## 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

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