

Green

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Green is the colour,
That nature breathes in,
Synonymous it is to life,
And its welfare.

Pacifies the eyes,
Works as a healer,
Of mind, spirit and so on,
It truly inspires.

So many poets have in thy praise sing,
All are of equal worth to thee,
Regardless of the commoner,
And the King.

Wordsworth, Coleridge and beyond,
Have never let the cascades of the souls go dry,
When it comes to thee,
With whom we do sustain an inseparable bond.

Like Aurora's undying beauty, evergreen green should be,
I feel like being a widow bird while I am not amid you,
Restless as the wind I become since,
It is you that my eyes long to see.

Second Coming

The world shall,
Witness epiphany of the messiah joining the Guided One,
In the east of Damascus in the warfare,
Against the Antichrist, the Dajjal.

Everywhere shall the blood-dimmed tide be,

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Each naive soul will into caged birds be turned,
Of the night-like fiends the realm shall stretch,
Till ripen the time is for the spiritus mundi.

As after storm glances heavenly peace,
And the night invites the sun to rise,
Such will the circumstances be,
With the hellions being isolated like the Outer Hebrides.

Like Grendel, Gog and Magog will not be able,
To withstand the power of divinity,
And the grace that Christ is blessed with,
Perish shall the fiends ending up in hell.

The Saviour shall the leader be after the Mahdi passes away,
With contentment breathing all around,
The world shall a miniature heaven be,
To embrace the Nazarene, the earth of Medina shall gladly stay.