

A Place Called Paradise

By: Marian Nevill

He wheeled into the parking lot
of Paradise Grocery.
A place people stop for Sundries and Gas.

People milling around saw the red Mustang
Speed in behind him,
Blocking any chance of escape.

A minute of routine suddenly gone wrong.
An unbelievable situation
Where someone took offense.

He did nothing wrong, the man misunderstood.
He was just having fun.
It was his weekend with the kids.

Paradise was on his mind, having just left church.
Where he held his children's hands
And a preacher electrified his soul.

He stepped out, offered an apology.
Arms out, to welcome
a conversation between men.

It became evident
The madman's intent.
When he was sucker punched in the chin.

A chokehold around the neck.
Told him the trouble he was in.
He was forced to put up a defense.

Striking back made matters worse.
The madman broke for the weapon
Tucked between the Mustang's seats.

His son watched him go to Paradise.
His blue eyes fade, when he crawled
from the truck and knelt beside his daddy.

A Samaritan whisked him away.
As everyone stood stunned
By what they'd just seen.

Now that some time
has gone by, I understand why
God chose this place called Paradise.

It was meant for me
An assurance, you see, so I'd know
He is where everyone longs to be.

In my dreams I see God lift him up
In one mighty arm.
His other arm is stiffened out perfectly.

His palm inches from the gunman's face.
Who's on his knees unable to budge.
Cords frozen, he cannot speak.

God's voice is clear, no doubt a command.
"This is the last day you think
You are greater than I am."