

**Genesis**  
**The Poetic Bible: An Epic Poem**  
(volume 1)

By

[Bobby Gawthrop](#)

c 2003

There was a time when time was not,  
and in that nothingness,  
existed One, within Himself,  
my mind could not compress.

Three Persons, yea, One Being,  
within the Godhead see,  
the Father, the Son, the Spirit,  
O blessed Trinity!

If I should live 100 years,  
with speeches that abound,  
mortal still my tongue would be,  
with finite fury sound.

Yet when that One, yea, God doth speak,  
creating time and space,  
ex nihilo heavens and the earth,  
the framework for the race.

Twos five days row Great God did speak,  
Great God He knew no rest,  
though He was pleased with five days work,  
twas time to make the best.

“Let us make man in Our image,  
in Our likeness” ‘We shall birth,  
the crowning jewel of heaven’s heart,  
for man shall shake the earth.’

Great God did form from dust a man,  
    within the misty hue,  
His mouth did breathe the breath of life,  
    and Adam came forth true.

Creation , yes, tis true enough,  
    yet river flows unknown,  
maiden rare, and one so fair,  
    ‘at last! Tis one like me.’

Beauty pure, and wholly bare,  
    husband and wife were one,  
in heart and mind before their God,  
    they gloried in the sun...

Yet, all is not as all would seem,  
    for mischief makes its play,  
    the father of the evil art,  
destruction, death, dismay.

Of all the angels God did make,  
    this one did hold first sway,  
    beauty filled, he lit the sky,  
decked out in full array.

Content? Nay he! within that first estate,  
    he sought to make his stand,  
he poked, prodded, cajoled one third,  
    he formed his demon band.

His dream? To be like that of God!  
    Rebellion filled the air,  
thus pride sprang forth and swelled the heart,  
    of one lovely, ripe, and fair.

From whence came forth black night's desire?  
    of this we have no clue,  
for from God's hands all things came straight,  
    moral, upright, and true.

The dye was cast, his fall complete,  
    he drew his council nigh,  
    all the fiends of blackness sat,  
Oh! The stench that filled the sky.

And with a ghastly bitter shout,

the throne they tried ascend,  
Great God did send them spiraling down,  
to a surefire heated end...

The picture doth change to Eden land,  
fair maid amidst God's breeze,  
yet evil lurks in serpent form,  
it broods astride God's trees.

The crooked one doth this way slide,  
yet on his way to doom,  
he saw the ones who caused his fate,  
he wished them ill and gloom.

For God did set His loving eye,  
upon the human race,  
within that pair His image set,  
to meet Him Face to face.

With fangs concealed, and venom hid,  
false crown upon his head,  
he slithered nigh to maiden's ear,  
he whispered, "Hath God said?"

"You surely will not die!" said he,  
with venom wrapped facade,  
for "in the day you eat" said he,  
"you will be as God."

Eve now sinned, and sat as judge,  
God's Word did not obey,  
yet, His Word alone doth shield attack,  
and thus, her mind did sway.

Fly fair wife, to thy husband fly!  
Oh! You foul serpent black!  
Run dear child, quickly now,  
flee from his attack.

She lingered still, and thus was siffed,  
beguiled along the way,  
with fruit in hand, she frolicked there,  
to love, and dance, and play.

Her lips now touch the luscious fruit,  
taste burst upon her mouth,

one flesh was he with her that ate,  
and thus it all went south.

Tis true the Tempter did his work,  
with thorough malignant skill,  
the human pair must hide in shame,  
yet face their Maker still.

And on that day, that day of death,  
the Satan drew first blood,  
yet grace unseen, was nearer still,  
behold Redeemer's blood!

The children first were questioned true,  
the buck was passed, yea thru and thru.

Behind the skirt the man did fly,  
he tried to offscate,  
"The woman whom You gave to be with me  
she gave me...and I ate."

Great God doth speak to woman now,  
"What is this you have done?"  
'The serpent made me do it God,  
I thought it would be fun'.

The serpent's eyes, that fiendish grin,  
he hissed on with delight,  
'since I did fall, then all must fall,'  
he slithered out of sight.

Great God did turn, and fixed His eyes,  
upon the Tempter's tracks,  
the devil's fate is sure and sealed,  
behold the Gospel facts.

"Cursed are you," Great God did say,  
"all the days of your life,  
upon your belly you will go."

'You sought the crown upon your head,  
yet enmity I speak,  
you shall receive thy just reward,  
bruises from My Son's feet.'

"Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,"

Messiah promised here,  
to bear upon Himself alone,  
the sin, the shame, the fear.

Great God will send His Son that day,  
the story to unfold,  
Seed of woman, yea, Son of God!  
Sweet Mary to behold.

I speak too fast, must hold my tongue,  
an epic poem's pace,  
Who is the theme? God's mighty gift!  
King Jesus, Face to face.

The children's turn, chastisement comes,  
woman Eve, Adam man,  
for hiding time is over now,  
tis time for you to stand.

Great God did speak to woman first,  
'With pain thy children come,  
thy husband over you will rule,  
your desire, yea, your sum.'

Great God did speak, to Adam now,  
confronted him and said,  
'Twas you that caused the cursed ground,  
from it eat, all the days round.'

'In toil you now shall from it eat,  
all the days of your life,  
behold thy sweat shall bead thy face,  
thou shall toil in thy strife.'

'Twas time for them to leave that state,  
thus God did bid them go,  
yet, He would meet them in the way,  
and touch them as they go...

With care steadfast, Great God did guide,  
amidst their toil and strife,  
e're the sun did rise and set,  
then Adam knew his wife.

A child was formed from union sweet,  
yet something was amiss,

between the smiles and sounds so gay,  
his heart belies their bliss.

For in the days of Eden sweet,  
the pair did walk with God complete,  
yet now their walk, after The Fall,  
no longer straight, no longer tall.

The pair did bare their first child there,  
outside the gates of Eden fair,  
thus Cain was born with heart of black,  
though eye perceive no line, no crack.

And after this another came,  
a bit more fair, a bit more tame,  
in Abel too, is sin and woe,  
thus all is dark, from head to toe.

Great God did know, Great God did see,  
Abel's lot, his pain, his misery,  
not by power nor Abel's might,  
God's Spirit alone will make him right.

And thus that day, Great God did touch,  
the heart of Abel with His brush,  
He painted heart, and mind and will,  
with Calvry's blood, though future still.

Dear Abel now, a son anew,  
he sought to please his God,  
but Cain be Adam's son yet still,  
the younger's blood to trod.

Licentiousness, thou crooked spell,  
The eldest rose, the younger fell,  
and in that killing field now red,  
the mark of Cain with fear all dread.

The LORD was sad at what He made,  
and thus He grieved in heart,  
long ago planned, Great God did speak,  
'Time to make a fresh start.'

But why Great God?! Must You indeed?  
Of course I know You're right,  
and then He spoke those words of dread,

'Tis all evil in My sight!

I thought Him done, His speech to halt,  
yet spoke He words to savour,  
me thought I spied a twinkling eye,  
'But Noah has found My favor.'

Noah was good, clean white in heart,  
"blameless in his day",  
"Noah walked with God",  
God's pilgrim he would stay.

Adam first did name the creatures,  
beasts to him were true,  
Noah now with task at hand,  
coming two by two.

Great God's sweet theme, a type of Christ,  
was Noah in his day,  
his family saved, through union him,  
to live another day.

That rest within, the haven sealed,  
His wrath will not abate,  
all life upon the land now gone,  
except for heaven's eight.

The flood of light, the earth now cleansed,  
good Noah bowed and prayed,  
he sanctified, the savour sweet,  
God's covenant was made.

"I set My bow in the cloud,  
and I will remember",  
the rains will come, yet brief in span.

"His bow was set within the cloud",  
the covenant of peace,  
while earth remains, thru all in all,  
by water never cease.

And man upon the earth did roam,  
black words in union sly,  
'let us build a city tower,  
and we shall touch the sky'!

Within the Godhead All are One,  
“Let Us go...and there confuse”,  
descended splendor He did come,  
and thus did end their ruse.

The promise lay through Abram now,  
the whole world to be blessed,  
man’s sin and pain and agony,  
through Abram’s Seed addressed.

God’s green light to Abram, “Go”,  
to this he did comply,  
he left the known, familiar gone,  
he folded tent to fly.

Too numerous are times to tell,  
that Abram “pitched his tent”,  
the morrow roused, to walk again,  
who could know what it meant?

The promises, Great God did make,  
to Abram, his treasure,  
land, blessing, a great name,  
descendants beyond measure.

“Then Abram believed in the LORD.”  
Great God did count Him pure,  
a covenant was made that day,  
Great God to keep for sure.

To make, to mould, the inward parts,  
his name doth say it true,  
from Abram to Abraham,  
his face radiant hue...

Great God is long in suffrage,  
His grace bestowed to all,  
yet even He, of patience wane,  
and now the wicked fall.

Two cities twin, with pain and sin,  
the stench doth fill the air,  
in bondage night, oppress the right,  
behold the villain pair.

Felonious, malevolent,

dark in thought and deed,  
depravity, both born and bred,  
thou art thy father's seed.

As terror kisses brimstone sky,  
the sinners burn and quake,  
wrath waxed hot, yet remembered He,  
lot saved for Abraham's sake.

Great God bid His angels descend,  
salvation, fast and free,  
yet, Lot's heart still lingered there,  
plucked from fire, unhappily.

The family four, pressing hard,  
yet one did seek to halt,  
the woman's heart did linger still,  
"and she became a pillar of salt." ...

Aged couple, barren, rust,  
doubts commingle saintly trust.

Promised heir, yet unseen,  
their bodies, feeble, bent,  
illusory, perhaps a dream,  
their child may not be sent.

"Then the LORD took note of Sarah",  
He purged her void and gloom,  
home imbued, melodious hue,  
Isaac from the womb!

Divine decree, His servant's best,  
a father's dread, a son's unrest.

"Take now your son, your only son",  
Messiah glimpsed, yet future done.

The boy carried his own wood,  
Messiah's cross to bear,  
"so the two of them walked on",  
father, son, the pair.

Appointed site behold,  
the Gospel story told.

The son now bound and stretched atop,  
The alter made of wood,  
Abraham's knife to take his life,  
and Isaac understood.

"But the Angel of the LORD called  
'Do not stretch out your hand  
for now I know that you fear God'"

Stars of heaven, seashore sand,  
God's covenant must surely stand.

The years unfurled, mother to son,  
she glowed with love abound,  
appointed day, with faded hue,  
Sarah moved to higher ground.

"Then Abraham rose from before his dead",  
though his heart be hollow,  
her body lay, Macpelah's cave,  
his bosom touched by sorrow.

His dirge yet sang, with weary pangs,  
he pondered dreams sublime,  
entreated he for Isaac now,  
Tis matrimony time.

"Isaac...lifted up his eyes",  
amidst his thoughts of life,  
"Rebekah lifted up her eyes",  
"and she became his wife".

Patriarch old, to son bequeathed,  
inheritance be thine,  
for Isaac be the chosen one,  
to propagate the line.

In ripe old age...Abe "breathed his last",  
thus "satisfied with life",  
Macpelah beckons, to thy sleep,  
thus buried with his wife...

The brother's rift, volcanic thoughts,  
suppressed for father's sake,  
through Isaac shall Messiah come,  
Ishmael's kin doth quake.

“Two nations dwell within thy womb  
two peoples separate”,  
The Great and Mighty God doth speak:  
‘Jacob love, Esau hate’.

Betwixt the twins, the twain mistrust,  
deceit doth fill the night,  
supplanter he, the younger be,  
the blessing and birthright.

The elder’s rage, the younger’s stage,  
to the skirt Jacob flew,  
like mother like son, deceit undone,  
which sprang from a pot of stew.

“Jacob was in love with Rachel”,  
no money to confer,  
so seven years he labored there,  
till he could lie with her.

Oh Jacob thou deceiver past,  
the circle comes full round,  
night’s cover gone, the dawn arise,  
and Leah there be found.

Mother’s schemes, Jacob’s dreams,  
father old and blind,  
buried bones, and ghosts of yore,  
illumine now his mind.

Jacob yearned for Rachel’s love,  
sweet union to be bound,  
darkness lift, Laban’s gift,  
and Leah there be found.

Though Rachel too becomes his bride,  
he sought for peace,  
he sought to hide.

Those women and their scheming ways,  
they gave him grief all his days.

A hired servant now be he,  
a siring man, a stud horse he...

Jacob's God to him did speak,  
"return to your father's" sight',  
from Laban gathered he his kin,  
and thus they took their flight.

Jacob's journey onward pressed,  
companies two, the man was blessed,  
past sins thus speak, and toll their wage,  
from Laban's fire, to Esau's rage.

Angelic host did light his way,  
Jacob's family, friends,  
messengers to Esau sent,  
twas time to make amends.

"Deliver me I pray" spake he,  
'from out my brother's hand,  
Thy promise made, descendants sure,  
in You we take our stand.'

A forward gift precedes his face,  
Jacob's plea for Esau's grace,  
and that same night, in e're moon's gleam,  
his family forded o'er the stream.

Near the stream alone and still,  
Jacob twixt his thoughts,  
behold! The One from heaven came,  
they struggled, yea, they fought.

The heavenly Man did not prevail,  
his servant's thigh He slain,  
with Heaven still did wrestle he,  
amidst his sin and pain.

The servant struggled with his God,  
in Heaven's glow did bathe,  
yet no one wrestles with their Lord,  
and walks away unscathed...

God's time doth heal the family's wound,  
amidst the field, the brother's met,  
within the grass they reconciled,  
therein the brother's wept.

Relational change is in the air,

Deity descends to Jacob there.

Jacob dies, Israel born,  
covenant renewal, verbal form.

Jacob sired a dozen sons,  
yet one did shine most bright,  
the boy conceived in Jacob's age,  
he flourished in his sight.

Green eyed monster's head did rise,  
elder brothers did despise.

Father's robe of love displayed,  
tunic stripped, into the pit,  
the brothers had their way.

Judas' sin, future breach,  
Sibling sin, sheckels reach.

Egyptian shackles, dark unknown,  
they traded him for coins,  
Jacob grieved his troubled day,  
"put sackcloth on his loins."

To Pharaoh's captain Joseph went,  
his body, mind, completely spent.

Day by day, the temptress summoned,  
but Joseph's feet ne'er trod,  
he would not lie in master's stead,  
nor sin against his God.

The wench was spurned, and thus she turned,  
her lies upon the lad,  
beneath the stars, betwixt the bars,  
in prison garments clad.

"But the LORD was with Joseph",  
so jailer's heart was turned,  
the LORD ordained his heart to be,  
though Jailer's fate unknown.

"Diamond in the rough" is he,  
betwixt the bars of steel be he,  
dungeon dank, oppression looms,

deranged hearts full of doom.

Pharaoh's plight, sleepless night,  
his dreams perplexed, his spirit vexed.

From out the dungeon dank and cold,  
a type of Christ to yet unfold.

Interpretation Pharaoh's dream,  
Joseph now in high esteem.

Second only to the king,  
Joseph made his mark,  
garments, necklace, signet ring,  
in him dwelled God's spark.

Famine spread upon the earth,  
Joseph prepped for blight,  
redemptive hist'ry to unfold,  
for God ordained their plight.

"Seven ears of grain came up"  
on a single stalk, plump,  
seven more, yet thinned by wind,  
"sprouted up after them."

The time, the place, the years, the race,  
the game? Vengeance and pain,  
yet he loved them still, though he to kill,  
his brothers not disdain.

"I am Joseph" he revealed,  
his brothers mute as bricks,  
"dismayed at his presence" they,  
were shaken to the quick.

Estrangement years, exiled for good,  
amidst his brothers, Joseph stood.

Pharaoh's ear did bend to hear,  
invitation Hebrew clan,  
his joyous state was strait and true,  
to them the fatted land.

Jacob's days were few and troubled,  
and sickness gripped his life,

his day of death drew nigh to him,  
exit toil, exit strife.

The clan remained in foreign land,  
Joseph ruled o'er, with faithful hand,  
then God's bell did toll for he,  
bones to carry swore them he.

Patriarchal epoch done,  
at the death of Israel's son,  
their race e're run, their bones in earth,  
but spirits warmed by heaven's hearth.

We laughed, we cried, their joy, their pain,  
their lives were not e're lived in vain.

Moses' first, now e're complete,  
God's story ours to reckon,  
dear reader, turn the page I pray,  
the second tome doth beckon.

This article is provided as a ministry of [Third Millennium Ministries](#). If you have a question about this article, please [email](#) our *Theological Editor*. If you would like to discuss this article in our online community, please visit our [Reformed Perspectives Magazine Forum](#).

#### **Subscribe to Reformed Perspectives Magazine**

RPM subscribers receive an email notification each time a new issue is published. Notifications include the title, author, and description of each article in the issue, as well as links directly to the articles. Like RPM itself, *subscriptions are free*. To subscribe to [Reformed Perspectives Magazine](#), please select this [link](#).





