

Fear Speaks To One and One Speaks To Fear

Poetry
by Papi

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Who dares stand before this gate without javelin or sword in hand
for I've known not any?
Warriors and mighty kings have all come challenging from that very spot of land.
Of whom there've been many.
Dispersed them all with ne'er a sweat and ne'er the care of mind
to hear their feeble plea.
Unprepared they were with arrogance and weapons of every kind
To tremble before me
Like lions, they've roared presumptuously, seeking unjustly easy prey
in the nature of their own.
With keen eyesight and witty lore, they come without hope, day by day.
And in the end I stand alone.

Whom dare I say, presenting neither boast of glory nor right of claim -
does stand here before this way?
Where is the sacrifice you offer and where is the innocent one you blame?
To appease this sword's sway.
Speak - for I've posed questions that demand answer, for my ears, to hear.
So answer here and answer now.
For this path I guard is hallowed ground, and none but One may go here.
And to Him - I shall bow.
There are promises made and promises kept, and secret words behind this gate
that I don't even know.
Neither deception nor stylish philosophical guile passes - the disguise I hate,
I destroy, and send below.

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I who stand before the gate have weapons of heart with none carnal in hand.
The javelin and sword ... I need not any.
For not by might and nor by power, do I seek the King of kings of every land
Of whom, indeed, there have been many.
Dispersed from here, was I to ever till, in sweat of brow and with care of mind?
No indeed for One has heard my humble plea
I come prepared to be taught of thee, I have lived to love, to be gentle and kind
And you, it is, that trembles me
The Lion of Judah roars quietly within, justly seeking the release of its prey
Into the Spirit of its Own
With eye to One, to give faith and hope, I've learned to pray, day by day
That I need not stand alone

Dare not I to present boasts and glories that I have no right to claim
But Pure Spirit has brought me before this way
The sacrifice mentioned, dwells within, the innocent one who took my blame
To appease the very sword you sway
Speak - for I'll ask questions that desire answer, for my ears, to hear.
And so ... I answer you here, and answer you now.
For the path you guard to hallowed ground leads to One that placed you here
And to Him - I ... shall also bow.
Those promises made are promises kept, and those secret words behind the gate
I come to learn that I may know - I know
Neither deception nor stylish philosophical guile passes - their disguise I also hate.
O beginning of wisdom, allow me to ascend from here below.