Ephesians Prayer

Father, I stay alert and persevere in prayer, interceding on behalf of all the saints. I pray for fellow brothers and sisters in Christ who are persecuted because of the Gospel. I ask You to give them powerful words to speak, that they may open their mouths boldly and courageously as they make known the mystery of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

(Ephesians 6:18-20)

Psalm 23 (NKJV)

The Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want.
2 He makes me to lie down in green pastures;
He leads me beside the still waters.
3 He restores my soul;
He leads me in the paths of righteousness
For His name's sake.
4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil;
For You are with me;
Your rod and Your staff, they comfort me.
5 You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies;
You anoint my head with oil;
My cup runs over.
6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
All the days of my life;
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord
Forever.

Alone I stare into the frost's white face

Alone I stare into the frost's white face.
It's going nowhere, and I—from nowhere.
Everything ironed flat, pleated without a wrinkle:
Miraculous, the breathing plain.
Meanwhile the sun squints at this starched poverty—
The squint itself consoled, at ease . . .
The ten-fold forest almost the same . . .
And snow crunches in the eyes, innocent, like clean bread.

Stone: 103 The Twilight of Freedom

Let us praise the twilight of freedom,
brothers,
the great year of twilight!
A thick forest of nets has been let down
into the seething waters of night.
O sun, judge, people, desolate
are the years into which you are rising!

Let us praise the momentous burden
that the people's leader assumes, in tears.
Let us praise the twilight burden of power,
its weight too great to be borne.
Time, whoever has a heart
will hear your ship going down.

We have roped swallows together
into legions.
Now we can't see the sun.
Everywhere nature twitters as it moves.
In the deepening twilight the earth swims
into the nets
and the sun can't be seen.

But what can we lose if we try one
groaning, wide, ungainly sweep of the
rudder?
The earth swims. Courage,
brothers, as the cleft sea falls back from our
plow.
Even as we freeze in Lethe we'll remember
the ten heavens the earth cost us.