

VICTUS

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For Christmas I thought it would be fun to surprise George Henley and give him heaven. Heaven knows, he suffered enough for it. Call it the theology of reversal, or just the word-opposite reversal of his original "Invictus".

Into a day revealing you
Brighter than snowcapped peaks in sun,
You'll mourn that mortal spirit who,
Against His, warred; frail flesh, you're won!

With a caress from destiny,
You'll rise and hear a hushing call.
Above, His touch; with certainty,
Your heart, made clean, must kneel in thrall.

Before those vasts with joy or praise
Descend, yet One sublime in light,
Not first assuring endless days,
Seeks to search you for holy fright.

Grave consequence have paths too wide;
So begged of boons, an errant chart.
Some are slaves to the storm-tossed tide;
You have your helmsman in His heart.