

The Walls of Paradise

by reg via sal - Jungle Drum Newswire *Sunday, Aug 31 2014, 12:49am*

international / poetry / post

after a lifetime searching
i finally stood before the locked gates
of paradise
beseeching the gatekeeper
to allow free passage

but like a taunting demon
the gatekeeper remained unmoved

undaunted i began to circumnavigate
the impregnable walls
that no-one had ever breached
and discovered that they encompassed
all existence;
what strange barrier must i now
confront and overcome?

after numerous futile sweeps
looking for weaknesses i remembered
i was not forlorn and that nothing could prohibit
my entry

again i approached the gatekeeper
and discovered he was me,
outwitting him
became a futile pursuit
a stalemate

to have come this far
and stand at the gates of the sublime
to be refused
only quickened my efforts to gain entry

time began to play its destructive tricks
the more i persevered and struggled
(against myself)
the more difficult it became --
a lad named Methuselah mocked me
from a watchtower,
the seasons had taken their toll

i staggered to the gate

determined but not prideful
or arrogant
the gatekeeper laughed at the sight of me
he had retained my youthful appearance
and mocked the wretched creature
requesting entry

such anguish i had never known
again i remembered who i was
and sat before the gate with eyes
and focus riveted on
the taunting image of my youth
as the gatekeeper

i realised that before i could effect
the external
i needed to transform the internal
so i sat like a mountain unmoved
until the screen of my mind began to
crowd with images of my previous
lives and experiences

there is no fear greater than personal fear
nor any repulsion more loathsome
than a personal aversion
no hell more terrifying
than one's personal hell

the gatekeeper laughed as he watched
my face grimace confronting
stark images of all my personal
vulnerabilities, fears
aversions and joys

i nevertheless remained steady
in my seat
calm though slightly agitated by the images
that flashed across my mind

i watched until the images lost their power
to disturb -- experiences charged with emotional
impact had enslaved me for aeons

the gatekeeper observed my progress
and became agitated
he began to age as i began to grow youthful
as we/i exchanged states

nevertheless, i remained steady
and determined

soon my emancipation approached
with the mystic key that unlocks
the gates of paradise

it fixed its gaze on me
probing for aberrations
and weaknesses,
i remained imperturbable

the walls and gate
vanished i was in an open field
of dreams and realities
without a clear distinction

i remained unmoved
with unwavering focus

the scene became voluptuous
my senses reeled
for such pleasure no sense was made
i was overwhelmed
every known and unknown ecstasy
danced before me
alluring, waiting
for me to approach

i remained firm

at that the walls and gate
re-appeared

i could hear/see running waters
singing birds with quivering
iridescent plumage,
all manner of exquisite sights
and sounds

i was not moved
the gatekeeper appeared and
began to transform in rapid succession
from my inception
through my previous lives
to Now
the experience unnerved
but i did not forfeit my seat

instantly the gatekeeper vanished
i became myself again
the gates of paradise opened

i had overcome myself,

the world
all things yielded
and deferred to another hero
that persisted to the end

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-1267.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-530.html>