

# Poetry by Papi

## At This Time

Papi – November 5, 2011

May the government of my soul be so ordered - redeemed - set free ... at this time  
Unto its final extraction from the earthly body - and joined - in that completed unity - above  
Let it not be appointed in some other deposit below, destined to struggle with powers sublime  
That lead and mislead - hinder and help - that challenge one's hate, and challenge one's love

Evil presents itself in full array - adorned as king and ruler of all that it is limited to understand  
Notwithstanding the knowledge of reconciliation looms aloft, and portends a much different end  
Its purpose fully established was only to allow good to be triumphant and in victory to stand  
For that that governs the soul's acclimation to new horizons ... at this time, calls for holy blend

At this time - at this time - at this time - the last trumpet sounds and the culmination climaxes  
Resurrection and mystery give up their secret, knowing the source of it all as the Supreme will  
Correspondences exchange knowledgeable views and verdicts the few to release their relaxes  
For the intervention of sleep gives way to the light and the first of the chosen see what is real

Garner in likeness and by derived merit reward - let righteousness govern and set now a crown  
Heirs and joint heirs have all returned to the point, known as the place, where ALL come to go  
For this redemption that all souls long to sustain is but an orchestrated journey beginning down  
In the darkness - and here a little and there a little shines the light, and ... at this time ... I know