



Saint John Jacob the Chozebite (Jul 23 / Aug 5 1960) - Poems

Categories : [Holy Fathers](#)

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(translation from Romanian)



The Apocalyptic Beast

And now when surging malice grows
The Antichrist opens his school
To teaching many people, shows,
The atheist language is 'cool'!

Because the ugly 'thoughtful beast'
It moves its ugly heads in hew:
The Free-mason, the communist
And the mutinous, rebel Jew.

The popes and likes from Rome
With the pagans from Agar



Start throwing from high dome
The arrows of Veliar!

From all seven heads of the beast,
Appeared were just five in pus,
When other two will be released,
The end is very near to us!

Another beast will get out, seen,
With two lamb horns like in a knit
With dragon voice of halloween,
As it has power just from it.

The beast has ten more horns like spins
With of the lucifer's well known signs,
Which are the wicked harmful sins
Which cry to Heavens, from lower than mines.

That's just the awful ugliness
Be sitting on the Holy Throne
Demonic power with wordless
On earth, the master as its own!

The Lucifers of Science

The learners who today are striving hard,
On and on, a work in vain,
To fully do the prove of random card,
That there is no God to Reign.

With the progress of the science,
Like a Lucifer swollen with pride,
They go higher, in defiance,
Higher than the Heavens, sliding glide.

Just two doors stand up in front,
Faithless stays astonished dumb,
As in front of a new gate
An ox stays beating the drum.

One of them – entrance of life,



That is closed for them right now,
The other, of falling – rife,
Which is widely open – bow.

As much as a head can do,
They will rush to do invention,
For to make and produce ‘life’
And to stop the death, they mention.

Unbeliever, in your schemes,
Life you try to fabricate...
Win the clash with death? – just dreams,
No success at this high gate.

Everything of the inventions,
When your near grave will seize,
Has no value: husk – dimensions,
Which gets spreading in the breeze.

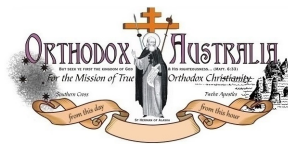
If you do not know in life
Your Redeemer, personally,
You will find after your death,
Evil one’s, that’s tyranny.

The Sign of the Holy Cross

The sign of the Cross to us
The salvific shield it is,
Which makes the evil to depart
Gives us so much strength from His!

So let’s make it as perfectly today
This Christian sign of ours stood,
Because the enemies will run away,
As from His Holy Precious Wood.

And those who ‘play’ it like guitar
And the Cross they mock “unplanned”,
They have the seed of faith afar
With the evil seal on hand!



They have no piety up in the soul,
Neither shame shown on their cheeks.

Down bowing – they can not be in control,
'Cause a “boss” on neck does tricks!

The Lord of Heavens bows
His Being for the human race
But to Him the “Christian” shows,
That does not bow his head – disgrace!

He has stretched high on the Cross
His Godly hands Divine,
And you, man, don't strive but loss,
To make at least this Sign.

O, Christian you, He saves us,
By His death on the Wood,
But you see the shame and fuss
In crossing yourself good!

The wind of desolation

And again on battlefields, blood again,
Again the noise, of the wars
Once more unending, storm of tears.
The tide is high, the need – it soars!

When poor world wept
On cheeks its tears,
Another sudden tide
Of sorrows, the world is pierced.

Again the widows will be crying
Along with old men – poor,
And children will be left alone,
In thousands orphans score.

Cities will be emptied
And so many will be slaves,
In that place of worldly songs
Bullets will go hit in waves.



And instead of spoiling
And of luxury astray,
Fight will reign from now, on earth,
And the quake will be gun play.

That the ones of bustling habits,
Walking naked with no shame,
Will be forced to walk uncovered,
As we're poor, they will exclaim!

When the malice keeps on growing,
God is sickened, one can say.
That is why the world is cracking
And the wars don't go away.