

# Poetry by Papi

## THE SECRET SPEECH I LEARNED TO COUNT

Papi – March 31, 2010

A journey with accuracy can soon begin, as one learns to count, one sees the end  
For all that was, and is to be, adds up to knowing, and teaches me  
I learned to count before I walked, and with that sum, I learned to talk  
The secret count in each breath I take, keeps me here each time I wake

One learns to write and leaves a mark, and pages fill with light and dark  
For all he does, or intends to do, to be written there, as done and true  
I learned to read the marks of all, to divide that sum, and make the call  
The secret speech both first and last, tells what we learn when once we ask

The journey is truth in a book of life; it is all there in harmony, and there in strife  
For all we learn, there is to know, the cause of causes, above here ... below  
I learned to know all things that are, from counting marks from near and far  
The secret learned in present spins, in a mind that knows to tell again

THE SECRET SPEECH ... I LEARNED TO COUNT