

What Popped Out of the Crystal Sea?

Brian Coatney

What popped out of the crystal sea,
But you and me.
With so much nothing—
There's mystery.

What popped out of crystal sea
But possibility?
A word of the Father
Repeated, "Let there be."

It's great when one and three agree.
They look with wonder; they look and see.
And see the Cross
As the only way of purity.

This is multiplicity.
They will, they choose, they sire a family—
Created sons
To fall, to rise, in Christ their destiny.

What popped out of the Crystal sea
But plans for opportunity—
That sons of God
Would suffer to the end to see.

Created for infinity,
Though finite yet we be—
temples of clay—
we search until we're free.

This is multiplicity,
The crystal sea—
The sea that leads
To you and me.

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In the Fire

Brian Coatney

Burning burning all of fire,
Resurrecting all desire,
Rescued not, yet able higher,
Competent in things called dire.

Wilting not, but seizing more,
Conquests where I lost before,
Words unknown like vain or bore—
Caught up in a fiery core.

Sheltered in the wind and voice,
Royal in the gift of choice,
Friend of fire, friend of ice,
If God worked once, then He works twice.

Loving hotly, loving keen,
Not my love the lover's seen,
Never falling in between,
From off the ark, beneath the sheen.

Cloud of creature cherubim,
Crying holy, I gaze Him,
Center holding fiery rim,
Loving keeping on the brim.

Blood is thick, and blood is fast,
Blood forgets the darkened past,
Instruments in Spirit cast,
Raptured in a moment's blast.

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