

Rondel in Praise of Eastertime

We need a psalm to celebrate defeat.
Our common enemy was made to fall.
Unlike man's fall, the breach in death's old wall
Is permanent, its power obsolete.

For centuries life was a one-way street
Until the Savior broke that grip and gall.
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From ancient times we sought the way to cheat
Finality. Our Father heard our call
And sent His Son to lift that hopeless pall.
His triumph made deliverance complete.
We need a psalm to celebrate defeat.
Our common enemy was made to fall.

--Glenna Holloway