

The Price

by ryall *Monday, Sep 17 2012, 12:24pm*

international / poetry / post

before entering
here
every soul makes a bargain
with the ruler of this world --
the price we pay
for our earthly
existence

we pledge one half
of our immortal soul
the other half remains
untainted,
One with its originator

the pledged half
is held temporarily
by the ruler of this world --
each half now the others'
polar opposite

we enter as dual beings
each half vying with the other
for supremacy

which will gain our favour?

the determinate
is our freedom
to choose,
individually, in groups
or as nations

some nations choose war,
destruction,
mass murder, robbery
and death --
their fate is sealed
by their actions

other nations choose
to eke
a simple living

not infringing
on anyone

however,
the sick, spangled thief
wants it all,
though he can never explain
why too much is never enough

he casts an envious eye
at those that barely have enough
to satisfy their simple needs

the bully has diamonds, gems
all manner of things
but sees the joy children derive
from playing with pebbles
and stones

the bully contrives
to steal the stones
and pebbles from the
children

in time
the children grow into adults
the good always vying with
the bad

tribulations are constant,
challenges difficult
but we are shaped by how
we react

the easy course deceptive,
a mirage for dying men

the rugged road
challenging
but not brutal
or unnecessarily cruel

we navigate every obstacle
negotiate every turn
until we return home
having experienced
the trials, hardships,
tribulations,
pleasures and joys
of life here
on this unique sphere

resist the dark
if you would find
liberation/fulfilment;
depart
as you came,
Victorious

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-121.html>