



There ... in darkness, Awaken 'O sleeper ... for dreams ... are still dreams.

Papi ~ December 19, 1988

True repentance remembers ... each step ... of the way back home
Yet for partial remorse and delay of choice will one get lost again ... and again
There ... in darkness, will they lay sleeping, oblivious to those pardoned corridor trampers
Who enter and leave with means to see and motive attempting to rearrange the placements
It is knowledge that releases death's occupants and its lack ... that still binds
Awaken 'O sleeper failing to watch. It is the watch to watch ... for dreams ... are still dreams

Beyond the uncommitted self are lands of self-committed slaves who will not stop
For the tending of passionate fires fails to identify those passing as friend or foe ... or both
There ... in darkness, smoky arenas blur their eyes and preconception continues to stir
Controversy reigns - for none will have a king and each guards own notion as supreme
In not stopping, those souls have stopped and neither godliness nor contentment is gained
Awaken 'O sleeper failing to rest. The journey is not over ... for dreams ... are still dreams

Slavery to the traditional guile of **one** thinking himself above others has discovered hordes
Yea with willingness, are tributes paid for promises made, and the deception ... continues
There ... in darkness, to defend mutual error with zeal and with the root of all the evil
The ditch dwellers blindly serpentine the course - in seeking prophecy, they ignore prophecy
To forget the way home, as the way in, is the way out, and from womb to be born again
Awaken 'O sleeper deceived in toil. Follow now **another** ... for dreams ... are still dreams

The lighted scene of midway point, both narrow and wide, is where nothing can hide
Where the naked change in view of every pardoned trampler - a one-way path set to venture
There ... in darkness no more, the beast is challenged and devoured by greater beast
Encased in two-part chamber, the head becomes the tail and silent mourn shields the ear
Metamorphosis midst this sterile purity is where revelation suddenly turns sweet to bitter
Awaken 'O sleeper to knowledge of change. **None escapes** ... for dreams ... are still dreams

Poetry by Papi

Each step cross this horizontal ladder is to take now or never to balance the return home
That yonder vertical ascent, in memory looms, while multiple labyrinths are lain before
There ... in darkness, each specifically designed to draw left or right they seem unending
End results ne'er shown before the choice leave many to linger and languish - very - desire
Eventually ... eventually, is every choice made and every consequence ordered and recorded
Awaken 'O sleeper to turn right, ahead. It is - **not** - yet over ... for dreams ... are still dreams

The law of memory carries the weight accompanying this retrace of such familiar path
Seeing those and that, of time gone bye, causes a rush ahead to reveal the **end of time**
There ... in darkness, traps and trades remain and seem advantaged to those who set them
For the alliance of the *family evil*, lingers still, intent to take collectively what not is theirs
Memory of lighted scene revives the hope of glory and that safely buried is help to overcome
Awaken 'O sleeper to anointed light. Become a tramper ... for dreams ... are still dreams

The gate so simply hinged, in plain view and in sight of the place of darkness ... now opens
With price paid and accepted and with nothing owed to tormentors or accusers, it is finished
There ... in darkness, some will remain until the key of knowledge, can by them be found
Query the travelers who both come and go - those pardoned corridor trampers who all know
Crowned with wisdom and understanding the beauty of holiness, give mercy force to flow
Awaken 'O sleeper to **sleep no more!** Here ... is the ladder ... for dreams ... are still dreams