

HIS WINE

Imbibe the wine of Heaven's cup,
Let peace and laughter fill you up.
A single quaff is ten Merlots
As deep into your soul it goes.
Just part your lips and pray receive
The free elixir and believe
That Paradise to Earth can come.
Our King has paid a princely sum
For Paradise's fruit to flow,
The stripes and Cross He came to know.

No mortal sees the cup or wine,
Yet man can taste of Jesus' vine.
The tongue relaxes. Juice then pours,
And silences your inner wars.
You know the truth that Christ is King,
And even winter nights are spring.
You hear the voice of God and say
"Thy will be done; it is okay."

Your eyes then feast on perfect Earth,
Of splendid wonders, there's no dearth.
The trees are sculpted, living forms,
The plants are babies which He warms.
An iridescent insect wing
Is shining gold, a treasure-thing.
A sunset steals your breath away,
And stars delight in vast array.
The planet shines through opened eyes.
You inhale, exhale, touch the skies.
You praise the Father without voice.
Your spirit laughs and sings "Rejoice!"

Now will you ask of Christ some grape?
The wine is waiting... Come, escape.