

Poetry of Graham Barlin



Graham Barlin is a part time writer who was born and has lived in Southern Africa all his life. Living in this part of the world it is inevitable that his outlook should be influenced by both the political turmoil and the natural beauty that it has had to offer.

Many of his poems are concerned with spiritual realities stemming from his deeply rooted personal Christian faith and his great love for the written Word of God.

Graham lives in Pretoria with his wife Janet and two teenage children Sarah and Timothy.

Blessings in the Messiah,

Graham.

[Your email to Graham Barlin is welcomed](#)

TO BE A MAN OF GOD

by Graham M Barlin

To be a man of God,
No earthly joy compares,
There is no price that can be paid
No worldly gift so fair.

A tongue that can't be twisted,
Two eyes that can't be lured,
A heart that can't be bought with gold
A mind that can't be snared.

How precious in God's sight are these
And yet to find, so rare.
A godly man that walks the earth
A Glory beyond compare.

Back To Earth

by Graham M Barlin

When the cries of tumult echo
Down the halls of passing time,
And history's page is littered

With conflicts lost or won,
When the bones of men lie scattered
Beneath a blazing sun,
Return to earth my brother,
The battle has just begun.

Though the fallen lie forgotten
In the crust of dusty earth
And she rolls on retarded
By the weight of Adam's curse,
Though the sky be filled with darkness
And our filth infect the sea,
Return to earth my brother
'Tis how He said it would be.

Though memories fade like embers
as the sun begins to set,
He will return in Glory
Yes, He who does not forget.
Though glory to man is nothing
But the glow of passing fame,

Return to earth my brother
And you will be born again.

Graham M Barlin
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DARE WE

by GRAHAM M BARLIN

(Written in Gutu 1st August 1980)

Dare we take Thee at thy Word
God of thunder, God of Sword?
Dare we trust the things You've said
About the living and the dead?
Dare we hold You're promise fast
That Abraham's seed was never lost?
Dare we doubt that You will come
To rule from Zion, battle won?
Dare we believe that You are King

Master of all and everything?
Dare we put all our trust in Thee?

If we do not, how dare we?

AS A SHIP UPON THE OCEAN

by GRAHAM BARLIN

(Bulawayo 30/06/86)

As a ship upon the ocean
So is life's race to me
The end from the beginning
Upon a mighty sea.

Fresh from the harbor fleeting
Across the mottled bay]
Out into high adventure
And youth's sweet fragrant spray.

With pregnant heart pulsating
And dreams traced in the skies

With compass true directing
To far and distant shores.

To ride the wind of favor
And catch the Eastern Trade
Laying hold of all life's promise
With every stretch of sail.

To face the storm clouds darkening
And breach the heavy swell
To breast the batt'ring billows
And the screeching squalls of hell.

To lie becalmed at sunset
'Neath star bespangled sky,
Awaiting soft wind's whisper
And comfort's gentle sigh.

Then to the distant city
With portals winged with gold,
And steadfast heart rejoicing

And banners bright unfurled.

As a ship upon the ocean

So is life's race to me

The end but a beginning

Upon that mighty sea.

THE COWBOY KING

by GRAHAM M BARLIN

He's the Sheriff of the Universe

Yahshua* is His name

He rides a white horse called Glory

And Salvation is his game.

He's got us all well covered

By the power of His Blood

And He holds the worlds to ransom

In the greatness of His love.

With the six-gun of His Word

He keeps the devil on the run
At the Calvary Corral shoot-out
Satan lost, *Yahshua* won.

His posse is a happy band
Of *pardners* like me and you
And He's called us to His party
At the Heavenly Bar-B-Que.

So make sure that He's your closest friend
Not just a hired gun,
Yahshua is the Sheriff
God's brave and fearless Son.

* *Yahshua*, the correct Hebrew, name can be
substituted with *King Jesus* for those who prefer.