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Garden of the Gods

Callan K. Latham
calliepie@yahoo.com

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I know the Bible mostly through art -
from the paintings around the world
commissioned in its name. This poem was
inspired by the tales, art, and history
within and surrounding the Bible.

A sound heart is the life of the flesh:
But envy the rottenness of the bones.
Proverbs 14:30

At the beginning,
there were only three
a heart, a soul, a spine -
none of which could fare on his
own.

The garden grew
in the corners of the Sun
where only the ethereal beauty
of the Earth was spared.

He was a man
who'd grown too tall
they told him the universe
was getting small.

So he told the heart to leave,
but the spine went instead.
The bones of the stars
fell from the fire
and the Sun fell apart
into tiny beams
of flickering light.

The man
locked the heart away
in fear of its strength
and threw the soul
to the nearest planet.

The planet was unlike anything

the soul had ever seen
the gardens were blue
and green – with vines of
crystal and fields of gold.
The sun was jealous –
he held his head high
and searched for the soul –
but the soul had gone.

The sun unleashed
his wrath
on the serene planet
and baked the oceans to
oblivion
and the forests cried
out as their leaves shrunk in the
light.

The soul was nowhere
to be found
after the sun dried up;
his fire was cold –
the soul was hidden
by the heart
reaching from his cage
in the fires of heaven.

The spine had wrapped
his white hands
around the soul's body
and with his
strong grip
kept him from the
prying eyes of their father.

The soul's starry skin
was dyed red
from his brother's
blood
and white from his brother's
bones
and he was never alone

but he could never
see the spine
or the heart.

The spine always watched
from his place in the sky,
glittering and silver
and always there.
His brother slept
when their father went away,
and in the darkness
the spine glowed in the stars.

The heart always watched
from his place below the
planet's crust
in the core of the world
his brother had saved.

The soul was never alone
in his new kingdom -
he planted seeds
of hope and moonlight
in the scorched fields
of the Earth.

And, at the end,
there were more than three -
a heart, a soul, a spine -
and the world they had created.

And there appeared a great wonder in heaven;
a woman clothed with the sun,
and the moon under her feet,
and upon her head a crown of twelve stars:
Revelation 12:1