

Salem Hill, The Judgement

I dreamed of the judgment
and saw the polar regions
the cold smug lips of the evil one
loomed hungry in dark caverns grey
the mournful eyes of the father
were vainly searching for someone
a humble penitent
perhaps a resident

I dreamed of the judgment
and glimpsed the faceless faces
the wasted hulls of the desperate
emblazoned in dark caverns grey
and those of confident countenance
more than conquerors ransomed
peculiar golden hues
conspicuously few

I walked with numerous goats
with weeping and wailing and empty apologies
drops trying to stop in an ocean of motion
herded along towards promised rewards

a river of lightning divided the sky
for whom I can't tell but I started to cry
the heavens the tempest raged brighter than man

I ask myself what is man
I ask myself what is sin
and who denies that history decides
who is the killer and who is the king

and is there a standard by which we can measure
if taking a life is a terrible thing

I dreamed of the judgment
and felt the breath of wisdom
and on a tree was a mystery
with nails etched deeper than dreams
and though the message was simple
so many felt it was nonsense and I admit at first
it seemed a useless verse
I dreamed of the judgment
to me a revelation
and truths which years had forgotten
were girded about me in gold and resignation took effort
for pride is slow to surrender
and what did the tree tell
we're not here for ourselves