

I'm Where the Monarch Is

By: Brian Coatney

I'm where the reigning monarch is—
with the King and His cabinet,
where the four creatures cry holy,
where the elders cast their crowns.

I'm where the bride is,
celebrating, though the official supper awaits.
Governments go on,
unaware of all the preparations,

considering this or that power
ruling over the souls and commodities of us all.
For now they do in a lesser sense,
as good or evil command the body.

But how inferior to view things this way:
where the present and passing, alone,
dictate how our souls are won.
The principalities surely gloat in this.

But when a soul will cut free,
even when not able to,
the governor of all, releases us from tutors
into a perfect liberty.

To look in the mirror then
is to see one beautiful, not myself—
but then myself reappearing transformed
in an embrace as one.

This is the free soul, which looks
not by the body or by the eye of the world,
but by the hidden eye of mystery,
where King and subject unite,

where bride and groom know continual glory
in eternal light.