

Poetry by Papi



THE PRUNERS

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Without knowledge the unseen can neither be directed nor embraced.
For the well intentioned practices of novice soldiers have outright slain some
while others are left diseased and crippled never to recover and enjoy life's taste.
Their purpose was hidden and who they were was never known of fools active and dumb.

Grander schemes, intentioned, yet allowed to be lost in the confusion and absence of care
have caused the labor of the laborer to be extended and looked upon with eyes anew.
Perhaps in severing that posed as undesirable at first glance was too soon changed to glare.
To become lost to judgment whose unwise keepers have delivered to the king his due.

Let time make the choice, let the bent be known by its own direction and cause.
Learn the secrets and arts hidden from the first set of eyes ... embrace the challenge of love.
For harvest is seasonal and will present itself new challenges and will ask of thee to pause.
'Til silence be broken make thorough resolve to clean a place ... for the feet ... of the dove.

