

## The Walls of Paradise

by reg *Friday, Aug 29 2014, 2:17pm*

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 affect  
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

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1267.html>