

Sacrifice of Praise Part 1 & 2

by Brian Coatney

Sacrifice of Praise #1

I put my body
at the foot
of Your Majesty:
in all the pain
You mean me to endure—
in rejection of the pain
You mean us to let go of,
always discerning.

Tears press up
from Your well—
turn to drops of light
in Your joy,
the both
a sacrifice of praise.

The singing voice,
of Your beloved ones,
drawn into the otherworldly,
squeezes out
this unlikely rapture.

When You appear on the clouds
at the END,
You will already
have come
now.

But then—
the fruit of Your
joyful sorrow
will appear,
when hearts
we believed for—
see You and believe.

Sacrifice of Praise #2

From Jupiter to Jupiter,

I left,

only to arrive,

in the rhythm,

note on note

of divinity—

strings and drums,

in the midst of hosts

no longer themselves.

Singing, they lose what was theirs;

they gain what is His—

rocking, swaying—

one mouth leading,

the elders bow,

the Four never stop—

Holy, Holy, Holy,

here come the tears—

hot, sweet,

better than sweat,

giving way to fading echoes
of "It is!"

I lifted the hand of my soul,
wincing, did not resist tears
in praise,
to ask You to come in—
high and lifted up,
majestic in train.

Your mighty ones sing
with blazing lips,
pointing up
jubilantly.

Dropping back to soft chants,
we quietly see.

You have held me
to the course;
You clasp me
now that I awake.

