

# Poetry of Matthew Kegans - Page Three



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## A Time As This

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

Clanging sounds ring thru the night

The drum is running dry

Shattered weapons in the fight

The end is coming neigh

The truthful echoes resound mute

As though it were obscure

But all that follows is acute

Amid the blinding blur

Surrounded by the questions still  
If only answers would appear  
The emptiness would all but kill  
To know that truth was here

Here in the midst of our time of need  
When answers are seldom and few  
In times as this our fathers did plead  
When failure was all they knew

Twas failure that brought them to a halt  
And helped them to find their true calling  
It seems whenever we turn from default  
Tis then that we find ourselves falling

We seek in the seeking all to far  
To bring to pass destiny  
While seeking itself is the scar  
That veils our past slavery

We've asked at length for answers again  
While answers are here with us  
For what purpose are we locked in this pen  
To see the length traveled thus?

But yet in this time as you call us by name  
For such purpose and calling await  
It is us and us only that remain the same  
In refuting our foreseen mandate

This was our purpose, to draw all to you  
Should the skies repeal and protest  
For such timing as this, is all but new  
By the years we've failed in the test

This testing has come to make us strong  
In the strength you give us now  
We clearly can see that it was all along  
In our fields, you were the plow.

## Heartcry

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

The prevalence of who you are  
Crucifies my inset notion  
Of the things that keep me far  
From striding with you in motion

It's no easy prayer for such  
I leave behind notoriety  
For all I'm worth, in so much  
I stand indebted to a fee

That held my soul in earth-bound chain  
Clasped by ties to the unknown  
Helped the less, by weighing gain  
Of things to which decay are prone

Remorseful as though it may stand  
This debt is carried through the age

Inherited, or passed by hand  
But certain with a war to wage

No man may lie nor bribe the judge  
But all must pay the equal charge  
To serve the sentence filled with drudge  
Or yet incur the trial at large

To which eternity stands guard  
Waiting there at heaven's helm  
Whence passage is but ever barred  
But to the man who knows the realm

And to its claim his soul is counted  
As to the least of these alike  
When mercy's seat is far dismounted  
And the hand of truth has made its strike

He'll stand among the chosen few  
Striding in concurring beat

There to overcome the slew  
Of HaSatan's maligning fleet

So there it stands up to this day  
For all men to make their mind  
Accept the truth or rather pay  
The consequence, soon to find

This is an everlasting case  
Of things that come to take away  
From our strength and fervent pace  
Along the drastic, weary way.

### **Sailor's Folly**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

"Join my ship!" A man once said  
To those near standing by  
"Trust me now, I've seen ahead  
And see no troubles nigh"

"Follow quick!" He said again

Pacing as he strode

"Come to me you eager men

For I have trod this road"

"Never fear!" He cried aloud

Assuring greatest reward

By now the awe-inspired crowd

Resounded in one accord

"I'll take you to the end of the world"

Said captain to the servants

"By and by, though tempest hurled

I stood my ground with fervance"

Word for word, the men agreed

This was the one they waited for

"He's come to us 'pon coastal steed

To lead us to heaven's shore"

Now young and old, brave and strong  
Funneled to follow this seaman  
Careless and prone, they followed 'long  
Failing to notice the demon

"We'll come at once," they said to him  
"To join your band this day"  
No doubt was heard, not a whim!  
For truth was kept at bay

So off they left, to the unknown  
Where none had come back from  
Into complacency they had grown  
With minds now fully numb

Upon the waves, they crashed, they fell  
With ship and crew now torn  
Trapped within a motley cell  
In the midst of surroundings forlorn



"Had we but heard," said one to a friend  
"The wisdom that through ages shined  
Had we but seen the nearing end  
In folly, we'd never be entwined.

### **The Mill of Axiom**

*A Poem, by Matthew E. Kegans*

Flowing currents, sinking tides  
The world if falling still  
Upon a sinking ship, she rides  
To face the coming hill

For we stand as mighty warriors  
Upon no hill, but mountains higher  
As watchmen yes, but even couriers  
Of the truth, alike a blazing fire

Dull, mute, soundless cries

The deafened ear to sanity turns  
Men of truth and falsity rise  
As the mill of axiom churns

Blurred lines mar the cause  
That many sooner leave behind  
Perfection reeks of utter flaws  
There is no remedy to find

A holy priesthood, once, no more  
The chosen few have disappeared  
As flowers fade so does the score  
Of men who once, our God, revered

The righteous standard is relapsing  
Contrast binds the enmity  
While society is itself collapsing  
Men acquiesce to levity

It's a slow fade, 'tis said before

An evolution to the worse  
When you have given up the war  
Surrender is your curse

There falls the lot of much despair  
To they that deny hope, in kind  
As searching to discover where  
Abides the love they'll never find

Their primal quest is remains their shortfall  
Seeing days succumb to night  
For straying wealth and woes that call  
Their name in tongues of blight

We wonder till our minds are numb  
Why courage fails in blind deceit  
We play our harps, we sing and strum  
But cannot unify God's fleet.

**From Nature**

A Poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

The bee: modest and kind  
Humble, complete in most things  
Near perfect, with one fault to find:  
It's death is as near as its stings

If even in these, the simplest of creatures

The lash of a tail brings demise  
We being human with superior features  
To fall, we're more prone than to rise

This is our hope, strength, being, our grace

That we in our truism halt  
It makes us more common, fault-filled and chaste  
That to oneness, not perfection, we're called.

### **Promises**

A Poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

When days of doubt come so frequent  
Looming like an age-old empire  
Always look to see the sequent  
Beyond the dirt, dust and the mire

Days will die, yes times renew  
With distant paths still yet to run  
Though sacred pledge I have with you  
All your days beneath the sun

As stars in sky and sand of shore  
So all who belong to my name  
Be just as these, Yea! Even more  
'Tis this I by my might proclaim.

### **The Eagle**

A Poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

The way of the eagle is steadfast and true  
Determined, contrite and with cause  
Chasing horizons, steady in view  
In constance, without wait or pause

The stallion of sky, perched atop heights  
Giving to those in her care  
Staying the path, through nefarious nights  
Not questioning why, when or where

How, we must ask, can these qualities stand  
To direct in the footway life throws?  
For what better way can we see the right hand  
Of God, but through out his windows?

### **Hurt and Healing**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

The deepest scars, voiced and vivid  
Lead us from the hand which sends

Though even when the pain comes livid

So faithful are the wounds of friends

For pain, in essence, is our healing

That which tides the fearsome angst

The deep emotions that we're feeling

Are those which keep us bound in lengths

We either learn or repeat cycles

Evolve from tears to hands of grace

Hence we'll become Love's disciples

Ere conforming to His face.

## **Community**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

We are not defined by brick

The buildings which we gather

But by endurance, as we stick--

--together, by this, rather.

## **Breaking Point**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

I've seen you in your weakest state

Composed of faults and sickly

Striving, breathless, full of hate

But when haven't I come quickly?

I've taken note of all you've gone through

Hour after grinding hour

Here I've stood, your all-in-all who

Never left you without power

When tyrants came to steal your heart

I fought them by the hoards

By death I gave you a fresh start

I am the Lord of Lords

Now you're mine, we are one joint



Together moving forward, strong  
I caught you at your breaking point  
Now live your life as a love-song!

### **The Inner Us**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

When you're afraid to be yourself  
The time to change is now  
To find that all the greatest wealth  
Is in the changes we allow

What makes us, 'us' is not the dream  
We hold so highly in our thoughts  
For that which binds the hidden seam  
Is often that which ties the knots

Building laughter, killing tears  
Our inner 'us' is truly tough  
Though grains of hate can birth the fears

Of never being good enough

See, life is full of trusts and doubts  
Enough to make a grown man break  
For giving heed to cynic's shouts  
Is thru-and-thru your own mistake

When to a halt our vision rests  
With flame inside no longer lit  
Remember this amid the tempests:  
'We are the shoes our life must fit.'

### **Generation of the Unoffendable**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

He said, she said, they did something  
Beyond all decency  
We hid, they ran, there is nothing  
That can set us free

Hurt and healing, pain and grace

We battle on the edge

Bleeding, writhing, to save face

Only to build a hedge

We've boxed us into tighter corners

Than those from which we came

We live our lives in tense of former

Yet act like it's the same

When will we learn, oh friends of old?

That life starts at forgiveness

The fire's here though we are cold

Because we fail to live this

Offense enslaves our inner hope

For love that will continue

Resentment forces us to cope

With acts we can't undo

This is the sickness in our nation  
With remedy to find, in full  
Know this: we are the generation  
Of the unoffendable

Not fighting, hurting, setting blaze  
To friendships once held closest  
We are beyond this, higher raised  
Not ever to be below this

For relations are, in clearest form  
The basis of our lives, in length  
When all around, from us is torn  
Stability, where is our strength?

See, nothing, no one can withhold  
The Father's love he daily sends  
So why should we feel need to hold  
Offense against our dearest friends?

We are stronger, we will forgive  
In time we'll learn to love each other  
Let us once more begin to live  
Lives devoid of vice for brothers.

### **The Effort Made**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

On the backbone of failure success is renewed,  
with heat giving way to expansion.

The greatest of these began as a crude,  
mud-hut before 'twas a mansion.

From the cavern of misery a pillar uplifts,  
by the ages mountains were moved.

Until we are willing to govern the gifts,  
He gives, how will we be improved?

Reflecting on failure one sees his mistakes,  
directing his path through each trial.  
The guardian of mastery, steadfast as it breaks,  
the wall between truth and denial.

The instance we regard success as a choice,  
that choice is no longer a given.  
Knowing is trusting is finding the voice,  
to proclaim the victory we are livin'.

No matter the cause, great or unsure,  
to defeat, farewell must be bade.  
Greater still than safety's allure,  
is the promise in the effort made.

### **Tunnel Vision**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

I am incomplete,

my eyesight fails me.

I wish to retreat,  
but where can I be free?

Laughter is no longer here,  
tears reshape my dreams.  
Crystal scenes emerge obscure,  
all is not that which it seems.

Flouting light incriminates  
this tunnel walked in blindness.  
As truthful measure calibrates  
the path preceding highness.

I'm caught again within the breeze  
of air beneath my feet.  
Swiftly guiding souls with ease,  
along the tandem beat.

My heart throbs with the momentum,

I feel each racing stride.  
Fading breath does quickly vent from  
tired lungs inside.

I live the creed my heart allows,  
I face each coming day.  
I break beneath the weight of my vows,  
and have no words to say.

"Is this how to live?" I question.  
"Why are things this way?"  
I contemplate every suggestion  
my conscience has to say.

The nearest objects fall away,  
as if gravity rebounded.  
"Will my goal be reached today?"  
I ask, or so it sounded.

I realize now: this was a test,



to make my guard-walls strong.  
The times when we are beyond stressed  
are those which write our song.

For tunnels, far and wide, the same,  
lead on to measures, fairer.  
The outcome: be it servitude or fame,  
You'll see when you get there.

### **Journey of the Heart**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

A step toward God is one apart  
From everything we fear  
The path untrod within our heart  
Draws us ever closer near

To that which sets the earth in motion  
Creator of all things finite

For if we could but glimpse the ocean

And where we are within it

We'd see the vastness of it all

And the distance to be gone

This is the path to match our call

A journey of hearts, to set upon

Unmapped, unknown, beset in awe

What even wisest men can't tell

More complex than Newton's law

Yet simpler still than the Gospel

It's in the midst of the unknown

That most things become clearest

As when in darkness light is shown

Those farthest now seem nearest

The hidden depth we've yet to find

Is where the source of life is found

Where those that loosen, tighter wind  
And heavy cords become unbound

But sure with pain to bring, no doubt  
For is that not what journeys are?  
Our quest within to know more about  
That which guides us from afar

Here within two powers fuse  
One to give and one to take  
One makes old and one renews  
But both unite for the sake

Of making strong the spent sojourner  
In essence, to relight the flame  
That once so brightly lit the burner  
Buried in each one the same

For broken hearts have traveled longest  
And yearn to leave the pain behind

The weakest will become the strongest  
As thru the path of hearts they wind

### **Together Strong**

A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans

A man set out to plant a field,  
in expectation of plenty.

He labored on in hope of yield,  
and tended to it gently.

Another man, unlike this farmer,  
had a vision, varied:  
to pioneer a steady commerce,  
this was the cause he carried.

But yet again a man of change,  
ambitious as he was,  
envisioned there a vivid range

of industry abuzz.

The visionaries, three together,  
with goals widely differed,  
set about to boldly weather  
the hurdles life incurred.

Yet soon to find each one alone,  
upon the other does rely.  
For until cooperation is shown,  
each man in vain does try.

As builders build, farmers grow,  
and men of trade sustain,  
length of time will truly show,  
each man alone is vain.

Without commerce sales stop,  
it's simple economics!  
For even produce and its crop,

are as a culture's bricks.

The three together are the glue,  
that bring about solidity.  
Everyone and what they do,  
combine as one in fluency.

This reflects our given call,  
moving closer toward oneness.

To judge another is to fall,  
short in showing forgiveness.

For we all have equal need,  
of the gifts that we are given.

Just as the farmer's seed,  
and plow by which it's driven.

**Desire's Touch**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

I stumble as I concentrate,  
to see what I clearly cannot.  
The phantom nature of our fate,  
and fantasies we've wrought.

It burdens me the more I think  
about all it entails.

I fear I'll miss it if I blink:  
the day my love-boat sails.

My heart is heavy as it sinks  
into the stillborn night.  
It feels that I am in a jinx,  
and nothing is alright.

But does it really matter much  
if we are among those,  
who are beyond desire's touch,

as a thicket for the rose?

I ache as feelings make me want  
to be loved and be held.

Though must I for my future hunt?

By this I am compelled.

Can hopes and dreams be any more  
than simply null and nature-less?

If not, why do we so easily fall for  
stray intentions gone amiss?

The failure we so often meet,  
draws us toward the dim-lit flame.

Ever-constant, giving heat.

A true display of love when tame

But every fire, large or small,  
contains within the potency,  
to light the world or burn it all.



The difference lies within, you see!

For with the power to ignite,  
comes equal charge as such:  
to make the shadows bright,  
with so ever soft a touch.

So let us take our inner zeal,  
in fearless aim to lead ahead.  
Not forsaking desire's appear,  
but adding fervor to our tread.

### **In Time**

*A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans*

*By nothing but My holiness,  
are you made pure and sacred.  
It's only by My blood, yes, this,  
are you of your failures rid.*

*You are more than past mistakes,  
and fiction which you trace.*

*A man becomes what he intakes,  
not just what he can't face.*

*There is nothing that can take you  
far from where I do reside.*

*So let not deceit ever make you,  
doubt the warrior inside.*

*In time your haunts will come to rend  
and bring before your conscience,  
things to fill your thoughts and send  
you lack of joy and innocence.*

*We can't accept the mindless child,  
we were before salvation.*

*For that which has been reconciled,  
is no more life's legislation.*

*Truth has paid the price in blood,  
these things are dead and gone.  
Now open wide the endless flood,  
of grace to keep us moving on.*

*For if we leave behind the past,  
which kept us back from living,  
imagine God's own love, so vast,  
and gifts we could be giving.*

*Then we would be made anew,  
no longer prisoned in our mind.  
Everything we thought we knew,  
replaces what our soul does find.*

*For that which haunts our inner being,  
can and will be cleansed from us.  
The illusion that our mind was seeing,  
is renewed by his righteousness.*

*All things shall be revealed, in time,  
the earth in all its glory, shining.  
So let God and God alone define,  
the unclear lines He is defining.*

### **Flame of the Tongue**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

By word of our mouth,  
we are built or destroyed.  
To lead north or south,  
or guide into the void.

What is said can break,  
the soul from within.  
What man does intake,  
makes to lose or win.

For as flame from the hearth,  
is the tongue in its greatness.

Deposing hope and mirth,  
or empowering the faithless.

For there is made clear,  
in the road which is lined,  
pride's unspoken fear,  
which cannot be defined.

But it's often made known,  
by what others declare,  
that which cannot be shown,  
comes alive only where,

We receive as sole fact,  
what is of false nature.  
Granting right in a pact,  
if not decided for sure.

For this here must be settled:  
is our life lived in vain?

In what lies have we mettled,  
what truth do we feign?

Can't you see the toxin,  
contained in our speech?

By them we do box in,  
the truth which we preach.

For out of our tongue's gate,  
come both blessing and ill.  
Birthing ill and forced hate,  
or the good of God's will.

So let what you utter,  
be uplifting and wise.

For nondescript mutter,  
gives air to much lies.

### **As a Tree**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

Submit to the struggle,  
then you'll become stronger.

For as restraints muzzle,  
know this: truth shall foster.

For when pain is present,  
there is draw to refuse.  
See, life won't be pleasant,  
but you will not lose.

So pursue the promise,  
and truth of eternity.  
For to know is to harvest,  
the fruit of urgency.

Soon you'll see how,  
what once made you irk,  
will become the vow,  
tying you to His work.

Though the process is dire,  
in change we don't know.  
All that once was your empire,  
will soon be made low.

For don't you know this?  
All sisters and brethren.  
That which we call 'bliss',  
ties us deep to our sin.

We can't grow on ground,  
of a King we don't know.  
For as voice utters sound,  
so we reap what we sow.

We can't mask our nature!  
Not for long, in the least.  
We'll be known, for sure,  
by what cannot be ceased.



The heart tells all, you see!  
And none can evade it.  
So release to Him every fee,  
for His blood has paid it.

In this, be it known:  
to grow is to grapple.  
So let's lay at the throne,  
sin in which we dapple.

### **The Man Who Broke**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

Once there was a man of promise,  
climbing culture's ladder.  
Two houses and a seaside office,  
to him did greatly matter.  
  
Prideful, high on life, he walked,

taking progress by storm.  
By nothing was this human blocked,  
and he did not conform.

For he was in his way steadfast,  
confident wherever would he go.  
And every hurdle he'd off-cast,  
would serve to empower his ego.

Numb to existence, no worries to haunt,  
he fell to his sin and entrapments.  
Pain as his weakness to openly flaunt,  
he killed every fear with his gambits.

Leaving behind the graces of past,  
embracing the tortures of worry.  
He flies at his failure often too fast,  
with vision that is much too blurry.

Trying and trying, but failing again,

clasped by indigenous fallbacks.

Will he see the daylight, lo, even then!

Will he surrender his all or relapse?

This is the story of greatness and power,  
when good souls are drawn to the dark.  
These are real people, to this very hour!  
Who strain at the love's slightest remark.

Why aren't they seen? You aptly incur.

Where are they now if they're real?

The matter is not: to know for sure,  
but to discern if our hearts truly feel.

They are the captives of their soul inside,  
feeling in fright for their sanity.

Yet we in our masked devilry and pride,  
continue pretending we're free.

By now can't you see: to judge is to hate,

this is our disease, and our habit.  
For we're the ones who guard at the gate,  
with keys to the cell they inhabit.

### **Who We Are**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

Be still and know that I am He,  
who forms the highest mountains.  
Return to that which payed the fee,  
to dissolve your doubts and sins.

Remain steadfast in the cause,  
which brought you to this place.  
Do not define yourself by flaws,  
long since made new by grace.

Know this: you are the new I Am,  
no longer slave to righteousness.  
For by My Son, the divine Lamb,

I've vanquished all divisiveness.

There is nothing that can hold  
you back from knowing all of Me.  
So free your soul of every mold  
which drains of your identity.

Stay the course, do not defect,  
to things which bring you down.  
For soon when all are made perfect,  
constance will be your crown.

Let not the things of past control,  
your future and your calling.  
Day by day—your doubts—annul,  
even when the sky is falling.

Don't you see by now, My child!  
Storms are here to shape you.  
In every earthquake, vast and wild,

land is formed in breakthrough.

Heating, writhing, shaping futures,  
carved in time and passing.

Making clearer that which blurs,  
undoing wrongful fastenings.

For this is who we're meant to become:  
those no longer prone to falter.

So why won't we humbly succumb,  
to lay our all upon the altar?

In the confidence we have in knowing  
all our sins are dead and null,  
let us express our love by showing  
trust in Him who is all powerful.

### **Fork in the Road**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

Two paths before you I have placed,  
to lead you or to stray.

One will fill your tongue with taste,  
but soon come to decay.

The other fills a certain gap  
made deep in sacrifice and trial.  
Avoiding unforeseen mishap,  
and granting truth in your denial.

Each one has benefits to offer,  
attractive in their own reward.  
But to the unobservant scoffer,  
the other reeks of pure discord.

For one who sees the moon to sum:  
"How brighter is the light of day!"  
But doesn't know where it comes from,  
speaks only what he knows to say.

For he who speaks to wrong the right,  
has made his choice to take the path,  
which leads to detour from the light,  
and face the anger of God's wrath.

This is how we know the answer,  
when direction fails our heart:  
what is of darkness is a cancer,  
that will tear our being apart.

There are no two ways about this!  
In that there are two ways to travel.  
So don't resort to things of bliss,  
or then you'll see yourself unravel.

So remain strong upon the course,  
which I have given you to follow.  
Not for your guilt or harsh remorse,  
but because my love's not hollow.



The roadblocks you will face so soon,  
can't separate from me and you.  
But if in fear you curse the moon,  
know that its light is but a preview.

For what you conquer paves the way,  
of strengths to be instated.  
Let not the choices chose this day,  
be but the ones you hated.

### **Horizons**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

In truth, my heart is someplace far,  
but calling leads me here.  
As I seek to find the hidden star,  
to guide me through my fear.

Unseen tides, in lapse-less pursuit,  
greet the distance met between.

While certainties resound acute,  
the call of God is mystery's queen.

For to know God and be known by Him,  
is to our soul a given proneness.  
Though in this world, devoid and grim,  
fear of man promotes aloneness.

We fall into our comfort's fortress,  
untouched by call or reason.  
Until we come to come to face the bliss,  
which infiltrates by treason.

For we must come to choose at last,  
between our flesh and greater good.  
To welcome winds to drive our mast,  
or remain stagnant where we stood.

This is the crossroad we must face:  
for us to settle or to soar.

Though both begin at equal pace,  
and both have God at core,

Only one will change this world,  
with lasting resonance to spare.  
Seeking God with sails unfurled,  
to let His presence take us where,

His call directs, and we are willing,  
with staff in hand and goodbyes said.  
This is our chance to see the healing,  
brought to those whose hearts have bled.

We are the change some wish to see,  
this is the anthem of our purpose.  
For nothing's greater than to be,  
the people called to holy service.

And now that we are here together,  
hearts on fire and voices raised.

Let's move on to boldly weather,  
the storms of the horizon, blazed.

### **What is Love**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

The more it pulled, the more it felt,  
like nothing could resist.

Our togetherness, ready to melt,  
into what could not exist.

The more it drew, the more we erred,  
past where we could be saved.

The less we tried, the less we cared,  
that our flesh had us enslaved.

Not conscious to what we had known,  
our thoughts reflected our failure.

Despising regret, careless and prone,  
unwilling to lay down love's allure.

We tried and tried but failed again,  
to safely guide our own ways.  
Before our missteps, yes—even then,  
our vision remained in a haze.

Even at first, we hated the thought,  
of seeking what could never be.  
For futures that our mind had wrought,  
defined the faults we didn't see.

Our hearts deceived, our minds inept,  
our senses numb to the truth.  
We broke the promises we once kept,  
becoming to feelings a sleuth.

We tested—in essence—the Lord himself,  
in thinking we could circumvent,  
the limits instated for the tribes, twelve,  
all to bring His people to repent.

To darkness we fell, not knowing why,  
as the acts done were immature.  
Had we known, our demise was nigh,  
our sparks would have lit for sure.

For where fire exists pain must ensue,  
it's the nature contained at its core!  
So allow love's passion be left to do,  
what it must, yes—that and no more.

In our future's pursuit, let it not become,  
a blockade to God's best for our lives.  
Instead, let it bring us to fully succumb,  
to let Him pick our husbands and wives.

### **The Gift of Choice**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

When fruit is ripe, it tastes the best.

This fact we can't deny!  
But when we fail in our heart's test,  
and to our conscience lie,

That is when we fall the shortest,  
in pursuits whose time is later.  
If we permit pride in our fortress,  
and do to our feelings cater,

We've already lost the battle, raging,  
o'er our souls and future path,  
for the way to fight is by engaging  
rebellion with spiritual wrath.

Time is true, yet comes with testing,  
as we progress in love's facade.  
Let us consider how we're investing,  
our emotions in pursuit of God.

There is nothing that can take from

us the truth of what He's planned,  
except what we define as freedom:  
such will lead us from His hand.

That fact that God is as our father,  
seeking good things for all those,  
who are His, what then can bother  
us as our song doth He compose?

For He's the author of our futures,  
yet gives us choice to write.  
He sees the details our mind blurs,  
and gives aim to our sight.

But not to say He won't allow,  
us to walk in our deceptions.  
Choice is what He offers now:  
to guide by our perceptions.

Yet that is how we're often tricked:



entwined by lies we trusted.  
Just as if unripe fruit we picked,  
there's guilt as if we lusted.

Though not to say we didn't listen,  
or truth could not be found.  
For even though the waters glisten,  
by it we can be drowned.

### **Birth of a Flower**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

When seed is planted,  
it is there to redeem.  
As a line that is slanted,  
made upright as a beam.

To bring about growth,  
is to empower sacrifice.  
For hope and faith both,

will in all things suffice.

Blood that is spilled,  
for His purpose and path,  
prepares to be filled,  
the bowl of His wrath.

For blood that is bled then,  
brings forth in power,  
the might to raise dead men,  
as the birth of a flower.

See, death is the start,  
of a newfound beginning,  
which stands to impart,  
the fact that we're winning.

To find what you lost,  
and to lose what you've found,  
strengthens the cost,

of that by which you're bound.

So count as a seed,  
the sacrifice of necessity,  
as blood that you bleed,  
paining, in what you see.

For there is required,  
in this journey, uncertain,  
employs to be fired,  
as it relates to our sin.

Yet even our comforts  
hold back from surrender.

In as much as it hurts,  
to growth it's a contender.

Our all is what's needed,  
if change is to be seen.  
As a plant that is seeded,

with death there between.

## **The Father's Heart**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

As feelings tempt, to satisfy,  
there is a greater good to seek.  
One which brings about a cry,  
to deter from the dull and bleak.

It's called by some: sovereign will,  
by others: sanctification.  
Regardless, we must not fulfill,  
what brings demotivation.

We must surround ourselves by what,  
cannot run dry like fires.  
From futile things we must be cut,  
before our time expires.

Can you not see: what gives to take,  
only serves to spite us.  
For selfless love won't bend to break,  
but rather, will unite us.

While distance often draws apart,  
the feelings which unsettle.  
The truth of love is in the heart,  
where worry cannot mettle.

Fear and mystery cannot deprive,  
two destined with such confidence.  
Not even what our minds contrive,  
keeps God from knowing all of this.

Even when we curse the hand,  
which gives us daily bread and breath,  
His mercy covers all we stand  
for and what keeps us far from death.

If we don't seek the one who gives,  
how can we expect good to come?  
The man who plans the life he lives,  
is unopen to God's relentless sum,  
  
Of blessings which He set in place,  
before the earth was spinning.  
Can we succeed at such a pace,  
in the race we're to be winning?  
  
Lo! I say to him who'll hearken:  
to focus on our future's vanity.  
Even shall the brightness darken,  
what we cannot, our God can see.

### **Selfless**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

What is life but love and peace,  
and everything we see?

For as our life is but a lease,  
let us live unselfishly.

Not turning back to sin of old,  
in comfort and remorse.  
But let us rather become bold,  
with Jesus as our course.

If then, we do not see the change,  
we wish to see in culture,  
have we truly let God rearrange  
our hearts, to make us pure?

Or are we stuck in mindless acts,  
without a care to spare?  
Do we base our lives on facts,  
or live to the contraire?

Where do our heart and mind abide:  
on self or on eternal affairs?

Do we from truth attempt to hide,  
with unsympathetic stares?

This defines what makes us real:  
that we hurt for those in pain.  
But just because our heart can feel,  
we can't let our vision wane.

There remains the highest calling:  
to know God and make Him known.  
But at the point that we start falling  
to our sin, grace must be shown.

See, we are all but broken structures,  
waiting still to be renewed,  
awaiting God there at the juncture,  
where good and evil brood.

For this remains to be decided:  
will we allow our soul to grow,



in matters that our God confided?

This truth we soon must know.

In all our dealings, circumspect,  
let us confide in Him alone,  
who made the earth, then reflect,  
upon what He makes known.

### **Crossroad of the Soul**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

My heart is caving in,  
there is nothing left at all.

I cannot face my sin,  
for my heart is in mid-fall.

All my hopes are shattered,  
life's sustenance has left me.  
My being hangs on every word  
of lies which have bereft me.

I cannot find the light which comes  
to those who wait upon thee.  
It's like if music lacked the drums,  
and the tune was melancholy.

Twisted vibes define my morale,  
what can keep me standing?  
I'm held in chains by every vow,  
and my being is disbanding.

If life was meant to be this way:  
a travesty in the making.  
I guess it's true, what people say:  
"Live life for the taking."

Why even strive for holiness,  
if it only serves to break us?  
Is there any more to this?  
I find the need to discuss.

I've felt the power of His blood,  
and experienced His greatness.  
Through it all I've felt life's crud,  
lifted, as though weightless.

For I've seen the supernatural,  
and can't deny His beauty.  
Of His presence I've been full,  
but from regret can't flee.

My life is changed beyond return,  
eyesight fails my vision.  
So what is left which I must learn,  
to seal up this incision?

It's true: my heart is full of bleakness,  
as if a bullet pierced my armor.  
But He is stronger than my weakness,  
and will fill my heart with ardor.

## **Deception of the Heart**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

To love is to accept,  
not for what we see,  
but for what is kept,  
behind lock and key.

Not judging another,  
by how things appear.  
To love as a brother,  
those who are here.

For to judge is to kill,  
not in word but mind.  
If deception we fulfill,  
our eyes are still blind.

See, truth empowers,

our mind with new vision.

As water to flowers,  
and sunlight's provision.

For just as our heart,  
grows fruit like a garden,  
we must let God impart,  
sun so they won't harden.

Lest we become stagnant,  
and lose our perspective.  
If His heart was a magnet,  
our love'd be deflective.

That is what keeps us,  
as beings disconnected.  
We are filled with puss,  
yet deny we're infected.

It's a sickness, a misery!

When we judge by the cover,  
a book filled to the tee,  
with the struggles of another.

How can we seek friendships,  
if from reality we hide?  
For by deception one slips,  
according to his pride.

In this, let us attempt,  
to love unrelentingly.  
Of deception, repent,  
for what we don't see.

### **Morninglow**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

The softened glow of day arises,  
complete, in essence and detail.  
So comforting are its auric reprises,

when the sun returns without fail.

## **Queens and Kings**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

"Are you willing to grow deeper?"

Says the Father to us all.

"Will you awake or be a sleeper,  
when upon you I do call?"

There remains the choice this day:

who will you give control  
o'er your life, to guide the way,  
in truth: to lead your soul?

Existence is a gift I've given,  
your breath, My life imparted.  
If you desire a life worth livin',  
this is how it must be started.

Day by day, yourself deny,  
seek to praise Me in all things.

Give to Me your lives and I  
will make you queens and kings.

This is why I've called you forth,  
your purpose lies in knowing Me.

Then to make My spirit poureth  
out on those who cannot see.

You are royal, you are sacred,  
never let your hopes diminish.

Every fear from which you hid,  
will usher you unto the finish.

This will be your song to shout:  
as you in desperation cried.

From Egypt you were beckoned out,  
and to yourself have died.



A choice for you has been prepared,  
one which seeks to inspire.  
While many for the worse have fared,  
response, will God require.

To choose this day the good or bad,  
but nothing in the middle.  
If black and white were all we had,  
color would matter little.

But not to say there is no grace,  
in this wide and pond'rous road.  
See, all I ask is we would face  
the challenges He has showed.

### **Root of Rebellion**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

If life was as transportation,  
I did not pay the fare,

but from authority did run,  
as if no law was there.

I disobeyed when it was said:  
"Do not cross this line."  
From common sense I aptly fled,  
and to myself was lying.

I saw the bounds and I kept on,  
lacking guidance where needed.  
I let my failures mask the dawn,  
as light—from me—was bled.

For even if real, the fact that we feel,  
does not in the least make it right.  
This it reveals: as to flesh we appeal,  
we allow our demons to take flight.

What cannot exist becomes as a God,  
like a fish who wanted to fly.

In following suit, our heart we defraud,  
and soon must to fantasy, die.

It's a painful progression when we allow,  
our rebellion to take hold and reign.  
Restraint as a whole will follow and bow,  
to the weaknesses we haven't slain.

For all must be yielded unto the One,  
who rightfully owns our existence.  
Yet He has given us choice, like a gun,  
to kill our regrets or resistance.

The matter at hand is found in this:  
that all selfish ambition we cancel.  
For death is a sword swung by bliss,  
with rebellion there as the handle.

It only makes sense that if we submit,  
to the struggle as it comes our way,

much stronger we'll be as we are hit,  
by temptation which comes to sway.

So take what comes amid the run,  
for He will strengthen your wits.  
Follow hard until the work is done,  
but never, My child,

### **Recovery**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

Today is the day I start anew,  
striving to see better days.  
All that I have made it through,  
has brought me to this place.

In my attempts to find the light,  
I've hurt those closest to me.  
Now is the time to make it right,  
and face retribution's fee.

For there is ever a cost to be paid,  
as to selfish ambition we answer.  
It's just as if a garment were frayed,  
all discord will come as a cancer.

This is a fact, when we turn from Him:  
nothing but bad can result.

Our light will turn from bright to dim,  
and into the flames catapult.

I've been there at destiny's crossroad  
and now am turning my gazes,  
towards the all-present One's abode,  
and to Him now lift my praises.

But there is a process to be undergone,  
with much pain and sorrow in its hold.  
For just as the morning before the dawn,  
it's darkest before comes nature's gold.

In the dark is where we're formed,  
making us strong and long-lasting,  
where the last of us is conformed,  
to the Spirit who brings chastening.

For it's true when said: "Life is a game."  
Because of the cost there involved.  
Though it is hard, we'll not be the same,  
when the great mystery is resolved.

When pain comes as a faithful friend,  
do not draw away to your sorrows.  
God alone will carry you to the end,  
and lighten your heavy tomorrows.

This must be endured now or later,  
for to fall is human in essence.  
Do not to waning emotions cater,  
but rather, live in His presence.

## **Root of Bitterness**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

When we judge we invite,  
bitterness to take root,  
causing hurts to ignite,  
with death as its fruit.

It's the start of decline,  
when we despise others.  
For love is our lifeline,  
in the conflict of brothers.

When we deny friends,  
the courtesy of forgiveness,  
it subsequently ends,  
the connection here in this.

We're unified by that which,  
causes gears to work it.  
But our choice is a kill-switch  
and our fears, the circuit.

Each day is a choice now,  
and we hold the keys,  
to unlock love and allow,  
it to welcome in peace.

It's only when we become,  
despaired in depressions,  
that our passion is numbed,  
in such active expressions,

Of love for friendships:  
how we treat those we love.  
Just as the sunset dips  
past earth's edge from above.

Although all warmth is gone,  
for a time until the return,  
of the ageless morning dawn,  
this lesson we must learn:

Even though we may for now,  
lose aim of what gives leading,  
such bitterness will soon allow,  
our relations to start bleeding.

So don't let pain and hurt endure,  
for they will only turn to spite you!  
Let forgiveness make love pure,  
and confidence will shine through.

### **Beauty in Death**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

My vision has become a haze,  
lackluster thoughts arise.  
My mind, by its nature obeys,  
that which directs the eyes.

Questions here deflect the truth,  
I cannot carry on as such.  
Love of life does vaguely soothe,  
like cotton to the touch.

I thought for now all was alright,  
as if for a moment I was fine.  
But now all good is full of blight,  
and my soul on dirt does dine.

"What happened?" I inquire again,  
"When did the tables turn?"  
I once wrote life, but lost the pen,  
and for completion yearn.

My book was closed to anyone,  
who ever though they knew me.  
For they drew joy in making fun,  
of the man I called 'the new me'.

I thought this was the time I'd find,  
joy in past accomplishments,  
becoming strong in truth divined,  
by all that's happened since.

Maybe I was meant to face these,  
without knowing what's to come,  
leaving back comfort and peace,  
in essence, making feeling numb.

For this is what I feel I deserve:  
to live in pain and disclusion.  
My heart desires I could serve,  
but I'm indebted to retribution.

Yes, it's true, I've fallen away,  
but even death has a beautiful face.  
For life itself is prone to decay,



but sacrifice lets change take place.

So in this let us come to realize,  
all must face their future, strong,  
lest untruth rule to taunt his eyes,  
and carry him to a life of wrong.

### **Game of Souls**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

There is a battle raged for souls,  
with two sides: light and dark.  
We must fight as darkness pulls,  
lest we're claimed by its mark.

All have equal charge to take  
truth into deception's realm.  
But many in such trying break,  
and lose grasp of their helm.

They who love but do not act,  
are worse off than the sinner.  
For to know yet fail to impact,  
proves we are not the winner.

We've lost the war if we don't try,  
to make right what is broken.  
For many more will fight, and die,  
exchanging lives as a token.

There'll always be a price to pay,  
when it comes to bringing change,  
whether in acts or words we say,

the prize is won in length of range.

Keep on trying, but don't lose faith!  
Never let your fervor die down.  
When fears appear there as a wraith,  
stand strong, but don't lie down.

If you allow my grace to lead you,  
no evil will befall your dawn.  
Pain will come to make you new,  
but I give strength to carry on.

For in this battle which we fight,  
we war not with flesh and blood.  
It is darkness in conflict to light,  
as time-worn ships amid a flood.

None can stand against our King,  
this is a fact we can't deny.  
For although the light is flickering,  
its power comes from on high.

So when in hopelessness you cry,  
know that not all is for now.  
For that which serves to dis-unify,  
will be made low to bow.

### **The Lord's Poem**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

Forgive us as we forgive those,  
who've sinned against all of us.  
The beauty of the scarlet rose,

defines how friends do love us.

When the thicket comes between,  
the lasting covenant we keep,  
we're blinded by what's not seen:  
the great distance that we leap.

For pain that separates our hearts,  
serves to destroy what is good.  
Indifference comes as fiery darts,  
piercing our defenseless hood.

We mustn't allow hate to take hold,  
even if we have the right to it.  
When we defend, our hope is sold,  
for a plane—giving flight to it.

Offense is a courtesy vehicle,  
taking us places we don't need.  
Still we fill it up, though it's full,  
with prideful ambition we feed.

If we can see the hidden schemes,  
which the enemy tries to enact here,  
we'd live by what the Spirit deems,  
denying the deathly tact, called fear.

Our lives with God should emanate,  
from mindsets promoting oneness.  
But by judgements ending in hate,  
we are weakened as we run this.

For life's alike a marathon we

run, not to be the first or last.  
It's by endurance we shall be,  
made new when all has passed.

It kills when we promote separation.  
This is not how life was intended!  
For failing to forgive aids the invasion,  
of hurt to harm what was mended.

Let this not determine our outcome.  
We're stronger than fragile connections.  
Don't count sins or their costly sum,  
for He forgives us with Godly affections.

### **The Warring Within**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

Sun still shines although doubt,  
comes to make us turn our backs.  
When we allow deception to clout  
our eyesight, actions become lax.

We must trust when faith is dead,  
that it will rise again much better.  
For the only way to spring ahead,  
is by trusting, when doubts fetter.

It tries the man we thought we were,  
empowering the warrior inside.  
For by God's word we know for sure,  
in His victories we can confide.

“When has He failed?” This I request,

that the man who can tell certify.  
We are the seeds God does invest,  
so why would He allow hope to die?

This is the purpose in His trying:  
that we follow Him without question.  
If we, to temptations, are dying,  
we'll be strengthened in this session.

For just as gravity and its barrier,  
pull all towards the earth below.  
We're just as an unseen carrier,  
each with our own spirit flow.

We either act of our own willpowers,  
or submit to Him who's higher.  
As darkness which does kill flowers,  
or light—building God's empire.

Our minds are blinded if we let them,  
wander where faith can't dwell.  
So let His wisdom cause fruit to stem,  
from what makes lies to dispel.

If we who see God's mighty hand,  
yet fail to act in the power promised,  
we miss out on what He's planned,  
'cause we're as a doubting Thomas.

Let your trust in Him endure,  
for the dawn will soon be rising.  
We aren't who we once were,  
so let us live by God's advising.

## **Season of Renewal**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

When life gives hope, hold fast to it,  
for this is what will carry you.  
In trials of life let your being's intuit,  
welcome in the promise new.

Know that when such troubles arise,  
My steadfast nature will amaze.  
The journey's hard so that your eyes,  
will be trained to trust always.

There is reward for those who stay,  
and in testing won't deny,  
that the life-long pursuit in this day,  
starts with one word: die.

You must not allow ambition to break,  
the zeal by which you've been called.  
This must you know: tis for your sake,  
that His future work within be stalled.

I can't allow two kingdoms to be built,  
you must merge one into the other.  
It is for this purpose I allow such guilt,  
when conviction submits to another.

For I love with love no other can give,  
so rejoice when the burden is heavy.  
By carrying your cross in how you live,  
your weaknesses will no longer levy.

All will come to pass, this is certain!  
You sacrifice good for what's better.  
Would you be surprised if here within,  
God's writing your life by the letter?

He is the author, the genius of tact!  
There's nothing unknown to His eye.  
So within this renewal follow His act,  
and your burden will help you to fly.

To the contrary, what takes will return,  
unlike those dependent to need.  
For as you grow, this must you learn:  
in every garden there is a weed.

While seemingly minor, it has an effect,  
which alters your course of destiny.  
By no means shall you ever resurrect,  
your old being, lest you reject Me.

### **Legacy of Love**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

When emphasis is put above,  
what is of temporal nature,  
ignorance kills the essence of,  
our heart's own legislature.

When focus falls upon the things,  
which pass from life to death,  
they mustn't dim that which sings,  
the song of heaven's breath.

Keep in mind that what we build,  
will serve for but the now,  
until the time our God has willed,  
for our death fulfills its vow.

Our hours on earth are limited,  
in what we can accomplish.  
Just as the sun will soon be hid,  
let your light become a wish.

Not wasted for what gives to take,  
but spent in hope of eternity.  
Just as that which stands to make,  
a lasting effect like a legacy.

You must consider that every move  
you make, whether for good or bad,  
carves its line like an eternal groove,  
of regret you wished you never had.

In every commitment that you claim,  
there's a cost to be payed at large.  
Let your yes be yes and no the same,  
for your words are just as a barge.

Carrying meaning and hope between,  
building or breaking connections.  
With love and fulfillment yet to be seen,  
but carrying a virus with infections.

For actions loose countless unknowns,



giving life to an army of treachery,  
reflecting that which are on the thrones  
of life, which command us to be.

If anything be learned from this all:  
our morals must reflect our mind.  
And since we're each given a call,  
let us leave our old nature behind.

### **Sinners and Saints**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

We're one in the same,  
all sisters and brethren,  
With souls wild or tame,  
there bound up within.

For this does define us,  
when the line is drawn,  
as a child, we are thus,  
at our core thereupon.

Whether rich or poor,  
very little here differs.  
For one can't ignore,  
what innocence incurs.

Our lives here reflect,  
what's within, not seen.  
Still we try to protect,  
egos on which we lean.

Life we can't based,

on what people think.  
For behind every face,  
is a soul at the brink.

There is danger in hate,  
affecting both parties.  
For it decides one's fate,  
by such ill capacities.

It's said: let go and let God.  
This we must come to know,  
lest we let ourself defraud,  
and clog our mind's window.

What is seen and real,  
are differed by what's fact.  
One affects how we feel,  
the other: how we interact.

It's simple, if you let it in,  
this wholesome truth of life.  
One view is bereft of sin,  
but the other draws a knife.

If we realize all are made,  
alike in Christ's reflection,  
farewell to evil'd be bade,  
there at love's intersection.

### **Eye of the Storm**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

Stay in the path I've given you, child,

not straying for pleasures that cease.  
Never allow your heart to grow wild,  
for your lifetime is but only a lease.

The seductress will try to steal your aim,  
for hers is the path to destruction.  
Claim your cross, not your crown of fame,  
and you will be filled with unction.

Keep my right path before your feet,  
let wisdom guide through your trials.  
Persevere 'til you're before the seat,  
of the throne of Him who reconciles.

I'm the man who through all endured,  
I've felt your afflictions firsthand.  
If you think the cost of faith is absurd,  
isn't that why Judas didn't stand?

My burden is easy, my yoke is light,  
but Satan will cause you to doubt.  
Hold strong, my son, amid the fight,  
and if necessary, for help cry out.

You will never be alone in the way,  
deserted and ill though it seems.  
Listen closely to what I have to say,  
searching in visions and dreams.

For I have promised to never forsake.  
This is why I've given you hardship.  
How else then, shall I mold and make  
you into the man who will not slip?

Make no mistake, good times will come,  
like the eye of the storm brings still.  
But never allow your heart to succumb,  
to the tiredness to come, for it will!

Take hold upon the trust of friends,  
let innocence define your being.  
Accept such tribulation until it ends,  
and weaknesses will run fleeing.

How blessed is he who takes this in,  
not squandering life for a minute.  
This man who isn't swayed by his sin,  
shall find life's purpose here in it.

### **Blessings**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

They come in every shape and size,  
affecting how we feel.  
Often coming as an unseen surprise,  
giving fervor and zeal.

Igniting laughter, killing concern,  
bringing new sense and direction.  
Appeasing regret until we learn,  
its purpose in our introspection.

Many take blessings for granted,  
until from our grasp it is taken.  
How wonderful and enchanted,  
can it make our soul awaken.

If for even a moment it's deprived,  
will you continue just the same?  
For from all blessing is contrived,  
the path to success and fame.

While satisfaction can only come  
from the source of life and death,  
giving wisdom to widen the dumb,  
and power to fill one with breath.

Is it really that hard to visualize,  
the source of our joy, in essence?  
Can this truth be clearer than lies,  
here in the midst of His presence?

What is considered least in the sight  
of our mind is often quintessential.  
As when the tiniest stones take flight,  
our fortress can break like a pencil.

If we base our joy off what is fleeting,  
even though it's hopeful at heart,  
we subject our strength to a beating,  
for what can only fulfill, in part.

That which is gifted to lighten our load,  
must not for a moment be squandered.  
Let thanks be lifted to the lasting abode,  
of Him who keeps watch over the bird.

If even the man who aids the sparrow,  
makes sure to look after His own,

will He ignore the orphan and widow,  
as their need reaches His throne?

### **Battleground**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

We war not against flesh and bone,  
but principalities of darkness.  
For when we fight, we're not alone,  
as the spirit of God sparks this.

He's given us His promise, sworn,  
that we'll never be without,  
His power, there in lands forlorn,  
so we'll never be in doubt.

Strength to move a mountain lies,  
within our very grasp-hold,  
causing such faith to materialize,  
that we may become bold.

If we live in the anointing granted,  
we'll never be led wrong.  
As the water that the deer panted  
for, we shall be led along.

He has promised to never forsake,  
nor abandon us by the way.  
So if we from our slumber awake,  
we'll grow strong day by day.

We must accept God's victory,  
even though we cannot sense,

for by His sight we can foresee,  
the troubles which are dense.

This is an unseen war, in essence,  
one which we cannot win,  
but through God's holy presence,  
and His authority over sin.

Let this be known, he who stays,  
in the confidence of the Spirit,  
will be ready when unsure days  
arrive, let the doubter hear it!

God is more than unseen powers,  
for He holds all in His palm.  
From winter snow to April showers,  
He makes storms to be calm.

If we who are the sons of Him,  
with rule beyond compare,  
have no fear of darkness, dim,  
we will never face despair.

### **The Flipside**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

I curiously ponder what life would be like,  
if I had no commitment to follow.  
For what if this mountain that I daily hike,  
resulted as nothing but hollow?

I daily inquire what existence would be,  
were my life my own and no more.

No chain to religion would I become free,  
or be embattled 'gainst sin in a war?

What if for a moment I wasn't held back,  
and allowed the finest of pleasures.  
Would it serve to fulfill my supposed lack,  
if I gave in to this world's treasures?

I yearn for a life devoid of such pain,  
even though it helps me to grow.  
I'd rather be free without any chain,  
than face the weakness I know.

All these burdens, how weary they are,  
all I wish is that they weren't there.  
Oh, if only, if only I could run away far,  
so I wouldn't know worry or care.

This reality is so close I can taste it,  
"What holds me back?" This I ask.  
Time and again I've already faced it,  
but cannot go through with the task.

I'm at the crossroad I that must decide,  
to turn from the life I have known.  
Shall I run from commitment and hide,  
making me the king of my throne?

It kills when the sorrows return.  
I can't find a way out of my error.  
For life's sweetness do I yearn,  
but can't face its evident terror.



With its many entrapments to chase,  
and the luster contained in it hold,  
This choice I must soon come to face:  
to draw near the flame or be cold.

There is no in-between on this course,  
one must give his all or retract.  
The choice is one which he can't force,  
but must upon his free will act.

### **Harvest of Humility**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

The stronger I think that I am,  
the weaker I truly reside,  
to the point I retract like a clam,  
and from all else do hide.

It feels as though the strength I had,  
is sucked away like a torrent.  
Like all that's good is ravaged by bad,  
and my life is now abhorrent.

"Why would life mock?" This I ponder.  
Did this path produce in me naught?  
From all I've known I uneasily wander,  
and by my entrapments am caught.

In this commitment I fretfully wait,  
for the coward inside to just break.  
I simply resume, accepting as fate,  
the terror from which I can't awake.

It's then I remember the journey I took,  
planted seeds all along this endeavor.  
Just as an author day by day at his book,  
such prolonging cannot go on forever.

Soon when weakness seems to engulf,  
strength will arrive when necessary.  
For trust is a sheep when fear is a wolf,  
though an illusion, it is always scary.

If we come to admit we're immature,  
even though we feel we are stronger,  
this shall we come to know, for sure:  
by obedience we'll avoid trial longer.

God gives rest to the soul who admits,  
that he is still in growth's process.  
We must keep trying until the shoe fits,  
lest we fall to our sin and regress.

While it comes as a thorn to our side:  
knowledge of weakness promotes,  
willingness to in God's mercy confide,  
instead of our pride, which bloats.

The secret to what truly empowers,  
isn't found in strength we boast.  
But rather, in the duration of hours,  
spent seeking humility the most.

### **Providence**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

Want is a hindrance to growth,  
when need is no longer a factor.  
For choice becomes as an oath:  
our own life's greatest impactor.

Treasures that are stored up here,  
will come to nothing in time.  
Although it may so goodly appear,  
all material wealth is sublime.

If we will submit to obedience,  
in relation to resource expended,  
we'll not be caged by the fence,  
holding back aid that was ended.

When worry prohibits our action,  
faithlessness infects as a plague.  
But if we'll renounce satisfaction,  
we'll no longer be forced to beg.

Provision will come in due fashion,  
it's a promise contained in His word.  
Our Father's filled with compassion,  
so living lives full of doubt is absurd.

All of our needs, least to greatest,  
are ever before His remembrance.  
For the path that is the straightest,  
is walked in spiritual temperance.

It is futile to seek passing scents:  
that which lasts for merely a breeze.  
Better off is the man who relents,

in his pursuit of pleasure and ease.

For our passive investments effect,  
greater yield either now or later,  
resulting in lives that are wrecked,  
or a flow of good like a freighter.

We cannot expect selfish ambition,  
to result in an outcome of gold.  
If we will uplift love as our mission,  
He will bless our efforts tenfold.

No earthly concern can outshine,  
the truth contained at the core:  
all merit we earn is as a fine wine,  
if we let it be that and no more.

### **Sacrifice of Self**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

Unity is the wholesome essence,  
of varied minds united,  
bringing forth sweeter pleasance,  
than fragrances ignited.

And while it must differentiate,  
cravings from what must exist,  
we cannot sign away our fate,  
for preferences that we insist.

A sacrifice of self must come,  
lest we abandon our sanity.  
All our efforts must succumb,

to the basis of the olive tree.

For we're all as twisted vines,  
straying in every direction,  
giving naught but bitter wines,  
if we don't kill the infection,

With selfishness there at its core,  
giving air to hurt and hatred.  
Brothers, we must fight this war,  
so we'll of this evil fate be rid.

Every time which we allow,  
our petty avarice to inhibit,  
the harmony He offers now,  
we impose on God a limit.

But man can never hinder God,  
nor strangulate His eminence.  
For we are nothing but a fraud,  
if we let pride take residence.

The tree of life remains our root:  
what keeps us going in this.  
So every branch that lacks fruit,  
will be severed as a sickness.

All that does not play a part,  
in the greater scheme of grace,  
has no use and must depart,  
or sooner must God's fire, face.

This is the final question standing:

will we continue on resisting?  
For many are this day disbanding,  
because true unity is missing.

### **Faultline**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

For us to focus on our flaws,  
only serves to kill our spirit,  
as if we were bound by laws,  
but pretended not to hear it.

We become who we promote,  
as beings with will to refine.  
But as a crack can sink a boat,  
so we must find our faultline,

Lest all we are and hold to,  
be torn apart by triflings.  
For limits exist to mold you,  
in bearing with all things.

If we permit our jealous pride,  
to dictate who we are,  
sinful thoughts will herein bide,  
to mark you like a scar.

Our proneness is not a disease,  
but rather stands to heal us.  
It's when our confidence flees,  
we're made to kneel as thus.

We can't compare our identity,

to what we never could attain.  
Of this deceit we must be free,  
so this falsehood will be slain.

Looking back on who we were,  
and where we started from,  
reveals our childish character,  
and just how far we've come.

Our limits we must learn to find,  
and hold in highest regard.  
Not that they can sway our mind,  
but by them truth is marred.

There's power here in holding fast,  
to the safety of restraint.  
For we must leave behind our past,  
so comparison can't taint.

As conquerers we must arise,  
not weakened by every prick.  
For we must filter out the lies,  
to allow God's truth to stick.

### **The Worth of a Man**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

Friendships are a path we find,  
not knowing where they'll lead.  
until at heart we are entwined,  
and our minds are finally freed.

We cannot tell when they'll come,

these treasures that we hold,  
for their value has no earthly sum,  
by which we could behold.

But often we do not consider,  
just how much they mattered,  
until relation has grown bitter,  
and love is ripped and tattered.

But if we'll treat our every alliance,  
with care and greatest esteem,  
there'll be no room for ill in silence,  
so peace can flow like a stream.

For our offense will try to break,  
the connection we value so dearly.  
Not to say our efforts were fake,  
but that we must forgive sincerely.

Every friendship we must protect,  
like a pearl of greatest cost.  
Never to be treated with neglect,  
lest a friend forever be lost.

The beauty we find in love given,  
is not that it makes us complete,  
but rather that it keeps us driven,  
to bless every soul that we meet.

All people deserve the virtue herein,  
to be treated with honor, no less.  
For the fact alone our Savior came in,  
the form of a being should attest.



He walked among those full of hate,  
yet never sought out to condemn.  
They gave to Him a cross as His fate,  
for the good He'd shown unto them.

So we must try in all circumstance,  
to reflect the graces we're shown.  
As often as we are given a chance,  
let us use it in making Him known.

### **Joy as a Child**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

As my faith breaks there under,  
the weight of my sorrows,  
my mind is brought to wonder,  
how I'll face my tomorrows.

Though joy was once mine,  
and I clung to its comfort,  
my restless fears combine,  
to inflict my soul with hurt.

What I once held in hopes,  
came crashing in collision,  
and I'm tied by the ropes,  
that once guided my vision.

Now anger comes heavy,  
weighing as I continue,  
like an anchor does levy,  
pulling all that is in you.

But where are life's graces,  
and the bliss it entailed?  
I've lost touch of its traces,  
and I feel that I've failed.

Will it get easier to handle,  
the troubles I've been dealt?  
My life burns as a candle,  
and I'm bound to surely melt.

In heaviness I cry my share,  
as a price to pay for my sin.  
I lost a game that's never fair,  
for only The Lord can win.

All I desire's to be renewed,  
and brought into serenity,  
but everything that I pursued,  
only resulted in enmity.

It seems I've been betrayed,  
and my heart is raw and open.  
My feet have surely swayed,  
and have little to take hope in.

As I near the end of my quest,  
with a bottle of tears I've compiled,  
all I ask is the simplest request:  
to be enlivened with joy as a child.

Adventure Awaits

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

I long to feel the warm embrace,  
of busy feet upon my brow.  
The gentle brush of loosened lace,  
that care-free wanderers allow.

I miss the silent words discussed,  
in rhythm of the lonely poet.  
Hours enjoyed in untellable trust,  
so deep only I can bestow it.

With the unsure end of departure,  
directing to gateways of infinence,  
becoming to boredom a cure,  
and to hidden dominions a prince.

I do not demand your compliance,  
yet I stand to invite at the gates.  
For if you'll commit to my alliance,  
rest assure, for adventure awaits!

### Battle of the Mind

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

Though I continued holding tight,  
I knew things could not last.  
I wouldn't give up without a fight,  
but my chance already passed.

I tried to save a sinking ship,  
one to which I clasped.  
Yet strength escaped my grip,

in everything I grasped.

Why this path? I pondered deeply,  
must love come as a thorn?  
I was led to climb a hill so steeply,  
that I fell to thoughts forlorn.

If even timing fails my endeavor,  
and graceless paths ensue,  
shall life go on like this forever,  
will I ever be made new?

To brokenness I must return,  
like nothing's truly changed.  
For new hope I eagerly yearn,  
but my essence is deranged.

I fight the man who enlightens,  
knowing full-well I'm killing myself,  
resisting as my chest tightens,  
while into past hauntings I delve,

Where all my willful strength resorts,  
for pain is better than silence,  
except when my deception contorts,  
innocent thoughts into violence.

For the mind's a battle of thought,  
to heal the heart or make bleed.  
The ceaseless sum of evils shot,  
deciding which side will succeed.

The power of the mind is herein,

that we harness the grief we feel,  
to immerse our entire beings in,  
the love of Him who makes heal.

Or else we may never attain,  
the status as children of grace.  
Let us die to thoughts so vain,  
that they'll not hinder our pace.

### Character in Crisis

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

I will steadily wait,  
until my change comes,  
accepting as fate,  
such suffering that numbs.

I will walk in the promise,  
even though I can't see.  
For faith is based on this,  
amidst lack of certainty.

In the trials and shock,  
when friends may forsake,  
let us cling to the rock,  
that won't falter or shake.

And although it may crush,  
bringing pain here within,  
shall we give thanks in lush,  
but not through the thin?

If the skies open wide,

and the earth is recalled,  
can man scatter to hide,  
in this life that is walled?

All must soon face,  
their just retribution,  
for life isn't a race,  
but rather—a fusion,

Where our will and God's,  
combine in collision,  
against the stacked odds,  
of near-sighted vision.

And while it may silence,  
dreams we have dreamt,  
it empowers our vigilance,  
so feelings won't tempt.

Know this, in prolonging,  
your future won't leave,  
Rather, the wrong thing,  
will no longer deceive.

But you will become who,  
God meant and intended,  
tried through and through,  
when all trials are ended.

### Conclusion

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

Truth is madness,

and bound to expire.  
Where is gladness,  
in sorrow's empire?

All pleasure is draining,  
and profits are null.  
Friendships are paining,  
and sicken the soul.

Death is inviting,  
and misery beckons.  
At comfort's sighting,  
Ill measure reckons.

In all man's endeavors,  
his seeking and ways,  
such emptiness severs,  
the length of his days.

What do we work for,  
but fast-fading vanity?  
Can we really ignore,  
we're losing our sanity?

Nothing endures,  
in this hapless crescendo.  
Though we seek cures,  
there's none in this end-all.

We live and we die,  
to our wisest attempt,  
but there in the eye,  
of man we're exempt.

The wicked prevail,  
and the just disappear.  
As the innocent wail,  
the fool raises a cheer.

Yet better is he,  
in the house of despairing.  
Than him with glee,  
for he lives life preparing.

While it seems ill-sought,  
in this graceless pursuit,  
whether prepared or not,  
all are judged by their fruit.

### Destiny's Beckon

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

The eagerness that kills my trust,  
can only but make me stronger,  
for having faith requires we must  
submit to the way that is longer.

All that's true will eventually collide,  
in the destiny He has formulated,  
forged from the battle raging inside,  
that our wayward will has created.

We cannot fathom what comes next,  
nor can we interpret our past,  
for here we stand as mortals, vexed,  
in the midst of mysteries vast.



We wonder freely like a stream,  
with thoughts that breach like wind,  
leading onto hopes we dream,  
through a wave of voices, thinned.

And yet we question where to go,  
when the path is decided and certain,  
for He has made it for us to know,  
not hidden as though under a curtain.

And still we fear what we can't see,  
shying from shadows that rise.  
This is our future, our own destiny,  
is it really that hard to realize?

Each step we take will toss and shake,  
'til the sun is far in the distance,  
but choices we make for virtue's sake,  
will slowly undo the resistance.

Then we shall be free of the fears,  
that kept us as destiny beckoned,  
redeemed in full from all the years,  
we waited, to the very last second.

It's only then we can fully envision,  
the purpose we served all along,  
that brought us to fulfill His mission,  
of making us steady and strong.

Now there only remains one final inquiry,  
to determine and fashion our fate:

with desire that burns so fierce and fiery,  
must a love so strong really wait?

### Divergence

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

Character relies on response,  
emphasized by our time in the waiting.  
But it's revealed by our wants,  
how long till we hear what He's saying.

### Doubts of the Faithful

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

When the simulated calm has passed,  
and you're left questioning,  
when storms of life come rushing fast,  
keep in mind this vital thing:

You're the one, through test and trial,  
who did not fail in My pursuit.  
So know that though you face denial,  
I will be your source and root.

When times of lack and loss ensue,  
hindered highly by its wake,  
think of all I've brought you through,  
and how I never did forsake.

Be glad whenever you're abased,  
as when you are abound,  
for in every crisis you have faced,  
I've been your solid ground.

When sighs of death are all you hear,  
as a constant flow of heavy rain,  
your suffering contained in every tear,  
I feel as though it were My pain.

And though no one can understand,  
the grief through which you go,  
in time I will make known the grand  
design of what you cannot know.

When depression settles like a stone,  
weighing with its vexing force,  
the times you feel unsure and prone,  
I'll guide your straying course.

The hostile fears that you hold onto,  
that cause your will to languish,  
embody all that I have gone through,  
so I can truly know your anguish.

When deception infiltrates like arrows,  
marring what you know is true,  
as your path of self-ambition narrows,  
this one request I make of you:

Bring forth the proof of when I failed,  
so that for it I might account.  
In every accusation that you have railed,  
when have I led you to doubt?

### Drifting Sand

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

Ever since earth's grand beginning,  
two paths have been arranged.  
From that time a line's been thinning,  
'tween what cannot be changed.

There lies a deep, deep separation,  
carried on in souls, unnoticed,  
that shall either lead to annihilation,  
or guidance where the road is.

And though these paths are unlike,  
they share a deep connection:  
the parallel road on which they hike,  
igniting unique introspection.

For none can find their inner peace,  
by trusting only what they know.  
There seems to always be release,  
in chasing after winds that blow.

But finding just what wind to chase,  
is frequently the trial at hand.  
We must never treat this as a race,  
but rather, like a drifting sand.

It has no destination decided,  
on where it will come to rest.  
In mystery has it fully confided,  
with hopes for only the best.

It struggles not against the grind,  
nor any slope which elevates.

For by such hardship it is refined,  
into what the struggle creates.

Unless we choose to forgo fear,  
and opt to live as we please.  
At least then we would not hear,  
the reprove of Him who sees.

This is the unfolding we shall face,  
if not today, then tomorrow.  
Choices made determine the pace,  
at which we'll learn to grow.

So find the path you know is right,  
and never turn back for a glance.  
Every time you fall to your fright,  
remember: today is your chance.

### Into the Wilderness

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

The aggravation of addiction,  
constrains like nut and bolt,  
for my life resembles fiction,  
and I'm striving to revolt.

The revelries are sickening,  
to the point I may abandon.  
The turbulence is thickening,  
giving no place I can land in.

I seek in striving just to find,  
shelter from this cruel ordeal.

Only failure comes to mind,  
and pain-filled thoughts I feel.

Maybe I must simply learn,  
that which I clearly did not.  
What rectitude did I spurn,  
that this misery be wrought?

If only I knew where I slipped,  
what foolish path I walked,  
that caused odds to be flipped,  
and my future to be blocked.

When shall the dark of day relent,  
when will this tyranny cease?  
I long for the day I no longer invent,  
lies to maintain inner peace.

Could it be I'm a victim of trust,  
led on by the hope of tomorrow?  
Oh, how daggers of falsity thrust,  
turning purest of love into sorrow.

There's beauty in passion, it's true,  
like rays of the sun on the rise.  
But once it's made a circuit through,  
it proceeds to the place it dies.

In this I have found a certainty,  
that many still lack to this day:  
the heart is deceitful as can be,  
with emotion there in its sway.

We can't deny our heart's desire,  
yet must never allow it to reign.  
The purpose of love is to inspire,  
giving hope in the promise of pain.

### Key to the Heart

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

The hopeful essence we ignite,  
herein each other's thoughts,  
does bring about unto daylight,  
the treachery our mind plots.

For although what we say and do,  
appear to be the same,  
our desires feed the demon who,  
we try so hard to tame.

The hidden motives we conceal,  
can't stay that way for long.  
What we do defines what is real,  
and what has been all along.

We're fooling no one but our own,  
in putting up a calm facade.  
By what's inside we will be known,  
if not by men, then by God.

The heart's intent shines like a beam,  
with nothing to deflect its rays.  
Regardless of just how it may seem,  
our inward trueness it portrays.

What's within is fatefully ponderous,  
creating a void into which all is lost,  
that if unattended will lead onto thus:  
such judgements incurring of cost.

It's better if we just come forward,  
in stark admission of our faults.  
For penance isn't seen nor heard,  
but certified when hatred halts.

Even the purest among us must find,  
the seed of deceit that entangles.  
They that're open are often most blind,  
to the vices unseen at most angles.

All we can do is hold onto the hope,  
that sincereness still lives in us all.  
Mistrust is footstool built on a slope,  
with the promise we never will fall.

Yet this is for certain when all else fails,  
as we struggle to live in sincerity:  
pride is the border—the lining—the rails,  
that alone can hinder our clarity.

### Nighttime

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

The world is alive tonight,  
more than it's ever been before,  
silently awaiting new sunlight,  
held back through unseen war.



## The Moment

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

Calm your soul, oh patient one,  
for life is but a dream.  
Time endured beneath the sun,  
is not what it may seem.

Tarry not, young traveller,  
the road is not your limit.  
Leave all worry as it were,  
this is your life, so live it!

I require nothing but to wait,  
for when I call your name.  
Be ready then, don't hesitate,  
and let your heart be tame

There is a moment I invite,  
all men to come take part,  
of the wonders in my sight,  
like a grand genesis of art.

It will appear so very small,  
as an inkling which ignites,  
or a quiet whisper as I call,  
imparted through insights.

You may not hear it all at once,  
these things often take time.  
But if you'll sacrifice your wants,  
you'll be ready for the climb.

I wish to take you higher than,  
these hills you call your home,  
but only I can know just when,  
your feet will no longer roam.

When due time has come about,  
it shall not be in question.  
The path that I have sculpted out,  
will be your firm direction.

Then you shall fulfill your call,  
as part of my superior design.  
No longer hindered by the wall,  
keeping you from being mine.

So take each step along the way,  
and learn the lesson it speaks.  
For he who hears what I've to say,  
is the one who dutifully seeks.

### The Purpose of Passion

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

I'm sickened by pleasure,  
as I'm caught up within it.  
I have traded my treasure,  
for thrills worth a minute.

Its semblance entices,  
as a mesmeric gem,  
enshrouding the vices,  
that from it do stem.

The strong are degraded,  
by its potent array.  
All conviction has faded,  
from color to gray.

For to some it's a habit,  
while to others, a curse.  
In denying they have it,  
they are hit by it worse.

So we treat as cancer,  
the sin we are prone to,  
but there is an answer,  
mankind is unknown to.

We all were created,  
with desire to feel,  
and a future so fated,  
to enjoy its appeal.

The passions we wrestle,  
are not our disease,  
but proof of love's vessel,  
intended to please.

So once we take hold,  
of life's selfless vow,  
that makes to be bold,  
in not living for now,

We'll finally be ready,  
to try for the best,  
confident and steady,

and faithful in test.

So live in the moment,  
but not for yourself.  
Allow such annulment,  
to gather its wealth.

### The Unhidden Heart

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

People rarely notice,  
the side of me not seen,  
just as the regal lotus,  
so sedating and serene.

But there beneath the surface,  
my roots stretch far beyond,  
to a place that endless hurt is,  
there concealed by the pond.

I flow with tides that muddle,  
striving just to stay afloat,  
for I thrive there in the puddle,  
and by the fearsome boat.

I grace the waters with finesse,  
so far from what I feel,  
though here within I am a mess.  
At least I'm being real!

People question why I try,  
to cover what I must.  
It's not as though I live a lie,

but I'm wary who I trust.

God will heal me soon enough,  
I must keep on instead.  
While the going may get rough,  
I'll fight to keep my head.

Failure's never an option now,  
still it reaches to enslave.  
I'll persevere and wipe my brow,  
up until I'm in the grave.

For just because a star is dying,  
it doesn't hide its shine.  
So even if my heart is crying,  
to apathy I'll not resign.

I cannot keep myself from feeling,  
but at least I will not show,  
so until the day I see God's healing,  
here as the lotus I will flow.

May my nature stand to symbolize,  
the goodness of the Father,  
that empowers me with ready eyes,  
so trials of life won't bother.

### Wayfarers

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

We each have a journey,  
that's yet to be traveled.  
For we'll ever be learning,

till mystery is unraveled.

Throughout all life's queries,  
spread wide in pondering,  
we must welcome the series,  
of ordeal felt in wandering.

Let us consider our past,  
where our fathers endured,  
great doubtfulness, vast,  
with no grandeur assured.

If we're faithful to purpose,  
not welcoming fallacy,  
know this: our long service,  
shall one day set free.

Though the distance ahead,  
seems without just cause,  
we must heed what He said,  
through His ageless laws.

He would not send us,  
without sound direction.  
It is presented as thus,  
for our humble detection.

Just as Israel once lacked,  
a shepherd to lead them,  
from odds, highly stacked,  
came one who freed them.

For this was their testing,

that misery endowed,  
every moment investing,  
in the promise vowed.

Never once were they left,  
unto their own hands.  
They remained in His cleft,  
through desolate lands.

May this ever remind,  
in the journeys we take,  
to leave Egypt behind,  
for His greatness' sake.

### Beauty of the Mind

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

A million thoughts inside our head,  
seeking a chance to be birthed,  
yet seldom are these feelings said,  
as gems so few have unearthed.

Imagine the fires that didn't ignite,  
in truths not given to purpose.  
Every spark that hasn't seen light,  
striving for meaningful service.

We fill our head with trivial learnings,  
submitting our mind unto causes,  
that'll never fulfill our inner burnings,  
but rather, embog us with pauses.

Are we truly this prone to passivity,  
that we forgo suffrage for silence?  
For our lack of progressive activity,  
shall turn past hurts into violence.

Hate takes root in unrefined premises,  
that lead on to faulty endeavors.  
Choice is an ally as well as a nemesis,  
keeping subdued with its levers.

It's not as though we must hold back,  
what's within, at least not for long.  
As good is to bad, and white to black,  
right will stand contrast to wrong.

I deeply envision a time and a place,  
where thoughts are free to excel,  
for the beauty about the human race,  
is in all which remains still to tell.

But what if silence is what completes,  
like a piece to the puzzle we build?  
Our silent musings as the heartbeats,  
of the being we created and killed.

I cannot imagine why we as inventors,  
of this thing that we call our society,  
would ever deny our right as mentors,  
in living by unquestioned propriety.

So say what you will and say it loud,  
for now is your chance to be heard.  
Yes, be who you are and be it proud,



so your mind will be known in word.

## Hope Lives On

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

Dragging on in disillusion,  
the world is running wild,  
hindered by a vile fusion,  
of grace and love defiled.

Ever since the cool composure,  
of Heaven and the Black Abyss,  
all mankind has known for sure,  
there must be more to all of this.

As ancient as archaic wisdom,  
is this quest for truth we walk,  
opposed by every rival schism,  
causing mortal souls to mock.

For to know the purpose of this life,  
is our sole and crucial need,  
but as our doubts run free and rife,  
unholy sacrilege takes lead.

Every good we see is countered,  
by the bad that makes it so.  
As moral essence is in downturn,  
doesn't nature clearly show?

The wintry calm is met with war,  
just as soon as spring appears.

Once a kingdom, now no more,  
softly graced by heaven's tears.

The savage reign of choice endures,  
that masquerades in normalcy.  
As both our syndrome and its cures,  
from which humanity can't free.

Just as the uncontrollable course,  
the planet makes on its crusade,  
light and darkness form the force,  
by which night and day are made.

Every man must sooner choose,  
to fight the standard or retire.  
Those that have nothing to lose,  
are often those exalted higher.

And though the risk is frightening,  
can we really bear to live without it?  
For life is summed up in one thing:  
hope lives on, not they who doubt it.

## Journeys

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

The way of a warrior is tested and true,  
molded through flame and the coal.  
Every trial that has been gone through,  
strengthening the heart and the soul.

Through every inflictance and battle,

there is always a way to persist.  
The earth may shake and relics rattle,  
but this truth cannot be missed.

It is God who allows elation and tears,  
that for us are made in their time.  
Tearing and vying, each atom appears,  
as the product of our every crime.

And while our heart may fill with terror,  
cringing for the fear we feed,  
just as with every bewildered wayfarer,  
a hand to help is all we need.

Someone to show us the path to walk,  
a guide in the midst of confusion,  
when we have come unto a roadblock,  
and are lost in our futile reclusion.

The way of a warrior is not all it seems,  
but is built upon faults and success,  
rising above by grace which redeems,  
even while we feel torn and a mess.

Sometimes it is needed, yea, necessary,  
for us to reach rock bottom low.  
Then we shall see how erratic and scary,  
we became, and yet didn't know.

In that very moment, so tender and sore,  
we'll become greater beings at heart.  
For as we arise, we'll break free and soar,  
as our flaws and shortcomings depart.

It is ever so powerful, day in and out,  
when we move on from the past.  
We loosen the truth and kill all doubt,  
pushing us to become steadfast.

So keep to this factor, as you press on,  
in your journey to find who you are:  
the sky might darken before the dawn,  
but our God will guide you as a star.

### Middle Ground

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

At night I can't sleep,  
not for sake of my cares,  
but because I can't keep,  
my mind off the affairs,

Of those lost to torment,  
in the homeland of strife,  
yet we all remain dormant,  
and proceed with our life.

I repeat an aged cry,  
as I loosen my thoughts.  
I am questioning: why,  
while my mind is in knots.

Partiality's a plague,  
that eats at our soul.  
Its profits are vague,

and amount to null.

For we do not adapt,  
to the sufferings of strangers,  
but we cling onto fact,  
and preach loudly its dangers.

It is nearly as though,  
we wish to bring change,  
and yet do not know,  
even truth can derange.

The more that we stand,  
with one side or the next,  
we're dividing the land,  
with the words of our text.

Who then do I side with?  
You ask through defiance.  
With pacifism as my pith,  
I refuse to sell my alliance.

There is nothing in this life,  
that can make me be at rest,  
while another suffers strife,  
and a human calls it blessed.

So with a troubled heart I try,  
to make the most of suffering.  
I may not see you eye-to-eye,  
but this is the thought I bring.

## Plastic People

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

The passive pretenses we prepare,  
to put us close to purpose,  
only pushes us too far from where,  
God predefined, to hurt us.

We praise the practice of perfection,  
just to play off our participation.  
We propose it as our own protection,  
but it prevents divine persuasion.

The petty preference we pluralize,  
will put us so far from the place,  
where the blood of Jesus purifies,  
and implants His precious grace.

If we purpose to pry much deeper,  
by putting salvation in prominence,  
the pursuit of all else is less steeper,  
than the path of pretend innocence.

Let us put aside pretentious pride,  
placing passion in promoting piety,  
for if only we'd push all else aside,  
we may chance to provoke society.

## Proving Season

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

I live in the waiting,

my own wilderness.  
Fear is inebriating,  
and counters bliss.

We all seek peace,  
to our own satisfaction,  
to find what frees,  
from worry's contraption.

But I've yet to find,  
a life free from concern.  
Perhaps I am blind,  
and have much to learn.

Could it be I'm the villain,  
to the hero inside me?  
Or the cell that I'm still in,  
I possess the lone key?

Onward I must press,  
with no chance to recover.  
I am made to be less,  
than a man with no lover.

I find seldom release,  
in ageless entrapments.  
I'm a stranger to ease,  
facing life as it happens.

Pain is my companion,  
a reconciling force.  
Like wind in a canyon,  
or water that roars.

I'm rushed without reason,  
to comfort-less trials.  
This is my proving season,  
as I travel these miles.

While I can't see when,  
this time shall conclude,  
I'll remain as I've been,  
with undaunted attitude.

I'll let these cares come,  
and endure what I must,  
until all's said and done,  
I will persevere and trust.

### Take Things Slow

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

Stationary bodies,  
moving through our midst.  
Conjugated oddities,  
confused and intermixed.

We go from place to place,  
distracted and uncaring,  
living as if this were a race,  
with sirens loudly blaring.

For life is taken within a rush,  
as a weary passenger passes,  
upon a landscape lacking lush,



in the zone of tireless masses,

The mindless act of movement,  
that controls our every act,  
binds the effort of improvement,  
by constraining us to fact.

If we would simply take it slow,  
and enjoy life as it happens,  
we might come to truly know,  
a life without entrapments.

### To Rise Again

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

As hard as I try,  
I am losing my focus.  
I fear I may die,  
from this hocus pocus.

There are few things I fear,  
and failure is one of them.  
Thought the pursuit is clear,  
the course is the problem.

We live in a world,  
so far from perfection,  
for sin has unfurled,  
like a deadly infection.

But what if for a day,  
perfection prevailed?

Would hurt fade away,  
as a ship that's sailed?

Let us fully consider,  
what perfection entails,  
though it may glitter,  
human err seldom fails.

We are prone to this malady,  
and cannot avoid it.  
With life's saddening melody,  
we can never void it.

We must try and try harder,  
until results change.  
With our strength and ardor,  
in this infinite range.

For the most we can give,  
is the best we can do,  
in this time which we live,  
every morning anew.

It cannot be explained,  
why we try and yet fail.  
Although we're pained,  
we will one day prevail.

So give life your all,  
with zeal and passion.  
We'll rise at His call,  
in spectacular fashion.

## Drift of a Stream

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

Do not fear the world,  
in any such measure,  
for all become whirled,  
by its temporal leisure.

It'll come as a snake,  
to bite and destroy.  
Your soul it can break,  
with its infinite ploy.

Stay humble and true,  
with the gift you are given,  
in all you go through,  
with this live you are livin'.

We are not called to safety,  
for we do not deserve it.  
We must keep on faithfully,  
in our purpose, to serve it.

I never speak emptily,  
as I utter these quotes.  
Word is what you see,  
in reaction—not gloats.

I provide this as peace,  
to the weary wayfarer.  
While this life is a lease,  
do not live it in terror.

Time is here and gone,  
never to be had again.  
Every minute set upon,  
writing lives like a pen.

If we give fear a right,  
it can quickly consume.  
It will start with a bite,  
and end in sure doom.

So I ask this one favor,  
of those willing to wait:  
live slowly and savor,  
all your worthwhile fate.

It will come when ready,  
all that which you dream.  
Take life slow and steady,  
like the drift of a stream.

## **Valiance**

A poem,

by Matthew E. Kegans

Unto You I give frustrations, and will sacrifice my vanity, when I am lacking patience, and start to lose my sanity.

Although I may never attain, these goals I wish to reach, I count all loss as inner gain, with lessons that they teach.

I'll never understand the 'why', nor can I truly take it in. Villains live and good men die, while all fall short in sin.

When I am tempted to default, I know it to be but a curse, for circumstance is not our fault, but ease becomes a hearse.

No matter what a tempest brings, a ship must stay the course. So we must lay aside these things,  
which alter from the Source.

Just as a mighty mountain stands, in freezing cold or fiery blaze, here within our principle strands, is  
an urge to guide our ways.

But here at heart we're truly lost, unsure of where to navigate. Just as a ship, forlorn and tossed,  
seeking answers to our fate.

We strive for what we can't explain, a feeling or a state of mind. We must not let these visions wane,  
lest passions drive us blind.

But if we'll let the madness come, and shape us as it  
may, what better fate than living numb, in darkness  
every day.

So try the best you know you can, for chance will not  
repeat. This shall make you into the man, that will never  
know defeat."

### **Echoes**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

Death's such a mystery,  
we'll never forget.  
We're destined by history,  
to carry its debt.

Paying remorse to ruin,  
or honor to memory,  
with intentions genuine,  
or a lackluster story.

We'll one day look back,  
on the time that we held,  
with a governing stack,  
of thoughts we expelled.

They will judge or reward,

by the reason we chose,  
like an iron-forged sword,  
to deflect or deal blows.

For we simply can't run,  
from all we exacted,  
when it's said and done,  
it can't be retracted.

Life's too short for sadness,  
though too long without it.  
What is this great madness?  
We know nothing about it.

But are these feelings just,  
as they ravage the mind,  
deeper still as they thrust,  
'til they make to be blind?

All I know is that never,  
will our mind be forsaken.  
Though pain may sever,  
we must let God break in.

He is our strong fortress,  
healing and haven.  
He will reimburse for this,  
heartache engraven.

All those who depart,  
have an echo to sing.  
For death is the start,  
of a wonderful thing.

## Getting There

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

Choose this day who you will serve,  
choose wisely and correct,  
for choice is as the learning curve,  
we must come to respect.

Choose the man you want to be,  
and choose who you do not.  
While normalcy comes to us free,  
uniqueness must be bought,

Not by the act of straying from,  
what we know to be true,  
but with the unassuming sum,  
of selfless things we do.

Choose your friends and foes alike,  
but do not seek to conform.  
Fires that light are those we strike,  
which burn or keep us warm.

Choose the battles that you fight,  
for peace is still not here.  
Bind your armor strong and tight,  
and give no room to fear.

For it will strangle your thoughts,  
causing breathless worries.  
Allow quietude to unbind the knots,  
that we tie up in our hurries.

Choose the path you know by heart,  
and follow 'til its noble end.  
Your journey with one step shall start,  
and upon it does depend.

Choose the words your tongue allows,  
for they will keep or condemn.  
Make good upon your spoken vows,  
for by them good and evil stem.

Choose the outcome you envision,  
in perspective of eternity.  
This game is not one of precision,  
but one to make us free.

Choices made for greater change,  
begin with living to the lowest.  
If our mind we let God re-arrange,  
our lives will one day show this.

### **Solace of Night**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

As fears surround to encapsulate,  
there remains the smallest dream.  
The light of dawn is my only gate,  
to escape through a prison unseen.

For wonder permeates my thought,  
as into thus I fall like prey.  
What is this my mind has wrought,  
that carries me unto the day?



Through violent rivers, hapless curves,  
a graceful foray to the edge.  
Unto what end its purpose serves:  
a path to newness, or a hedge?

For there abound, yes flow like wind,  
the faithful messengers of God.  
Speaking, shouting, voices thinned,  
enlivening even the driest sod.

Spoken through the shades of gray,  
to each man in his accordance,  
as cyphered letters, or words to say,  
conveyed through holy ordinance.

It's only in those moments, stilled,  
our being can be near enough,  
to Him by whom our breath is filled,  
unhindered by all earthly stuff.

For in our harrowed, human state,  
we're much too corrupt and confused.  
He's chosen dreaming as our fate,  
that His heart and our soul be infused.

We can never be one while sin is alive,  
still we fight to be free of its latches.  
All we can is enough if we'll truly strive,  
like a fire can be lit by mere matches.

Let us give ear to the visions and dreams,  
he commands in the darkening hour.

Not every thought may be what it seems,  
nor will it contain any relevant power.

Simply hold fast to the solace He brings,  
as He speaks in the night all throughout.  
Direction will come in many small things,  
and I know He will not keep us in doubt.

### **Futurists**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

We are actors, in a grand scheme,  
of a picture we can't know,  
while there are factors, everlasting,  
that carry a heavenly flow.

We are artists, with a bold design,  
to construct a better world.  
For we carry this: God's gift divine,  
to depths that have unfurled.

We are warriors, in a battle thick,  
with terror and mistrust.  
Truth's couriers we cannot pick,  
so onward we will thrust.

We are healers, of the ill-in-heart,  
not perfect but less-broken.  
We feel hurts, but will do our part,  
in action and what's spoken.

We are, we are, and soon shall be,  
the future of this current age.

We are very far from what we see,  
but we'll help to turn the page.

### The Vision

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

I was taken before a great expanse,  
and shown the emptiness there.  
Softly He said "This is your chance,  
to witness the growth of the bare."

He openly asked "What do you see?"  
I answered "A field full of waste."  
"Behold" He spoke "the city, the city!  
Why do you judge so with haste?"

I looked again but saw only a forest,  
scattered among the divisions.  
He said "The trees I meant for this:  
to fuel My purpose and visions."

I began to wonder "If it were intended,  
where are the craftsmen and skilled?"  
I followed His finger to where it ended,  
as He pointed at me and said "Build!"

"Where are there others?" I inquired.  
"What about those who should lead?"  
"Many are called but few are inspired."  
He spoke with a calmness and creed.

"I gave this fortune to your command,  
with its value and opulent majesty.

So travel forth by the wit of your hand,  
making good on all that you'll see."

I glanced again toward the desolation,  
to consider the depth of the void.  
My spirit envisioned all yet to be done,  
and the fruitfulness to be enjoyed.

I finally saw what could never be seen,  
through an eye of a man full of fault.  
"This is My will" He said of the scene,  
"for those who have come to a halt."

"I offer you meaning as well as the means,  
by which to accomplish your future.  
Slowly you'll witness what all of this means,  
and will know your purpose for sure."

Within every heart is a vision that's held:  
as a quest to discover our destiny.  
May we endure 'til all doubt is dispelled,  
and His vision becomes our reality.

### **Valiance**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

Unto You I give frustrations,  
and I'll sacrifice my vanity,  
when I am lacking patience,  
and start to lose my sanity.

Although I may never attain,  
these goals I wish to reach,

I count all loss as inner gain,  
with lessons that they teach.

I'll never understand the 'why',  
nor can I truly take it in.  
Villains live and good men die,  
while all fall short in sin.

When I am tempted to default,  
I know it to be but a curse,  
for circumstance is not our fault,  
but ease becomes a hearse.

No matter what a tempest brings,  
a ship must stay the course.  
So we must lay aside these things,  
which alter from the Source.

Just as a mighty mountain stands,  
in freezing cold or fiery blaze,  
here within our principle strands,  
is an urge to guide our ways.

For here at heart we're truly lost,  
unsure of where to navigate.  
Just as a ship, forlorn and tossed,  
seeking answers to our fate.

We strive for what we can't explain,  
a feeling or a state of mind.  
We must not let these visions wane,  
lest passions drive us blind.

But if we'll let the madness come,  
and shape us as it may,  
what better fate than living numb,  
in darkness every day.

So try the best you know you can,  
for chance will not repeat.  
This shall make you into the man,  
that will never know defeat.

### **Northern Star**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

I'm addicted to inspire,  
those around me that I touch.  
My heart remains afire,  
even when I don't have much.

Emotion is my heartbeat,  
like a thunderclap of feeling.  
I walk along on tired feet,  
and try to search for healing.

I pray to God I make a difference,  
with the minutes that remain.  
May all that I have invested since  
my birth come to eternal gain.

If all that I ever accomplish,  
is making it without compromise,  
that would be my only wish,  
when I look into my Father's eyes.

To be the man I'm meant to be,  
is the purpose that I'll hold onto.  
Although I may not always see,  
I know what I have gone through.

Things that are too deep to know,  
that the mind cannot explain.  
Sometimes you must simply grow,  
even though it all seems vain.

Nothing teaches better than fear,  
for by it you are made brave.  
The longer you wait it will appear,  
as a falsity born of the grave.

You're stronger than you truly think.  
Don't let men tell you different!  
Most people abide at the very brink,  
of making incredible difference.

You will never know how far you are,  
by giving up your journey now.  
Keep seeking out your northern star,  
until that last and closing bow.

For all that matters in the present,  
is that you gave your very best.  
Although it is not always pleasant,  
all who suffer He calls blessed.

### **Chasing Infinity**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

Oh, to grow old,  
with the ones we endear.  
Stories yet told,  
that we write year by year.

Emotions yet felt,  
good and bad as they are.  
Days that will melt,  
to memories that carry far.

For we are moved on,  
by things that mean much.  
Every day is our dawn,  
where infinities may touch.

Every heart is a handle,  
that we move or moves us.  
And love—like a candle,  
will shine throughout thus.

Its light could last ages,  
or be snuffed by the cold.  
Each story and its pages,  
might or might not be told.

But that does not mean,  
it does not have meaning.  
Many things to be seen,  
require subtle intervening.

For we live in transition,  
of the past to what's next.  
In prolonged inquisition,



as humble vessels, vexed.

But no one man can truly tell,  
the lonely path we'd taken,  
to overcome our unspoken hell,  
when all else had forsaken.

We simply make it or we don't,  
as time grows old upon our vows.  
We persevere or else we won't,  
make much of what this life allows.

All I know is that He is enough,  
for every trial that we shall see.  
I simply pray that when it is rough,  
we do not lose sight of infinity.

### **In the Waiting**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

Today I face the world anew,  
but find myself drawn back.  
There is much that I could do,  
but my vision is in lack.

Today I join the battle-rage,  
beneath the wind-torn sun.  
It seems that I am in a cage,  
and there's little to be done.

I feel the goal within my reach,  
I taste the victory.  
The will of God do I beseech,

to be all I can be.

I hunger for the truth indeed,  
and seek to be approved.  
I see the vision, and I plead:  
I'll not be illy moved.

But as the vision fills my heart,  
my mind comes to a still.  
As north and south are torn apart,  
so my mind defies my will.

I see the path is set before,  
but cannot set upon.  
My destiny I can't ignore,  
but nor can I go on.

I'm torn between now and then,  
and all that's in the middle.  
The question of time is truly, when?  
But it remains a riddle.

It's like I'm falling farther from,  
where I first began.  
My song's dimmed to but a hum,  
and I'm doing all I can.

But all I can is good enough  
when waiting seems the longer.  
Measures that are truly tough  
will only make you stronger.

And stronger still, will you endure,

the trials that are fading.  
Seeing clear, you'll know for sure,  
your calling in the waiting.

### **The Weight of the Soul**

A poem, by Matthew E. Kegans

The history of man was wrought  
by terrors and their equal joy.  
Battles that the mind has fought,  
with tools to build or destroy.

The heaviness that time depicts  
upon the wrinkled skins of man,  
give birth unto a clock that ticks  
within the hearts of those it can.

For passion lives where vision is fed.  
You cannot fly if you don't run!  
And you can't finish the race ahead,  
without the drive to get it done.

On every road that you will choose—  
especially those you can't control,  
encumbrances will delay your cruise  
that leave you hurt and vulnerable.

So keep your eyes on what's in store,  
not on the things that tried to bind.  
Forgiveness serves to teach you more  
than all the pains you leave behind.

Just think of the cost of what it takes

to build a kingdom stone by stone.  
Even a storm that bashes and breaks  
can't topple an immaterial throne.

By tears and triumph our soul is weighed,  
beneath layers of truth yet awakened.  
Closure we seek left continually delayed,  
as a path to healing—all but forsaken.

We are tried and troubled—not overcome.  
After all, what would life be if not?  
The weight of the soul is what we become  
in our trials of action and thought.

No one can tell you the path you must take,  
every day has a cross you must carry.  
You can suffer the burden or bury the stake,  
Doing both? Fundamentally contrary!

You must leave it and live for all that awaits,  
for the souls that are brave and believe.  
Redemption is there beyond heaven's gates,  
but what is the legacy you will achieve?

[Page One](#) [Page Two](#)

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