

God's gate

Everyday inward I turn,
I see, I hear, I feel,
The silence.

Everyday forward I go,
Neither left or right I turn,
They are all the same.

Deeply they stare,
A fence, a wall, a gate,
A warning glare redirecting.

Stop!
Keep your distance,
Beware!
Enter at your own risk.

Uninvited,
The message is clear,
The solemn stares.

Everyday onward I travel,
Weary I may be,
The strength, the joy at lanes end.

An open gate,
I see, I hear, I feel,
The warmth from within.

The Makers gate,
In me, through me, around me,
Home, eternal home.

By
Raymond Peter Luke

www.qibp.co.za