

Storming Heaven

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such was my longing and desire
that i stormed paradise while
the gates were unguarded,
the golden lock and chain did i break
with spells and potions

but as fast as i entered i was ejected
one has to earn a permanent place here
nevertheless, a milli-second in paradise is worth
the pleasures of trillions of lives,
i was hooked
such was the ineffable awe, beauty and bliss of the experience
that now i have no peace, as i must return

it was strangely familiar, i had been there before,
i recalled with effort,
so what was i doing here in this hell hole when i remembered from
where
i originated?
who threw me out of paradise, was it due to my forced re-entry
or a matter of course?

the gates are now permanently guarded and triple locked
with an unbreakable seal/spell in order to
prevent another forced entry

millennia have passed while i tried and tried
to no avail, i thought maybe barging in prevented my ascension
but no, i had to earn my place with focused thought, deed and
action,
the currency required to enter and remain

but i have imagination, the pedestrian route was never for me
so i hatched a plan
i could not tolerate rejection as paradise is my true home

over time and more failed attempts than i care to count,
my skills developed to exceptional levels, so why not?

the light would not deprive me of its life any longer

i knew from previous experience that the light

manifests as Gods in various worlds to instruct and assist
it was these manifestations that could easily be exploited
so i waited till the earth was scheduled for an appearance
and the light to form a human body;
so i too appeared on the earth and cultivated a maiden to do my
bidding
i instructed her to offer a beautiful garment fit for a King as a gift
and offering
to the God, knowing full well that the light must return to paradise

the avatar received the gift with a smile and donned the garment

after its work was completed it returned to paradise in form
until it entered the gates whereupon it resumed its native state
as light/truth and transformed the garment it wore to the same
essential light,
which is the substrate of all existence

i now remain as the light i emanated from

it was only for a brief period that i became
a fine robe fit for a King

perhaps it was my mastery of the art of transformation
that finally earned my place
in paradise,
but i cannot be sure

*[more likely it was singular focus and constant improved attempts
to achieve what everyone considered impossible
that earned my place in the heaven from which i became]*

<https://inversetimes.hopto.org/news/story-103.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-868.html>