

Poetry Series

Asa Childress

- poems -

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Asa Childress()

In The Beginning, Me

In the beginning, me.
My will, a tender guide.
The roses red,
I took no notice of the thorns beside.

The grass was soft beneath my feet,
The golden sun, devout.
It shone, an ever-present help
I couldn't live without.

Then one day, an interrupting voice,
With not so sweet a sound,
Said I was blind, and couldn't see,
Was lost, yet to be found.

He told me of a curse upon
The ground on which I'd stroll,
That the sun will turn to black,
And Heaven roll up like a scroll.

And just as if it weren't enough,
He thought that I should learn,
Of death; 'for you are dust', He said,
'And to dust you shall return.'

Yet from this night, His words would dawn;
I saw the Saviour's face,
The only Son from God the Father,
Full of truth and grace.

I wondered why the Way to life
Would tell me of the grave.
Why all Hope seemed to be taken,
When God so loved that He gave.

Yet life was found in Him,
And blessing through the path I trod.
For before the Light could shine,
'In the beginning, God'.

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