

Anathallo

"Declared, Bannered"

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I could not look Him in the face, so I stood revarnishing
the floor with my eyes. He stared into them with this
love so offended and profound. He tore the center of
my shirt and red ws bleeding through from underneath
the white clothes that I wore. The fire of devotion was
only an ember. Alarmed at this sign of decay, my legs
gave out because there was no self left to stand on.
Thus, my heart was grieved, vexed in my mind, still
Your banner over me was love. My walls are ever
before You, still Your banner over me is love. But it was
Your kind arms cradling me, a criminal. But it was your
kind arms cradling me, a criminal. Oh wretched worm
of a man that I am, on Thy kind arms I fall.** I'm just a
man. I'm just a criminal.

**From the gravestone of William Carey, reading only,
"A wretched, poor, and helpless worm, On Thy kind
arms I fall"

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