

He

A man stood before me, after I fell into a slumbered sleep,
His garments and hair were as white as a sheep;
As I looked around, to see what I could see;
People before Him; hundreds and thousands; on their knees!
It was neither cold nor hot, in this unusual place;
This man; he stood in the air; is this, "His Grace?"
I felt no fear; as if my soul were free;
He is who he is; but, 'He' is not me!

As a man, I had not repented, nor was prepared for this;
Yet, there was sorrow and hurt, in my heart; not bliss.
Hands raised upwards, by those kneeled before this man,
As if in worship; was this our God, at hand?
If this were not a dream; Is there such a place, that exists?
As a man who had sinned; what is the meaning of all this?
Off to His right, appeared to be a throne; a brilliant glow!
What is all of this radiance? I do not know!

His right arm reached out, pointing face to face;
Streaks of white lightening, from his finger-tips, would race.
I was observing all things; Standing above, to His left;
All of a sudden, something struck me;
Upon my heart and chest!
From where it came or what it was, I cannot say;
I awoke! Was this a dream, I had this day?
Who is He? Should I pray?
His face, I shall remember, until my dying day!
