

Canyons and Violins

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The deepest canyons are made by people.
The ones you cannot cross, for fear of loss.
So run to recover at the steeple.
your desires, today, must fall away.

As yet, the flesh doth echo as I turn.
Patience slowly knits the growing distance.
Health, but still the canyon will burn.
As forgiveness does not change the dance.

A tune, brand new and beautiful begins.
With joy and sadness for the differences.
Canyon dreams are lost to the violins.
Once more recall their depths, then peace as it passes.

'Twas such a beast, and now we're free at last.
Forgotten Canyons dwindle from our sight.
Mountains and glory, future brightly flashed.
O Rejoicing sound of sounds, Christ's redeeming light.

Violins thenceforth shall lead us onward,
with naught we cannot traverse.
For there is no more fear of loss,
He's paid for it already on the cross.