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# ALLELUIA

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HEROIC CROWN OF SONNETS



FOR ALFIE EVANS

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1.

Rejoice, my Soul, in promises of spring,  
in warm caresses which the youthful sun  
is showering the earth with. Gladden, sing:  
*The Virgin will conceive and bear a son!*  
Kings will abandon kingdoms, shepherds — herds,  
and hope in wretched hearts will be instilled.  
Blessed is she who trusted that the words  
God spoke to her, in truth would be fulfilled.  
Have faith, my Soul, in what is yet unseen—  
existent nonetheless—an unborn child  
that grows inside the womb. My Soul, stay keen  
to trust in the Most High, His mercy mild,  
in myst'ry that unfolds before your eyes,  
in daffodils that from the snow arise.



2.

In daffodils that from the snow arise  
life's victory is clear. The firstborn Son,  
laid in a manger, will with fire baptize,  
one with the Father, with the Spirit one.  
Believe in Him who champions the least,  
the doubting demons cast away, my Soul,  
the best of wines drink at the wedding feast  
to steadfast faith that makes the broken whole.  
Believe in Him who cures, at whose command  
a cripple walks, a blind man sees the light.  
Believe, my Soul—don't seek to understand—  
as you believe in sunshine, day, and night,  
in crystal morns that with beginnings ring,  
in homeward birds of passage on the wing.



3.

In homeward birds of passage on the wing  
delight, my Soul, like in the son that hath  
been lost and now is found. Don't feel the sting  
of jealousy, for it is not with wrath  
but with abundant joy that Father waits  
for all his children who—once prey to sin—  
fall on their knees, repentant, at the gates  
of their first home. With love He takes them in.  
The time has come, it's near, wake up, make haste —  
your home, His Kingdom, is at hand, my Soul.  
Do not let sinful ways your spirit waste,  
repent, believe lest darkness takes its toll,  
lest Evil, malice-driven, casts demise  
across the dazzling blues of cloudless skies.



4.

Across the dazzling blues of cloudless skies  
tranquility is spelled. Lift up your heart,  
afflictions are a blessing in disguise,  
with melting snow let all your fears depart.  
Do not hide out, my Soul, instead embrace  
the greatest gift. Don't shudder gazing at  
God's glory shining forth from His sweet face,  
for He has come to save us. Knowing that,  
why be afraid? Of whom? Through Him, with Him,  
and in Him we remain, He is the vine.  
Break into song, sing a thanksgiving hymn  
to Him who us sustains with fruits divine.  
The watered soil the worst heat will not parch,  
rejoice in branches that above you arch.



5.

Rejoice in branches that above you arch,  
fresh flowers in the slush beneath your feet.  
The early days of spring are lands that march  
with yester cold on one side, summer's heat  
approaching — on the other; in them dwell,  
be still, be mindful — truly you'll be fed.  
Peace be with you, for all on earth is well,  
He is in Heaven, risen from the dead.  
Rejoice, my Soul, be happy, free, and yet  
when strolling through your garden, let the grass  
Gethsemane evoke, lest you forget  
the cup He drank, what did not by Him pass.  
Think of His crown, my Soul, while hands expose  
ready to burst with leaves, a soon-be-rose.



6.

Ready to burst with leaves, a soon-be-rose  
is none but thorns still, sharp as those that pierced  
His brow when in His scarlet cloak He rose,  
Jesus of Nazareth, to face the fierce,  
murderous crowd that yelled, “Let His blood be  
upon us and our children!” Yet, the same  
folk welcomed Him with palms, then on a tree  
they hung Him, mocking his Most Holy Name.  
Beware, my Soul, the beast that lurks within,  
waiting to be unleashed, so it can spark  
ignorant hate to angry mobs akin,  
that throws the bright daylight into the dark.  
The sun is kind, but hard freeze days on march.  
Rejoice in warmth, but fear the ides of March.



7.

Rejoice in warmth, but fear the ides of March,  
for they aren't gone. Look upward lest you fall.  
A stripped of all that's needless, long-lived larch  
with light green slender leaves is standing tall.  
Don't hunger for the earthly things, break bread  
with Him who is the truth, the life, the way.  
"Do this in memory of me," He said.  
Remember Him lest you are led astray.  
Do not succumb to slumber, stay upright:  
the twisted masquerade is in full swing,  
where evil goes as goodness, dark — as light,  
the vilest of mankind rule everything.  
Skillfully ill as good intentions pose,  
catch you off guard they will — do not repose!



8.

Catch you off guard they will—do not repose!—  
the pseudo truths that with a pleasant smile  
mix their false righteousness with a large dose  
of sugarcoated horrors, all the while  
destroying those who have the courage to  
refuse to drink their poison. This is it:  
the sacred curtain has been torn in two,  
Heaven awaits, so does the fiery pit.  
“Choose you this day whom ye will serve” and fight  
for what is worthy, beautiful. Defend,  
my Soul, at all costs what is just and right,  
never expect this deadly fight to end.  
The Evil’s strong, the roots are running deep.  
Behold: the brutal winds green valleys sweep.



9.

Behold: the brutal winds green valleys sweep,  
unchecked, unguarded, scourging the new growth.  
Dark shadows cross the springtime welkin creep —  
courage, my Soul, do not renounce the troth  
you pledged to Him, for He will not forsake  
your sacred union. He'll be at your side  
when mountains crumble, when man's vices make  
all kingdoms fall, His kingdom will abide.  
Don't let the human weakness bend your will,  
stay strong, my Soul, don't let your spirit wilt  
when face to face with foes that aim to kill —  
they do know what they do, but know no guilt.  
They gather forces, spread like a disease,  
attacking swiftly, moving forth with ease.



10.

Attacking swiftly, moving forth with ease,  
they will not stop till they put out the light.  
Fight to the end, my Soul, do not appease  
the slaves of Darkness lest your helpless plight  
you understand too late — they serve their Prince  
who does not seek concessions, wants it all,  
wants all of you, my Soul. Be watchful, since  
the change is subtle. You might think a small  
cave-in to Evil will not hurt — delude  
yourself into this thought, and you are lost.  
A small concession is but a prelude  
to your complete surrender. Watch the frost,  
triumphantly, fruits of its vict'ry reap,  
leaving behind blooms slaughtered in their sleep.



11.

Leaving behind blooms slaughtered in their sleep,  
Evil advances — don't lay down your arms.  
Complacency, my Soul, does not come cheap:  
the war's upon us in which Satan's charms  
are mighty weapons. Do not be misled  
by the sweet-talk, the pleasant countenance,  
the kiss. The thirty silver pieces bred  
murderous treason. It's no happenstance,  
for shiny things lure man into the dark,  
make him a vessel filled with ill intent,  
then break him without mercy — that's the stark  
reality of ruin. Don't be content,  
my Soul, pray they may find God's love and peace —  
the fragile lives that without promise cease.



12.

The fragile lives that without promise cease —  
may they find home. Put not your trust in gold,  
my Soul: the golden calf, the golden fleece...  
*He has been raised exactly as foretold* —  
that's all that matters. He was crucified  
to bring salvation to this world. For you,  
your sins, my Soul, He suffered death, He died  
so you may live. What is there to pursue  
in life, but this: eternal life with Him,  
from whom all good things come? Whom should you praise,  
but Him who came to save us from the grim  
prospect of death? Trust in Him, He will raise  
you on the last day. Do not hesitate:  
a slumb'ring soul is none but Devil's bait.



13.

A slumb'ring soul is none but Devil's bait,  
don't play into the hands of Evil, stay  
alert and ready. Christ will share the weight,  
the burden of your cross. My Soul, don't sway.  
Tongues as of fire—which parted, came to rest  
on the apostles—burning over you,  
proclaim the Good News, for you have been blest,  
baptized with fire and Spirit. You are to  
take up your cross and follow Him. The pain  
of the discipleship, my Soul — the price  
you pay. He left us till He comes again,  
become for Him a living sacrifice.  
Do not get lulled into a passive state,  
for where is goodness, evil lies in wait.



14.

For where is goodness, evil lies in wait,  
Death is resilient. Yet, to no avail  
the Prince of Darkness challenges the great  
Author of Life. The Lord that does not fail  
to seek us when we wander off, will be  
our Light at all times. He will guide us through  
the desert, He will part the raging sea,  
He'll bring us home. Invincible are you,  
my Soul, when He is with you. Let your love—  
like springtime sun—melt all your unbelief,  
may you, my Soul, become a beacon of  
the Christian faith in which man finds relief.  
He lives indeed! Sing praise to Christ the King!  
Rejoice, my Soul, in promises of spring.



Master Sonnet

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in daffodils that from the snow arise,  
in homeward birds of passage, on the wing  
across the dazzling blues of cloudless skies.  
Rejoice in branches that above you arch  
ready to burst with leaves, a soon-be-rose,  
rejoice in warmth, but fear the ides of March:  
catch you off guard they will — do not repose!  
Behold: the brutal winds green valleys sweep,  
attacking swiftly, moving forth with ease,  
leaving behind blooms slaughtered in their sleep,  
the fragile lives that without promise cease.  
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