

L I T  
M U S

P A P P E R

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**Disclaimer: The encouragement required to complete this booklet was not found in the authors own ability. This encouragement was provided by the One Omnipotent Lord of Heaven and Earth through His many means including (but not limited to): the author's loving family; the author's loving family-friends; the author's loving friends; the unseen, unheard workings of angels; and especially the comfort and communion of God The Spirit.**

**Simply, Saviour,**

**this I plea:**

Take and make a man of me.

Hold not back **your hand,**

**'stead reprimand**

**and cause my heart to see,**

that *it is grace* in my Saviour's face as **He**  
stood in stay of **me**

which **equips my hands** and  
**guards my heart**

**against the man I could be**

and makes me to stand

*a savéd man,*

**Oh! so hopeful in my plea.**

# Mere Medicine

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Written: 20/3/21 10:03PM-11:29PM

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I thought that love was a drug.  
I was abused, misused, and in need of it,  
So I abused, misused, and made a need of it.

I thought hate was an antihistamine.  
I became too used to it,  
So I became a "used" to it.

I thought pain was insulin.  
I hurt myself like a fool.  
So I, like a fool, myself hurt.

I thought shame was a steroid.  
I built walls with it so no one could get it,  
So I built walls with it, but I could get no one in.

Bleeding heart, blistered, scared,  
I carry in the palm of guilt.  
I bear guilt as confused fealty.  
I lift up fealty to my entrenched reality.  
I wave it high believing it is before regalty.

Mistaken, forsaken, is it the end?  
 Mistaken, forsaken, it is the end.  
 Beginning love's end and  
 Ending in Love's beginning,

Bleeding heart with blessed scars  
 He carries in a palm of gauze.  
 He bears guilt in confused fealty.  
 He's lifted up—fealty—  
     'gainst my entrenched reality.  
 He is raised on high up to, before, beyond regalty.

Mistaken? Forsaken! Is that the end?  
 Mistaken, retaken, this is my end.  
 Love's beginning, my end.  
     love's end, a new beginning.

God, My Lord, His name:  
 The Great Physician.  
 Suture for bleeding souls.  
 Chemo for carcinogenic captives.  
 Morphine for the pained heart.  
 Anti-biotic for the septic sufferer.  
 Silver sulfate for the scathed conscience.  
 Weighted blanket for the waiting writer.  
 Anti-depressant for the troubled sheep.  
 Tonic for each other malady.  
 Ever present Help in time of need.  
 Most of all a cure for love, hate, pain and shame,  
 Lying in the bosom of my very own Christ.  
 Amen, amen.

# Barb Wire Valley

Written: 12/1/2020 ~12:00 PM

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I cried from a valley.  
I cried from a valley, and my God heard.

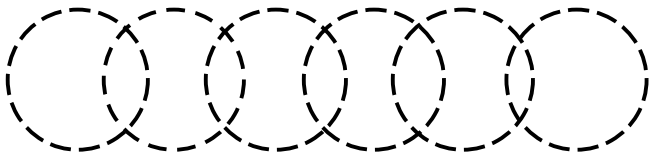
When, Old Self, did your god come to your aid?  
Where, sinner, is your idol?  
Whom, false will, abides with you?

I cried out in pain.  
I cried out in pain, and my God heard.

I paid my dues and He returned a thousand fold.  
I obeyed His Word, and He led me from The Valley.  
I lifted up my hands and He took hold of them.

But I abide in this Valley.  
It shall be my home until my Shepherd guides me Home.

Though I walk through this weary and sin-jaded world,  
And though I stumble through The Valley  
I shall fear much but be comforted a hundred fold.



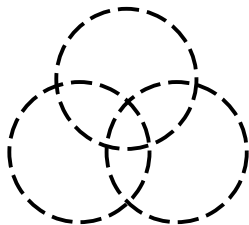
I shall traverse the Highway  
wind beaten and unsure as it may seem.  
I shall cross over the Glass Bridge  
weak and scary as it is.  
I shall journey across The Valley  
deep and dark as it is.  
For I am fleeing to His Rest.

And even if The Valley is filled with barbed wire,  
Even if I have to walk sidestep encompassed by thorns,  
Even if my flesh is torn from my bones!  
I shall stand under my Bleeding Saviour.

If my face is tattered,  
If my legs are burnt,  
If my hands are mutilated,  
And If my eyes are gouged,  
I shall still look to my Dwelling.

Not to The Valley,  
Not its false oases,  
But to the One who was disfigured far worse than I,  
not even for His own sake;

He shall make me look  
only to His face—that glorious face,  
and only to His hands,  
and only to His feet,  
and only to His side:  
the things that make for me a Home,  
not a Valley.



# Of Those Lost Things

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Written: 27/3/21 10:42PM – 11:59 PM

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I saw it in some eyes,  
I heard it in a mouth:  
A recollection of things lost.

I drew it from my thoughts,  
I knew it from a broken heart:  
A recollection of things lost.

They tell me the earth spins in circles,  
Yet I never return to my dear old home.  
They tell me I'm wound up in circles,  
Yet I never know how to release.

I saw it pass me by,  
I let it pass me by:  
A time of lost things.

I touched it when it was now,  
I felt it when it was now:  
A time of lost things.

They say all things come to an end,  
Yet I feel like an eternally made being.  
They say I'm the last thing to let go,  
Yet I don't know how they let go so easily.



I remember it now,  
I struggle with it now:  
The pains of lost things.

I was hurt and was hated,  
I was made and molded:  
The pains of lost things.

They deem the past a thing that has faded,  
Yet I don't see a difference between  
                    green and grey adders.  
They deem my emotions, "soon to be faded,"  
Yet I don't see an end to my confusion.

They start and they end.  
My mind struggles and bends.  
A beginning and an end?  
How do broken souls mend?  
It is lost—its end.  
A death must be penned.

Can mortal expound on finite?  
Yet the wise claim the eternal theirs.  
Can The Immortal expound on the finite?  
Yet to be wise I am.

This is the world: conceived by an eternal God.  
This is the world: filled with mortal creation.  
This is the world: home to an  
                    eternal-breath-filled creature.

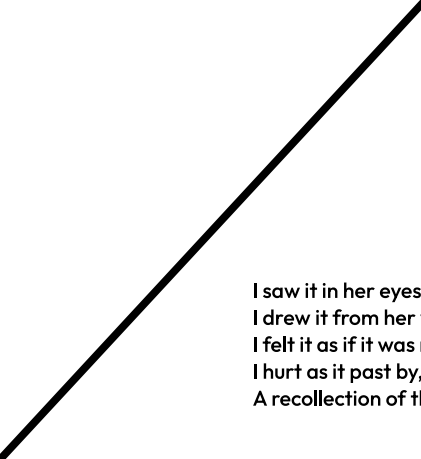
We lost it: an eternal paradise home.  
We lost it: It was the beginning—we lost it.  
An eternal paradise home: we lost it.

We lost things, but promises were made.  
We lost things, but souls were saved.  
Blessing amidst curse for lost things.  
Accursed for blessing for lost things.

So too we see our lost things:  
Brothers, mothers, things from our lovers.  
Home... home, things from home.  
Bits, habits, things from past habitats.  
Home! home, things from home.

As we peer at ourselves, we often see loss,  
But we look at our God and see the true cost.  
We welcome the past as it comes to an end,  
A promise of life disarms these small deaths.


To belittle the past is to spit at the future.  
To remember the past is to set up the future.



I saw it in her eyes,  
I drew it from her words,  
I felt it as if it was now,  
I hurt as it past by,  
A recollection of things past.

I saw it in His eyes,  
I was shown it from His Word,  
I felt it as I do now,  
I couldn't look as He passed by,  
A recollection of things future.

I will see it in its glory,  
I will know it as it stands,  
I will feel it as never known,  
I won't cry—It won't pass by,  
A re-collection of things past.



# Lily

**Written: Sometime June 14–18**

A special thanks to Chimmy.



“The grass withers, the flower fades  
when the breath of the Lord blows on it;  
surely the people are grass.” — Isaiah 40:7



Lily, Lily, ‘pon your petals do I weep.  
For you are peaceful in this dreaded heat.  
And to the end of comparison do I grieve.

Lily, Lily, help me weep.  
The fear of man and my lack of peace...  
Make me know your Hope—The All I need.

Lily, Lily, ‘pon your petals do I weep.  
For the pain I feel and things I see  
Never surprise but are cause to weep.

Lily, Lily, we mustn't weep.  
For fear of death is not our dreaded heat.  
For eternal life we needn't grieve.

# Poverty

Written: 24/10/21 9:39PM – 10:08PM

“And Ezra opened the book in the sight of all the people...  
and as he opened it all the people stood” — Nehemiah 8:5

Pain, loss, and grief.  
Pain, there's no loss of grief.  
Pain, I toss in grief.

Poverty, pain, loss, relief.  
Poverty, pain, I forgot relief.  
Poverty, pain, The Word, relief.

In worship is found a great relief.  
In The Word is a plenteous feast.

In my struggles to love  
do I seek to worship He.  
In my struggles with love  
I do find Relief.

By starvation required of me,  
Will I join the joyous feast  
On Jesus by His pierced pain  
And acquaintance with grief.

# Out of the Darkness

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Written: 15/1/21 10:00PM – 10:40PM

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Deep in the shadows of the gorge lurk they.  
Those evil desires upon me prey.  
Toying about,  
    wolf with lamb.  
Destroying about,  
    by God's grace stayed.

Lead down a path, I now am a slave.  
Reflections off pitch are hope in this cave.  
"Following you, heart and feet;  
Knowing you, a new path will pave."

"Dear Father above!  
In this hard drive make me live  
    As olive with dove."

"Trials as harkenings,  
New hearts as new beginnings,  
Salvation as living,  
And Christ as love."

With the Spirit my only living part,  
A heart constantly missing the mark,  
But a living part who bears witness—a mark,  
A heavenly inferno's spark,  
Who guides on the path  
In this dark gorge of desires,  
Over mountains, through valleys,  
Parting rivers, crushing wolves—  
Temporal things—  
To eternity's light.

# Wee Little Stars

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Written: 22/11/21 11:09 PM – 11:55 PM

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The stars are throbbing tonight.  
Along with your heart and mine.  
The clouded moon despairs its height,  
Awaiting to join its Dawn and shine.

The stars are throbbing tonight.  
Bright then dark as to remind  
We little beings the light  
Comes and goes such as the time is kind.

The stars are throbbing tonight.  
Encamped soldiers are they.  
Having stood and fought the fight,  
They wait for the Son of Freedom's day.

The stars are throbbing tonight  
As though they have words they need to say.  
But the message's path conveys  
The words they mean to say.

Every pause of their tongue  
is light touched by night,



But still we see them shining  
As their love is carried on by God's hand.

So too may we be stars in the night.  
Brightness shining across a far, dark land.

Soon I shall see you,  
                  when there is an end to this fight.  
And love which has fought for its life  
Shall no longer have to cross this sacred distance.

# Wicked Self

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Written: 10:14PM – 10:57PM 7/3/2022

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How great! How great is he!  
Who shall know his heart?  
Shalt thou forever grace thy  
                  watchers with thy presence?  
Shalt thou never leave our eyes?  
Day and night thou bid us look at thee.

Who can ascend thy precious hill  
And approach thy gleaming harem?  
Thou hast appointed feasts and celebrations.  
**Great** days of commotion!  
Thou hast claimed every green tree.  
Thou art a man of many cisterns.  
When the people are thirsty,  
                  you fill their eyes.

What man is like thee?  
Who can touch thee and live?  
All who touch thee alike die  
And those who kiss thee descend to Sheol.  
Behold! All the works thy hands  
                  have made please thee.  
Thou dost carve figures with both hands.  
                  Many gods call ye their father.

Can God ascend thy hill?  
 Is His will pure enough for thee?  
 O Wicked Self!  
 Thou hast corrupted  
     thyself with lies abominable.  
 Dost thou not know the Creator of thy youth?

Hast thou forgotten His holy sanctuary?  
 Hast thou no regard for His justice?  
 Even the hardest heart should crack  
     at such a sight.

Repent! for thou knowest not  
     the number of thy days.  
 Return! O faithless son.  
     He is not as fickle as thou art.  
 Dress thyself! like a man  
     And remain silent before Him.  
 For He knows thy frame;  
 He remembers we are dust.

He is an Omega and an Alpha to thee.  
 He was punished for thy transgressions,  
     despite His sanctity.

O Wicked Self... wilt thou ever see?  
 There is no hope inside of thee.  
 O Wicked Self... wilt thou ever see?  
 The springs of life-unending 'tis He.  
 O Wicked Self, I pray thou wilt see  
 The Saviour of both ye and me.

# Light-headed

Written: 1/3/21 11:25PM - 12:15AM 2/3/21

Lightheaded that's all I've been.  
It's what I've always been.  
Left or right or wrong?  
I could never tell the difference.

Lightheaded—a good description of how I feel.  
A good description of how I've always felt.  
Up or down or all bets off?  
Emotions feel like daytrading.

Lightheaded but both feet are on the ground.  
Both feet have always been on the ground.  
Forward or backward or straightened out?  
When you're stuck to the ground there's always  
somewhere further down.

1, 2, 3, 4

1, 2, 3, 4

1, 2, 3, 4

I counted three,

I meant for three,

Bonsai—my verse, it is a sculpted tree.

Light-headed, life's never been brighter.  
My life shall ever get brighter.  
Light or lighter or fire?  
Inferno of soul is my needless fear.

Light-headed it's how I get with Him,  
It's how I'll get to Him.  
Cross or pass over or forgotten?  
The eternal tram doesn't have automatic doors.

Light-headed forever light-headed,  
Since ever light-headed.  
Lightheaded or light-headed or in-heaven-bedded?  
Each one necessitates the other.

4, 3, 2, 1

4, 3, 2, 1

4, 3, 2, 1

He counted three,  
He meant for three,  
Bon sigh—our lives forever free.

My life is fading,  
But Grace spurs me on,  
He spurs me on.

# Messiah

Written: 13/11/21 9:51 PM – 10:57PM

Incarnate Jesus, who knows all pain:  
 Your heavens stretch far from  
     those that crown my starless sky.  
 I have watched them leave.  
 Yet I stood fast,  
 Yet I set my face against You as flint.  
 Now You have struck me,  
 Now You have lain me down.  
 I speak forth and say to Sheol, "My mother,"  
     And to the Rephaim, "My brothers."  
 Shall all Your servant's bones be broken?  
 Shall my vitality be taken in full?  
 .....  
 Shall the God of all comfort forsake His saints?  
 Shall the LORD forget all His promises?  
 The Messiah calls forth, "My brothers!"  
     In the crossroads, "My sisters!"  
 He will pick you up.  
 He will heal your bones.  
 He has set His face as emery harder than flint.  
 He stood fast.  
 He watched the stars leave my sky.  
 He began building His haven before  
     He set the stars in heaven—  
 Incarnate Jesus, who knows all pain.

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The author will do his best to respond in a timely fashion.

# LITMUS PAPER

is the premiere collection of written compositions by Elijah Hopp.

It couples together his faith, suffering, and emotions while not sacrificing his playfulness or supressing his willingness to explore the extents of the poetic form.

Naming the work "Litmus Paper", Elijah looks to his readers for feedback, inviting critical assesment and thoughtful, intimate interaction by his candid writing style.

His unflinching dedication to set each scene in Biblical context and God-ward vision turns his every penstroke "light-headed" (p. 11).

please fill the square that most accurately reflects your recorded ph:

emotionally basic

intellectually potent

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Just Right

please take the liberty to colour the above piece of litmus paper in accordance with your reading experience