

“Of His Rib”

“Of His Rib”, she said as she walked the other way.
His heart-beat once so strong and tender
was now a distant, muted sway.

“From His Side!” she yelled in gleeful pomp
as clapping and skipping she went...
yet He lay there moaning for His one
to come back to Him once again.

“Of His Bone!” she shared
of all the glory she had heard...
yet from deep to deep within she knew not
the spirit from whence she was birthed.

“Oh how I love Him!” did she proclaim
as desire filled her soul...
yet leaving Him in adoration
to other lovers she would roam.

“I’ll sacrifice a word to Him,
I’ll give Him some of my time,
but to other altars I must offer,
and drink another’s wine.

I owe dues to another god,
I must sacrifice to that king...
But worry not, for I have gifts to Him
that I also will bring.”

James 4:4