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on His throne, He may chide: "THEY are My own. For THEM, too, I bled, you see; none is less than you and Me. When in flesh, Myself, I clothed, I, by hypocrites, was loathed; true believers, found I few. Be there more than Me and you? In My Spirit, deep, I groan, who art thou that casts this stone? Shall My Mercy, from you flee? Dare you cast a stone at Me? Did you place souls on this Earth? Dare you judge another's worth? When I judge with Judgment true, shall I, as you judged, judge you? Will fear tauten up your face, as you stand at Judgment Place, waiting to receive your due? Naught shall stand 'twixt Me and you. Will you, then, be quite as bold, as your harm to Me is told? 'Lord!' you'll cry, 'when harmed I, Thee?' Harm done to the Least, harmed Me. Can you make the smallest stone? Stuff soft marrow into bone? Do you hold Life's Mysteries' Key? Are you lesser, not, than Me? Cannot I, who fashioned water, run it cold or make it hotter? Each thing does as I say do; who dares second guess Me? You? If I make a thing this way, who are you to judge and say: 'That's wrong! You must start anew!' Am I lesser, now, than you? Who has set you as a Judge? Lightning, will it take to nudge from your mind that thought untrue: 'Less THEY are than me and you'? Round no person is a border; humankind is but one Order. Never speak thus: 'Verily, Less THEY are than you and me.' Smug, self-righteous hypocrite! In your spiteful heart does sit hatred, deep-dyed. Can't you see, hatred severs you from Me?" Husbands! Have you kept your wife? Pledged you, not, to her your life? Has divorce de-branched that tree? Is there no more "you-and-me"? Wives! Do you stand innocent? Have you ever, bride's vow bent? Can you claim, in husband's view: "Never have I strayed from you"? If a man-and-woman prance, in that matrimonial dance, and they stumble, shall they be, less of worth than you and me? Different, though, becomes the stroke when a man-and-woman broke sacred marriage vow in two; "morals" shift for me and you. Persons, clear of mind, disparage, all this bilge of "saving marriage"; who can take it seriously, when, exempt, are you and me? One's own life grows barren, hard, when one tends to neighbor's yard; one becomes depressed and blue, moaning, "God! Why me, not you?" "Tend thine own!" Respect this fact; then, with your affairs intact, reason, there will never be, for your intermeddling with me. If man-woman couples hone bliss -- and leave all others alone, same-sex pairs could not mock, true: "Less they are than me and you!"