

The Abandoned Smithy

The anvil still stands, rusting,
And the hammers,
In some forgotten corner, lying, waiting
For hands to reach again and wield
Under the direction of the master blacksmith,
For the hot forge of the Holy Spirit's fire
To burn again and consume the dross
Of decades spent in unrelenting human programmes.
Then fire again the unfinished working
To glow once more with the Shekinah's glory
Until her form's completed and stands ready
For the consummation of the Bridegroom's touch.

Dave Taylor

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