

Poetry by Papi

TIS PERHAPS - BUT IT ALL MADE ME CRY

Papi – November 03, 2010

To the beggar a pearl give I to watch where his hand - then goes
‘Tis perhaps - fault of others why travels he weary - with woes
For indeed he is poor - for reasons both known - and misunderstood
And yet one doubts the validity that he would change - if he could
‘twas my pearl beggar - my Master lent me - and placed firm in my hand
‘came part of my savings - my salvation - for my redeemed and final stand
From His hand - to my hand - to his hand ... and his hand watched I
That followed his heart from his mind and soul - and it all made me cry

To the whiner a reason give I to hear if his words - then change
‘Tis perhaps – life only gave him chances that he could never – rearrange
But plays he the fool – neither hears he the words – nor listens in mind
And he remains as he is – desiring difference – merely grumbling his bind
‘twernt idle rambling whiner – from my Master gave I - wisdom to change life
‘stead fell to my gatherings – my long studies – time I spent ending “my” strife
From His mind – to my mind – to his mind ... and his mind discerned I
Not silent and hearing - but angrily befuddled - and it all made me cry

To the neighbor an offering give I to know if he knows – then shares
‘Tis perhaps – good fortune never came to arrest his vies – and cares
Surely, he is unlearned – as evidenced by action – and words from voice
But to know why we share or return a favor does not enter – the choice
‘twasnt non sacrifice given neighbor – when my Master gives – I learn to give
‘tween the giving and taking – my learning learned – and gave me reason to live
From His time – to my time – to his time ... and I saw his time to die
Still not knowing – with stingy blood flowing – but it all made me cry