

## THE MINISTERS OF GODS

*by William A. Cook*

Are the ministers of the everlasting gods born with the mark  
Attesting to their allegiance to the Almighty?  
Are they groomed in the catacombs of His mind  
To know the wisdom of His words?  
Are they called by angel voices that hover in the wind  
Beckoning them to speak in His stead?  
Do they hear the voice of god thundering  
From the dark recesses of a dream  
Demanding their obeisance before His throne?

How do they know whose mark scars their brow:  
The stamp of the Demon's curse,  
Or the Devine's name from Zion?

Who would believe they serve the beast of blasphemy?  
Who would choose the perpetual pit of denial?  
Who would succumb to the serpent's wrath?  
But those who succumbed to apostasy!

See how they cluster about the seats of power,  
And lavish god's blessings on those who further  
Their desire to fulfill the Almighty will!  
So they pay homage to little minds,  
Blessing them as minions of god's master plan,  
To bring forth the end of time.

Hear the heralds of the Almighty proclaim His works,  
The mystery of His Being, the might of His majesty!  
Witness them raise paltry man to the pinnacles of power,  
Where the whole world wonders at their station,  
Worshipping their might, unchallenged before all the nations of the earth.  
Thus do they fulfill the Devil's curse,  
To make endless war on all the innocents of the earth.

One man above all men succumbs to their duplicity,  
Crying to all men everywhere, "Fear God and give Him glory!  
For in fear and awe will the new Babylon fall and all will plead his mercy!"

Seven plagues will he bring to those who defy his decree:  
The searing sores that blister the skin carried by the sand blown wind;  
The sea turned red seething with the blood of the dead;  
The rivers running free in searing heat to the sea;

The living sun, a circling gyre, scorching men with its fire;  
The darkness of the mind-forged chain that gnaws the tongue for pain;  
The flowing blue Euphrates dried to a sand stone hue;  
The voices of humiliation in the air declaring "It is done."

Which god of all the gods humans have designed since the beginning of time  
Would wreck havoc upon creation?

What minister of god could believe that the purpose of life is destruction?

Who but the sinister would inspire a barren soul

To aspire to absolute control, the creation of an empire?

Are not these the acts of the leopard dragon,

The chief merchant of gold and silver,

Who will rule the world as his global kingdom?

The very one the Lamb of God will destroy through love,

The anti-Christ foretold in the prophecy of Revelation,

Who must succumb to compassion and reconciliation?

Who are we to know the wisdom of the all-wise god?

Whose words are the words of god?

Whose the scribble of an unknown man?

Whose voice can we know but the wail of the wind,

The surge of the screeching sand,

The roar of the ocean's swell,

The silence of the darkest night?

Whose mind can we fathom but our own?

Words are sounds lost in the wind as they course to another's ear,

Fleeting ghosts that appear momentarily, then disappear

As they seep silently into the recesses of the soul.

They become what we will them to become,

Or they emerge from our being,

Specters transformed by dreams and desires,

By fears and defeats, embodiments of our years.

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