

Bitter Honey
Kappa Tau: Poetry
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What he thought
Was standing Now was
Kneeling

His tongue
Held not only to coal, But now, greater yet
Believes, confesses

His song,
Historically blasphemous, Now is
Nothing but praise

When had his
Will been broken? No longer
Neglecting Heaven

But no, this is
Bitter honey. Tarrying to find
Truth finds nectar

Salvation, never a
Secret, but Never accepted,
Never redeemed

Without his
Wonderful gift Shunned by now
Shaking hands,

Gates are
Guarded. Trespassers
Turned away

Only Christ
Admits to the Father. Man's good works are
Many, but none may boast

The doubter bows
The skeptic confesses

This, yes, this changes everything.