

The Pillar of Love: Lot's Wife's Choice

In Sodom's shadow, there we chose our place,
Beside the faces we'd come to embrace.
Our homestead, not in bricks and stones confined,
But in the bonds of heart and soul entwined.

When Abraham and dear Lot their paths did part,
We found our haven, a place to start.
Not just a dwelling, but a life we'd sown,
With neighbours, kin, like seeds in soil, had grown.

The neighbours, they were more than just next door,
They shared our burdens, brought laughter, and more.
With helping hands, in times of deepest need,
Their selfless care, indeed, a noble deed.

Relatives, like threads woven in our story,
Part and parcel of our days of glory.
In our joy and sorrow, they were there,
To hold us close, to show us they did care.

And friends, oh, those we'd made o'er countless years,
With laughter, shared secrets, and heartfelt cheers.
To leave them now, it seemed a painful price,
To part from love, from bonds that felt so nice.

So when I turned, gazing back at the past,
It wasn't just a fleeting look, my last.
For in that moment, love outweighed my strife,
I chose their warmth, their love, above my life.

I'd rather be a pillar turned to salt,
Than lose the love that made my heart exalt.
In that split second, facing Sodom's doom,
I chose the bonds of love, and not the tomb.

For home's not just a place where we reside,
It's in the love, the ties that can't be tied.
In friendships, kin, and neighbours we hold dear,
I looked back, not in fear, but love sincere.