

Poetry of Matthew Kegans - Page One



Introduction

"Long has God instilled the desire into my heart to write, though it hasn't been until just recently that I have begun to walk the wonderful road of poetry. My work ultimately reflects what Hashem has placed in my heart to share with those around me, and with his beloved children. My desire is to please God with this gift he has bestowed upon me by continuing to put into words the wisdom he grants me to understand. I hope to bless those to whom it will bless, and draw all closer to Hashem through the delicately crafted words he chooses to speak through me. Not that I equalize myself to the creator himself, but humbly acknowledge that I am a servant of the true One above. Enjoy reading!"

The Precious Gift

A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans

When the storm breaks through
In the middle of the night
And Satan, through revenge
Seeks to take away your life

Fear not, dear young one
For nothing that's alive
Can take away this gift
Paid for, by Jesus Christ

This gift was given nigh you to find
But to all who will believe
To him who opens up his eyes
To him who willingly sees

The love of him who gave it all
To set the captive free
The pow'r of him who did not fall
When death pulled at his feet

The gift he gave, was not of wealth
Of power, of strength, of wisdom
The gift he gave was one he felt
Of pain, of death, to come

He walked the walk, hardest of all
Which none could ever survive
And in temptation did not fall
But persisted, and stayed alive

He was crucified, laid on a cross
The sins of the world, laid upon
Innocent, no guilt found, he lost
But he rose, on third day's dawn

Lo! I say, to him who hears
Death did not find a way
To kill the man whence him alone
Comes power to swallow the grave

The gift he gave is eternal life
For us to rule and reign
At his throne and by his side
He'll lead us by his name

So I say this, in truth and faith
This power lives in me
And can in you, too, today
If you choose to believe

Believe! Choose to receive him into your heart!
Receive his gift of eternal life by believing in his son,
Jesus Christ and welcoming him into your heart.
He will never let you down! Discover his love!

The Road Of Brokenness

A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans

Sober minded I come here

With a broken shattered heart
Surrounded by the fears
That I'm going to break apart

Through the window of my tears
And the broken scattered shards
That's scarred through the years
Imprisoning my heart in scars

The scars I've felt so near
Have calloused my heart hard
By the hardness that's endured
It has brought me way too far

To a place I can't be heard
To a place deep in the dark
To a place of endless hurt
A place where demons are

As I walk along the road

I spot a lamb pure white
Led to slaughtering stone
Going along with no fight

At first, I watch the sheep
Thinking he deserved it
But then it strikes me deep
As I looked, and heard it

Its voice, calm and tender
Its eyes locking with mine
He said, "I'm you're savior
It's for your sins I shall die"

I look intently at the sheep
His truth pains me inside
I break apart, start to weep
And I question, "Why?"

The knife is put to throat

My heart begins to break
He did nothing to invoke
This death of horrible pain

Before last breath is drawn
He says, "I did this for you"
I watched the lamb in awe
As his final breath he drew.

The Sacred Vow

A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans

I've fallen, in darkness
All I've done, is reckless
All in all, I am a mess
I shun, what I relished

The death, I did feel
Has affected my being
Will I ever be healed?

From what besets me?

I live, though in pain
From all of my enemies
Laughing and mocking
In triumph and victory

Pointing and sneering
Lashing and veering
Toying `round my soul
With hands of piercing

I wish to be free
So fin'ly I shout
I cry to Yahweh
Here is my vow

I cannot go on
In bondage and sin
While calling you God

Pretending to live

The Christian life
Walking the walk
Plainly living a lie
But calling you God

If I live like this
Any longer at all
I cannot live
I shall truly fall

So this vow I make
To give you ev'rything
I live for you, Yahweh
I offer you my being

This sacred vow
Shall never be broke
Upon my life shall

This vow be revoked.

The Squirrel

A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans

Once upon a time

On a day within the spring

In a lovely paradise

Lived a squirrel, in a tree

This squirrel was like any other

He gathered nuts as he went out

He had a father and a mother

Whom he cared very much about

Now it happened upon one day

In this family of loving squirrels

That the child ventured to say

“Father, I wish to see the world”

So the father, though sadly

Permitted his son to go
And in tears, with the family
Bid his son well on road

Days preceded days
Months followed months
He gained the praise
Of those he was amongst

He lived in mock rejoicing
With many friends indeed
With pride and in boasting
Over his sworn enemies

But a day did finally come
When he in bliss freedom
Found himself stuck among
A trap he couldn't free from

His friends did quickly scatter

Leaving him with no word
He cried aloud, but no matter
How loud, he was not heard

He recalled his father's words
"Among all in life, find truth
Truth will set you free, so learn
Binding cords it will loose"

Now as he cried, close nearby
Among the trees in the forest
Was one who heard his cry
One who truly cared for him
His father had kept a close eye
His every move he watched
He had beheld him in his sight
As he slept, and he walked

When he heard this loud shout
He quickly ran to his son's side

From the trap he pulled him out
And saved his son's dear life

But in saving his son's life
Far into the trap he slipped
He carried his son's plight
Just so his son might live

The squirrel stood in wonder
Astounded at what he'd done
His father laid there under
The trap of his transgression

He cried there unendingly
He wept the tears of repentance
Realizing how horrendously
His father paid for his sentence

He deeply mourned for his father
Remaining there three long days

He went, and brought his mother
Finding none, where he once lay!

They searched, but found no one
In the forest, far, deep, and wide
They grieved, the mother and son
For both husband and father died

They began to leave for home
In spirits of sadness and dismay
They returned to their tree alone
Wishing vainly he'd not gone away

They entered their lonely tree
Expecting not to find any there
But what their eyes beheld to see
Was something they could not bear

What beheld they in their sight
Was not father, husband, or friend

But a redeemer clothed in white
Who loved them both unto the end

Tish'a B'Av

A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans

As my people question why
With terror in their hearts
They are cruelly terrorized
Continually broken apart

Crying out for a redeemer
Who has already come
Seeking he who'll free their
Souls from their prison

But the prison lies within
The heart within the soul
Their prison is their sins
Of unbelief, and of idols

And through all the mighty deeds
Hashem did before their eyes
They were blind, and did not see
The glory of his marv'lous light

They blatantly turned away
From the Torah and Hashem
They refused to simply obey
All that he commanded them

And through their defiance
Pride, and ignorance
Yah annulled his alliance
And has ever since

His covenant is as ruins
What's left of an empire
A homeland influenced
Then set ablaze to fire

They left their one true love
For the ways of the nations
They abandoned Yeshua
And united with the pagans

Now their day of sorrow has come
Of weeping and gnashing of teeth
For them to turn to Yahweh's son
Lest his anger continues to be

So in this let us remember
To never become as they
But in this, let us surrender

We Said We Said

A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans

We said, "God won't care
If we sin this one time"

We said, "He is not here
Why should God mind?"

We said, "We've no need for
His ways in our lives"
We said, "He's no more
For to us he has died"

We said, "He's forsaken us!
He's brought us here to die
At least being the slaves of
Egypt, we ate and survived"

We said, "Moses has gone
So make us idols of stone"
We said, "For there is none
To lead us, we're all alone"

We said, "Give us a king
To justly rule our land

Like the nations we'll be
For then, we will stand"

We said, "These prophets
These prophets shall die!
They're liars and scoffers
Of a king, prophesying"

A king who will reign
Over all of creation
A kingdom he'll bring
To rule all the nations

We said, "This Yeshua
Claiming to be Adonai
This 'King of the Jews'
He shall be crucified!"

We rebelled we turned away
From Hashem the Lord God

Still for us, God died to save
Man, from his wrathful rod

We said, yes, we said
But now I stand to say
Never, ever, ever again
Will we reject Yahweh

What Hath a Man

A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans

What hath a man knowledge?
Hath he knowledge alone
Without the wisdom
To truly know

And what hath a man riches?
Be it riches, no more
If he hath not the richness
Of eternal store

What hath a man power?

To rule all the lands

When cometh final hour

He shall not stand

And what hath a man life?

Spent in vain, null and empty

If not through Jesus Christ

We are wholly redeemed

What hath a man all these?

Knowledge, riches, power, life

For death comes as a thief

To steal all that we hold tight

As fragile as a butterfly

Here one day, gone the next

Like a passing wind, is life

That's come but now has left

A fleeting instant in infinity
A glance at a passing train
Makes us question, "What have we?
How long will we remain?"

So what really do have we?
But futile dreams and visions
Why do we so vainly seek?
In manners of self ambitions

Oh, how wretched a man
That seeks only his will
Rejecting the command
Of him, his breath he fills

Oh, how blessed a man
Hath he salvation within
Then he will fin'ly stand
With the King in heaven.

A Sin, a Thread

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

No one will know,
I said to myself
I'm all alone,
With nobody else

Just once again,
I see it alright
For me to sin,
In no one's sight

I laugh, I mock,
I scorn, I talk,
Of everyone else,
"Walking the Walk"

Meaningless! I say,

To do what is good
For nothing, no pay!
No one to look

But now my sins,
Turned crimson red
Have come again,
A sin, a thread

And like a slave,
I fall again
Under the weight,
Of my sin

A sin, a thread,
Turned crimson red
Here now I beg,
For life's last end

And those I mocked,

Now mock at me
They gather a flock,
Of mockery

My sins, once kind,
Now form a rope
My feet, they bind,
No mercy shown

Bound by threads,
So harmless, seem
A sin, a thread,
A rope, they weave
When thread upon thread,
And sin upon sin
They twist and they bend,
They form my prison

A noose around,
The ring of my neck

I fall to the ground,
With no feeling left

My cry goes vague,
Among the seas
I cry, I pray,
To be set free

When no hope to beg,
My vision goes black
I see something,
My prison pulled back?

My hands are numb,
I start to feel
The warmth of the sun,
Becoming real

The bonds, tightly bound,
Are cut, and fall away

“My son, you’re safe and sound!”

A voice begins to say

“I cut you from the strings of sin,

To set you free, indeed

So hold on to my rope and live,

In hope of eternity

My rope, bears freely,

Giving hope, giving life

My burden is easy,

My yoke is light”

So freedom at last!

Freedom within

Freedom from past

Ropes of bondage and sin

“So remember, my son,

Stay close in my tread

And remember, my son,
A sin, a thread."

THE END

Desire For Desire

A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans

There is nothing in this world
That I desire but knowing You
You're the treasure and pearl
That I seek for in Your truth

Temptations come to follow
As in wonder, I am amazed
But false desire, it is hollow
'Cause I keep You in my gaze

My desire stirs much deeper
Than counterfeit sensations
Yahweh is my true redeemer

His sacrament, my salvation

I desire to follow You, Lord
Every one of my given days
Your word is my own sword
And a lamp unto my ways

I know that Your streams
Aren't dry, but flourishing
For by them You will lead
Me by your pastures green

Your words satisfy me
Like honey to my lips
I seek it with striving
To feel Your gentleness

With this striving desire
To know You, father God
Please come set me a-fire

With Your spirit and awe

My plea and my prayer
To be intimate with you
To keep the flame a-flare
Giving thanks in all I do

So let not my heart's fire
In vain, be blown away
Instead, let it grow brighter
So Your word I may obey

And in all I say and do
With this passionate desire
May the glory be to You
Your name be lifted higher.

Follower's Dream

A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans

A man walks freely
On the road of life
Seeking, oh seeking
So that he may find

To find purest gold
Pearl of great price
To grasp and to hold
To find what is right

So deep is the passion
Buried in a man's soul
What none can fathom
What only man knows

The affection for a father
Love towards a mother
Like the thirst for water
Is man's want for a lover

Someone to follow
In trails, through plight
To cry with in sorrow
To hold in the night

A father who wasn't there
Passion yearns for deeply
A mother who never cared
A child seeks to please

Every follower's dream
Is to find a one true love
Someone who will bring
True fulfillment thereof

So many times one tries
To find the one who is
The truth, way and light
So they may truly live

Countless times too many
They seek for the falsities
Finding themselves empty
With unfulfilled dreams

But as persistence does show
That he who'll carefully seek
To find truth that he may know
Will find the Follower's Dream.

Freedom

A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans

Falling asunder
From the path I have chosen
Coming to wonder
Did I choose right
Descending too quickly
Into realms of the broken
Past the land of the living

Where there is no life

Crying aloud

For the strength to continue

Pitiful shouts

That no one hears

Passing the days

As I'm forced to live through

The crashing waves

Of my endless tears

I hear the songs

Of death's woeful voice

Chanting along

I begin to embrace

What's laid before me

A heart-rending choice

It was meant to be

This choice I will make

The endless valley
Of death's shadow I walk through
Darkness' all I see
From the deepest depths
All of a sudden
A light from out of the dark blue
Starts a-floodin'
This darkness and death

Jesus Christ
Came into my broken being
Shined a light
So bright, so I could see
All my sin and death
He carried all my everything
And upon last breath
He set me free.

Master Over All

A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans

Valiant trees,
River rush,
Gentle breeze,
Flower's blush

Cliff a-high,
Golden sun,
Moonlit sky,
Autumn's run

Waters of life,
Canyons steep,
Forests alive,
Life-giving trees

Space of wonder,
Galaxies of splendor,
None hath gone asunder,
From the Father's care

Spring of laughter,
Summer of joy,
Fall comes after,
Then winter's ploy

Life amuck,
Fish in swim,
River and duck,
Together live

Turtle in progress,
Deer in run,
Beaver's logging,
Eagle's lunge

Starless evening,
Fathomless skies,
Daylight heating,
Blazing light

Has man prevailed,
O'er beast and field?
Or lastly failed,
Due Father's shield?

What be the case,
God will always be,
Master over these,
Over all eternity

Nature Pure Nature

A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans

Storms, crashing
Stirs with blasting
Blurring, flashing
Soars with lashing

Enduring, ravaging

Striking, lightning
Turning, damaging
Adjuring, fright'ning

Savage, relentlessly
Callously merciless
Ravaging, hurling
Clouds O turbulence

Vindictive, rash
Rivets and shafts
Malicious blasts
Of livid, light stabs

Thunders of trembling
Rivers of rain filling
The lightning, reveling
With bolts of 'lectricity

Oh, how I do pray

For this rain to go `way
But what shall I say
Come back another day?

Though I wish, I wish
My wishing is in vain
Have I power to give
Light to another day?

Or moonlight to sight
Shall I say to the moon
"Stay put another night"
Granting right, it to loom?

My power, is no power
O'er creation have I none
Still, come midday hour
Moon tradeth with sun

Seasons in times change

Shining year to new year
But the Father still reigns
Over nature, pure nature.

Nature's Gold

A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans

Light, so perfect in nature
Bright, in every which way
Night, scatters like vapor
As light, sheds pure rays

Piercing the shadows
Shattering the dawn
Thrusting like arrows
Bleeding light all upon

Precious gift from above
Blessing all who are below
Flying like a gentle dove

Granting life to all bestow

Revealing as truth in store
Aiding blinded eyes to see
Yah's creation all the more
Giving life to those in need

Into dark thus it shines
Through shadows aplenty
Vast radiance that blinds
Robbing darkness empty

Corners once clouded
With blanketing shade
Now become crowded
With brightness' raid

A sword blazing clear
In the openness of day
Striking endless fear

To all in darkness lay

But a safeguard to those
Living amongst the light
In what they are clothed
Encircled by bountiful life

Immense luminosity
A power beyond compare
Endowment for all to see
A greatness that is fair

But higher than any portrayal
Of what this stands to behold
Is he who has never so failed
To grant to us Nature's Gold.

Rebuke

A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans

You bless Hashem
Yet you turn from his ways
I ask, "How then?
Are you favored by Yahweh?"

If you seek God's will
Follow his commands
Only then will he fulfill
And exact his plans

But if you blatantly refuse
The truth he has in store
Then how can Yahweh use
You to do anything more?

A blessing and a curse
He sets before us now
The blessing, if we learn
The curse, if we turn down

Such simplicity is within
What he commanded for us
The curse comes with sin
The blessing with his Torah

He wills for us to prosper
When we follow in his path
Yahweh alone is the Father
And we're his children that

He loves to bless and water
As we grow strong in his ways
For he is the almighty potter
And we are as formless clay

A chosen nation set apart
Are what we are in Christ
From Egypt he took us far
To live holy set apart lives

So why do we go on living
Apart from Yahweh's laws?
If we carry on pretending
From his branch we'll be cut off

You look but you do not see
You follow with blinded eyes
I rebuke, turn back to Yahweh
Or in end, you shall justly die.

The Ancient Ways

A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans

Man was predestined to labor six days
Resting, come seventh day's dawn
To toil the land with groans and aches
Living, in such hardness prolonged

By the strength of his hand shall he
Grasp the fullness of what is to come

Living by every word that precedes
From the mouth of God it is done

But where there is good, evil resides
In a land full of promises and dreams
And within every man his soul inside
Harbors a spirit which either can be

The spirit of God, or of this world
To do what is right or fall away
Living for one, or his personal
Desires and dreams gone astray

As evil has goaded the hearts of men
Such has become their heart's desire
Falling astray from the ways of Hashem
Defying the will of him who is higher

Walking away from the road less trod
Which few have dared to endeavor

To travel the path so wide and broad
Leading to sadness and pain forever

A choice that many have chosen
Regretting the choice once made
The choice in time, forever frozen
Leading to heartbreak and pain

As ancient as the beginning of time
So lasting as carving on stone
These ancient ways intended to guide
Mankind on this lifelong road

But turned away has man so done
From path of blessing and promise
The honest ways has man so shun
For the richness of living lawless

If only would we swiftly return
To he who gives and takes away

Maybe would we finally learn
The truth of his Ancient Ways.

[Email Matthew!](#)

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