

Poetry of Leelia Cornell - Page Three



Poetry Page 3

Email Leelia

The Shaking

Look! Do you perceive? It's upon us! Distant storm clouds, once hugging the horizon, roll o'r us!
From the pluming, billowing mass anger spews from its mouth.
Treachery now rides the wind!
Its crescendo building to a gale. Out of the brightness of His presence
The Almighty advances!
Hailstones and bolts of lightning rend the sky. His voice thunders
and resounds from heaven.

The earth trembles and quakes; its very foundation is shaken. The
raging seas roar with foam.
The seas have lifted up their voice, lifted up their pounding waves.
Their tsunamis consume us.
Mightier then the thunder of great waters, mightier then breakers of

the sea is His Voice on high!

With smoke and fire, in His anger He parts the heavens and comes down, darkness His canopy.

The world convulses with the earth. Trembling quakes the heart's of men. Fear begins to cower.

Tremors in men's hearts echo storms in the heavens, those beneath our feet, and crashing seas.

From the epicenter of evil violence erupts. Shock waves pulse outward. War and famine lurk.

All of creation that can be shaken is being shaken until all that cannot be shaken will remain.

The air is static with unseen powers, and fiery darts fly swiftly seeking to distract all that's good,

Men become twisted and bent. Pestilence hovers, and joy is diminished as in the cup of plagues.

Safety in the familiar is crumbling. Betrayal now becomes common while integrity seems to flee.

The face of things vanishes. Structures dissolve as heart bonds' waver. Truth is seldom spoken.

We are frail creatures, and flesh is weak. We all like sheep have gone astray. We long for Him!

Yet we hug to our breast our humanness, our secret pleasures, our earthly hopes and dreams.

Dare we cling so tightly to that of self we cherish and treasure? How hard to let go, to surrender.

He judges the thoughts and attitudes of our hearts. Everything must be laid bare before Him.

The testing of the heart must shatter our soul. His Word, a doubled edged sword must pierce us.

For from the mouth of the Word of God Who became flesh comes a sharp, doubled edged sword

To penetrates even to divide our soul and spirit, joints and marrow. Nothing created is hidden.

His Word resounds as rushing water! Having done all to stand,
stand therefore! Take His armor.

Take His truth, His righteousness, His peace, His faithfulness,
His salvation, victory, His Word.
He mounts the cherubim and flies soaring on the wind. He
thunders from heaven laying all bare.
The earth trembles before Him. Only He can make the crooked
straight and lift us from the mire.
Mingled with bitterness is His sweet Presence together
crushed between His Unleavened Bread.

For underneath the turmoil of the storm about is a quiet voice.
Be still, listen! Know He is God!
He alone is our only peace. He alone is now our only anchor
and security. He is all that is left.
Its blood that makes atonement, His Blood is Atonement. Apply
it to the doorposts of your heart!
His Blood on our hearts is God's Salvation! When death stalks
the world, He will Passover us!

Exodus 12:7, 12, 13; Leviticus 17:11; I Kings 19:11-13; Psalms
18:7-15, 46:10, 69:14, 93:3,4; Ecclesiastes 7:13, Isaiah 40:3-5,
53:6; Luke 3:5; Romans 3:25; Ephesians 6:10-18; Hebrews
2:17,4:12, 13, 12:1, 27, 28; Revelation 1:16

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The Nations Assemble

The watchmen cry out. The day of the Lord is at hand! Faithful, they
be not silent! Though no man turns.
The proud freely strut.. To reason cruel, onward they surge in blind
deception. The nation is rend in twain.
Holy Holy is the Lord God of Hosts, the whole earth is filled with
His glory. The mighty heroic God!

Riding the cherubim He flies in awesome power, darkness His cover,
to rescue Israel from her slimy pit.

As His covenant with the moon and stars and sun remains, never will
He abandon the apple of His eye.

As mountains surrounds Jerusalem, them He surrounds. He Who
keeps Israel neither slumbers or sleeps..

So is written in His Word, His Word Who created the universe. This
all creation knows. Nature trembles.

The wicked have forsaken God's Word. Yet my comfort in suffering
is this. His promises preserve my life.

Amidst man's faithlessness, solid remains His faithfulness. He judges
the wicked while rescuing His own.

Ours is the way to peace, but God won't be mocked! Their grand
schemes will crumble, become as naught..

All kings take their stand, Vain fires they kindle. To this light they
run! Judas's heel has found our door.

Why do nations conspire? At Him alone they rage, this mad
stampede. God Himself gathers the nations!

God is jealous over Zion! A cup of trembling all nations assembled
shall drink. All surrounding shall reel..

To them Jerusalem will be an immovable rock!. All who burden
themselves with it will be cut to pieces.

Are all men liars? To flesh we cling? Faith in faith is worthless. In
what dare we hope? Love waxes cold!

Nail scared hands have won the victory. On the tree He hung alone.
Alone He treads the winepress

Grapes of wrath He tramples staining His garments with blood. On
blood of the nations the earth gorges

Jerusalem is God's portion! Be silent all flesh before the Him! For He
is arosed from His Holy Habitation.

Salvation comes from Him alone. His shed Blood the way. Weary in
faith, feeble hearts He strengthens.

His Sacrificial Atonement the only hope! Cold hearts receive His
perfect love that casts out fear. Fear Not!

The nations trembled at His wrath. You who tremble at His Word.

look up! See the One you have pierced!

Genesis 1:3; Leviticus 17:11; Deuteronomy 32:10; Psalms 2:1,2,
12:8, 18:10,11, 40:2, 116:11, 119:50,51, 121:4, 125:2, Isaiah 6:3, 9:6,
37:29, 50:11, 53:10,11, 56:1, 62:2,6, 63:1-6, 66:5; Jeremiah 33:25,26;
Ezeckiel 33:1-6; Habakkuk 3:6; Zechariah 1:14, 8:2, 2:12,
1312:2,3,10, 14:2, Romans 3:5; Galatians 6:7; Ephesians 1:7; II
Timothy 2:13; II Peter 2:9; I John 4:18

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Eternity Wrapped in the Arrival of Spring

It was bleak, forlorn, the winter past, but spring may dawn fair with
hope at last!

A promise of rebirth it be, coming to break winter's icy grip harsh,
the bitter blast.

Turbulent yet is spring. Battles between seasons upheavals usher in
on the wing

First the balm then pelts of hail and sleet with thunder clapping and
violent winds,

Lightning bolts boldly pierce the darkness snaking across the sky to
zap the earth

With fire from on high! Through much instability we must pass in
time all the same.

Before arrives a gentle calm of breezes warm with gain. T'is ours to
learn of the heart.

In the course of time it shall be no more. Vanish all that is of present
snow and sun,

Bitter trials of forlorn seasons struggle on with a joy untold to earthly
trembling dim

Through pangs of harshness pelted with pain and vanity to peace we
journey forward

And darkness shall reign to those undone, but swallowed up it is by life yet unfurled.

In the quest eternal we must pass through death. Choose His death and rise like He!

The shining of His dawn blots earth's sorrows, banishing forever all of trembling frame.

On bended knee behold His glory! He splits the sky to bring rebirth forever ours to last!

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Blood Moon

Leelia Cornell

Dwarfed I watched a band of clouds march majestically across the great expanse.

They began rising as a shade up from the crimson horizon to reveal red flames blazing.

The western sky exclaimed the sun, swallowed by the earth, could not be yet silenced.

Above the limitlessness of the heavens stretched in awesomeness beyond into eternity.

The tops of the pines behind me glowed with a light unknown to me before as if alive!

I gazed past my wooded spot towards the ripening fields that stretch on into infinity.

The cloud advanced eastward, and the dome above dominated within the moving cloud.

In the clear eastern sky hung the rising moon shining brightly, behind was sunset glow.

But the cloud, its presence tangible, moved swiftly. It engulfed the moon in its power.

There the cloud sat on the eastern rim of the earth. Rain fell briefly. I was awed.

Blue gray fingers of the top cloud pierced into the clear, glowing western sky.

Large, puffy clouds boldly banked upon the darker cloud. They loomed in wonder.

The sky, clouds, the deepening sunset, the gathering night over the fields was surreal.

I was an observer, yet I felt detached from my surroundings. I was awed and humbled.

Suddenly lightning streaked through the clouds north to south across the eastern sky!

I was speechless. Then the moon rose above the clouds and broke clear over my house.

The western sky continued to deepen, and finally darkness enveloped the scene.

The moon continued to shine, illuminating the earth below as it navigating its course.

Dominating the night were moon shadows from the trees standing in pools of light.

As the moon prepared to slide down into the western horizon, the earth cast its shadow.

I was again amid my trees beyond the fields. Darkness reigned except for some stars.

There was also the moon. In the heavens it stood blood red. Small and alone was I.

As the blood moon descended beyond the pines, behind me the new day was gathering.

A faint red glow began to warm the eastern horizon. Then burst forth bright light!

He alone orchestrated all this splendor. He alone is Creator. Our frail beings are dust.

His heavens declare His truths. They shout He is the Mighty King, The Prince of Peace.

I Am ordains and orders all things. What has been, is being, and will be He is in control.

October 7, 8, 2014 The second of the four blood moons on Passover and Sukkot 2014 2015

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The Breath of God

Leelia Carolyn Cornell

Gray light distills into the darkness that envelops our senses. Night has prevailed, But now muted dawn! The shadowy light is ever stronger than the deepest darkness.

Light shall overcome. Its tendrils filter upward conquering the hour in a new day.

Though the sky be overcast, yet there's hope! Light's beacon is hidden but by clouds, But clouds are only mist that is blown away by God's breath. Hear His mighty sound!

Dry leaves rustle on their stalks and branches dancing with breath through sky and air!

They enhance the song of the wind breathing life into the world as nature goes to sleep.

Reminders of the year's fullness remain, but much is gone, yet the wind is a promise.

The wind blows where it wills, like the Spirit Who calmed the chaos and communicates.

It proclaims life never ends, it continues forever and will be renewed in resurrection.

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Wild and Roaring Night

Leelia Cornell

Wild it was roaring from the heavens plucking at all the strings of the pines Filling my world with seething, thrashing trees wailing loud, ferocious sighs.

The cloak of sky scowled close to the heaving mass allowing no glimmer of light.

The storm engulfed me and I was drawn into the fury of nature's untamed might.

Yet, in the midst of the turmoil and blackness of night, I sensed a peace reigning.

Surrounding the thrashing scene, and fields stretching beyond, God was proclaiming.

"I am with you in the midst forever. Fear not! Look up higher than what you see!

Light and truth penetrates even though it is hidden from you. Rest and behold Me!

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Forever

Leelia Cornell

There was nothing, yet there was everything. What essence was before the beginning?.

And of what was the beginning? What began at the beginning and what was before?

God was in the beginning. God began the beginning by His Word which is life.

But from whence is God? He dwells in forever, eternity, where exists no substance.

There is no time, no space in forever, yet it encompasses the Creator of all existence.

God filled forever, majestic, awesome, powerful, a Being, but there was nothing else.

God didn't begin, God IS, He the I AM. God is love. Love was before the beginning.

God is holy, righteous, the Truth, very Life, but He cannot be grasped or fathomed.

There was no one else, nothing tangible or measured. Only God existed in forever.

True love cannot be defined touched or handled. Love is without beginning or ending.

There was no evil essence, before the beginning. Only awe of God wrapped in Light.

What is love? His love is perfect, ours imperfect. His love combines mercy and justice, But justice and mercy were not needed since no evil existed. He reigned Supreme. Yet God was lonely and sought companionship. He began the beginning creating substance.

Substance needed boundaries and measures. Time and space commenced by His Word.

But all was formless and empty, so God's Spirit hovered over the expanse He created.

His Spirit hovered to bring order from chaos of the formless, void created elements.

God spoke His Word, and He Who is Life Who was with God from the beginning, It is He Who brought Light to the beginning. Time and space the very beginning was.

God declared the Light of Life was good. Evening and morning existed the first day.

As God's Spirit hovered and His Word spoke, chaos ended, the elements came together, The earth formed, the great expanse above beyond came to be. God said it was good.

As evening and morning followed one another, time was established out of eternity.

Waters separated, dry land appeared, seed bearing plants were spoken into existence.

And on the fourth day God's Word commanded the lights in the heavens to become.

A greater light ruled day, lesser lights ruled night to distinguish
Darkness and Light.

God decreed these lights for man as signs to mark His seasons, days,
and years Making known God's Days. Within the foundation's fabric
are God's Appointed Days.

Upon these days God decrees to do His mightiest works. They
appointed at creation.

Teams of living creatures came to be in the waters and on land at the
Word of God.

Finally the sixth day God spoke, Let us, God His Word, His Spirit,
our God is One, Let us make man in our image, and He created them
male and female created He them.

God's love sets free. Man was created with a choice, but love, God's
love took the risk And God said it was very good. Then God rested
on the seventh day. Work ceased.

God put them in a garden walking daily with them enjoying the
fellowship He desired.

God gave one command. With choice man choose disobedience. Sin
and death entered Separating man from God, and cursed became
creation. But greater is God's grace.

In response God's love, mercy and justice existing before the
beginning, unfolded.

God made many covenants giving instructions promising life
bridging the gap of sin, .

Covenants are His Word. His Word is His covenants sealed by substitutionary blood.

But the consequences for man who breaks His covenants, His Word pronounces death.

Weakened by sin man could not obey. God so loved He Himself took the consequences.

For man God's Word left eternity, humbled Himself, became flesh in time and space.

God is Who took upon Himself sin, received our wrath and died. Sin's Justice was met.

Taking man's place God's Word paid the price the Word demanded for sin. This is love.

He was obedient unto death canceling our disobedience. As the source of life and light.

Death couldn't hold Him. He arose offering new Life to whomever receives by trust.

God Who Was and Is and Is to come formed us for intimate fellowship with Himself.

For this He created the entire universe to fellowship with man though man rejected Him.

For this He then left His glory, took our burdens, paid our debt and died our deaths.

Where can we go from His Spirit, where can we flee from His Presence?

He hems us in!

He is in the heavens, He is in the deepest pit, He is in the far corners of the universe.

Over the turmoil His love calls us to intimate fellowship with Him the Creator of all.

The heavens declare the glory of God. The skies proclaim the works of His hand.

Day after day they pour forth speech, by night they display knowledge, His Word.

The earth is fully established. Holy is the Lord, the whole earth is filled with His glory.

The Father by His Word Who became flesh through His Spirit spoke the world to exist.

The Father by His Word Who became flesh through His Spirit is my Beloved and I His.

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New Poem

Submitted 9/25/2016

Wind blows beyond the meadow, across the river, through the forest, past the plains.

Its force is felt in the mountain passes and upon the mighty ocean.

It is unseen.

Grasses sprout, grow, blossom, bloom, wither, decay. Mightiest of trees are no more.

The earth is littered with broken pieces of pottery, shards of useful things now broken.

From whence come we? To where are we going? What is the essence of our breath?

All is temporary, what we see, what we touch, what we feel, what we taste or smell.

What is forever? Only the breath Who makes the wind and gives us life is forever.

There was He Whom man has seen with their eyes, touched with their hands, heard, Who was from the beginning, the Word of Life. The Word of the Lord is everlasting.

He became flesh and dwelt within our temporary amongst our finite frames, the infinity.

Clay pots, our existence. Pots that one day will be broken, scattered amid dead greases.

Can we hold infinity? Wind, like His Spirit, blows where it wills. A river never ends.

Sealed jars keep all they contains within. They let nothing new inside. Stagnant are they.

A substance that does not move, closed jars. Open! Let the wind blow where it wills!

Can a jar contain the wind? Can it be filled with the river? Even the river of Life?

The infinite is the wind which cannot be seen. Though we see it not, yet we know it.

We feel it, experience, comprehend its great power. We also relish its gentle caresses.

It blows sweet fragrances to our senses. If our jar is open the wind fills its tiny space.

If we open up to the breath of God, His Spirit can fill our fragile frame with eternity.

Thrust into a river, an open jar will receive its essence. He is the River of Life, open!

All seen, even we, passes no more to be. Only His Word and love remains forever.

When His Word we saw and touched was made flesh, He came to open for us the way Sin it is that brings death. The sinless One, the Word, became our sin, died our death Took our sin, it's gone, withered, decayed like the bits of pottery amid dead grass Such love He, Eternal One. He said our sin is finished. His gift to us if we but receive!

While yet in our clay jars, our flesh can open to contain the treasure of His vast eternal.

We can experience the blowing of His Wind, His mighty power, His gentle breezes.

With joy we can draw water from the wells of salvation. His Living water will gush, And from us will flow rivers of living water. Tho our jars will fall among the grasses, Our life will rise with the wind. What is seen, the mortal will be changed ever immortal!

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Based on II Corinthians 4:7. Also Isaiah 12:3, John 7:37. 38, I John 1:1-4, Ps 103:15-18