

A Christmas Poem

Wings outspread, feathers shifting
The angels circle, downward drifting;
Their voices sweet, in tandem lifting
And with this song are they gifting
Man, who lost to sin was thought.

The angels' Hearts remember old
Memories of that battle bold;
When Lucifer, with voice of gold,
Was cast out in the dark and cold
For the hopeless War he fought.

Now the ones who cast him out
Whose hands set loose the Flood's grim spout;
Whose voices strengthened Gideon's shout;
They tell those shepherds still about,
"We bring glad tidings. Fear not."

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