

Poetry by Papi

I Remember ... My Soul Passed Over - Beyond That Time

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Papi

I remember as age gave way to my pedagogic prowess that others might learn the commands
From that to me entrusted, due to the prophetic ideal of soul perfection and restored desire
I remember showing younger Levites the means and inferences of the Tabernacle's demands
On how the columns are finessed from each side, using what patience and knowledge require

I remember a part of my past experience living as a Levite and setting up a temporary tent
Although there is no memory of death arriving or leaving I vacated that place of wilderness
Just as my lot had collected and stored each reward or neglect, with its fullness of intent
My soul passed over - beyond that time; as did my brethren due to the Holy One's tenderness

I remember aging as a paradigmatically accomplished warrior, in charge of every movement
From beginning to the end of day, none or nothing survived, without my stopping its demise
I remember showing younger Vikings from vocalized annals, the historic battles' assignment
On how the enemies and their varied cultural differences to ours are annihilated or revised

I remember living specific days as a Viking, reflecting as the ship was readied and set to oar
I recalled battle victories thru scarred badges knowing each kill calls for a price of exchange
Ominous meanderings of darkness invade my soul, and I remember the day of death's roar
My soul passed over - beyond that time; with death came my soul's promise to seek change

I remember an expenditure of years as a soi-disant troubadour rhyming for royalty and all
With vested interest I taught my fellows out rightly and cloaked as well values of moral love
I remember seeking younger poets to hear what lies beneath carefully crafted words of call
On how a man stores the messages sent to accord just him - from the below and the above

I remember traveling European trails growing old and tired to where a crowd began to mock
Standing by the edge of the Rhone River my soul calls for my mind to tell my heart to speak
Ominous meanderings conjured from a secret place of knowing accompanied my suicidal talk
My soul passed over - beyond that time; the river was my way to the sea that I came to seek



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I was carried by the wind; I remember conversing with angels from on high who were at war
I was left in a place I had been before; remembering it in my mind as a covert time of war
I remember being called by a name that served nations by writing and advising about war
My soul passed over - out of prison and beyond that time; set free from the ravages of war

I remember being an Indian chieftain wrestling ceremonially in days of lull and without war
I remember being born after the II World War

I remember being born again after the Viet Nam War

I remember ... My soul passed over - beyond that time

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