

## Storming Heaven

by babu *Tuesday, Jul 3 2018, 9:09am*

international / poetry / post

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]*