

Covenant

by Phillip W. Weiss

**Holidays come and
Holidays go
Yet their stories linger
Of times past
When people cried
Possessed by fear
And despair
That the end
was at hand
And all was lost
And there was
Nothing more
To live for,
As if their lives
Meant nothing,
Like children abandoned
And seeking comfort
That was not forthcoming,
The payment demanded
For past transgressions
Committed by others
Long since gone
Who offended the one**

Who created the world
And now exacted payment
Which was made in
Blood and sweat,
In cruel bondage
Under the whip
Of the taskmasters
Doing the work
Of their mortal king who
Owned the world
Or so he thought,
Then one day
Appeared a man
Just a slave,
Nothing more,
But blessed by
The One who
Created the world
And would show
That the people,
His people,
Were not forsaken,
Having paid the penalty
In full measure,
Honed for greatness

as the time
For liberation
Drew near,
Led by that man,
Still a slave,
Compelled by
The spirit
From that Higher Power
From which
Came the Law,
And who would lead
The people,
Mere wanderers,
To the Promised Land
Where they would live
As Guardians of the Word
In covenant with
The Great One,
To the end of time.