

Poetry by Papi

Sullied Avenues

Papi ~ 12.21.08

When once a one has traveled, and now 'tis far, too far to reach
The safe shores of origin become a tale, that sages long to teach
For time becomes the meddler with distance too far to gain
And soul of choice, amid the ride, must rest, and there remain

'twas attraction of suspicious trait - 'O that made the luring call
Aye, That, behind the one, made turn, and then made one to fall
Journey the wrong direction and step-one-too-many will show
That in passing out the center, there are multiple roads to go

Yet boulevards, farther ... are there, for temptation leads to shame
The ear complains, 'tis lust of eye, that faults - touch - the one to blame
Traditions try to switch the tale that any lane can get one there
When truth be known tampered with, 'tis not within that thoroughfare

Humbled and estranged one goes with environments taking due
The vessel hath stopped in course but the soul has still the view
The law of must - the must of law, must surely know the way
For two came, with one to blame, and one now leaves the one to stay

One must find another one that hath traveled equally as far as he
But goes the way, of returning way, and in accord of one joins two to be
'O how doth the possibility seem ... that so far from home we've drifted
Yet the many **Sullied Avenues** we travel, keep us from all we're gifted