

Elaborate Idols

// Zachary R.J. Strong – Elul 5783

I.

Can the craftsman grow a tree?
Can the goldsmith fashion ore?

Evolution, collision, transaction, erosion;
Is this to be called God?

Twin snakes around a staff;
Is this to be called salvation?

Even the value of silver and gold changes;
Even paper, silicon, and lithium take their place.

Imaginary value, imaginary wealth;
Worthless in the eyes of the Lord.

This wicked and adulterous generation
Dances around their bronze bull,

Yoked to an imaginary animal
Made by their own arrogant hands.

The makers of these things are as nothing;
The things they treasure remain worthless.

Each wicked generation has their idols,
The worthless works that their hands cannot let go.

Do you not know?
Have you not heard?
Can you not see that this thing in your hand is a lie?

II.

In whose name does this generation work its miracles?
In whose name does this generation heal the sick?

In whose name does this generation provide for
The fatherless, the widow, the outcast, and the poor?

According to whose plan does this generation move mountains?
According to whose plan does this generation uproot forests?

Can a tree be grown in a day?
In a month, a year, or a decade?

So it is with the works of the Lord;
Subtle beyond comparison, powerful beyond measure.

Seekers of true divinity, consider;
Are magnificent trees grown between houses,
Or are houses built between magnificent trees?

So it is with the works of the Lord.

III.

Seekers of true divinity,
Have you forgotten the Lord?
Do you no longer seek to know the Lord?

You have been confused by clever idolatry,
Lies disguised as unassailable truth, proof is assured.

But why should you seek the advice of your elders,
The corrupt princes and voices of this generation?

They build idols to themselves,
Prostituting half-truths and borrowed wisdom,
Disguising their shame and unrepentance.

Woe to those who are righteous in their own eyes!
Woe to those to cling to the works of their own hands!

Silver, gold, and wood,
Lithium, silicon, and glass,
The building blocks of life,
The building blocks of the universe.

They bow down to the god they have created and cry "Save us!"
Their protection fails, they receive no reply.

With voices heard round the world, they cry out;
"By our will it shall be done!"

They cry again, louder, when they are frustrated;
They fill the Earth with their wailing.

They judge by data and by signs,
By omens and identities and checklists,
By algorithms and best practices.

Their fortune-tellers rely on the bear and bull,
Their prophets rely on each other.
Whom shall be followed?
Whom shall be believed?

IV.

Seekers of true divinity,
Shall you call upon the gods of your teachers?

Gods of silicon, lithium, and glass,
Of signs, omens, identities, and idols?

These are gods that previous generations
Have neither known nor feared.

There is only one law;
There is only one judge.
There is only one Name everlasting.

All things come from the Lord,
The forces of the universe are His disguised hands.

The works of our human hands are temporary,
Parts of a greater whole beyond our comprehension.

What can compare to the works of the Lord?
Erosion, collision, transaction, evolution,
The great dance with patterns complex.

Beware of false idols;
Of half-truths peddled by intellectuals and false prophets.

Turn to the Lord,
Place your trust in His promises.

Sing to the Lord a new song,
Informed and upright,
Wise and righteous.

Sing songs of meaning,
Of connection and relationship.

Sing songs of names,
Of truth and beauty.

The Lord's book lies open;
Your chapter remains incomplete.

May the Lord be praised,
And may all His works be praised,
And may the Earth be filled with His glory.