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Roll Me, Softly

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These lines end with irony. Night has just chastised God for his desire to create (which we see throughout *Paradise Lost*) and for his desire for praise from his creations (another reoccurring theme), yet using power from Chaos to do so. The angels, having been blinded, must be experiencing fear, as they think none can match God in power. When Night leaves and vision returns, they praise God because they realize their powerlessness without him, and they praise what he values most of all, his creations. However, as God has just been reminded of the fallacy within his ability to create, they are praising him for his deception. I would imagine the shame upon God would be overwhelming.

Roll Me, Softly

by

R. L. Boyer

I met you again, on the other side, late last night.

With a still, light touch you turned my perfect body

into a smooth, round stone—as tiny as a grain of
sand, a crystal ball shot through with rose. Then, I felt

you roll me, softly, through velvet fingertips, like an

Angel rolling the door from the Nazarene's tomb.