

Angel's Tears

By Robin Lipinski

Long ago, in places near, God cried as his children fought.
Bestowed upon them were His great graces only God can give.
Planning before they were created, executed detail meant fallen pieces,
As if a game of chess was played by Himself.

Children play and fight among all species small and great,
Even angels were not immune.
And to lead the fight was the angel of light,
Of course you know this name,
Satan.

Long ago, in places near, God cried as his children fought.
Bestowed upon them were His great grace only God can give.
Adam.
Eve.
It was another game of pieces.

With man and women came a new fight,
Not just among human but all that partake in fertilization.
Of course, it all was going according to Gods plan.

Legions of angelic soldiers,
Legions of human soldiers,
Are you starting to understand?

Battleground wrought with fermentation of a brewing conflict to take place in shifting sands,
Yet even with this common knowledge, even angels and humans really don't understand.
Shields and spears.
Good and Evil.
Glaring out above the small print.
It shows so oblivious that only children can understand.

I can tell you no more as to do so would be wrong,
This story of words that you've read.
But understand this above all and all else,
YOU are one of the games important pieces.

The End