

FRUITLESS TASK

There was a young man
Whose name's Red,
Very alive
And not at all dead.

His dad one day said
'Don't go there,
You'll die,
If you do but dare.'

But Red didn't care;
Well, if he did
Was laid bare,
And, exceedingly horrid.

So in the forest,
Where everything honest,
Was thriving, alive and most well;
A terrible thing,
That went with a swing,
Just up and got at him, real rotten.

No not with an apple,
With which to baffle,
All that there is to fathom.
But a great big fat lie,
With which to deny,
Red's dad
Of all that was great.

Because Red though most bare,
Was exceedingly rare,

When first he was there
In the garden.
Pardon?

Now Red,
He lay dead in his bed,
Frightened, bemused and perplexed.
'Dead in his bed?'
The blind woman said.
'How on earth do you care
For a man, oh so rare,
As is most exceedingly common?'

Well, first he was there,
In the garden so bare,
To know what to do
And to do it with care,
Such was the state of his station.

But the first time he saw
His condition most raw,
He found one great tree in the garden,
With which to pardon
Everything there
That was most bare.

And so it goes on
'Til the battle is won,
For who can deny,
The great God most high
Of everything done in the garden?
When first He most bare
Gave everything there,
With which to fulfil,
His possible will,

If first Red so bare,
Without any care,
Says 'Sir I am yours,
'Til all you fulfil,
In the throne of my heart,
Which never depart,
For you are my ardent desire.

And all that I have
Is nothing but loss,
If first you don't win,
The power over sin,
So that all is not lost,
But everything tossed
At the throne of your grace,
Where I see your face,
Most beautiful beyond comparison.

So give first your Son,
The acceptable one,
To be my great pardon,
For when in the garden,
I became ace.
And He the great soul,
Took all I know,
In my place,
In the garden of pardon.

