

## THE VOICE

Deep in eternity, deeper was His "Voice",  
He draws closer to time at delivery;  
As He delivers, He made the choice,  
To thunder, not to, but into space, matter and solid.  
Behold the firmament sequestered "Time" and "Eternity".  
As He spoke: "My 'Word' shall not return to me void"!

Promptly, dark matter stood from the Light,  
The self-existent (YHWH), as He spits Life;  
In His Word were fused entire "DNA's",  
Of universes and solar systems, and their sustenances;  
Because in their self-sustained surfaces,  
Was the glories of stars and black holes.  
In them also were the vowels of His spoken codes.

At the turns of pages of History and Time,  
Men and women unconsciously lived His Word;  
Men and women chose to read, live His spoken, written Word.  
Pieces of a greater, perpetual puzzle were revealed to them,  
Indeed found, in their searching hearts and minds:  
"Those who searched with their whole heart shall find".

Then the Light shined, His "Glory",  
Soon the creative wind blows, His power and Breath.  
And Life soared on the "Wings of the Wind".  
As the wind blows, so is the Spirit".  
We call it "Oxygen"!

The Light pierced through, as arrows to make gamma-rays,  
Entering the ozone-layer, only one planet Earth;  
That protective layer that follows the Windy-Spirit,  
As the trail of a winged moving escargo.  
To make livable a planet of life and time\_\_Earth!  
Therefor, no other planet is like earth, nor will ever be.  
"He shall find, he who searches with his whole heart"!

THE VOICE (Continued)

His stormy voice fades in the abyss,  
And His might echoes in and shapes the deep,  
While trillion of light years minus Light-Eternity.  
Light years wrenched from Eternity, is still Eternity.  
He is Eternity hidden in the cold darkness;  
Still the Adonai-Master remains Light!

His voice trembles, even in our hearts and minds.  
It pulsates the Earth, and the heart pumping blood,  
Thru arteries great and small-as little as a hair strand.  
"For the life of the flesh is in the blood".  
Flesh of my flesh and bone of my bones,  
But the blood and the flow of life are God's.

Voice and Breath came thru the same mouth,  
To give Life and fan the infernos of volcanoes;  
Voice for life and light, breath for wind and snow.  
Some mouths spit blessings and curses,  
His? Whispers and whirlwinds of toronadoes,  
Now filled His mouth. How could this be?

His whisper send forth healing sound to the eardrum,  
It wakes the fibers of the auditory nerve "faith comes..."  
By hearing, cells obeyed the voice of a whisper!  
And He stands in the midst of a whirlwind of amber-gold.  
He came forth, incarnated within His own voice and Word  
When they disobeyed, Cherubim flew under the Throne.

A crystal throne that spelled judgment and woes.  
Under Seraphim, brought fiery coals,  
That burns and purifies like His Cross and Blood.  
The cross was, simply was a Roman tool, and Rome is gone!  
But beyond the cross was the veil which hid the throne, torn.  
The High Priest enters, that we might enter too.