

The sky was a strange shade of aqua,  
Before the darkness and the torches.  
The birds sang sweetly outside his window,  
Before the sound of marching mob feet.

Saint Steven knelt beside his bed,  
Elbows resting on the soft covers.  
Tears rolled down his cheeks for the poor,  
As prayers flowed from his lips for the needy.  
His Bible fell open to the book of Acts,  
As his heart listened to hear from the Lord.

The sun set in a beautiful strawberry light,  
Before the clouds and the pitch forks.  
The wind blew gently through the tree tops,  
Before the the beating came at his door.

Saint Steven stood as the pounding sounded,  
His ears hearing his mother answer the door.  
Tears rolled down her face she swore it was a lie,  
As they bellowed that they knew of her son.  
His Bible fell from the bed, Judges against the floor,  
As his heart feared, he was just another concubine.

-

She offered herself,  
Yet they had no interest.  
Bursting through his bedroom door,  
Ignoring the lamb's blood above.  
They grasped him by the arms,  
Dragging him out the door.  
All the while saintly screams,  
Echoed through suburban streets.

He cried to himself,  
As they laughed up front.  
Jostled by the moving vehicle,  
No sweet chariot would swing low.  
Stopping they pulled him by the legs,  
Dragging him in below the steeple.  
All the while saintly screams,  
Echoed in a hollow sanctuary.

-

The stars hid in the onyx night.  
As torches illuminated cruel faces.  
The choir screamed in rage.  
As the preacher took his place.

Saint Steven lay in front of the alter.  
His hands pressed into the cheap carpet.  
Tears rolled down his cheeks from the pain.  
As prayers flowed from his lips for deliverance.  
The preacher spoke of Leviticus.  
And no one listened for the Lord.

They spat in contempt,  
Holding him to the ground.  
Ripping off his shirt, pants, the rest,  
Ignoring the mark upon his soul.  
They rant their hands on his nakedness,  
Smirking with each angry grope.  
All the while saintly screams,  
Echoed in the ears of the congregation.

Saint Steven held down beneath her.  
His lips pleaded that they would release!  
Tears rolled soaking the church floor.  
As prayers flowed that he might die.  
The Bible lay shut.  
Reminding of terror in the silence.

The morning was an erie shade of grey,  
For the mourning sun refused to rise.  
The birds had no song at the dawn,  
For all they could remember, were saintly screams.

-

Saint Steven knelt before the alter,  
Elbows on the varnished hard wood.  
Tears rolled down his cheeks for the poor,  
As prayers flowed from his lips for the needy.  
The Church Bible lay open to Jeremiah,

As his heart wept to the Lord.