

A TIMELESS  
ALLEGORY  
OF  
*Love*

J.M. MATIN

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OF LOVE

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Illustrated by J.M. MATIN



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## DEDICATION

I dedicate this work to my great love and to souls from all tribes and nations. I pray it may provide comfort to those who, while struggling on their walk, stumbled upon this little book and that it may help them find their way back home.

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## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I would like to thank our Father, the Almighty, the Creator of all life, the One and Only Living and Holy God, His only Son, our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ and, our Comforter, the Holy Spirit. He is my great love, my rock, my fortress, my master, my healer and my protector. He has been with me throughout my journey.

I would also like to thank my earthly parents:

Syed Murad Matin, who was a loving father, a professional engineer, a poet at heart, a peaceful and wise man and my best friend, and,

Constance Piché Matin, a loving mother, a caregiver, a substitute teacher, a friend, a nature-lover and one who always likes to remind me to *“never forget to smile, as a smile doesn’t cost anything and can really change a person’s day.”*

## INTRODUCTION

I was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the second of three children, and grew up in Canada under the loving care of a Muslim father and a Christian mother. My parents met and fell in love at a time when such an alliance was viewed by most as being very controversial. What is even more surprising is that my father's parents had done the very same thing. My Christian grandmother born in France and my Muslim grandfather born in India met and fell in love in Paris when my grandfather travelled through Europe. It seems to me that my ancestors were forerunners of a new world, one where all of God's children, the souls, would see beyond artificially created borders and realize they all came from the same Source. Becoming living breathing metaphors of those who, loving God, promote peace in the world through their choices, they made possible the eventual return of our world from this realm of duality back to the One. Amidst adversity, forging ahead with a light heart and a smile on their face, they became what they wanted to see most in the world and they chose love. They were among those who realized that in order to change the world they needed to change themselves, that it would require courage and that they would have to follow their heart if they were to change anything in a good and lasting way. I also dream of this new world, a world where truth and love will overcome fear.

Only then will we realize that our future is in our hands. Only then will we be able to claim our peace and choose to live by its principles in order to be free.

My walk from an early age has led me to seek an understanding of the meaning of life here on earth and of my purpose within it. My own experiences have led me to believe that all souls, from all tribes and nations, are called to walk a path custom-designed specifically for them to address their own unique qualities, shadows, dreams and desires and that this path would ultimately lead them to make a choice, to either stay in the world or to come out of it and return home.

Further, when a soul does seek the way out and truly walks the narrow path leading out of the world, the challenges and battles it then faces and the need to love through it all and to forgive while also standing firm and committed to its choice, will eventually transform it beyond expectations until the desire to look back disappears forever.

As a truth seeker, finding this way out of the earthly maze to return home became my undying quest.

MY LOVE, MY LOVE, MY LOVE ETERNAL



## MY LOVE, MY LOVE, MY LOVE ETERNAL

My Love, my Love, my Breath, my Soul  
My World, my Dream, my Hero of ol'  
My Glory, my King  
My Everything

Hearken the song of this simple vassal  
Created for You my Love Eternal  
For whom I seek, I long and thirst  
My One, my Only and my First

From the quiet night You mused  
For Your light to be diffused  
Sparks created as You spake  
Mid Your holy mountain's quake

Amongst these sparks was I made  
Clothed in a robe so white  
You took me in Your hand for shade  
And took away my fright

MY LOVE, MY LOVE, MY LOVE ETERNAL

And as Your holy song did peak  
Came the others each unique  
Sparks them all, from You they came  
Just love and joy not knowing shame

Ah my Love, my King, my Light  
I yearn to find You every night  
And every day, I do, I pray  
That this will be my wedding day

Your breath has kept on kindling  
The fire of my aching heart  
For even though so long apart  
My spark has kept on twinkling

You sent me for Your pleasure  
To serve and work and honour  
To Your creation down below  
A mix of fire, ice and snow

From the tumult all about  
Your stormy seas and Your shout  
Our fingers touching as we part  
The broken pieces of my heart

A TIMELESS ALLEGORY OF LOVE

Amidst the storm, Your roaring wave  
The night, the shadows did I brave  
I forged my way through space and time  
For You my King, my Lord Sublime

Arriving in my new abode  
Where lived Your children and the toad  
Where witches ruled and claimed the gold  
From all the souls now drained and cold

I soon was forced to realize  
From looking in Your children's eyes  
They were not free, just silent cries  
They had become the Beast's prize

Still even when all tethered so  
To the wild Beast from deep below  
You stayed within their smothered spark  
A sign of hope just like Your arc

It did seem though this withered land  
Took too much glee in sacrifice  
Of all the souls who paid the price  
For sins committed yet unplanned

MY LOVE, MY LOVE, MY LOVE ETERNAL

For all the souls seemed well, controlled  
One could say even, mesmerized  
As though all with a blindfold  
By hidden force, despised

I began to toil and swiftly found  
That opposition did abound  
And walls erected all around  
My every move was blocked and bound

Pursued by witches hence my plight  
Mocked by day, and cursed by night  
I paused and looked on with dismay  
At the callousness of their way

Tormented, pushed and prodded  
By shadows the world lauded  
Over time my robe so worn  
Tarnished, marred and truly torn

I cried aloud and wondered,  
Seeing all that was plundered  
Where was the appointed Guardian,  
By my Father, not a warden?

A TIMELESS ALLEGORY OF LOVE

Where was justice, where was truth,  
For all those dead in their youth?  
Where were rulers poised and fair?  
Gone were they, only despair

And what about the old and poor?  
The strong now worldly paramour  
Feigned kindness and public gesture  
Conscience seared, deceit their vesture

I prayed to You, You heard my plea  
Your Spirit came to dwell in me  
Once more my robe was white and new  
Hence was I born again for You

And then my Love, You whispered  
Stand firm in this fallen vineyard  
With this new garment as your armour  
My faithful child and loyal soldier

For the battle soon to come  
At the sound of trump and drum  
For the children to deliver  
Your shield, your bow, your quiver

MY LOVE, MY LOVE, MY LOVE ETERNAL

And then my soul once more ablaze  
I dreamed and saw my eyes agaze  
My Prince, my Love on horse's mount  
Coming to bring all to account

So fair, so bright, so strong and true  
He comes to free the sad and blue  
The slave, the popper and the dead  
Those on the course and those that fled

He comes for all of those who dread  
Staying behind where the snakes tread  
Where lies abound and the cunning reign  
Where the crows gather in their domain

He comes for those who are enslaved  
Reweighing choices, sentence staved  
Whose souls were caught along the way  
Waiting to be put back in play

And then the Kingdom did descend  
In all the souls desiring  
To be reborn acquiring  
Their withered robes now newly mend

A TIMELESS ALLEGORY OF LOVE

Irons shattered, tethers falling  
Gone, all the tears and cries  
As all the souls who heard God calling  
Were pulled up to the skies

Fallen was the unfair Ruler,  
The witches and the toad  
From this their friends could now infer  
The sign that this forebode

They had abused of God's good grace  
Killing His children to His face  
Their end was here, they knew fair well  
Their path could only lead to hell

Yet they maintained their wicked ways  
With fist to sky and eyes ablaze  
And so they went into the fire  
The thundering funeral pyre

And so, as many times before  
God's Holy Soldiers' Corps  
Saw all about that there were none  
The cycle being done

MY LOVE, MY LOVE, MY LOVE ETERNAL

And then these too were called above  
To join their fellows and their Love  
Beyond the blue and starry skies  
From the battle, now grown and wise

And from this Corps, I also rose  
To join my Love awaiting  
As I neared, I saw Him standing  
Ready to propose

My robe now pure and clean and bright  
Pierced through the darkness left below  
Arriving now to face my Hero  
I was bewildered in his sight

A simple touch  
A flower's blush  
The flutter of my heart  
To live, to love  
Under the dove  
To never be apart

My soul, still just a spark  
In a divine embrace  
A groom, a bride, a lark  
Becoming one in grace

A TIMELESS ALLEGORY OF LOVE

For this was now my wedding day  
And from this union came  
To all my kindred's kind acclaim  
A diamond from the clay

So it was, on that fair day  
Withdrawing from the fray  
Now under God's holy arc  
Forehead sealed with a mark

A child of light was to be born  
And to the Kingdom would be sworn  
In a new vessel, would embark  
A child, no longer just a spark.

THE CHILD AND THE VINE



## THE CHILD AND THE VINE

Let me start from the beginning  
To recount my early childhood  
Well before I started yearning  
To join the saintly priesthood

We settled in the countryside  
Amongst the trees where angels sigh  
Where the lily and butterfly  
And blessed innocence abide

There I would run in a twill dress  
Through the wet grass without a care  
Spinning with both hands in the air  
Until just a disheveled mess

My parents both good and moral  
Taught me virtues that were noble  
While they loved me, did not coddle  
Taught me early not to dawdle

THE CHILD AND THE VINE

Still, I remained somehow aware  
Of the hidden charms of this lair  
Perceiving fairies in the air,  
The lone unicorn and its mare

On occasion, I'd see a hare  
I stretched my hand seeking to share  
My friendship, a smile, or a pear  
As the warm wind caressed my hair

Fond memories of days gone by  
My feelings, dreams, big as the sky  
Sprightly spirit like firewood  
I was a child misunderstood

I was a child one could not tame  
Always searching from whence I came  
Feeling different and estranged  
My real home was out of range

I was astute and I was bright  
Much to my own demise  
For others often did I slight  
I was misguided and unwise

A TIMELESS ALLEGORY OF LOVE

I was born a middle child  
Neither babe and not firstborn  
Not adored and not reviled  
Could not help but feel forlorn

I worked heartily to be praised  
But my parents were unfazed  
Though they loved me this was true  
I ached to confirm my value

And this wanting spurred me on  
To work hard and go beyond  
This made my heart stout and strong  
But resolved not to belong

Were my guardians in the know  
That my future would require  
That I stand amidst the snow  
To brave the Beast and its ire?

For from star, to sea, to foam  
I came to this earthly home  
To be grafted on a tree  
A branch seeking to break free

THE CHILD AND THE VINE

One day I saw climbing a vine  
Ants heading to their nirvana  
It made me want a vine of mine  
Leading me back to Abba

At night I cried, my tears so sweet  
I felt so different, incomplete  
My soul calling for you my Love  
Was also heard by worlds above

Then shadows came and made me feel  
The looming darkness yet ahead  
The wasps, the flies, thorn in my heel  
The roaring lion by my bed

While things were changing all around  
Fair-weather friends could not be found  
I saw all as coincidence  
Misguided in my innocence

But in all simple truth and fact  
It was my soul that did attract  
An adversary shrewd and daunting  
A shadow lurking or a haunting

A TIMELESS ALLEGORY OF LOVE

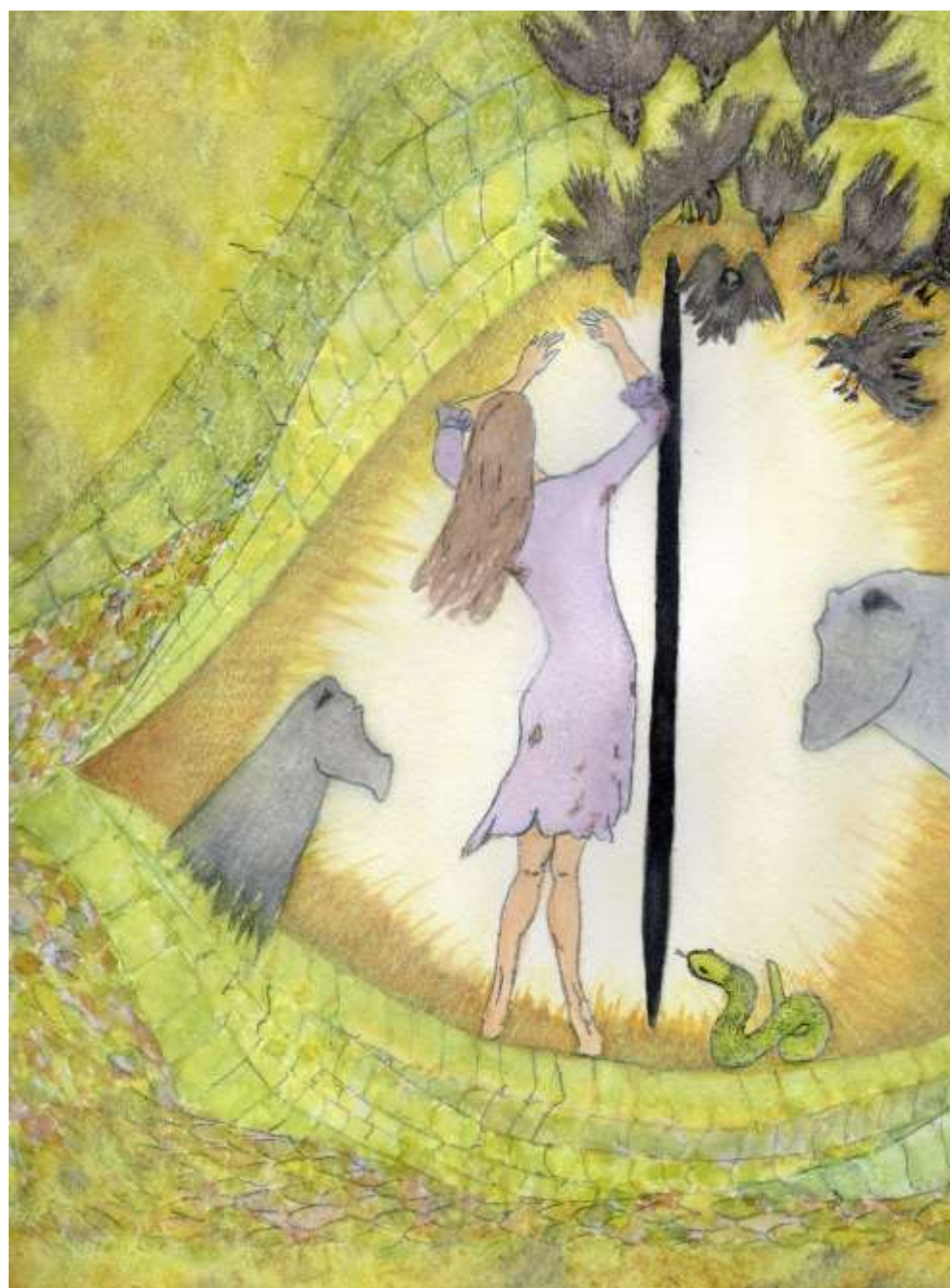
The sacred way he would obscure  
My failure being his end and goal  
As he was resolved to ensure  
My living soul would not stay whole

Employing spells, tricks and torment  
And sheer deception above all  
My soul he sought and wished to rent  
His obsession, to see me fall

Yet I pursued unabated  
Living and not feeling hated  
Becoming woman from a child  
My soul intact while in the wild

I could not have imagined that  
For every lowly step I took  
From a high place he'd overlook  
As a vulture, heron or a gnat.

THE ADVERSARY AND HIS CRUCIBLE



## THE ADVERSARY AND HIS CRUCIBLE

On an eerie winter night  
The darkness pulling in the gloom  
I sat indoors cloaked with fright  
With an impending sense of doom

Out of the velvet sky was hewn  
A steely mocking pregnant moon  
Condemning my still empty womb  
Peering intently in my room

Sailing in closer to dissect  
It's prey as though a mere insect  
In a vessel under control  
At the helm, he who sought my soul

I scurried to a far window  
There it was and seemed to follow  
I then stepped out under its glow  
Wading my way through the thick snow

THE ADVERSARY AND HIS CRUCIBLE

Standing under the sentient globe  
Wrapped only in a woollen robe  
Above me, roaming stars and rods  
Like bold cunning fish in their pods

I resolved that night to forget  
Pursue my quest and would not fret  
But the path I chose to go on  
Led to war with Apollyon

For my quest was to break free  
From the fallen earthly tree  
And return to my true Love  
In the living tree above

But to access this green tree  
And forever be set free  
In a crucible I went  
To be tried by the Serpent

From that moment I walked on  
Winding paths in worlds unseen  
Like a lonely trusting fawn  
In a theatre most obscene

A TIMELESS ALLEGORY OF LOVE

The play's first act then did reveal  
Watchers trying to conceal  
Wicked plans meant to entrap  
Innocent souls in the spark gap

Coalescing in a force field  
Constant judgements did they wield  
False accusations night and day  
Choosing life made me their prey

Circling vultures in a kettle  
Plainly sent to test my mettle  
Tracking my blood and my soul's scent  
On my destruction they were bent

Thousands of crows nestled in trees  
Trying to bring me to my knees  
Cawing bullies in violent wrath  
Hoping to scare me off my path

*"This is known as a murder"*  
Cackled a nearby birder  
With a cold glee in the eye  
And a cool tone that was wry

THE ADVERSARY AND HIS CRUCIBLE

Hundreds of magnetized grackles  
Frantically flying in circles  
Surrounding my house goes the flock  
In its oily black-purple frock

With slit pupils and yellow eyes  
Setting the bounds to claim their prize  
Goblins, spirits from down below  
Heeding orders from the shadow

And those around and all about  
The law of life they strove to flout  
Each, an entranced loyal minion  
Under the Beast's sheer dominion

Drawn to attack, all hypnotized  
At my approach, they organized  
My will they sought to paralyze  
My testimony, neutralize

The fallen prodded, poked and hazed  
Hungry wolves in a lawless pack  
Behind their eyes darkened and glazed  
All I perceived was prancing Jack

A TIMELESS ALLEGORY OF LOVE

Like busy spiders did they weave  
A web of lies meant to deceive  
Approaching me to be their friend  
To better plot my life to end

A cast of actors in my nightmare  
Feigning to care about my welfare  
*“Please share your pain, sit on our plate  
That we may feed and imitate!”*

*“All your hopes and thoughts we have gleaned  
We are like you, by stars esteemed  
But pursue your path to join the Son  
And with you we’re sure to have our fun!”*

Competitive spirits gathered  
None with a clue of what mattered  
Seething jealousy seeping through  
Their presence I tried to eschew

People posing in my vestures  
Mirroring all of my gestures  
Programmed mimicking pantomimes  
Never culpable for their crimes

THE ADVERSARY AND HIS CRUCIBLE

A nod, a wink for good measure  
Mocking to heighten the pleasure  
Relentless storm from morning till night  
Until I had no more for the fight

Venal neighbours on the watch  
Gaslighting me and drinking scotch  
Giddy firemen blaring horns  
My flesh they pierced with steely thorns

Repeated strikes as a clear sign  
Threats to ensure I'd stay in line  
A treatment surely to deprive  
And crush a spirit still alive

Centipedes, snakes, black toads and a fox  
Mockers and gossipers throwing rocks  
Shaking their heads and wondering why  
I would not join them and walked on by

Claiming death as the way of the world  
Insults and daggers at me they hurled  
Bewildered that I would not concede  
I would not give my neck for the bleed

A TIMELESS ALLEGORY OF LOVE

*“All needs be done for you to be free  
Is join our hive and become a bee  
Deny your first Love, don't make a fuss  
Cross this great mirror, come play with us!”*

Sick games continued without respite  
To quench the Beast's fierce appetite  
A worse torture I could not conceive  
There was no one I could believe

Still, I prayed for souls to be freed  
From the pervasive centipede  
For souls to remember their home  
Their heritage outside the dome

Over the years I tried to weave ties  
But in the end, found all those were lies  
My first Love was my eternal friend  
My broken soul, He only could mend

At night curled up, I dreamed of a land  
Where I slept in my Love's warming hand  
And hoped to become a useful soul  
As God healed my wounds to make me whole.

## THE SEDUCTION



## THE SEDUCTION

I searched and probed the digital sky  
Standing alone, still not knowing why  
What was my purpose, where should I go?  
How could I serve? I needed to know

I travelled the globe to understand  
The most fitting way to lend a hand  
What were my strengths, I truly wondered  
Hoping my gifts would not be squandered

One day came about when I heard a call  
And thought to myself, now I will know all  
Find my purpose and heavenly wisdom  
To serve faithfully God's holy Kingdom

Then I was brought over to the South Pole  
But upon landing, I was in Sheol  
I knew right away ordeals were in store  
As I girded with strength straight to my core

THE SEDUCTION

The next day I went to one of the isles  
Bathing in waters on all of its sides  
Those on the bus were acting peculiar  
Ogling me as though I was familiar

Then we went to a forest, enchanting  
No insects in sight, nothing harassing  
Those around still artificially kind  
I, sprinkled with fairy dust making them blind

*“Is it not strange, not an insect in sight?”*  
Then suddenly a swarm became a blight  
Some tuning and clouds drawn for good measure  
The stage reset to lure and to pleasure

The following days I walked in a dream  
Under the stars and the moon’s staring beam  
Wading through aether as though through the sea  
Hearing a voice that was calling for me

Pictures on walls with a beast and his bride  
Worshippers in flames delighted they died  
Gushing hosts at venues when I arrived  
All was confusing and mostly contrived

A TIMELESS ALLEGORY OF LOVE

Many changing sets in the illusion  
A bizarre and seductive effusion  
He who had brought me, I now realized  
Sought to seduce me and be idolized

He was the world's Leader, the earthly King  
Wanting a new bride to stand by his side  
A royal black wedding was in the making  
He called out for me but I could not abide

The voice of my soul then clearly declared:  
*"I chose my Love and will not be ensnared  
You tricked and brought me here under the guise  
Of my great Love whom you truly despise"*

And then could be heard from deep down below  
A thunderous roar, a trembling blow  
Deafening footsteps quickly approaching  
A forsaken beast fiercely reproaching

And then all the others, previously kind  
Removing their masks, still all of one mind  
My fairy dust gone, towards me they pounced  
My choice being made, it had been pronounced

THE SEDUCTION

Riotous skies were then quickly conjured  
Flights being cancelled, I was sequestered  
All brought about by the Eye in the Sky  
My holy quest he wished to crucify

I fell to my knees and prayed to my King  
He set up walls, took me under His wing  
The darkness faded and loosened its grasp  
Setting me free from the Hive and its Asp

On my way home, a thought came to mind  
My cherished goal was esteemed divine  
Though shared by others and not only mine  
To face the giants and to save mankind

To succeed the climb of the sacred vine  
Yielding good fruits and immaculate wine  
Gaining the armour to face the great Beast  
And be with my Love at a wedding feast

And so, it now seemed a matter of course  
The Beast would resist with all of his force  
That all of my efforts along this line  
He would oppose and attempt to malign

A TIMELESS ALLEGORY OF LOVE

A caution I did, then apprehend:  
*“On your odyssey, from start to end  
Realize that you will encounter  
In the dark, the wicked and clever*

*In seven churches along the way  
Centres of tethers to lead astray  
Spheres where crude lead can morph into gold  
With your new armour, you will be bold*

*All tethers remaining, will seal your fate  
For against you, they will be imputed  
Removing these, will be your end state  
Free, will your soul then be reputed.”*

## THE ARMOUR



## THE ARMOUR

After years of continued salting  
In a cauldron I found revolting  
My wearied soul scarred from the battles  
From breaking walls and heavy shackles

A fish out of water, I struggled  
Surrounded by all those that chuckled  
A broken spirit trying to prevail  
A piece of glass now fractured and frail

I prayed for help to quench my despair  
Longing to be transformed, pure and fair  
Immersing in a pool of water  
To be reborn and serve my Father

The cleansing alone did not renew  
My soul was still lost, oppressed and blue  
My robe still sullied and truly rent  
To my great Love, I did then repent

THE ARMOUR

I asked my Love to be born anew  
By His Son's blood which is tried and true  
From all sins, I was then justified  
The law of death no longer applied

Through the Spirit of Life, I was reborn  
My previous life, I would not mourn  
From the claws of the world, I had been plucked  
All of my rivals God would now obstruct

A soldier to be for the Kingdom  
To help lost souls regain their freedom  
I would surrender my earthly ties  
Breaking free from all tethers unwise

Stone upon stone, a new creation  
A tower now under construction  
The Son's teachings as my foundation  
God's Word my food and true libation

Quickened, I reached out for the armour  
To fight the wild Beast in God's honour  
With the boots of peace, now on my feet  
From the straight path, I would not retreat

A TIMELESS ALLEGORY OF LOVE

Facing evil, I would stand my ground  
All wicked forces, I would confound  
The world, the Son had once defeated  
Gave me peace, it could be repeated

The belt of truth cinched around my waist  
Pledging to be true and be made chaste  
I would follow my Love's Holy Word  
As solemn whispers by my soul heard

Wearing the breastplate of righteousness  
Sign of allegiance with holiness  
Becoming a useful instrument  
A strong, faithful and loyal servant

I accepted the Son's sacrifice  
To cover sins, He had paid this price  
Thus, allowing me to dwell in Him  
Becoming as one away from sin

Now a new branch on the living vine  
To yield good fruits and very fine wine  
Becoming a hopeful upright heir  
I would follow the Son anywhere

## THE ARMOUR

The Holy Spirit gave me a sword  
To protect, as I walked hitherward  
It would help me discern truth from lies  
Parse through deceptions and alibis

And know that all paths, blue, red, white, black  
All of these keep the souls coming back  
It showed me that in the worldly Kingdom  
Only the Vine would lead me to freedom

Since the world, a legal government  
Always renders the same judgement  
A sentence of death as the price for sin  
A ruling against which you cannot win

Wearing the helmet of salvation  
Which put an end to my stagnation  
Taking captive my worries and thoughts  
To let the Spirit call all the shots

The helmet then revealing the path  
My eye leading me straight through the wrath  
I would not go left or to the right  
As I walked with God towards His light

A TIMELESS ALLEGORY OF LOVE

In faith I took up the stealthy shield  
To protect from the covetous dead  
From the flaming arrows that they wield  
Hoping to be favoured in my stead

*“Hardships will come,”* could then be heard  
*“And your reaction will be key  
To foil attacks and be set free  
Seek me always and leave the herd*

*The arrows from your enemies  
And all their plots and blasphemies  
Will help remove your earthly ties  
To help you move towards the prize*

*The beaming moon which collects the dead  
Symbol of hardships poured onto lead  
Turning to gold, God's very own  
Will serve you as a stepping-stone.”*

## THE MOON'S GALLOWS



## THE MOON'S GALLOWS

Besieged by dark forces every day  
I continued my walk to break away  
Surrounded by all those who sought my blood  
There was no peace yet hope managed to bud

A soldier to be in God's Holy Corps  
Though unseen by all, the armour I wore  
And giving me strength to journey forward  
The discerning sword of God's Holy Word

My true Love was all, I would not let go  
He lived in my soul and moved to and fro  
Though in the world I was truly alone  
He was my support, my true cornerstone

The dead pursued me and tried to provoke  
My living soul they attempted to choke  
They seemed resistant to any remorse  
Led by a wrathful and malicious force

THE MOON'S GALLOWS

Ignoring the noise, I looked straight ahead  
While they sought to teach what my King had said  
*“Are you not to love, forgive and befriend us?  
Words from your King for whom you make such a fuss...”*

*“I’m afraid you are sadly mistaken  
My Master’s Word is my sole foundation  
I am to love and forgive this is true  
But not to befriend those who are asken”*

Though they attacked me with all of their heart  
Their unholy schemes would soon fall apart  
They were surprised and were left in dismay  
I would not bow down and become their prey

The armour became my protective shield  
My life, my existence, a battlefield  
Cutting through shadows, I forged through the night  
Knowing I was not alone in the fight

No longer disheartened and fearful  
No longer a victim but cheerful  
I turned my thoughts away from my fight  
To focus on humanity’s plight

A TIMELESS ALLEGORY OF LOVE

I knew souls had been taken captive  
While their twins made themselves attractive  
Receiving their scripts from the shadows  
While souls were chained to the moon's gallows

I hoped and prayed the dead could be saved  
From the lost world, corrupt and depraved  
That the dark shadows could change their ways  
To free the trapped souls from the sick maze

That the darkness would start to withdraw  
Thus, weakening the force of its law  
That the souls would awake and fight back  
Repent, be reborn, get back on track

That they could seek out with ardour  
The way, the key and the armour  
To cover their souls now unclad  
And join the heavenly triad

Meanwhile beyond the Rubicon  
In the land of the Great Falcon  
Where lost souls are secretly held  
War's prisoners from life expelled

THE MOON'S GALLOWS

Within the cool moon, chained in their cell  
The souls could hear through the tolling bell  
The prayers intoned to set them free  
Pointing the way to the blessed key.

THE WOMAN CLOTHED WITH THE SON



## THE WOMAN CLOTHED WITH THE SON

My life looking back, parted at the seam  
Assessing the facts, all seemed but a dream  
Successes and triumphs started to rust  
My avatar withered turning to dust

By now I had travelled through many worlds  
Reality morphing, everything whirled  
Those I thought I once knew had been replaced  
A solitaire walk was still what I faced

The years and the seasons passing away  
I was in a world in constant decay  
Divisions crafted everywhere I looked  
Street theatre for green souls to get hooked

Though there was no will left in me to stay  
To the exit I had to find my way  
Leaving my old self and soldiering on  
My previous life now completely gone

THE WOMAN CLOTHED WITH THE SON

Until now, though my armour prevailed  
I had been stalked from beyond the veil  
By merciless beings of darkness  
Intent on my life force to harness

But each battle pulled my soul away  
From ties to the world that lead astray  
While threshed through this manner of cleansing  
It lost most of its carnal yearning

As the dross was sent for the burning  
My soul from lead, transforming to gold  
To be reborn as a new morning  
Away from the dark night of the old

The seven churches ousting the watchers  
As they freed themselves from the last tethers  
God's temple being completely restored  
To welcome within, the King I adored

Bathing in Spirit, I was lifted up  
The Holy Spirit now filling my cup  
A crown of twelve stars as my chaperone  
The moon underfoot as my stepping-stone

A TIMELESS ALLEGORY OF LOVE

For my betrothal to my great Love  
Darkness below, the heavens above  
Under the starlit night canopy  
Promising my complete loyalty

From Spirit and clay, God begot a child  
From Heaven He was born into the wild  
Through Mary and Jesus, God had paved the way  
For children of God to be born from the clay

The salting, the trials had brought me here  
The path within straightened, the way made clear  
My soul and the Spirit joined in unison  
A woman now clothed by God's Holy Son

My robe enlarging, stretched out as a tent  
As I prayed the captive souls would repent  
Lengthening the cords, strengthening the stakes  
That all might come to He who never forsakes

My billowing soul was ready to birth  
A diamond freshly refined by the earth  
A child of God and no longer a spark  
To shine brightly against all that is dark.

## THE GREAT BATTLE



## THE GREAT BATTLE

As I was about ready to birth  
My renewed soul refined by the earth  
I sensed a sudden chill in the air  
And a pungent smell that could impair

Casting a shadow, forbidding and great  
A towering dragon with his gaping jaws  
The child he wanted to blot out with his claws  
And ensure my soul would not graduate

He suggested there was no real need to go  
That I could have a good life just down below  
Perhaps there had been a misunderstanding  
He could uplift and was not too demanding

All he would seek was my undying worship  
And then he promised he would loosen his grip  
Just deny my true Love and all would be fine  
Anything in the world could then be made mine

THE GREAT BATTLE

*“In the Word it is written, let us explore  
There is but one Master I am to adore  
To Him and His Son, my allegiance I swore  
I will be faithful and be part of His Corps”*

He then showed me a life I could have had  
The riches and pleasures to never be sad  
No illness would ever harm my family  
He could grant my wishes quite easily

*“Much hardship it’s true, you could have prevented  
Instead for my soul with God you contended  
The love of the King meets all my soul’s needs  
He made me new, pulled out all of the weeds”*

*“I offered to keep you closer to me  
Erase your heartaches and your memory  
An island I was to create for you  
Bathing in crystalline waters so blue*

*I offered to make you my very own bride  
Stay young forever and be part of my pride  
To rule with me this vast earthly Kingdom  
And bring all under our shared dominion*

A TIMELESS ALLEGORY OF LOVE

*But you turned me away, sought to be free  
Pursued your Love in order to marry  
To be reborn as a sovereign child  
To serve a Kingdom away from the wild*

*You will not pass by, I will not allow  
I will disembowel your newly born soul  
And throw it away in the fiery coal  
You'll not leave this realm, and this I do vow!'*

But my soul now strong from the earthly fight  
Took up the sword and was ready to smite  
In its new garb it was duly prepared  
To fight the dragon and so I declared:

*"Your prior rights on my soul are no longer  
For I was plucked from you by Another  
Thus, freed from the law of sin and death  
Reborn through the Spirit of Life's holy breath*

*My Love is my King, I will not betray  
Will keep my eye on Him, I will not stray  
From my path I say, clear now and make way  
That I may cross through the solemn archway"*

THE GREAT BATTLE

The Dragon let out, a most thundering growl  
Amidst sulphurous air, thick and foul  
Now lunging with claws, aiming to slaughter  
As I heard the sound of oncoming water

A torrent engulfed the land all around  
As eagle's wings lifted me from the ground  
Leaving behind my most fierce adversary  
To join the One I was settled to marry.

THE OIL AND THE LAMP



## THE OIL AND THE LAMP

My flight took me to an enchanted forest  
Where I knew I would get some much-needed rest  
I recalled the trees and the hill in this place  
But there was no one around in this new space

I knew that my Love was preparing our home  
Away from the fight, from the earthly dome  
That I was brought here to finish the work  
A responsibility I would not shirk

Was I in this realm for my own protection?  
Between two worlds, in another dimension?  
Like Jonah held captive in a great whale?  
Or a scapegoat exiled in a fairy tale?

Colourful birds chirping a melody  
All perched together on a gracious tree  
Delicate features, flyaway feathers  
All synchronized like good little soldiers

THE OIL AND THE LAMP

Waltzing round trees garbed in emerald green  
A playful breeze energising and clean  
Old bark and branches strewn over the ground  
Crunched underfoot for a whimsical sound

Dangling green apples and peaches and pears  
Cherries and berries and other fine fares  
Wildflowers baring their beauty with grace  
Curbing their stems near a watering place

The smell of moist earth, likened to leather  
Round raindrops on leaves joining together  
Sunstones dispersed punctuating the land  
More texture for this mosaic so grand

A moving portrait set under the skies  
Living gossamer, a feast for the eyes  
The sun's rays covering all with its gold  
Such beauty, almost too much to behold

I sat on a mound to eat a pear  
When round a stump came a curious hare  
Remembrance of childhood, what a delight  
My eyes wide-open, shiny and bright

A TIMELESS ALLEGORY OF LOVE

A kaleidoscope of bright butterflies  
Fluttering by like comforting allies  
As I laid my head down, still in a daze  
Wrapped in the sun's warm caressing rays

But alas the beauty losing its magic  
The silence growing, increasingly tragic  
Something was missing, I could not ignore  
I knew deep in my heart, I needed more

A yearning was tugging at my heart's chord  
Where was my Love, the One I adored?  
Where was my Breath, my Life and my Light?  
I prayed He would come in all of His might

The Consoler then took me into His care  
A dark cloud, an arc and a breath of air  
To complete the work, the two of us joining  
To fix in my soul all the thrones of the King

Time in the Spirit, meant as a prelude  
Allowing me to tame my solitude  
To grow and trust in only my King  
Reading His Word while under His wing

THE OIL AND THE LAMP

Bathing in truth, my soul growing in strength  
As I continued to pray and repent  
My robe then morphing from turquoise to white  
The Spirit indwelling without a fight

I would soon be leaving this wilderness  
To join the true Prince and His Holiness  
Thinking of Him, how He was so fair  
I thought to wed Him, how could I dare?

An uneasy feeling came over me  
A simple soul is all I could be  
Part lowly servant and maybe part bride  
I felt unfit to be by His side

Humbled by growing feelings of shame  
Knowing that for much, I was to blame  
Why did it take so long for me to see  
That the world was never truly for me?

My journey was filled with trials and pains  
My soul had survived and broken its chains  
I became stronger but kept a child's heart  
Till from the world I was ready to part

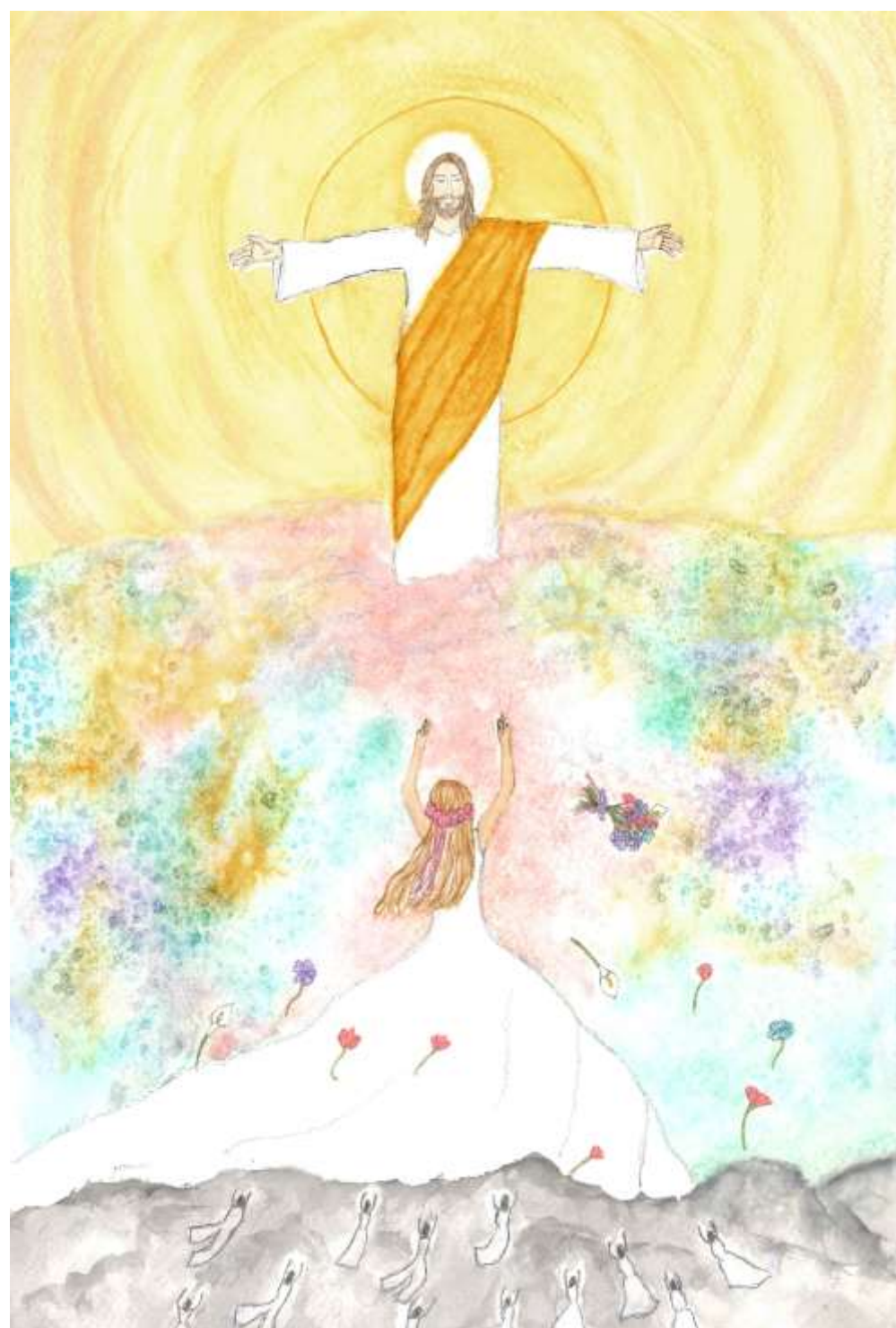
A TIMELESS ALLEGORY OF LOVE

I asked the Spirit to help me get ready  
To join the One I was settled to marry  
He then filled my lamp, lighting the way  
To join my Love on our wedding day

Angels surrounded me to tune my vessel  
Refining the matter as with a pestle  
In my mind I then saw my Love Sublime  
I felt He was telling me that it was time

Warming my soul with his gentle gaze  
The time suspending it seemed for days  
“*Come, make haste my bride!*” He said and smiled  
“*You are reborn and to God reconciled.*”

## THE WEDDING FEAST



## THE WEDDING FEAST

The Kingdom readied for the celebrations  
I looked about and was able to see  
Souls being lifted from all tribes and nations  
Each one arrayed in white robes just like me

All of us finding the truth and the way  
We had repented and were then reborn  
Our chains breaking at the sound of the horn  
Joining our Maker on this very day

Crossing a doorway revealed a great hall  
Where crystalline voices were welcoming all  
Joy and goodwill imbued this location  
We were transported with admiration

Our King said: *“See, I have made all things new  
The old has passed and is now out of view  
You are in the Kingdom of life eternal  
Since you cast the world down from its pedestal*

THE WEDDING FEAST

*After much suffering, you have returned  
Grown from the humbling and adversity  
Prodigal children saved by God's mercy  
A gift from God and not something you earned*

*Let us rejoice for you found your way home  
Choosing the narrow vine to leave the dome  
Therefore, let's be merry, and sing and dance  
You are now free from your past circumstance!'*

My robe of linen, still shiny and bright  
The Son and the Father, source of the light  
All other souls were still likewise arrayed  
As choirs of angels sang we made the grade

For this was for all our wedding day  
And from this union God would beget  
Under a Son that would never set  
Brilliant new diamonds out of the clay

And so it was, on that fair day  
Having been pulled out from the fray  
Gathered under God's holy arc  
Our foreheads sealed with a mark

A TIMELESS ALLEGORY OF LOVE

As children of light, reborn  
And to the Kingdom, now sworn  
In new vessels as our arks  
Children all, no longer sparks.



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Jasmine Matin is a professional engineer, an author, an artist and an aspiring servant of God. She has been writing for most of her life and has won writing contests, one of which was launched by La Presse resulting in a trip to New Zealand. As a spiritual seeker, she has backpacked her way to many countries looking for answers to the mysteries of this world and worlds unseen. Her quest eventually led her to look within. Apart from her spiritual pursuits and her writing, she enjoys a good laugh, yoga, drawing and painting.

