



ELOHIM

A shard of the Holy Ghost
with a fragment of the Father
along with a dusting of the Son,
to extract the impurities,
for flux.

*“Who maketh his angels
spirits; his ministers
a flaming fire.”*

The clay seals molten alloys
under brick upon brick.
While the furnace blazes
for a turn of the stars
to smelt and mold.

*“Thou hast walked up and down
in the midst of the stones of fire.”*

The ingot, now free,
the slag chipped away,
excites with the first taste
of the forge.
Bellows stoke the glow.

for flux.

*“The appearance of living creatures
was like burning coals of fire
or like torches.”*

Tongs release the bar
to the anvil, once again.
His hammer smites
the ferrous compounds
into submission, crafting
His design and dominion.

*“Fire moved back and forth
among the creatures;
it was bright, and lightning
flashed out of it.”*

Strike, quench, sizzle,
wipe the steam from the eyes.
Back to the forge
to anneal and to temper,
to draw out.

*“A flaming sword flashing
back and forth to guard
the way to the Tree of Life.”*

The edge is wrought
when the hammer falls
and sparks scatter.
The gravel underfoot
is covered in charcoal

*“And then shall He send his angels,
and shall gather together His elect
from the four winds,
from the uttermost part of the Earth
to the uttermost part of Heaven.”*