to the 'crunch'  
He-, alone, 'delivers' and will make your heart sing.  
This, I know and this I'll show-, for all humanity-.  
Someday I'll be famous, but what is that without the Lord?  
There is no relationship that's more important.  
Fame and gifting cannot buy 'peace of mind.'  
As such, from all my travels, 'indeed I was blind.'

No pain-no-gain, they say- and 'true.'  
Yes the pain has humbly brought me to you (Father) .  
With tears that stream from a 'true-heart-cry'  
From rags-to-riches, I humbly die.  
Now I lay-me-down to rest, upon thy cross, You know best.  
Who knows this pain; you were pierced clear through!  
Oh- for the 'Garden of Gethsemane' to be at it's end.  
To rest in your confidence of- 'well done, my friend.'  
I love Thee Lord, please help me now.  
My entire life- I, somehow, bow.

Your "Metaphysical Trunk, ' The ROSE...

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## **Every Seed-dream Dies...**

In cryptic melancholy tones I hear my heart calling for hire.  
Even martyrs, of the dark ages, sang in the intense fire.  
I can see the breaking of my seed-dream from green earth.  
This dead-love was all wrong; it had to die for a new birth.

I'm not sure; has anyone ever dived into a love-seed on fire...?  
Has there ever been a "divine and enchanting love" of such desire?  
Dust to dust, ashes to ashes-, every seed must fall inevitably down.  
Please, isn't there one who will tell me-, "who turned off the lights? "  
Will I ever 'sing and dance again, ' on humanities lost sea in the night? !

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## **Glamorous Witchcraft**

Hey, there's nothing wrong with witchcraft; it's everywhere you go.  
Yet Jezebel promoted witchcraft as religion, to try and steal the show!

They say all is fair in love-and-war; witchcraft control defies all rules.  
Step-right-up for this renown game; the criteria is of a sold-out-fool...

Biblically Jezebel's spirit lives on-, in ones whose hearts are cold.  
Few think the righteous are as bold as a lion, while darkness is so bold!

Witchcraft can be a spiritual structure of manipulations implied score.  
Its mask is that behind control, with glamour, riches and much more!

Few know the-way this kingdom came-to-be, denying God's golden-rule tool.  
Icons are skulls, snakes, and lewd lasciviousness, to burn lust's fuel.

The US disowned 'God-and-prayer in schools, ' witchcraft was story's fame!  
With a print of Christ, made of numbers, I was rejected from a class-game.

Viewing the whole, in life there's light/positive and a darkest/grey.  
Even America says: 'each have the right to believe their own way...! '

This occult was banned by Jewish Kings; destroyed by prophets of fire-.  
All control starts first with flatteries, of the flesh and human desires.

Truth is rarely seen these days; that is, 'true-love and Wisdom's kind-! '  
Seems rebels-of-flesh are promoted and 'ones humbled-n-truth are blind! '

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## God Paints Secrets of The Atom

My Father-God painted a diagram once, as if to say:  
You wanted to know TRUTH- and uncover most riddles...  
Draw a large circle... Now draw a vertical line through the middle.  
Can you see... the part on the left- is "LOST-reality...?  
Now look again... the part on the right- is "LIFE-eternally...?

But from man's point-of-view "it's the same, " naturally...  
So I drew the circle, I did what he conveyed; "what's this about? " I relayed.  
You asked about ESP, through the "whole-pie perspective, " you will see.  
Now-, draw a horizontal line through the middle of the circle, right-to-left.

Now you have a summary, of each atom in a tiny human cell, can you tell?  
In every Plumblin, of every structure, LOVE is the cross @-the-centre point!  
Yet, for every "true prototype" there is a counterfeit to the contrary.

Recall that all things of opposites, Light and Dark (and all the rest) , to test.  
See the top Right side as Light, and divided below as light-shades of gray.  
Now picture the Left side the opposite way. Later on it will really pay.  
Then you have opposing Light-bright to Dark-Black, and grays similarly;

The Light is Heaven's kingdom; the Dark can only be that of pure Evil's darkness.  
Yet the gray, betwixt, is interesting; and more positive on the dark than light.  
Both side connect, in some way or another, at the centre-point of the CROSS.  
Yet, for the two divisions of Light and Dark,3-levels are 30-60-100-fold seen.

Each levels to degrees of commitment, of ones on either sides of the drawn line.  
This descriptive prototype of Zach.4, seen over Ezekiel 10, is Heaven's design.  
1 John 5: 6-8 is where Heaven-and-Earth, God's Gateway meets merging energy.  
This isn't just spiritual symbolic truth; it's of the sum-total, the Ark's reality.

This diagram brings a 'transformation to hearts' circumstances for the good.  
Twice this diagram was showed to 2-different ones; each time they were changed.  
Though this revelation came as a result of a question I had asked God at eight-teen.  
"Is what I have ESP? " "No, " he said, "You can call it HSP! " "What's that I replied? "

With Holy Spirit Perception, remember in all things there's a counterfeit of true."  
So I did what God said; while marvelous revelations came, as his true prototype.  
Even to this profound day, luminous light continues still, as I know his name.

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## God's Youngest Explorer

Quite early in life, I was determined to ruin Satan's day.  
With a few kids gathered around me, I rigorously dug away.  
'He's down here and, by God's help, I'll find him for sure.'  
They believed every word, but I was only four 'with my cure.'

'He's the one causing all the pain in my family and the world.'  
'If it's the-last-thing-I-do I'll find him,' I told the girls.  
We tired yet my zeal was strong; I think I focused them to live.  
Imagination transported me places, but all I wanted was to give.

Never did I know my sickly mom; so I grew up on the streets.  
Neighbourhood kids followed me everywhere; 'that was sweet.'  
Roy Rogers's nephew was my best friend at the age of twelve.  
I put on plays, filmed movies, made sand castles and elves.

How I admired my Pastor Grandma, she told gospel tales best.  
The Holy Spirit hugged me at four, I felt loved and blessed.  
I was an explorer climbing hills- and creating things to do.  
The kids and I made cardboard sleds; down the hills we flew.

Bored, once I talked a friend into asking others for materials.  
I didn't like dolls but I loved to create outfits with frills.  
Exuberant zeal came easily, I-did-it-all and felt 10-feet tall.  
A silly commercial, of kids flying, convinced me I'd never fall.

Looking back now, guess you could say I haven't changed my game.  
Still exploring, creating, climb mountains, and sharing the same.  
Life's been one exploring expedition, internationally, at a time.  
I still find ways to defeat the Devil, with God's Spirit divine.

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## Golden Dragon of Religion

She rides the golden beast, "the Dragon, " with her lust...  
She killed the "true prophets" then, and she still does.  
Seducing with her counterfeit light "shroud over nations, "  
Controlling pawns, kings, and perpetrating aggravations...

This "doctrine of the dragon" of self-pious defense,  
With such simple "gang tactics" of upper-echelon elegance...  
For the Wisdom of God's truth is balanced with love...  
Not "this counterfeit of self-worship" never from above!

The Social structure, and money game, has crept into the church.  
With self-righteous, happy-clappie do-gooders on fences perch.  
Religious wars cry-out for blood, as two women did with Solomon,  
Fighting for "the one (born-child) , " each had known a few men.

Wisdom, she cried-, from the heart of this wise renowned king...  
'Divide the child in two; we'll know how the real mom will sing! '  
I tell you, it's 'religion' that kicks the weak when they are down.  
Religion has no moralistic "healthy humor" in a God-forsaken town.

Religion binds to imprison, rituals and rhetoric of disarray not to console.  
Religion is a mind 'blood sucking Leech' that makes zombies; a bit like Reno.  
Religion is void of 'Serene PEACE' and operates on GUILT to win a fight.  
Religions, full of good works, are really "white-washed tombs" of light.

Religion was once on Mt. Carmel, with 400 false-prophets of their weak king,  
Against one "man of God, Elijah, " who mocked them all for his victorious ring!  
He designed the test, he knew them all best, and he challenged them everyone...  
"Go ahead, do your religious thing; perhaps your god is on the toilet, for fun? "

If you think I'm being bold, just ask yourself: "how-many wars fought for gold? "  
Religion is tax deductible, occults promoting to win; real winners are rarely told.  
Golden-winged Dragon loves blood to disdain the Mighty One of Israel's name.  
Jezebel (of old) rides the "golden money system, " to kill, destroy, and maim.

Each nation has their emblem; yet America's is the Eagle, seen on the dollar bill?  
Religion defies rhyme-and-reason, it defies by manipulating choices of one's will.  
'In God we trust, ' next to 'the eye of the pyramid, epitomizing man's subtle veneer.  
That coined phrase, of it's money system, is America's true intent, vaguely clear.

Proof of Watergate, and Bush 'declaring war' as TV zoomed in at his church,  
I'm seeing Religion 'a Golden Dragon' leeching life; then piously finds a perch.  
To prove my point, God died for sinners yet the church doesn't want them.  
They want "sinners dressed and fit" for their ulterior motives and terms.

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## Granted... (Peace...!)

PEACE, be still., from this storm-tossed sea; beneath your water's edge.  
Let "this kiss" chase your blue-gray clouds away, from destruction's ledge!  
Please "sir, " join me in this spot of time, safe in the eye of the hurricane...  
I know no human Savior, and my lot is not great, though God keeps me sane.

In the name of Christ, for all that is good, "peace to your whirlwind and pain-! "  
Didn't you know that all have prison cells; there's little comprehension to gain.  
Everything is "free-choice." My promised beau left me for a "bird-in-the-bush! "  
Only the "divine wine of destiny, " being anchored in his will, helps with a wish.

Those with nothing left to live can "bring a new birth of the greatest fight..."  
Revealing all the problems that one can face; perhaps clears the slate for light...!  
Please sir-, "who ever had a happy life; " when we go "from prison cell to hell? "  
Take this kiss, with thanks for what you've shared; "you've eased my lot of shell."

Only Christ can lead us through life's maze; to enable us to "finally find love..."  
"Oh, come Holy Spirit Dove, and take this one to mountain heights up above-! "  
Love need not always speak of the problems; love sees "the answer in a gaze..."  
When it's just too hard to see through your haze; just try thankfulness for praise.

It's true; we so often mistake one's greed with misgiving, for true-love, then bleed.  
Are there not the walking-dead; just going through the motions for such greed-? !  
"Live, I say; all you old dry bones-; live in the Rose of Sharon who's not worn! "  
Live in life-, love in war; forgive and relive-, from all that's been so deeply torn...

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## His Jute Box Dancer

Creative words, abounding, dance in my head  
Quill's a ready writer, so sovereignly lead  
No music box dancer can turn me around  
So free from all puppet-strings, complete in this town

The cuts of this Diamond reflects the Holy King  
Multi-faceted, this Blue-Nile signet gold ring  
Great beauty is balanced by Wisdom's own poise  
Eternally destined to dispel from the noise

This Jewel, God's dancer, brings light as she sings  
A lively 'dancing Cross' filled with magical things  
Majestic, Armour is brilliant and bright  
A final gaze upon her, she will dance through the night

Some wind a-doll-up-tight, nostalgically born  
You've been there before, alas, heal from what's torn  
So dream of the future, and let go of the past  
Life, here, is a stage; live it whirling at last

My soul's filled with fire, the room with praises  
I laugh, and I sing at night, for all that God raises  
Bring joy to the watcher, peace to the frayed  
His music heart-dancers are never to stray

So sing to me, King, of your masterful will  
No other love so worthy with power to thrill  
Heaven's window open, great bounty abounds  
Effervescently she elevates 'His ruling' sound

Such a brief moment for excellence sought  
Her dancing can show what her music may not  
Though real life seems plastic, nature's unfair  
Answers to questions, how can we share

All knowledge and insight hidden in tombs  
We're all reflectory dancers alone in our rooms  
On comfort-zone, shelves, we sit to reside  
We must allow God's music to get right inside

Every heart dancer given wings from His Light  
The winter Rose still blossoms in the dead of the night  
How long before the kiss entwines love in spring?  
My life will now be witness, and gladness shall ring

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## **I Buried My Rose Today...**

Strange how I've never been here; here 'where the air is so fresh and clear.'  
I can see forever at this height, resting on my knees near this white rose.  
Far above the Red-rose city, the ancients travelled and lived in these hills.  
Now I'm quietly very still, attempting to bury the dead, what a thrill.  
The sun gently smiles on my tears, where love's Rose pricked me here.

Though it's not quite the grand-can, it's spectacular, peaceful, without fear.  
This rose- a symbol of love, for which you half-pie cared, regrettably died.  
This rose, with your distracting thorns, for which I now am saying goodbye.  
This "snow white rose" is as deep, as any love, as the ocean, or width of the sky.

To this love, the delusion, the enchanting divine choice, I am saying "don't cry.'  
He rocks my soul now, the grief I can't bear; I leave everything to him in prayer.  
No- you won't tell me you love me, when you love another too; yet I still care.  
All hail the power of the elusive Rose, many have succumbed to your flair...

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## **Jehovah-Jireh My Praise**

Jehovah- Jireh, my provider, You made a-way 'across the Sea...'  
Jehovah- Rophe, my great Physician, I was blind 'but now I see...'  
There is power-in 'Jehovah-Nissi, ' whose Banner It is Love...  
There is power-in 'Jehovah-Nissi' whose Banner- 'It is LOVE...'

### **CHORUS:**

Eternal Word- of all the ages, you've Redeemed us by Your Blood...  
Emanuel, our redeeming glory, how you've filled us with Your LOVE...  
You're the Manna-Bread from Heaven-  
You're The Light-, The Truth-, The WAY...  
And you came to make us Holy-, as we walk with you each day...

Mighty Father, Eternal Wisdom, You're the 'Rock on which we stand.  
Lead us Shepherd, in all your wonder, take us to-that Promise Land.  
Your are Je-ho-vah God, Al-mighty; who is worthy to-be- praised...  
You are the Rock of our Salvation, the 'Strength-of all-our-days.'

Emanuel-, Lord God who's with us, purify this House-of-clay...  
For we honour- the least among us; You're the Potter, we're the clay.  
You're The Potter; we're the clay.  
You're The Potter, 'we're the clay....'

ArmourQuill Hunter

## **Jobe, The Patriarch of Uz**

Once in Heaven's council, a wager was made of Lucifer and God.  
Consequently, my piety of nature was accused of Satan's rod...  
Unbeknownced to myself, I'd become "duly noted a pawn-!"  
4-Years I'd cover my clan with prayers; seeing now their life gone.

My enemy received permission to deal me a low blow, off shore.  
With missing cattle, and children, of which I prayed each day for!  
Within one hour, within one-day, my cattle stolen, my children dead!  
7-days of silence, cursing when I was born; mates did accuse me instead.

Yes, I might've implied 'God was to blame; ' such is the futility of man.  
Naked I came into this life, and naked shall I eventually leave, again.  
These awful boils-, in ashes and dust I sit; my mate can't abide me a-bit.  
Under the worst calamities, who could abide; although, in faith, I sit-!

There I was, in Uz, with a title "a position, " with wealth, and my kin.  
A helper of the poor, cleansed by the blood of the Lamb, I had no sin.  
Endless tribulations, constant and too much; now my family's lost-!  
Although, I am grateful, as any Jew, I argued and asked why the cost?

Who'd ever think a semi-tragic state could have a happy end...  
God says "my child you are right, but prayers for foes should begin."  
'Twas then I found, my "life as a Pawn" was greatly turned around-!  
Now, I have kids galore and a lovely mate whom I adore, in town.

Now the wise virgins rejoice in the dance, both young and old together;  
God has turned my mourning into joy; and he comforts me so, forever...  
Thus, no one has ever succeeded in the land of fame without humility.  
This now "my Pearl of wisdom" I leave to ALL, for life and posterity-.

ArmourQuill Hunter

## **Kaikoura's Seal, Really Sea-lion**

### **Part-1:**

From majestic shores I travelled far from LA, and visited across the vast sea-,"  
To Kaikoura's enchanting place of NZ, where the air, there, is freshest to breath.  
I watched 'waves of the sea-beat' against the shore; a sea lions was resting there.  
I dove into the waters, swam to the rocks, and a few sea lions there just stared.

Thus as I worked my way towards one-, I had a "sudden sense of fear and danger-! "  
Logically, I knew I was trespassing on their property there; I was no royal ranger.  
I swam back to shore; there I found a sea lion that I reasoned was now on my island.  
Tourists taking photos, car-lengths away, as I carefully approached the sea lion.

One cried: "hey, they're as fast-on-land as they are-at-sea; they'll grind-you a-bit? "  
"No-, he doesn't have teeth and he's got puppy-dog-eyes." Then I had to quit.  
Carefully I approached, not taking my eyes off of him; nor did I shriek or sigh.  
Strange, he didn't charge me! I a foot away, looking deep into his eyes...

He looked at me, as if to say: "really, you can't be AS DUMB AS YOU LOOK...! "  
Intently, I watched thinking: "well, you can't be as dangerous AS THEY SAY-! "  
Yet cautiously I withdrew thinking: "he didn't know how dangerous I was-! "  
Later realizing, I hadn't known 'he was a sea-lion' or I wouldn't have gotten close.

### **Part-2: Lion Tamer Reveals 'My Seal- A Lion-! '**

Hostessing at Denny's, a friend pulled me aside to meet her friendly guests.  
"These are friends of mine wanting to talk to you of your great tale, at best.'  
Thus I mosied on over and saw them a lovely kind, with a lion trainer friend.  
Often I was encouraged to tell "my tale; " for the smiles they would lend!  
In Kaikoura was I-, "seals everywhere" so I just dove-in near the rock island.

There two were 'a matched-pair, ' but I got a danger-sign on the rocks so fine.  
'Spite the gentle sea-breezes, and large beasts, I thought I'd go back on shore.  
Soaking wet I warmed in the sun; there was one on my territory, but I'd not run.  
Slowly 'eye to eye' we stared; then one called-out 'danger, ' but this was fun!  
Beautiful seal (I thought) with your puppy-dog eyes; at which time, he did roar-!

I should've known the danger, for ones car-lengths away; I slowly leaped back,  
Miraculously standing (eye-to-eye): after gliding backwards "I gave a sigh..."  
Realizing "never a moment would be as this' for all time; I tell you no lie.  
He looked at me, as if to say: "really, you can't be AS DUMB AS YOU LOOK."  
Still my stared intense, thinking: "well, you can't be as dangerous as they say! "

MY GUESTS stunned, till a distinguished man spoke: "how big was that seal-? "  
"Oh-, " I replied, "about a yard in length and height.' Lady, he began to reveal-  
I have worked with lions, of all kinds, you see; that wasn't a seal- but a SEA LION! "  
"Well, had known that-, perhaps I would have been more afraid of dying.'

ArmourQuill Hunter

## Looking Into the Seer's Well

Daydreaming, I felt myself sink into the 'Well of Beholding.'  
Within minutes my whole life before God was unfolding.  
For how does one plan without purpose, or life's map, to guide.  
I needed the Holy Seer's vision to direct my life where I would abide.

Never knowing true love, there in God's mirror I found Beulah land.  
As I looked deeper, in the eyes of His loving, I saw my future so grand.  
All the books I'd written, a wealth of income bought a mountain retreat.  
My books had recipes to cure and I was the challenger none could defeat.

Within this Well of Beholding, I foresaw man's willful debauchery state.  
Just like in the movie 'Demolition Man' a counterfeit peace doth wait.  
There were untold adventures of escape where the law pursued my ill.  
After God used me to heal millions, as Christ; and me, they would kill?

Ruling structures crumbled as one world leader did manipulate his way.  
Gospel leaders would rally to hide me from the control of that evil day.  
Unbelievable scenes rolled past, as wonders of God's hand were revealed;  
At the last, I saw God's army stand-up tall and Armageddon was fulfilled.

Just as Hagar, Sarai's maid, biblically, was driven from her own kin;  
The angel of the Lord met her 'desert place, ' she's my ancestor friend.  
Scriptures for historic or biblical ones are fulfilled in our own time.  
As Joseph Arimathea or Cyrus the-great, my life was a revolutionary wine.

ArmourQuill Hunter

## Love's Fire

I knew you, when I thought I'd never be like you...  
Learning how you "think-clear-through..."  
You're the "Brightest Star" in the darkest night.  
You're the Rainbow across the cloudless bright.

You're the Prize, the Mark-, and Key-, my reality.  
You're my dreams "locked-up" in a mustard-seed.  
You're a "Map in the Sahara Desert, " when I scheme.  
You're the "Painting of love" of all my day dreams...

Rose of Sharon, "You're the garden" of my heart's desire.  
You are the "A-to-Z of me; "The Living Catalyst of fire.  
You're the only support-, void of flattery, I have ever had.  
You're my Battery-charger- against most battles so bad.

You're my Mentor- with loving patience when I'm blue.  
Tell me, how shall I ever know-, a tender "love so true..? "  
You took me higher, and further, than the great-red-grand-,  
Through waterfalls, streams, fun things; you still held my hand.

Enlightening my eyes to comprehend the pain, very clever too....  
Though my poem ends; this love for you is "never ending..."  
Thou great Creator, my sweet Soul-maker-, "my Friend-, "  
I will love Thee always, until the Heavens roll back- "and end."

ArmourQuill Hunter

## **Make Me Your Quilt**

Make me a log-cabin patchwork of variegated colours of gold  
Majestically correlated as a Rainbow Garden for Truth to untold  
Frame each work with angel's delight, unique in every way  
Father (of Creation) it's your handiwork I desire to be, each day

I see threads of living wonders, works so astoundingly wrought  
Your Word's sown in splendour from chosen vessels, and not  
Wash me in Your Fountain and iron-out what's not meant to be  
Your work, in me, is a thing of beauty, an awesome thing to see

A Rose, within the Rose of Sharon, 'establish' please dear King  
With Your translucent Rainbow-works, so joyous, make me sing  
Let my hands display Wisdom's beauty-, moving hearts to cheer  
Envelope me in such duty; for Your Words, Lord, I long to hear

ArmourQuill Hunter

## Man's Thought Factory

In my Thought-factory I have a foreman named Mr. Defeat;  
And one named Triumph-, of which I like to greet.  
Mr. Triumph is always positive-; he gives me reasons why I can-.  
But Mr. Defeat has depreciation thoughts, and is really not my fan.

Yet I can signal "either one" to my beck-and-call...  
If my signal is positive, then Mr. Triumph will take the ball.  
But if I say- "It's a lousy day-, " Mr. Defeat will make it pay...  
For he's a "great picture painter too-" and proves to me that it is true.

And if I say "it's such a fine day, " though it's raining all around-,  
Mr. Triumph will say "how refreshing- we need this rain in town."  
Been thinking of firing Mr. Defeat-, he uses so much space and time.  
For if I would let him-, he'd take my whole Thought-factory over...

And that's "no friend of mine-." Mr. Triumph is so much kinder.  
He's encouraging and shows me "how to succeed..."  
Mr. Defeat suffers from a mind "deadening disease..."  
It's called "excusitis-, ' of which I should be freed.

ArmourQuill Hunter

## Mask of Betrayal

Let's talk about betrayal,  
Let's talk about a Fool 'who will rail, '  
Let's get to the root of the problem:  
'Teachers, of the Golden-Rule, ' whose lives betray and rob'em.

Let's talk about Pride's deceit and envy it's bottom line.  
Let's talk about jealousy, the root of that same kind.  
Let's talk about that which is hidden, beneath the hearts of men.  
Let's talk about some actors, who'd claim to be a friend.

Let's talk about those that kill, yet rarely they are seen.  
Like, one who mars the image of kin, appearing bright and keen.  
What about ones who- do all the right things, for the wrong reasons?  
Many now-days are distracted from upright ways, amidst the seasons.  
Let's see the fruit of those who teach, not self-righteous deeds.  
Let's talk about the wounds that fester, and seem to always bleed.

Let's ask some serious questions:  
Why are there no books of 'Jealousy...? ' Nor 'Envy' as well? '  
Why are there 'such pretenders' that make life living-hell?  
Why do we not learn from history, without repeating it trail?  
How about we see 'Life's fragile, ' focusing on where we'll sail.  
Where are all the Heroes and where is 'Integrity's style-? '  
Where are those who stand for right, who can't abide man's guile?

My heart is sunk; it's weak from pain.  
The enemy I've seen, again and again.  
He's an actor; he's an angel of light,  
He's a devil in the night.

The Deceitful betrays in subtle ways.  
He hides behind love's shallow scam.  
Appearances are his centre stage.  
He's a Wolf (I tell you) , he's not a lamb.

ArmourQuill Hunter

## **Mommy and Daddy's Book Of Love**

Long ago, from the book of Love, came Daddy and Mommy's dream  
The greatest gift, from Father above, "with magical smiles so seen."  
For on that special day, that you were born, the angels danced all day.  
Family came to give us cards; hearts were merry with Heaven's sway.

See "Heaven's window opened wide, " on the day we first saw 'you.'  
From that 'special Book of Love, ' He'll carefully guide us through.  
Storm clouds come and folks get lost, without God's light to shine.  
He'll help us with our garden, dear, and give us music like wine.

You are our little sapling tree, so we'll plant you in good rich soil.  
We'll carefully watch-and-pray, each night, so the sun won't ever boil.  
Resting now safe, while angels sing, for every good is of Father God.  
All your tomorrows He'll bring; we pray 'you're sheltered by His rod.'

ArmourQuill Hunter

## **Murder's Cloak of Mockery**

With dysfunctional affairs of the insecure, they market elusive control.  
Few see behind Murder's cloak and ridicule disrespect to maim the soul.  
Thinking they're above the law, jesting for ill, their mockery to kill.  
Shallow pits of 'unfaithful liars' are promoted with style and thrill.

Ablaze with insults- they ardently tear the soul, limiting Love's intake.  
This insane humour insults parody for mockery's venom and Evil's sake.  
Devoted to taunting they goad victims to murder, as they're reprieved.  
Their constant drip-of-teasing is testing the game of control far eased.

Full of disdain, they boast blasphemy, as if they're better than the rest.  
Noted fools 'think themselves wiser than 7-scribes' of Wisdom's zest.  
'Abuse of power' sadly reflects a loveless society-, for All Christ bled.  
Who can stand against belittling, especially at vulnerable times, to dread?

Hussein made mockery of weaponry inspections, defames, justify his plea.  
Isn't beauty of sex, legal mystique, marred with contemptuous mockery?  
The gifted 'played-down, ' exposed to mockery, for artificial things given.  
Comparisons aren't of truth nor is it masterful for love within living.

Heaven lifts the Faithful to survive-, escaping the wicked buffoonery.  
Surrender ALL for the Master's plan, when surrounded by evil scenery.  
Adhere to sample of the wise, in multiples of counsel there's safety.  
A wise idiom is: there's safety in numbers, for excellence of suavity.

Avoid disdain with relationships wronged, bury the hatchet, live on-.  
Futile regrets saps future-Love; best to live singing a grateful song.  
Trifle not with offences; pursue Peace and escape sudden catastrophe.  
Life's business is to enjoy; you must know that all else is mockery.

Odd that murder is born-of-love, which attains its intensity in murder.  
Then again, who can attain peace of understanding without God's order?  
Few are wise to run from evil, even of kin, rather they turn to hate.  
Mockery is rust corroding all, best to run from wicked jester's fate.

ArmourQuill Hunter

## **Pot-of\_Gold4U\_@-RainbowEnd.com**

I uprooted myself from the past and took from it the memories of one thousand springs and one thousand autumns. Thus I planted the tree of my soul in another place; it was now in a field afar from the path of time, where I left the noisome city to sit in the shadow near one solitary old oak tree, in a golden field, far from life's path. By the springs of living water, I sat speechless in the solitude of my thoughts which were quietly soothed by the rippling sounds of life all around. Resting in the light of the great sun, I fell asleep and dreamed a dream...

Years had elapsed... When I awoke from that dream- the pure essence of impossibility had become possible. For the sly little man, of Irish folk lore, thought he'd escape- "as before..." Now, opposed to my catch, he reluctantly gave- "all the gold to me...!" That's my story; though now, I live- high above the mountains- by the peaceful sea.

ArmourQuill Hunter

## **Radiance Of Resurrection Light**

Outside the cross it's void, till surrendering all to the Son.  
I was delivered from a tomb to bathe in Light of the Holy One.  
God's glory shines on me, so that Gentiles and Kings will come.  
Sheltered under the umbrella, God draws them for victories won.

Multitudes of sea's humanity "shall be converted' unto me...  
Angels directing, such gifts, His glory transformed in the sea.  
Diverse Vessels minister to my needs, all-n-all, He's glorified.  
We have nourished Him within; patiently awaiting, we abide.

Reconciling, mercy rest- as strangers build walls and kings bless.  
Father has established my reign, so the Lost will come and rest.  
Within 'the hope-of-glory, ' high places will fall by his will.  
There is a way that seems right; the works of man will kill.

Take care to honour his place; He beautifies such at his feet.  
Ones 'harming' are humbled; defamers catch sight of my feet, sweet.  
I'm called by His city, Lord's Sion, says the Holy One of Israel.  
Once forsaken, hated, now 'His grateful Pearl' from sands of hell.

God's Rainbow Umbrella 'overshadows' under His canopy of Love.  
Iniquity isn't heard here; salvation ignites my gates from above.  
Light of The Man-child rules my days; no moon is here but praise.  
Taste- and see- 'God is good' for His Light feeds amidst the haze.

ArmourQuill Hunter

## **Respect, When It Is Due**

To give what you haven't got is not keen.  
Well, who would do such a ridiculous thing...?  
So, then, I suppose that respect is thus learned...  
Who gave it first, that we appreciate what's earned?

God so loved me first, that's why "I respect his word."  
Transformed by such Light, some still think me absurd!  
If truth acts a barrier of light, driving darkness back,  
The envious projects defensive boasts, for what they lack.

Thus I quite agree with Mark Rickerby.  
We will always get just what we give...  
But what's the standard for life's blueprint...  
When others don't conform to right and are bent?

Respect is learned perhaps, but also must be earned.  
To show respect for a fool is folly that should be scorned.  
I believe in "guilty by association, " not approving of strife.  
Am I disrespectful when I'm so passionate for what's life?

Biblically, even God shows himself froward with the froward!  
I'll give my foes a hardy 'thank-you, ' keeping my pride lowered.  
Respecting, in life, there is duality of balances that we learn.  
Many use their roles to control; I'll not give 'em power to burn!

ArmourQuill Hunter

## ScareCrow Highlander

The glory of this Highlander's imagination is of great expression  
Inspiring a mind to drive itself completely to reflection  
A watchman, for the Master's vineyard, against the unclean ravens  
Scary for the black plumage with their croaking cries, not of heaven

Surely he has the angel with the ink-horn by his side, as a guide  
Absorbed in the ancient poets, watch as he leads on a magic carpet ride  
Tongues of fire, passion of steel, cast upon the brazen wall, for real  
If crimes are committed for his run away zeal, imprison his magical quill

Who can resist words of winged-angels, ascribed in gold, on parchments keen  
Deep projections of his theme oft' awaken me from a dreamscape scene  
He is statuesque with vocabulary's imagery, with dynamic demonstrations  
Every line, from this Scarecrow's heart, strikes a rhythmic dart of consolation

ArmourQuill Hunter

## **Sway Me, Lord**

When you hear the rhythms start to play  
Dance with me, and make me sway  
Like a lazy river hugs the shore  
Moonlight sway, with 'You' adored

Like a fragrance yielding in the breeze  
Blend with me, come sway with ease  
When you dance you have a way with me  
Stay with me, sway me please

Am I dreaming on Heaven's floor  
Lord, my eyes see only You  
Only You have divine Technique  
By your great power I am weak

I can feel the touch of angels' wings  
Touched by grace, just hear me sing  
Thrill me Lord as only You know how  
Sway me smooth, sway me now

Other dancers dreaming on the floor  
Still my eyes they see only You  
Only You have divine Technique  
By your great power I am weak

I hear the sound of a wonderland  
Painted grand- by victory's song  
You led me, Lord, to that Promised Land  
Sway me smooth, sway me long

Hear marimba rhythms start to play  
Dance with me, make me sway  
Like a lazy ocean hugs the shore  
Hold me close, Lord, evermore

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## Talking Hearts

Lets talk about the spoke in the wheel,  
The sword or the cross between two opposites,  
And the pivotal point that tips the scale of wisdom's facts.  
So let us talk about the whole- "not just a part..."  
I'm not meaning "the head-, " but the loving heart.  
Let's talk about the true- not just the implied...

Let us now talk, that is if your love is real,  
Can your love "stand the test of time...? "  
Let's talk about the middle, the heart, the in-between.  
Let's talk about the substance, not just the seen...  
Just look into my "eyes..." and tell me if it's true;  
"Do you love me-, to the ocean's depth, like I love you?"

ArmourQuill Hunter

## The Chief Musician

My Quill is inditing such a good matter,  
Of all "excellent treasures" I made for the King.  
My tongue is the majestic ever-ready "Rainbow pen."  
Grace is poured into my lips, making me fairer in face.  
His marvelous golden-grace flows richly through me.

My side is girded with his valiant sword from on high...  
O most Mighty; ride with your glory and great majesty.  
Release your heavenly life-giving river-flow of truth.  
Great meekness and righteousness is within your right hand.  
You are my lordly Mentor of Wisdom's "compass of light."

All my arrows are profoundly sharp against your enemies.  
Thy throne, oh God, is for ever and ever, thy scepter sure...  
You love righteousness, hating wickedness; Physician's cure-  
And I need you; Healer of all that's hate, for my chosen fate.  
Now you have anointed me above my fellows with great joy.

My garments are myrrh, aloes and cassia, out of ivory palaces.  
Your daughters are close beside me; thy most honorable women.  
Even, upon your right hand, the grandest fair queen of Ophir.

All the great merchants shall come and entreat my favor.  
You have made my garments of needlework and rarest gold.  
The gentle virgins of beauty, who follow you, will follow me.  
Humbly I bow surrendering all; "I will make your name great! "

ArmourQuill Hunter

## The KISS

What's in a kiss; how many there-be...?  
'So many, it boggles the mind's reality...'  
A kiss can be a greeting- "of body and soul-! '  
It's an unspoken language, telling more than "what's told."  
It is sometimes "a spark-, " to light one's flame...  
Or often "self-flattery" to play one's game.

There's the 'kiss of friendship-, '  
The 'kiss of guile..., '  
The 'kiss of SINCERITY, '  
The 'kiss of style..., '  
There's the 'kiss of Life" and the 'kiss of Death! '  
There's the 'kiss that steals one's breath away..."  
And one "that prays it will last all day! "  
There's the 'kiss that frees the soul...'  
Also one that 'detours from one's goal...! '  
There's the kiss of a parent, the "kiss of a child..., "  
The "kiss of curiosity- running wild...! "  
The kiss of respect; and a kiss of shame...,  
A kiss of honor- and "a kiss to tame...! "  
There's a kiss of the reserved-, "perceived amorous- (the same): "  
A kiss of 'the insecure-, ' to win their ball game!  
There's a 'kiss of the stagnant; ' the 'kiss of the free...! "  
Also a 'kiss of those secure-, " as the best there can be...

Yet what's in a kiss-, that's the question still...?  
Maybe, it's how we perceive it to be-,  
A reflection of "our state-of-mind...! "  
But; there's the kiss of harmony...  
A kiss that divides...  
A kiss that is honest...  
And a kiss that hides...  
There's a kiss of the clever...  
A kiss of the mundane...  
There's "a kiss like a symphony-, " with rapturous refrain...!  
There's a plane where "Mercy and Truth meet intimately in bliss; "  
In the plumblin-address, where "Righteousness and Peace kiss! "  
Yet 'still-in-all-, ' maybe the question should be-,  
Not 'what's in a kiss" but "what's in the Kisser, ' you see...

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## **The Transforming Question**

Deep into dream's light, it seemed an aqua-blue-sea-green flight...  
Pastel mosque greens, exotic majesty of wonderment, of the night

I floated aimlessly, unknowingly, then questioning a warrior guy...  
Mystically alluring, consoling, and endearingly he seemed to fly

Still I had to ask "where does your garden grow? " He shook his head.  
I pointed to the throne, in the midst of the sea, as my heart was gently led.

How long have you lived in these pastel waters, of victory over the dreaded beast?  
I knew by his question, I'd been dead so long to the world, I needed a new release.

Thus, when I awoke to reality's dream, I found "a transfigured new" I'd become-!  
Strange that a question can bring such change, when it comes from a Father's son.

ArmourQuill Hunter

## **This Warrior's Mirror**

From the mirror looking back at me,  
Is- "integrity's beauty bold, " as few might really see.  
The face that sank "a thousand ships" galore...  
This smile shattering eclipsers images, on-the-floor!

No nervous lips are mine, as the courageous doth fall.  
Though many would fence me, as some Trojan wall...  
Still, trapped between "pillar and post" I was framed...  
As if by some ghostly set-up; and so a Warrior I became...

My trumpet's harp-song through Warrior's great Light,  
Doth challenge "carousal horses" with doom, in the night!  
Outlasting my foes claim-, befittingly their deeds returned,  
Enchanting beauty- (perhaps): "provoking my enemies to learn! "

ArmourQuill Hunter

## **What Is Measureless Time**

What if an 'infinite Creator is-, and was-, and will ever be- Eternal...? '  
For every heckler there is 'despicable errors' of dreaded infernal.

What if man, to identify space of time, drew a circle-line from 'A-to-B; '  
A sort-of graph 'to mark the days, ' in measurable ways, for you and me-.

If time's eternal, and atoms are as well, then time doesn't travel; 'it exists! '  
Religionists for the controlling game-frames, 'of do's and don'ts, ' make lists.

Atoms are neither created nor destroyed in chemical reactions; thus eternal.  
Nations caught 'in a rat-race, ' of the mundane, for aristocratic Colonels.

Since the 'relativity theory' is that light speed is the greatest speed...  
Then perhaps there's a spiritual world exists, like the air that we breathe-?

This theory of assumption is wrong; data can be transmitted faster than light.  
Past middle-ages, of any iffy propositions accepted, 'we have modern sight.'

Men talk of killing time-, when 'really time doth inevitably kill us all...! '  
Limitless time comes to reality by each renowned atom, regardless of a fall.

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