

## Two Poems

By Peter C. Venable  
**Logismoi**

“But in your hearts sanctify Jesus Christ as Lord,”  
 So voices singing fill spaces with light.  
 The chambers shall ring in harmonious accord.

But in the distance is heard a marauding horde  
 Of shrikes and clawing that shred through the night.  
 But in your hearts sanctify Jesus Christ as Lord.

Take heart! The throng seems louder than an ocean’s roar  
 And towers above Himalayas’ height,  
 But chambers still ring in harmonious accord.

The deepest abyss should not be left unexplored.  
 The Light of the world scares darkness to flight.  
 So in your hearts sanctify Jesus Christ as Lord.

Let the words of His mouth be a double-edged sword  
 And faith ring as loud as the widow’s mite.  
 The chambers shall ring in harmonious accord.

He warned not to leave the heart empty and ignored,  
 Or legions return in hideous sight.  
 So in your hearts sanctify Jesus Christ as Lord;  
 Your chambers shall ring in harmonious accord.




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**Peter C. Venable** has written poetry for over fifty years, published in *Prairie Messenger*, *Vineyards: A Journal of Christian Poetry*, *Windhover: A Journal of Christian Literature*, *The Anglican Theological Review*, *Ancient Paths*, *The Christian Communicator*, *The Whirlwind Review*, *The Merton Seasonal* and elsewhere. A member of the Winston-Salem Writers in North Carolina, he is a semi-retired clinician and volunteers at a prison camp and food pantry and leads vespers services for senior citizens.

**Peter C. Venable**

## Battleground

An Orthodox chant's immaculate harmonies  
warm the house. Voices float through candlelit corridors.  
Scents of burning wax rises.

*Christe, qui lux es et dies* “Christ, you who are light and day”  
the phone rings, piercing *Christe* and my mood.  
I censure a telemarketer, but the tempest persists.

*Christe, qui lux es et dies* calms this storm.  
Candles twinkle in the pitch. I drift to my inner room  
and close the door. For a moment  
I feel pure silence, inhale light.

Then it ends—  
another thought rouses a gale.  
Amid the tumult, I can only chant anew.