

MY TEMPLE

My roots are planted in God's earth.
My wings extend throughout God's ether.
My interior is God's kingdom.
The sights and sounds that come to me are charged with power
From the Father, Son and Holy Ghost;
And like a bird within an egg,
I rest in His love.

THE PERENNIAL HARLOT

I met my first man in a garden.
He fell easy; it only took a red apple.
I laid the blame on a snake —
It couldn't talk.
I found that the Egyptian men liked persimmons.
I planted a grove.
I introduced the hen-wallow in Babylon.
Then I created a wicked wiggle —
I learned it from the snake.
I did it to the music of cymbals, tamborines and the sax.
But, when I met the Master,
The man of Galilee, at the well
And tried to make him,
He had my number.
From then on, down through the years,
I've been a scandal.