



Poetry by Papi

WHERE ECHOES AND RAINBOWS HIDE

Papi – November 21, 2011

Occasionally I encounter an echo ... hiding prodigiously, in an obviously magical and coveted set
By perfect memory and from its own chosen curve or plane - it replicates a voice recently selected
So certain is the sounding of the echo that it delivers a verbatim challenge to gain pleasure or regret
And verifies the origin from the present to the past, and to the future, it stores all things collected

These places are somewhat difficult to find you know - echoes are peculiar and seem joined to time
They mock and dedicate tales delighting the ear, and at times their soft chiming proves just for the fun
Oh, but beware, when you find where echoes hide, for they ally with time, and end softly - sublimed
Alter or disguise the call to their ear and you'll see they know every trick, every note, and every run

Rainbows are exceptionally adept at hiding - or at least as long as they choose to remain concealed
But once allowed to slip its secret abode - the splendor of the rainbow - charms and dazzles - one and all
Ne'er forgetting the color arrangement - staying aloft - just short of having to show the unrevealed
They keep end chasers guessing, and waiting to find where echoes and rainbows hide - 'til their next recall

Where echoes and rainbows hide - I imagine others hide there as well - in that magical and coveted place
Where echoes and rainbows hide - is also the telling of all memory - including all - we have seen or heard
Where echoes and rainbows hide - angels and chariots await our arrival - to swiftly carry us before His face
Where echoes and rainbows hide - the spirit realm hides it all - a bow, a promise, and each - echoed Word