

The Armor of God (poems and songs)

Description



by [Trent Wilde](#)

May these seven poems serve as a means of putting on the Armor of God (Ephesians 6).

- [The War](#)
- [The Belt](#)
- [The Breastplate](#)
- [The Shoes](#)
- [The Shield](#)
- [The Helmet](#)
- [The Sword](#)
- [Songs based on the poems](#)

The War

From the morning,
as the sunrise,
I will honor you with my lips.

Light adorning,
time to shun lies,
once a yawner, but your dew
drips, dazzling my eyes,
making wise,
my tongue unties
to belt with truth.

Day and dark can never truce!
Day and dark can never truce!

A beam from afar,
our morning star as day
breaks nightâ??
my brain awakes from wayward dream;
with sight unblurred I intake the scene.

From tall ledge I seeâ?;! itâ??s war.
Though now our bane, itâ??ll be no more.
This knowledge I wonâ??t ignore!
This knowledge I wonâ??t ignore!

My every pain is now made plain as light affliction.
Principalities and powers reign by crowned fiction.
I stand in contradiction to their dystopian depiction.
No more a myopian; no more malediction.

My life is but a day;
my suffering, a moment.
I won't yield to my opponent
and throw away ineffable time.
And so I stay undeafable
to the chime of truth.

Day and dark can never truce!
Day and dark can never truce!

To withstand the treacherous charmer,
that conjecturous harmer,
in truth, I need your armor.

So,

I heed the warning,
and now uprising
as a dawning to night eclipse.

written May 29 - June 8, 2025

The Belt

I take truth and belt it.
I fix it to myself;
not a fixture on my shelf,
not a mixture of true and false,
but a stricture for my faults.

I choose to keep it close.
I let it enthuse me.
May it infuse me.
I'm deeply engrossed.
Truth I choose to cherish most.

It's the foundation for every good thing
the dictation for what I should sing
the salvation to which I should cling.

Feelings and fulfillment,
friends and family,
faith and freedom
if not based on truth, they're placed on lies.
What waste would be their demise.

If I want to embrace them, I can't compromise
the very thing that underlies their stability.

Every ability attains nobility
only by humility before truth.
Even God submits to truth.

If I'm wrong I want to know.
For too long I've been a foe.
But I purpose to perceive the direction.
I resolve to receive correction.
I believe by truth I'll achieve perfection.

I take truth and belt it
not because I felt it,
but to fell the fault
and quell the assault of the adversary who dealt it.

written June 27, 2025

The Breastplate

In face of the war
I won't shrink in fright.
I'll think as a soldier and fight.
I'll shoulder my burden; it's light.

My breastplate is rightdoing
the template for life renewing.
As pursuing light directs me,
so doing right protects me.

It's a mode of behavior,
modeled on my Savior.
He strode from where he holds sway,
through birth to lay swaddled.
On earth he toddled, then taught.
He showed what is and forboded what's not.

Like him I empty myself;
choosing to be humble,
refusing to grumble.
Like him I need not stumble.

Like a full-of-care actor
I wear my wool of character
woven to represent him.
I seek to present him â?? the liminal lamb
and so prevent sin, the criminal sham.
By practice lâ??I'll be like â??I am who I am.â?•

With this encloathed cognition
the path to perdition is exposed,
my former condition disposed.
By your admonition
lâ??m a logician transposed.
I work self-imposed volition,
see the disquisition enclosed.

This isnâ??t self-discovery,
or hope God will cover me.
Itâ??s choosing who I will be
by using my faculty of reason.

I reject wrong and select right.
Itâ??s been too long a night.
Itâ??s the season for songs of light.
lâ??I'll act on my duty, not on my right.

Though belated, I stand breastplated.
I wonâ??t be frustrated,
but recreated lâ??I'll fulfill my mission
to bring manumission to all
with ears to hear
and eyes to see.
To do this, like you lâ??I'll be.

written July 27, 2025

The Shoes

To tread where you trod
I wonâ??t be unshod;
the footwear you put there
lâ??I'll put on and plod or travel
wherever you send me.
It wonâ??t unravel.
I know youâ??I'll attend me;
you append a squad to defend those

who attend to those
who hear with a nod.

Your shoes are my preparation
my daily education
the separation of true and false,
right and wrong,
each lesson a light for lifelong illumination
a song from the muse of inspiration.

Whether with deliberation or thought-cessation,
every deed is self-formation.
And so I need your foundation for my feet,
traction for my every action,
to defeat the foe with his stupefaction and deceit.

Let me show persistence.
I know I can go the distance.
With your assistance and support
I'll exhort with the report of peace.

To bring release to the bound
I know I must sound with your abounding love.
Teach me to echo the cooing dove.
Propounding evidence, yes,
yet expounded with benevolence from above.

Have me tread how you tread
unfettered, unflawed
with footwear, your footwear, O God.
I'll go where you lead me.
What can impede me?
With your shoes I choose to be shod.

written Aug. 25, 2025

The Shield

I smell smoke.

The foe is near
with flaming dart
an arrow aiming at my heart.
How can I fail to do my part?
I raise my shield.

I gaze across the battlefield.
He stays concealed
yet won't depart.

The malaise of haze I feel.
But feeling be damned;
I'll stand as steel!
I cling to what I know is real,
and wield my shield
with faithful zeal.

If by flaming arrow I catch ablaze
and narrow escape my end of days,
I still may spread a fiery maze,
and by my delays, others meet their demise.
But these darts are only lies.
To stop them I speak the words of the wise.
Talk faith, have faith.
Talk faith, have faith.

My faith is not religion;
it's decision
staying true to what I knew before these darts of derision.

The shield is not a heavy yoke.
No more burden than a word-in to be spoke.
To yield and combust I regard with disgust,
but to wield the shield is just and woke.

By the thrust of a gust I awoke.
The same I now invoke:
Waft away the smoke
as I quench the flame.
Oft evoke the faithful name.

written Sept. 24, 2025

The Helmet

The enemy tries to demoralize me.
But more supplies than otherwise could be
are available in the helmet of hope.

It's a rescue rope.
No need to mope

or peer down the microscope.

Memory ties my eyes to hope.
The truth appears through the telescope.
I choose the long view
and songs not few
with truthful trope.

Positive expectation,
the helmet â?? the hope of salvation.
Thereâ??s sound rationale to ground morale,
a cause to live dedication.

I say, â??No!â?• to despair and dread.
Thatâ??s a bare head open to a death blow.
I need my breath to flow.
I must survive this deathly foe.
I have duties to fulfill. Iâ??ll strive still.
I wonâ??t die on this hill but exercise my will.

All I have to do is cooperate.
I donâ??t believe in fate,
but I perceive finality.
So I spurn the morbid mentality,
and state the straight reality.

For neutrality thereâ??s no room.
I reject doom and gloom.
Iâ??ll have morality bloom
with the empty tomb my tome of hope.

I wear the helmet â?? the hope of salvation.
With sound rationale to ground morale,
out of duty I shall
swear myself to consecration.

written Oct. 24, 2025

The Sword

My only weapon is a word.
I heard it from the cooing bird â??
a song to be sung,
a sword to be swung,
to be stored in my belt

then slung from my tongue.

When I'm pelted by the brewing third,
my hewing won't be deferred.
My sword is smelted â?? the sword of the gust.
I know what I must be doing.

I just speak aloud
to weaken the clouds accruing.
I've vowed to be renewing my viewing
by the saying of God.
So I relay the truth and slay the fraud.

I'm not afraid.
I'll fight and the foe will flee.
I cling to my sword and swing to be free.

I'll swing and keep on swinging
until the war is over.
I'll sing and keep on singing
until the war is done â?? and evermore.

written Nov. 23, 2025

The following songs were created using Ai guided by style prompts to write music using the poems as lyrics.

Jazzy/R&B Versions:

1. **The War (jazzy r&b version)**
2. **The Belt (jazzy r&b version)**
3. **The Breastplate (jazzy r&b version)**
4. **The Shoes (jazzy r&b version)**
5. **The Shield (jazzy r&b version)**
6. **The Helmet (jazzy r&b version)**
7. **The Sword (jazzy r&b version)**

Gospel Versions:

1. **The War (gospel version)**
2. **The Belt (gospel version)**
3. **The Breastplate (gospel version)**
4. **The Shoes (gospel version)**
5. **The Shield (gospel version)**
6. **The Helmet (gospel version)**
7. **The Sword (gospel version)**

[For more poems, click here.](#)