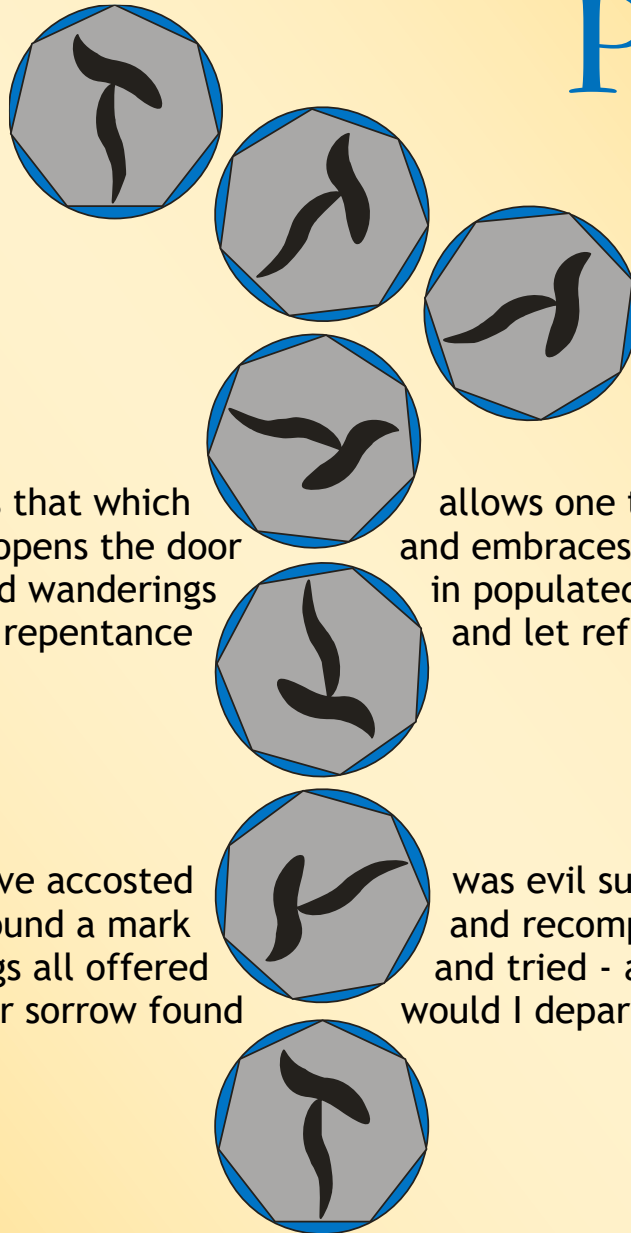


SEVEN TIMES FALLING

Papi – May 1, 2008

Poetry
by Papi



Clear conscience is that which
For forgiveness opens the door
Long and sorted wanderings
To bring true repentance

allows one to come home
and embraces the soul
in populated deserts alone
and let reflection take its toll

By all those who have accosted
For misery has found a mark
Manifold samplings all offered
And were it not for sorrow found

was evil summoned to view
and recompense a wage
and tried - all balanced and true
would I depart with rage

Aeons of challenge ... to pull one way strong ... and one way stronger
Have presently ceased ... and this clear conscience ... has beckoned
These experiences have settled the debate and sin lingers no longer
For in seven times falling I shall now rise ... to be reckoned