

## Of Flame and Flood

A living death embraces me  
And in that death a life so free  
Renascent springs from depths divine,  
Spring-fed from heaven's majesty.

My willing hands have built the pyre  
On which I lie and wait the fire  
That falls, consuming filthy dross  
And every flaw and evil gyre.

A new creation breathes today:  
Ablution washed the old away.  
As infant lungs first scream for air  
My soul does for Your breath assay.

From flame and flood comes gold of worth,  
The worthless given second birth.  
Renewed, the dust and shapeless clay  
Are raised as precious sons of earth.

The new has come, the old is lost.  
The dead death can no more accost.  
In death springs life to overwhelm,  
From blood poured out to pay the cost.

Jonathan Sanford