



Post Modern Postulators

They think they have the answers
But in Truth they've never known,
They've swallowed all the toxins
That the evil tree has grown;
DD's and other letters
Show they've made it by degrees
So are qualified to comment
As divines of expertise.

The post modern avant-garde
Much respected by their peers
They thrive on new hypotheses
Like sweet music to their ears;
All have drunk the selfsame swill
So their minds are comatose—
Counsellors of dread impasse,
Of delusions grandiose.

But truth is truth—so simple!
It's made evident to all,
But man's heart so devious
As result of Eden's fall
Overlooks the obvious
Such as ordered universe,
Postulating random chance
And paradigms perverse,

Ignores the written record
Of a Witness Who was there
Yet doesn't have an answer
Beyond Darwin and Voltaire;
I'd rather trust the Author
Than the critic's poisoned quill
For all God's works are perfect,
An expression of His will.

He's given us the answers
And His Truth can well be known;
In Christ is perfect wisdom,
Every falsehood's overthrown;
So rest in quiet assurance
When you take His word as true—
Times might change—He stays the same—
May His Truth give life to you.

Vincent Lyons.