

1. Inspired though nervous as I traveled through
on my mount, to review
gates that were burned along the Kidron Valley,
that filled my numbered tally,
gaps in the walls and towers unprotected,
Jerusalem neglected.
And when I came back, in the dark of night,
not one had guessed our plight.
2. 'You note the challenge to the architect:
that our bracing is wrecked.
Come, let us boost all notches even higher
than those of eras prior.
Words of the king, by heaven's kindly favor,
had made me even braver.
With ready, trained hands, let us start to build
a project God has willed.'

Nehemiah 2 Chris Nelson @ 2014

Genevan 123 10 6 11 7.11 7 10 6 Serial (nb), (bn) [note bene, birth of a nation]
[revile draw, war deliver]

1. God rallied wisdom gathered by the wind:
 Who's holding forth with empty-headed phrasing?
 I'll ask the questions, yours you may rescind,
 leave me some gaps for creatures you are praising ...
 Tell me what made those pillars of the ground
 take to a joyful concert so amazing!
2. Lyres to enhance them, morning stars were kept
 near to the sons of God, together singing,
 while I the ocean loosened and it leapt
 out of the womb, its darkness ever clinging,
 while at the shore I introduced the law -
 Thus far, I said, your spray of water flinging.
3. Ask what the dawn that ushers in the day,
 grasping the skirts of earth, from sleep awaking,
 does to combine its redness with the clay,
 stealing the light from arms intent on breaking,
 while you're proceeding down to the Abyss,
 while this descent to Shadowland you're taking!
4. Climb down the ladder there where darkness lives,
 so to conduct some lumens to their places!
 Then you must have what only breeding gives,
 old you'll become with all the rapid chases,
 sure to discern, when thunders roar and crash,
 how bolts of lightning dazzle empty spaces!
5. It there's a pipeline channeling the rain,
 who hacks a path for hailstones, rebelling,
 cheers on the snow where infants can't remain,
 out in the desert void of human dwelling?
 Who fathers dew and who would mother ice,
 hard as a stone, this lattice ever swelling?
6. Are you the one to check them with restraints,
 ease off the belt-with-sword that girds Orion,
 try to appease the Pleiades' complaints,
 show how the Bear can animate the Lion,
 quick to direct when galaxies advance,
 once you've designed the shape of every ion?

7. Lurking in lairs with hunger unredressed,
 how would you hunt for prey and go on stalking?
Who would be watching ravens in the nest
 craning their necks in liveliness and squawking?
Why does the ibex crouch when others lie,
 claves gather strength when mountain goats are flocking?
8. Salt is the thing that makes the desert home,
 food for the donkey, sure to be a ranger,
also, the ox who wishes but to roam,
 while you insist on nights beside your manger,
left by itself with complicated schemes,
 trusting this servant not to be a danger?
9. Plumes of the ostrich, calculate their worth!
 Storks can't begin to duplicate her treasure.
Cruel to her chicks, her eggs upon the earth,
 why should she pout, since life is only leisure?
God, you can see, has made her quite perplexed,
 yet she can fool her enemies, for pleasure.
10. Inch you along while horses clear the fence,
 bred to inspire frightfulness and neighing!
War seems to meet those challenges intense,
 fear, their amusement, gallantry displaying,
roused by the trumpet, fixing their 'idee',
 on to the battle, thundering and slaying!
11. Rare is the instinct setting them to flight:
 hawks, when they spread their wings upon migration.
At your request will eagles and the kite
 soar to the crags at any elevation,
spend every lonely night among the rocks,
 watch for the prey in rugged isolation?
12. After reflecting, God returned to Job.
 Where is your answer, what's your explanation?
"Goals turn to ashes every time I probe
 trying to make sense of tiring tribulation.
Once is enough, I'll not complain again,
 though I'd enjoy some further demonstration."

13. Let us inform my thought and put me straight.
Have you the voice for utilizing power?
If so, assume your dignity of state,
put down the proud and make the lazy cower.
When you can cast one look to bring them low,
I'll be the first my compliments to shower.
14. Brood for awhile on Behemoth the brute,
liking a place of green, some vegetation,
counting on muscle, never needing loot,
stiff as a cedar, sturdy vertebration,
sinews and thighs as hard as hammered bronze,
strange and grotesque, my masterpiece creation!
15. Out in the reeds that frisky mountain fun
had by the wild animals, consorting,
ceased, with the leaves obscuring any sun,
shade for a shelter, opulence supporting.
Right down the throat a Jordan overflows.
Why ever worry? Just continue snorting.
16. Then I've a monster Crocodile as well!
See how its tongue can double as depressor.
Yo, under coaxing, certainly you'd tell
how it would start becoming less or lesser,
kept on a leash by servants for a thrill,
no longer styled come militant aggressor.
17. Awesome the mark impressed upon the guild!
Fleets full of fish would generate a scramble.
Hopes for its doom would never be fulfilled,
on its appalling traits you couldn't gamble.
No one would dare be found in its attack.
Let it retain its tendency to ramble!
18. Next, I'll describe its nobleness at length,
two rows of teeth, for fearfulness created.
Who could contain its double-breasted strength,
sealed with a stone, its body armor-plated,
plates so compact there's hardly any noise?
Such be its nature, yet to be debated.

19. Irked are the eyes while searching for the dawn,
when, by the sun those sneezings are reflected.
O, how bizarre, such inner goings-on,
smoke from the nose that issues as expected.
Breath from the mouth a fire could ignite,
flames leaping up, by roaming unaffected.
20. Churn up the Nile, that stream it holds so dear!
Make it a bed of mud for which it's yearning!
Clubs at an ambush, iron for the spear,
stones for the sling, with torches brightly burning -
these only make it, brimming with conceit,
laugh at the thought of chariots overturning.
21. Apt its design for digging up the lake -
watch how it moves through water with its harrow,
then, how it makes that brightly shining wake
seethe like the cauldron, mimicking the arrow.
No one can beat its urge to put on airs,
king of the lordly animals, the pharaoh.
22. "Lo, I acknowledge all that you perform,
I am the man those phrases who was venting,
veil of your craft, my formulas lukewarm,
cause and effect, my words misrepresenting.
Now that I've listened, focused on the light,
now that I know, I'm ardently repenting."

Job 38 Chris Nelson @ 2021

Genevan 119 10 11 10 11 10 11 Serial (glacialspiralbotanical)

1. Happy those who receive
what Wisdom can achieve,
her judgment replete with advice.
Than gold or silver, hoarding,
her word is more rewarding
than pearls, more real than their price.
2. Giving length to our days,
delightful are her ways,
the wealth in her hands ever blest.
The heavens she's refilling,
the dew below distilling,
as all her own are led to rest.
3. She, to folk in their strife,
is made a tree of life,
who cling to her, close as they could.
By Wisdom, God created,
by knowledge, clearly stated
that all the earth was sculpted good.

Proverbs 3 Chris Nelson @ 2021
Genevan 26 668.778 Serial (rds) [rewards]

1. I am the mistress of expression,
 lucidity to me belongs.
Fear of the Lord is my possession,
 pride is the worst of all the wrongs.
I criticize thoughts that are binding,
 that enter into daily speech,
while I'm embracing you, reminding
 any enrolled in what I teach.
2. Kings have regard for my Discretion,
 by me do nobles rightly rule.
Law for the just is my profession,
 wealth that is better than a jewel.
The fruit I disburse is a pleasure,
 more precious than the gold you hoard.
Those who would dearly love my treasure
 find it in coffers of the Lord.
3. Back when the Day was uncreated,
 the Lord conceived my unsung birth,
first of the creatures to be rated,
 ages ago before the earth,
before the great deep and the fountains
 of water from the gushing spring,
when those upheavals of the mountains
 urged every element to cling.
4. At the confounding of commotion
 in heaven, was I standing there,
poised on the surface of the ocean,
 out at the limits, everywhere.
When seas began curving a boundary,
 their tidal waves upon the shore,
up was to come a molten foundry,
 raising volcanoes from the floor.

5. Then in my work was I appearing
to revel in the art of thought,
join in the fun by volunteering,
glad to attend to what I've got.
When earth was in deep inundations,
I piloted, to save the good,
one child of Adam plus relations,
housed on that paltry piece of wood.
6. Hear me, assimilated my teaching,
and learn about my friendly traits,
be when my city are you reaching
guards of a presence at my gates.
Such ones who find me have salvation,
a reason for expanding breath.
Folk who would take my invitation
turn from a devastating death.
7. Look at the mansion everlasting
I modeled after seven sites,
food on the plate to break your fasting,
maids ever calling from the heights:
Your folly throw out, be the living,
come eat my bread and drink my wine,
count on the evidence I'm giving,
praise the appeal of my design.

Proverbs 8 Chris Nelson @ 2022
Genevan 118 9898.9898 Serial (educate)

1. To mothers one sloth is a bother,
sons who are wise delight a father,
learn what their parents are supporting.
Those who indulge themselves in treasure
can't even benefit from leisure
for God their greed is ever thwarting.
2. But those who shirk work are distressing,
not those whose names have been a blessing,
hand on the plough with harvest nearing,
when in the summer, ever aimless,
sleep is a symptom of the shameless,
from one slack deed a thorn's appearing.
3. The good is what folks will remember,
ash is the end of every ember,
payment for those who cast aspersions.
Hearts ever wise obey instruction,
pass with assurance through seduction,
while dodging villainous perversions.
4. To wink at what's wrong is deceiving,
peace comes by venturesome believing,
flows from a life without pretenses.
Lips are a source of devastation,
hate may provoke a confrontation,
but love can cover all offenses.

1. Four there are way out of my scope:
flights of a raven up the slope
 rising above to lofty places,
those serpents who slither with ease,
a vessel on the open seas,
 routes to a lover one embraces.

30:17

2. Four that can't be ratified cool:
slaves that imagine they can rule,
 art that impresses by exertion,
the loafer who misses what was,
the things that the adulteress does
 armed with excessive self-assertion.

3. Four on earth are canny though slight:
ants with a notion to unite,
 nothing engages them or loots them,
those badgers that occupy rocks,
the locust taking epic walks,
 newts that can do whatever suits them.

4. Creatures four are bearers of state:
such are the lions in their gait
 known for their keenness in aggression,
those roosters with colorful coats,
the leader of the flock of goats,
 kings in a jubilant procession.

1. A capable wife, who can find
pearls like this out of woman-kind?
Broad-minded, her spouse is presenting
bouquets her chamber barely scenting,
2. Crowned monarch, this king of the mobs
stands impressed at her divers jobs
Done mainly by hand after resting,
designed by her without protesting.
3. Each morsel you chew, never scoff,
brought by ship from a long way off,
Far distant her sights, always making
financial bargains on awaking,
4. Go-getting, she hauls in the yields -
root and rind of the fertile fields,
Hot fires through vents ever wafted,
her fibers diligently crafted.
5. In spreading her joy over harms,
open wide would she fling her arms.
Just notice these bows to convention,
judicious words to ease the tension.
6. Knee-deep in her quilts will she shine,
dress with flair in her linen, fine,
Loose-filling and sewn in her style,
laborious efforts worth the while.
7. More cheerful than sad, grave or glum,
she can laugh at the days to come,
Not faulty but true in relations,
naive her stories and narrations.
8. Out earning some bread at the gate,
for the feast does her husband wait.
'Please let me sit down while reviewing
pursuits she profits from by doing.
10. So beauty is void, glamour vain.
Love is wise and results in gain.
These works of renown we would
treasure
today are honored at our leisure.
9. Quite eager her children arise,
sing her praise to the highest skies:
'Robed royally, you're, as our mother
respected more than any other!'

Proverbs 31
Genevan 9

Chris Nelson @ 2022
8899 Serial
(abcdefghijklmnopqrst)