

# ***Poems and Riddles***

Hear the sound of a Trumpet; Hear the plea of man  
Who knows what's in the sand? They come down  
with shouts aloud; Here and now with those about;  
The heavens declare the seasons around; Now and  
then these will shout; Here comes calamity from the  
eastern route. Look at your feet look at the sun;  
Here and now they take the guns; Trouble awaits  
those who resist; Give them up for they persist.

There at the table these will place,  
My Father's Mercy, My Father's Grace.  
I will find those that hate;  
My judgments will proclaim.  
I begin at my sanctuary, My Glory departs;  
What is this that's on their face?  
See how it's my judgement they hate!

I call out and say bend the knee, and prepare to forgive; Seeds of bitterness do not defend. I return with My Father's message;

Let all those with Faith come to their house above. Here I prepared mansions with Love. The time is now for those to repent see how strike with thundering rain.

The humble I forgive,

The repentant shall live

If its upon the altar I forgive

For At the altar everyone must lay

Pride and envy or its displayed

The winds blow strong the hearts stand strong

There is calloused that don't turn from wrong

I smite to teach Righteousness to each

Will they delay to bend the knee

Now I say from two to four  
Here I am at the door  
Most will say I will be safe  
Little do they know they cannot escape  
My wind of judgement,  
my hand is heavy  
I bring it down and strike with vengeance  
Who can say it won't touch me  
Here comes the thundering rain

There before the Throne my Father commands

Each person must stand

Prepare to declare For the life they lived will unfold

And everything hid will be told

For it's the sin that's judged for them that live

But now I say it's time to forgive



Hold not a grudge bitterness forgive

There at the door my Father commands

For everything done shall be laid bare

I kill not the sin confessed

My Father says it's not assessed

Here we are standing on the fringes of time It's the  
harvest people I seek at this time

Some say I come in the Spring; Others say I come in  
the fall

My return is placed in the Father's Hands

There I await my Father's command

As the Harvest begins to ripen and the time draws  
near

Behold what my Father says He will draw near

As the Messengers come and go the Reapers  
separate the tares

Look how I prepare to bring my Father his share

There are those prepared for war and those  
prepared for prayer.

They have reached the heights of the moon and gone  
to the depths of the sea

And now I turn to this people and ask **who can see**

**For I have prepared days of hardship that none have  
foreseen**

Look now below and above

And tell me **are there any that love**

My judgements are just and My ways are  
perfect

Hear the powerful thundering from above

Listen to the rumbling from beneath

What is this that comes from the east

The days are dry the sun is hot does anyone know  
what's on top

From below and beneath there is heat

Do you not know these three come from the east

- The sound of the Trumpet
- The sound of the Angel
- The sound of Thundering

Choose your stronghold be it a fortress? Brag of power; display your might !

For I determine disaster and slay at night

When the allies say help us out

Beware of danger then and now

For my servants foretold calamity from them

See how I warned today back then

- Obadiah 7

*The Lord presents a riddle*

*I came as a man; I knew not sin*

*I proclaimed His Name; and set them free*

*I broke the yoke and delivered to them*

*A Word that hears a Word that sees*

*Who am I?*



Clean your vessel and do it now for who can say  
thus it is now

For the LORD He comes with Angels about

Who will know but those who shout!

See Him now His Face Behold those who are left  
shall now be told

My judgements come for they are swift

here and now the month Abib

Over the horizon the moon up yonder  
are there not two that make you wonder;  
Look above look beneath  
look to the east does it rise with ease?  
The stars at night they have no light;  
The clouds have changed they have no rain;

Look below the waters are dry;

did I not say I will deal with pride?

There is none to help I will not hear

I judge you now I come near

The end is near the Trumpet sounds

All you left will stand around

The seasons change; seedtime and harvest move aside.

There are those who contend with pride

My judgements come they do not delay;

Hear from the others what do they say

For those with pride will surely stand aside

As the thundering rain drives the season away

Though they speak the parables of My Father as  
they run from here and go to there

The days draw short, the sun moves aside

Behold My People become My bride

For today I say those with Me

Shall run with shouts and praise with glee

Unto the west and unto the east

Watch these two come with ease

Here in the snow do I send

They are the ones who have yet to repent

Know for sure My Father sees

Those who conceal what others see

I shake the earth

I confound the wise

Who can now say otherwise

My servants come brazen with swords

Who will confront the Word of the LORD

Bend and repent for this is the time they are sent

Seasons of plenty, seasons of famine; there at the door I will examine.

The Father above has set his seal of love. Who can deny the righteous cry.

Here I am to bind that pride for I am the judge of them that died.

Turn to Me and free your soul. Wash it clean and come to me.

For I am here to take you home. Won't you come to the Father's Throne.

Chasing my sin and looking to conceal; who knows;  
who can reveal;

I see it now and stand and smile

I have the vocabulary which in style

People greet me in my suit; little do they know; I do  
not deal;

I stand aside as they come

One by one I steal with pride;

Now I return with coat and tie who will know it is I



The trees went forth arrayed for battle; clouds of thunderstorms stood above; **the weather changed and lightening prevailed;** as the trees ran for cover behold **the sky opened up** but what should appear but Angels proclaiming Jesus is here.

The trees came forth one by one looking to the Father above. As the lights began to fade the trees had no shade. Here they are now in the dark who could tell they had the mark. For now I say they had his name how they could withstand the thundering rain. Teach me this riddle and teach me to say Jesus my savior I have his name!

Hear the sound of the Trumpet hear the plea of  
man Do I not see the their plans For My Father  
above who chose his Son Yes my Father above  
has shown his love Who can change the sun  
above It rises here and sets over there **Now I**  
**move this hemisphere - Continents shift**

The LORD says as My Word releases POWER so I release My children; I move them about I send them south.

My Word supplies it's out of their mouth They see no evil but behold my mouth;

They dance and shout and praise My Name;

Look at the wonders they proclaim; Teach me this riddle; teach me to say;

Jesus My Savior — that's his Name!

I called and let My Glory be seen. I opened the gates of **My Vineyard** that all could see.

I place at My gates those that ate but feeding My Lambs could not to be seen.

**Now I send and look for fruit from the tree but all who enter were robbed at My feet**

Look above and look and look beneath what do you see on the street.

Now I remove the door of this tree and smite with these three:

Death, Famine and Pestilence.

Some try the Spirit but there is no result.

For those who have not the Spirit they cannot exalt.

My Word testifies to those whom I call.

Here I am exalted of all.

There are some who trust in man Others trust in  
God

Fortresses are strong God's Word is stronger

The foundations beneath crumble from within

Who can declare the beginning from the end

I turn and smite those that hate And now they  
bare their fate



The Lamb of God is coming soon

Here He is on the move

Those He takes to His Father above the  
treasured souls from Calvary's tree.

Seed time and harvest I redeem.

The earth and its produce it can't be seen.

I hand them judgments; perfect justice

now I turn and release these three.

Look above and look beneath

here it comes from the east.

Many will doubt My hand about

but know for sure I judge you now.

Thunderstorm: Downpour: Dangerous

When that thing begins to speak; self-righteous  
and pious is that King.

He knew not I departed until the Kingdom fell.

He held out the scepter but all could tell  
there was no power for him to dwell.

Gone from heaven; the light is quenched see  
where he abides down in a tent.

For some hear the sound of a trumpet while  
others hear the sound of a song.

Some say yeh others say nay.

Who will be the one who erases your name.

As the temperature changes and the season  
moves forward where does it go and who can  
bring it back.

They delight to know My ways but never sit at  
My feet.

How can they learn guided by the blind.

Behold My Name; Sing Aloud; Shout for Joy; I  
bring about.

God is King and Jesus his Son. Who can say thus  
it is done. See how I move I sweep from the east  
Danger and calamity for all to see. Upon the  
walls over the top here it comes nice and tall.  
The lights go dim; see from within here you are  
come from afar. Many will mock and say how  
cute little do they know I smite what they do.

For as many that are called: for as many that  
respond; there shall be a proving, there shall be  
a refining; underneath heaven all that dwell. It is  
in My House they sell. Teach me this riddle;  
teach me to sell,

But the Lord says My Glory I do not sell.



Hear the sound of thunder; hear the sound of roaring.

Here is your Savior riding in Glory.

Behold I come quickly says the LORD

*Some are strong in chariots, some in horses but  
we are strong in the Name of the LORD our God*

My son hear a certain parable. There were five of my Chosen among a group of gatherers. As they day grew; the sun shined bright they all enjoyed its light, its warmth; its display in the heavens. However, evening set in and the gatherers decided to celebrate the beautiful day I created

Unknown to them all was that my appointed time of reckoning arrived. All were speechless wondering how can this be? With a deep gasp of desperation one by one begged for more time to prepare but none will be granted.

The five Chosen bowed their head in shame knowing the Father's will they foolishly used their time. My son what will be they fate of those five? I tell you they will be appointed to the outer darkness where there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth. My son What I say to you I say to all. Prepare for My soon return.

O Babylon O Babylon how I mourn for thee How I  
waited but you would not return to Me

O Babylon O Babylon how I placed My Grace upon  
thee but now it is no more

O Babylon O Babylon I mourn for thee.

*The sun rises, the moon sets. The stars shine,  
the saints likewise. Where is darkness and  
where does it hide?*

***closing***