

# Poetry by Papi

Papi - May 15, 2008

Rest given and interrupted between these lights is similitude and nothing more  
For the law of labor determines it so; it's from the cause ... effect cannot ignore  
Mere respites that are brief reflections of just cause set spinning toward the real  
Assures the upward climb to take harder breaths and have survival succumb to will

That question - to be or not to be - yet answered and yet ... not answered at all  
Must be weighed in balance of single will, scattered high and low from center's fall  
The harmless, wily escape from fire and flood must prove everlastingly a true exam  
And from the dust gathered to shape an honored vessel - as one to become - I am

Continued choice appears paramount and the shedding of blood the exchange  
The Angel with contentment, expectation, and knowledge of faith, shall rearrange  
And passage to Eden that garden of rest will then be explored, planted and hedged  
All that is given and all that is taken must be understood to be loaned and two-edged

When making the choice take certainty as companion, lest certainty ally the choice  
and cause it to return for a certain answer and demand that you give it voice  
For confused indecision is self-descriptive and every soul has its own story to tell  
The law of choice demands the final answer . . . Will your rest be heaven or hell?



## — Resting — Places —

