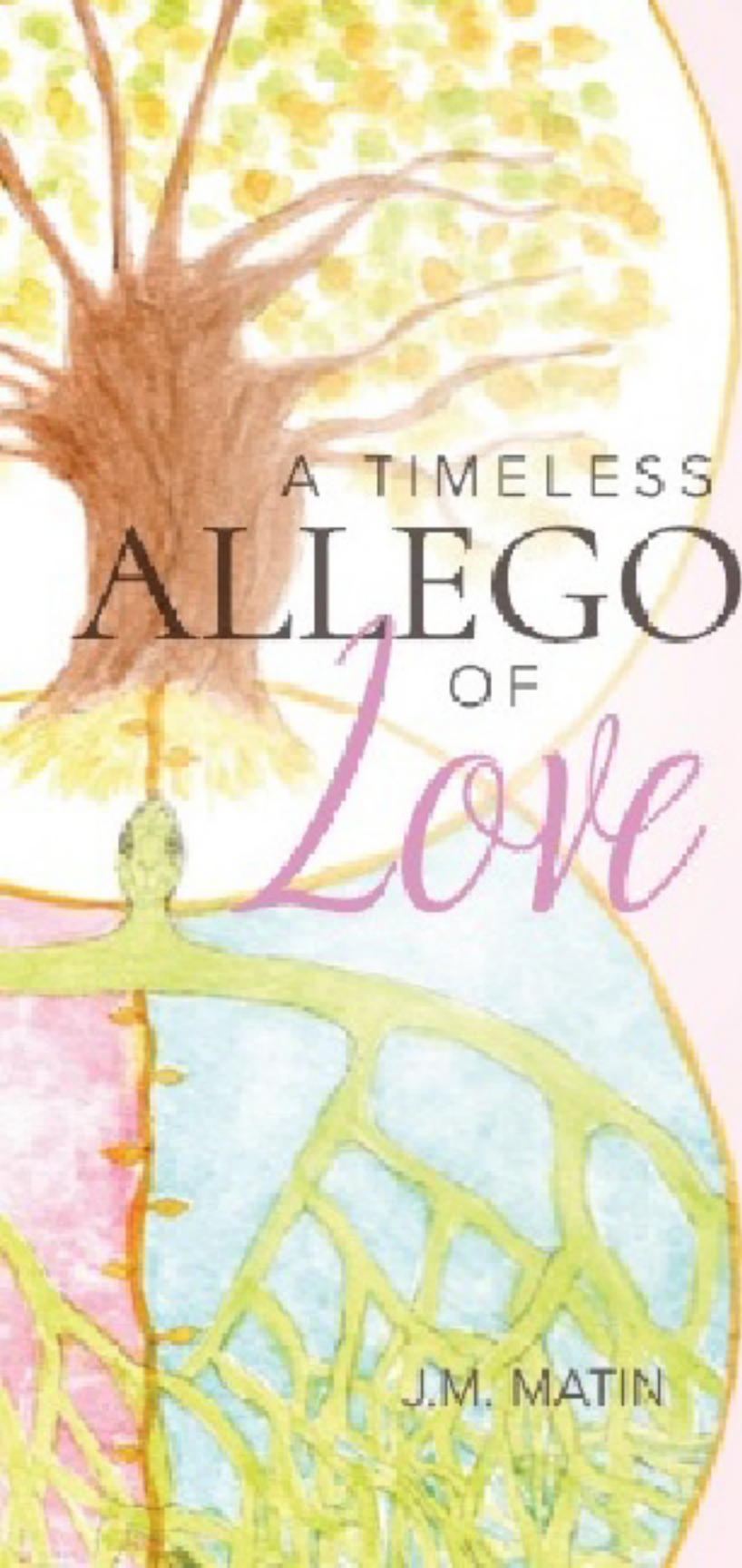




A TIMELESS
ALLEGORY
OF
Love

J.M. MATIN

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Illustrated by J.M. MATIN



www.Follow-the-Vine.com

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Illustrations 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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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 shattering, 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

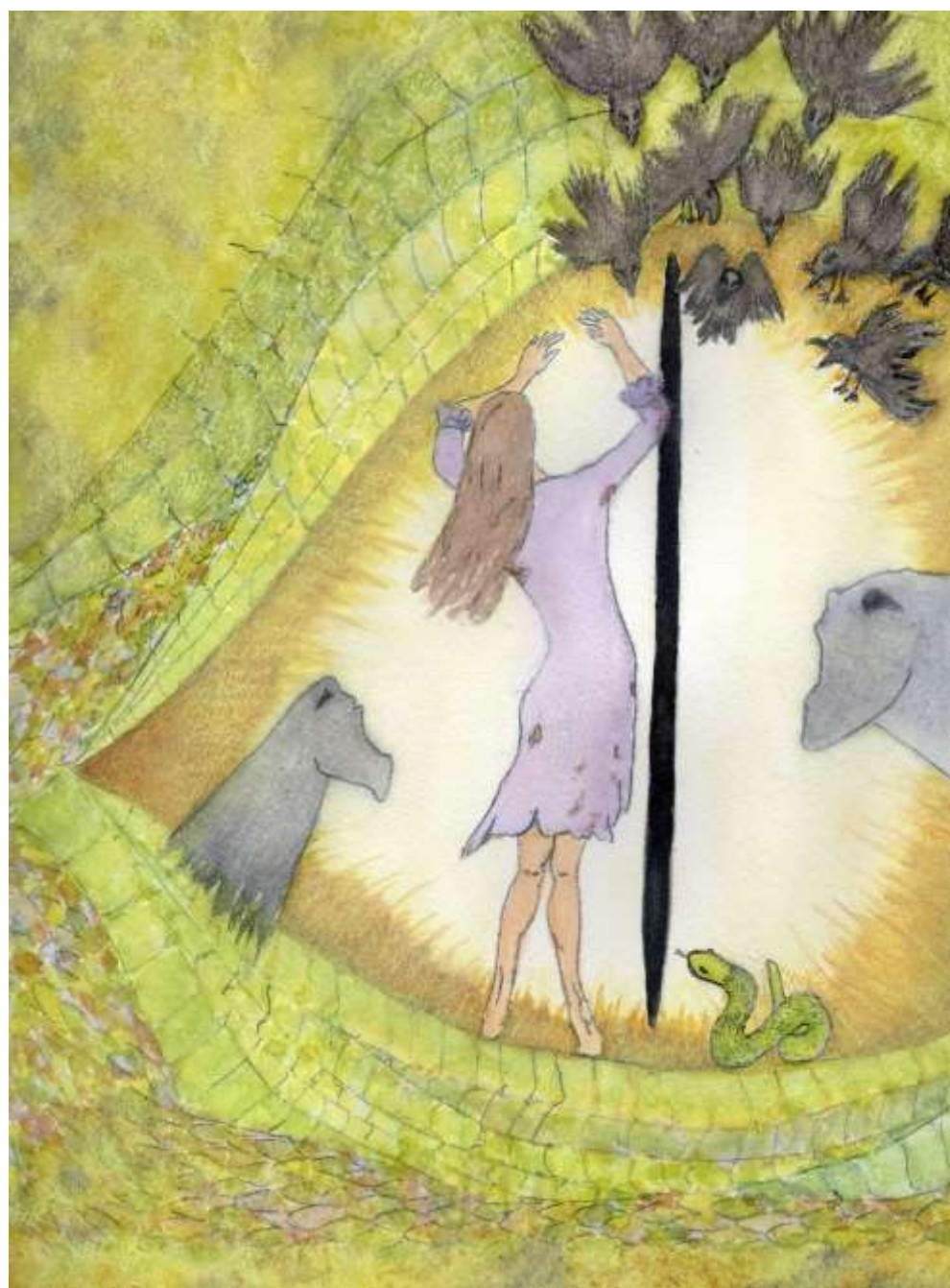
The sacred way he would obscure
My failure being his end and goal
As he was resolved to ensure
My living soul would not stay whole

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

But 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
Persecution did they wield
My cross to bear, 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 down walls and heavy shackles

As 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 was sullied and truly rent
To my great Love, I did then repent

THE ARMOUR

I prayed that my sins be forgiven
By His Son's blood on the cross given
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 bread and my 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

With God's Holy Word as my sword
To protect, as I walked hitherward
To 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 God's Son could lead me to freedom

Since the world, a legal government
Always renders the same judgement
A sentence of death as the price for sin
Without the Son's blood, 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 GALLOW'S

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 that I did not need to go
That I could have a good life just down below
That perhaps there had been a misunderstanding
That 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
Enveloped by the sun's 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

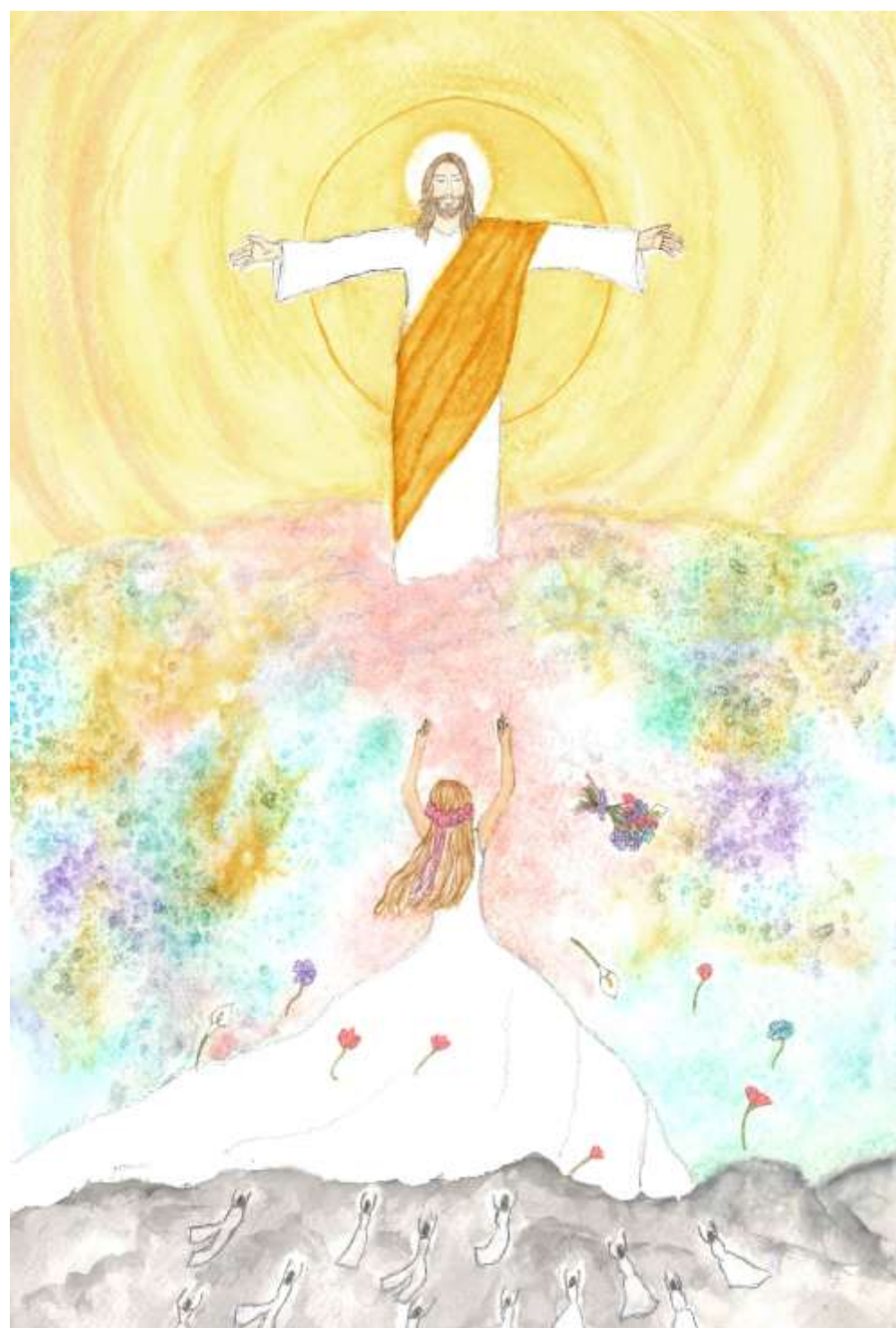
A TIMELESS ALLEGORY OF LOVE

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.

