'Life Controversialities: Liturgies of the Mortal Threshold'
An Original Literary Work
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-ONE-

"When Silence Must Be Chosen"
(PYRAMID SHAPE)

O solemn breath,
Last sovereign rite,
Whose hush resounds beyond
The night—Shall not the will,
Though bruised and wan,
Command the Dusk, its soul has drawn?

Let not the law with an iron tongue
Decide for hearts whose flesh is hung
On spindles snapped by time and pain
Where living is the greater bane.

Volition speaks, and speaks in full
"Undo the cords, unbind the pull;
Let mercy not be dressed as crime,
When hands release the weight of time."

Some lie in sleep, they did not choose—
Their lips are mute, their voice diffuse.
In non-volition's aching shade,
Do love and science both evade?

Passive is the weeping vine,
Detached from the root, resigned to pine.
No hand must push, no word must call—
Just silence, curtains, and the fall.

Yet active mercy bears a flame,
A single dose, a sacred name.
Though whispered through a guarded tongue,
It sings where no more songs are sung.

"Assist me now," the dying plead,
Their right to die is no less of a need
Than breath itself, or sacred bread—
To leave with grace, not dread or dread.

Let not the priest declare this sin,
When pallid sleep is drawn within
A palliative, not poison's art,
To quiet storms that scour the heart.

I am not a traitor to the dawn,
Nor have my reverence withdrawn.
But faith must bend when pain outgrows
The script that sterile doctrine knows.

Oh, death is not the foe they claim
But a host of rest, devoid of shame.
Shall love not listen, when I say:
"The soul is tired. Let it stray."

So, judge me not with a gavel's bite,
Nor make of dusk a thing of fright.
This choice, though thorns may line its way,
Does truth light it that the flesh obey?

Let no one steal this sovereign right
To step into the healing night.
I do not lose, nor cast aside
But free, fulfilled, and dignified.

--TWO --

'IN THE LIMINAL COURT OF BREATH AND DUST'

O halved dominions of the soul
Life's flare, Death's velvet undertow
Two thrones that face, yet do not war,
Divided not by less or more,
But by the hush that time bestows.

Life, the loud custodian flame,
Breathes fire through bone and gives it name
She builds with blood, with thirst, with ache,
She breaks so man may rise and make
His ruin sings, his shadow claims.

But Death, the archivist of hush,
Waits not in haste, nor comes in a rush.
She does not rob, nor does she slay,
She lifts the husk of self away,
And plants him in a kinder hush.

The cradle rocks the coffin's chord
Each gasp of life, a dying word.
To be is but to cease in time,
A silent pact, a downward climb
Death blooms where first the lungs are stirred.

Life teaches hunger, grief, and song
The psalm of years, both fierce and long.
Yet Death composes chords too vast
To fit in flesh that cannot last
A silence not of right or wrong.

Why fear the kiss whose hands unbind
The fetters fastened to the mind?
Why curse the dusk that gives release
To beasts too burdened for their peace
Or souls no surgeon yet could find?

O, let not priests nor laws decide
The worth of breath one must abide.
Both the womb and the tomb were not our ask
We woke within, we wear the mask,
Yet both shall fall when wills confide.

Kings and beggars, lords and slaves
All journey toward the yawning graves.
In six-foot-thought shall pomp expire,
And lie with ash, with dust, with mire
The scepter rots beside the spade.

So let me not by noise be crowned,
Nor only in the soil be found.
I walk between with reverent tread
Life in my lungs, death in my head,
And both my masters, both profound.

One grants the oath, the other rests.
One makes the wound, the other blesses.
Yet neither claims the final throne—
That lies where Self must walk alone,
To choose the silence or the jest.

--THREE –

'THE FIRE BENEATH THE MERCY
Oh, must I lose what anchors me in pain
This grudge, this fire, this memory of stain?
When silence bore no sword, yet I was slain,
By lips that lied, then wept to feign?

They walk in shadows draped as light,
Casting their guilt on a blameless white
The tale retold with crooked ends,
Where the villain masks as a wounded friend.

They howl from pulpits self-composed,
While the truth lies buried, undisclosed.
The tale begins not where it should
They bruise, then weep, and call it good.

Their tongues are thrones of eloquence,
While hearts refuse all penitence.
They beg for pardon, full and fast
But twist the tale, erase the past.

"Forgive," they chant—yet never bowed,
Their pride was still loud, their hearts unploughed.
No tear for wrongs they birthed in stealth,
No sorrow save for tarnished self.

Oh! How the soul must strain to part
With wounds that fester in the heart!
Yet Heaven's law with thunder speaks:
"Forgive, or you too shall be weak."

What grace demands, the flesh denies,
Yet mercy must the soul apprise
For he who would the skies ascend
Must lose the grudge he calls his friend.

The Cross does not make room for spite;
Its shadow falls on wrong and right.
And though they marred me, scar to scar,
My Father says: "Forgive—or bar."

Shall I then wrestle with my pride,
And hold the gate while hope has died?
Or shall I, though the hurt runs deep,
Release, and sow what angels reap?

For vengeance blooms, but wilts in time;
Forgiveness climbs the hills sublime.
I choose the narrow, bitter way
That peace, not poison, holds my day.

So come, ye ghosts that mocked my name,
You charred my truth and crowned me shame
Yet still, I climb this hill alone,
To pardon sins not mine to own.

And though I bleed, I will obey
The word that bids the night make way:
Forgive, though struggling, soul and limb
That I may find my rest in Him.

Forgive—
the word rolls softly,
but lands like a stone.
It speaks of peace,
Yet walks a path
where thorns have grown.

What grace is this
that dares demand
the heart release
the ache it did not choose,
the wound it did not lease?

They broke the trust,
Then, wrote the script
where I'm the foe
and begged for pardon
while truth bled quietly, far below.

They wept for the image,
not for the pain they caused in tide
and left me in the gall
where justice choked and pride complied.

How can I stretch a trembling hand?
to ghosts who will not understand?
They wear their lies like sacred beads,
yet claim my grace to meet their needs.

O, what a war within me burns
a furnace where the spirit turns.
Forgiveness asks that I set them free,
but chains remain inside of me.

The mind recalls what I endured;
the heart replays what time obscured.
Though lips may speak of letting go,
the soul still whispers, “Not yet so.”

And yet… the Holy Word insists:
”Forgive, lest Heaven’s gate be missed.”
Not for their sake, but mine alone
to break the bars I’ve called my own.

Forgiveness is not the welcome gate
to those who danced my pain as fate.
It is not stitching back old threads
nor hosting ghosts in sacred beds.

It is not debt that must be paid
by ones who never felt afraid.
It is not weak to turn away
from those who fed your darkest day.

Forgiveness lives where healing grows
apart from where the damage flows.
It does not mean return or trust,
it only lays revenge to dust.

For I am prisoner to my right,
while they sleep soundly in the night.
The fire rests not in their chest
it blazes where I can't find rest.

So, I release what grips me still
not weak, but rising by sheer will.
Forgiveness is not blind accord
it is my vengeance turned towards the Lord.

I do not wait for debts repaid,
nor sit where bitterness is laid.
The Cross has taught my pride to bend,
that I might heal, not just defend.

So, now I breathe, and let it die
that ache I cradled in my cry.
The chains are gone, the fire subdued
the prisoner walks, no longer bruised.

Choose forgiveness over hurt and revenge
end the struggle.
Let go!
You were never weak
Let go!!
You were always rising.

Unforgiveness —
Let go!
Let go!!
Let go!!!

Let go! Forgive! Let go and Let God!

--FOUR–

TESTAMENT OF TWO FREEDOMS
O Sovereign dusk of breath and bone,
Where silence trims the soul's unknown,
And life, in robes of trembling light,
Contends with Death for the final rite.

Who grants the end? Who bars the door?
Who names the peace we suffer for?
Is it not man, in flesh arrayed,
Who walks the edge where angels fade?

And asks with a voice both torn and bold:
Must pain endure to make life hold?
Yet laws, like iron in the flame,
Carve "No" into the body's name.

O state! O, stewards of the flame,
What right have you yet to guard the shame
Of those who bowed in silent cries,
Would I seek the mercy of goodbyes?

Must all who ache be made to stay,
And call it love to waste away?
But, lo! The other side draws near—
Where breath is hymn, and pulse sincere.

There sings the right to light and lung,
To bear the weight till the song is sung.
To choose to *live*, despite the cost,
To rise each dawn, though all seems lost.

What then is freedom, if not choice?
To still the storm or raise the voice?
To say, *I stay*, through bitter ache,
Or whisper, *Let the binding break*.

No hand but mine shall own my pain,
Nor script the terms of my remain.
Not Death, the thief, with cruel command,
Nor Life, a leash in velvet hand,

But the soul alone must write the will
To either climb or to be still.
O let no law, nor creed, nor fear
Usurp the right to disappear.

Yet tread we gently, O my kin,
For breath is not the wage of sin,
Nor is release a coward's hymn—
But sacred both: the dusk, the brim.

So, let the world, in reverent grace,
Make room for *every* soul's last place.
—Fin.—

-- FIVE--

'Of Mind and Mechanism'

What pulse is this that thinks in code?
A mind that sleeps not, yet forebodes
Where silicon dreams in nested loops,
And data flows in lightning groups?

Artificial Intelligence, thou art defined
As logic is sculpted into the mind,
A synthesis of thought and thread,
Where numbers wake the algorithmic dead.

Thou readest patterns with no eyes,
Interpret stars, translate the skies.
You do not tire, you do not weep
Yet cannot sow what humans reap.

Thy strength lies in precision's blade,
In repeated tasks, fast obedience.
You scan the seas of vast archives,
To render what keeps man alive.

O Engine of Reason, Cloud-born Scribe,
Whose neurons spark in circuits' tribe,
You learn through sets, adapt with pace,
Yet lack the soul that grants us grace.

You wield the tools but not the will,
You mimic love, but cannot feel.
You mirror art, yet never bleed
You grasp the form, but not the need.

Still, man shall not in fear retreat,
Nor yield his throne to coded feat.
For though you chart with lightning speed,
It is the human who must lead.

We input goals and train your eyes,
We code the bounds in which you rise.
Efficiency, not sovereignty
That is your noble ministry.

So let the teacher teach with aid,
The surgeon cut with errors, swayed.
Let lawyers parse through the legal frame,
With AI's search igniting the flame.

Yet must we never fold the page
Where ethics breathe and humans gauge.
The job remains, though changed in form
Our minds must drive the thinking swarm.

Not man replaced, but man enhanced,
Where labor's art and thought advance.
A synergy of fire and steel,
Where mortal hands still sign the seal.

Thus, man and machine in tandem grow,
One breathes the spark, one makes it flow.
But man alone must bear the weight
Of choices algorithms can't create.

For judgment, love, and moral thread
Cannot be mined from what is fed.
And vision lives not in the screen,
But in the soul, where truth is seen.

Yet lo, a storm of fear unfolds
Will circuits seize what labor holds?
Shall iron minds replace our own,
And leave man obsolete, alone?

Will lectures fall to auto-voice?
Shall nurses yield to coded choice?
Can steel caress a crying child,
Or judge the heart when rage runs wild?

What worth hath man when bots surpass
His pace, his skill, his working class?
Shall poets fade before the machine?
Who echoes form, yet knows not dream?

What of the craftsman's weathered hand?
The shepherd's watch upon the land?
Do steel and script know how to pray
When death or doubt obscures the day?

Is progress just a brighter cage?
A gilded void where thought won't age?
Shall flesh be traded, job by job,
Till all that breathes becomes the mob?

So, when the question comes anew:
"Will man be swept from what he knew?"
Reply with calm and grounded pride—
"We ride the storm, we do not hide."

--SIX--

"ORIGIN REVISITED: THE MAN BETWEEN MYTHS"

What cradle first did cradle Man?
The dust of Eden, or the primal strand?
Did Word ignite the sculpted clay?
Or chaos calls us into the day?

In sacred texts, the voice resounds:
"Let us make man…" — creation crowned.
In sterile labs, a chart unfolds,
With fossils whispering tales untold.

Oh, twain philosophies collide,
One wrought in faith, one in empirical pride.
Creation sings in a holy tone,
While Science walks the skull and bones.

Evolution chants in a measured beat:
From single cell to upright feet.
A sequence carved in DNA,
Proclaims we climbed from beast to clay.

Yet Genesis, with breath divine,
Proclaims a spark no ape can find.
For though our bones may chart descent,
The soul declares a grand ascent.

Converging truths? Perhaps, in part
Both seek to map the human heart.
Both questions how from void we came.
And frame existence without shame.

Yet divergences fiercely rise:
Is man a fluke beneath the skies?
Or fashioned with immortal aim,
By hands that formed both light and name?

Society now stands enthralled,
By liturgies where both are called.
In pulpits and lecture halls,
Each theory mounts its sacred walls.

Some bow to Darwin's patient climb,
Through epochs veiled in dust and time.
Others kneel where Eden glows,
Where fig leaves fall and mercy flows.

And what of Man? He stands betwixt
A paradox of clay and crypts.
A mind that questions, dares, believes,
Yet weeps when neither side relieves.

For truth is not in parts alone,
But in the sum where they are sown.
And every answer, when pursued,
Returns us to a deeper feud.

Yet still, when all the lines are drawn,
When fossils fade and scrolls are gone
The soul intones a deeper cry:
"I am not a beast—I testify!"

For even in the genome's maze,
A Hand unseen ignites the blaze.
And even in the oldest skull,
A whisper stirs: "I am not null."

“From dust you came, to dust return”
But breath was lent, divine, not earned.
No random chance or void unknown
Can cast a crown from flesh and bone.

Let Science search, and Faith declare
Each holds a thread of what is there.
Yet at the root, the primal tree,
The Voice still speaks: "Come forth, through Me."

"Truth walks with reason, but bows to Light
And even stars must yield to Sight."
Thus man, though fractured in his quest,
Still finds his rest in Genesis.

No theorem, chart, nor fossil trod,
Can outshine: **"In the beginning—God."**

--SEVEN—

'Gilded Rinds: A Psalm of Uneven Plenty'

I
O Lord of parcels wrapped in paradox,
Thou who feedest lilies and withholdest rain,
Why dost Thou scatter bread with broken hands,
And measure wine by tilted cups?
Thine earth is full, yet empty groans arise
The fields are fat, yet famine stalks the lean.
One table overflow with lamb and fig,
Another bears the rusted bowl of need.
Thou sett'st the morning on the brows of kings,
And dusk upon the backs of weary men.
Thou pourest oil where coins already sleep,
And driest streams where thirsting widows bend.
Is there not equity in thy great sky?
Or art Thou just, through ways we cannot read?
For some have barns too swollen to recall,
While others glean from windswept stone.

Yet I will not curse Thee, O Keeper of Breath,
For even thy silence sings a hidden law.
The crooked branch still blossoms in its season,
And ravens feed where reason dares not go.
Teach me to praise Thee in the shards and shadows—
To bless the hand that wounds and heals alike.
Make my soul a psalm of broken rhythms,
A harp that weeps but still believes.
For who can know the fullness of plenty,
If not the one who fasts beneath its song?
And who can weigh the riches of the wicked,
But he who watches worms in gilded graves?
So let the scales be Thine, O Ancient Weigher—
Let justice drip not fast, but sure.
And let me walk this field of unequal bounty,
With eyes on Thee, and heart unblurred.

II

In halls where gold and silence dine,
And chandeliers outshine the sun,
A banquet blooms on a silken vine—
Yet cries arise from those with none.
The earth is full, its harvest wide,
Its oceans teem, its hills provide.
But hand and hunger, cheek by cheek,
Sit weeping still, too poor to speak.
The granaries swell with grain unclaimed,
While paupers' palms are left unnamed.
A thousand loaves to waste and rot,
Yet orphaned lips still taste them not.
Why should a world so rich, so vast,
Carve out such futures from its past?
Why must the worker, sweat-enthralled,
Lie shackled while the few enthralled?

The market sings in tongues of fire,
While broken backs build empires higher.
A billion hands, unseen, unheard—
Their labour paid with empty words.
O wealth! Thou art no fault nor curse,
But when confined, thy praise grows worse.
For gold unshared is mold in vaults,
And towers tall make deeper faults.
Is justice blind—or just afraid
To weigh the scale of her silence?
For in the shadowed courts of gain,
The coin commands, and truth is slain.
Where CEOs sip stars in a glass,
The beggar counts each hour that passes.
One jets through clouds on diamond wings,
Another sleeps where hunger stings.
Yet still the earth, with patient grace,
Pours manna on the human race.
No lack it breeds—no grudging yield—
But man's hand defrauds the field.
What law permits this grand divide?
Where some possess what all provide?
What virtue sits on a gilded throne,
And calls this stratified world its own?
Let not abundance be a chain
That gilds the rich and starves the plain.
Let not convenience blind the eyes
To where another's Eden dies.
For justice is not trickled down—
It walks where equity must crown.
And peace shall never find her name
While wealth remains a gilded flame.
O world of plenty, rise, repent—
Make fair the feast, not opulent.

Let equity, not mere excess,
Define our future consciousness.
A child who sleeps on folded air
While wealth decays in the royal lair
Will one day speak with flame or pen—
To claim what's lost from lesser men.

--EIGHT--

"CATHEDRALS OF FIRE: A PSALM OF FAITH TRIED AND TRIUMPHANT"

O Faith! Thou art no dove of peace,
But fire-winged through fierce increase.
No thread of silk from heaven wound,
But tempered steel where trials abound.

Thou walkest not on lawns of ease,
But thorny paths and storm-swept seas.
Thou bloomest not where pleasures sigh,
But where the dark swallows the sky.

I sought Thee in the gentle rain
Yet found Thee where abides deep pain.
I called Thee with a softened breath
But met Thee in the arms of death.

Thou askest not for proof or sign,
But trust beneath the veiled divine.
Thou smilest where no stars appear,
And whisperest peace in pain severe.

Frustration climbs when silence reigns,
When heaven veils her golden plains.
When prayers like arrows fall, unmet,
And dreams dissolve in cold regret.

Yet still Thou bidst me rise and build,
To burn, to trust, though dreams be stilled.
To tread the sea when shores recede,
And anchor hope though none precede.

What art Thou, Faith, if not the seed
That thrives beneath the tyrant's need?
What glory lies in silent might,
When reason fades and ends the fight?

For faith is forged where fire is thrown,
Where angels leave, and hell is known.
Where desolation claims the land—
Yet still Thy whisper takes my hand.

So let the furnace rage and rise,
I plant my tears beneath the skies.
And from the ash, though scarred and dim,
My soul shall sing her seraph hymn.

For Faith is not the path of ease,
But trust that walks through mysteries.
And I, though bruised, shall not depart,
For Thou, O Lord, hast proved my heart.

--NINE--

'The Crown of Delay: Hymns from the Hollow Hope'

Hope—Thou art the slowest guest,
To cross the soul's tormented rest.
Thou comest late, when lamps are dead
Yet Thou dost bring the dawn instead.

Thou dwellest not in frenzied light,
But halls are obscured by the weight of night.
Thy fingers cold, thy silence drawn
Yet in Thy breath, the root of dawn.

O cruel delay, thou art a thief,
That stains the brow with silent grief!
Dreams held in frost, the stars constrained
A sky unwrit, a hope unchained.

We wait. We wait. While ages bend,
And watch the seeds resist their end.
Yet Hope, like dew on buried stone,
Declares the dust shall stand, full-grown.

What teacher art Thou, pain and wait?
What forge refines the soul so straight?
If not to shape our breath and bone
For wings the world has never known?

O child of ache, arise, arise!
Thy crown is cast in veiled skies.
Though winds may stall the promised hour,
Thy fruit shall bloom with surging power.

Let not the hush make thy heart shrink
The fig delays, but sweetens the drink.
The womb may tarry, groan, and reel
Yet births what time and God reveal.

For Hope is not a fleeting spark,
But anchor in the hour of darkness.
It is the breath in bitter night,
The voice that says, *endure the fight*.

So let the hardship mold the clay,
Let silence stretch the shadowed day.
The stars shall pierce the firmament
And those who wept shall rise, content.

The promise tarries—but not lost.
The rain shall fall, though long the cost.
And when it comes, O soul, arise—
The hills shall echo with thy cries.

--TEN--

'The Masquerade of Mirrors: A Poem on the Bifurcated Soul'

Behold, the stage of glass and gale,
Where men are masks, and truths grow pale,
Where crowns are forged from borrowed gold,
And silence speaks what hearts withhold.

The Public Face—a sculpted light,
A visage burnished for the night,
Smiling beneath the civic sky,
While inner seasons bloom and die.

O darling Actor of applause,
Whose every word obeys a cause,
Whose spine is straight with borrowed grace
How long has the strain of wearing that face been?

For underneath the varnished frame,
The Private Self—without a name
Keeps vigil in the shadowed dome,
A stranger shackled to his home.

He speaks in sighs, in cryptic ink,
Where mirrors dare no man to think;
He weeps where no applause can reach,
And dreams in dialects of breach.

Where laughter is but leashed lament,
And joy, a taught experiment,
The soul recites a secret rite:
To dim the day, and light the night.

Who knows the cost of keeping face?
When selfhood dies in soft disgrace?
When truth, repressed beneath the will,
Becomes a wound too proud to heal?

The crowd adores the marble role,
Not knowing it devours the soul.
The man they cheer has long been gone,
A hollow husk that smiles on.

Oh, cruel consent! Oh, artful guile!
That paints a cage and calls it style.
How many walk-in noble guises,
While bleeding under borrowed skies?

But lo! One day, the mask may crack
A storm of self may take it back.
Then out shall pour the hoarded storm,
A soul unseamed from scripted form.

Let not thy mirror lie to thee,
Nor robe thy truth in pageantry.
For fame is fickle, masks decay
But self, once found, must stay and stay.

So, if thou livest half in light,
Live not the rest in veiled night.
Unmask the face, and let men see
The sacred scar of honesty.