

Rondel in Praise of Eastertime

We need a psalm to celebrate defeat.  
Our common enemy was made to fall.  
Unlike man's fall, the breach in death's old wall  
Is permanent, death's power obsolete.

For centuries life was a one-way street  
Until the Savior broke that grip and gall.  
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From ancient times we sought the way to cheat  
Finality. Our Father heard our call  
And sent His Son to lift that hopeless pall.  
His triumph made deliverance complete.  
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Our common enemy was made to fall.

--Glenna Holloway