

# Beyond Our Gard'End

( script )

## Introduction:

Dear Family , Friends ,

I hope you enjoy this reading of poetry & stories

I hope you bear with the ramblings of a run-away mind

That you dive into the paintings I have attempted to brush

That you learn from my sketch board lessons

& with that, Friends , Family

Here we begin:

# 0. PROLOGUE

## RE: תמשול (TIMSHOL)

In the darkness, if one were close enough to see, only lit by a frail torch,  
The sweat ran down his face, leaving light, wet streak marks, till dropping from his chin,  
& with his eyebrows soaked, they began to let escapee drops into the corners of his eyes,  
Disturbing his vision with stinging and sour pain.  
His exhaustion was severe, severe enough that he felt the weight of his dampened clothing  
& fumbling in his sprint, he slowed down often to lean on the high walls surrounding him.  
Reaching for soft, black dirt surfaces, he felt his breath wanting to break out of his chest  
& when he heard the echoes of voices again, the rising tide of fear pushed him to run.  
Like a drunk running from the authorities, like a slave running from his masters  
He tripped &, with heavy feet, clumsily made his way through dark tunnels.  
& as he journeyed farther,  
His own fear slowly drew the warmth and light away, like a leech.  
The torch was bleeding out,  
Till all he was holding, felt like the last living moments of a matchstick  
& the number of waves of echoes were lessening, the voices drawing nearer.  
His own pace slowing, his body requiring more rest for air  
& the tunnel walls were constricting, like a snake's body digesting its swallowed prey  
& the air thinned in him until, upon one more misstep, he fell to his knees,  
The little flame fell to the dirt and sizzled till silent.  
In the shadows, he was panting & staring into the abysmal ground.  
Soon the voices rounded a corner, and had reached him.  
& like an audible paradox, these whispers encircled him, shaking the ground beneath  
Weakening and deafening all sources of sound—only whispers could be heard.  
Softly speaking and sliding into his ears:  
“Where is he? Where is this creation?”  
And another spoke, with a hiss but more feminine voice “He is not here.”  
“Then where can we find him? Where has he gone?”  
“He has died, he has passed his time”  
“Yes, the creation destroyed”  
He was trembling, shivering with eyes clenched shut & drawing his body tightly to itself  
They then spoke directly to him, voices pointed like bows ready to be let loose:  
“Why continue if but already dead?”  
“Yes, why live if nothing left?”  
“He was a coward before; he is a coward even at his destruction”  
“Cowardice, yes, coward”  
And as the whispers continued their insults, their lines matched, their voices synched.

Soon, they were but one voice, one choir of antagonizing devils  
& until their tongues, twisted & turned to sound much like his own:  
“Nothing, nothing in defeat, & you have defeated yourself—nothing”

His head snapped straight at the sound of a car passing by—awake now.  
Lowering his head again, he felt the streaks of tears sliding across his cheeks to his nose.  
Gripping one hand on the wheel and another on the door, he attempted to exit the car.  
Throwing the door open and tripping to the ground,  
bottles from his lap bounced upon the pavement as he landed on his hands.  
On his palms, he raised his eyes onto the street and saw his car’s trail of tire streaks  
He groaned as he depended on the car door for the rise up to his feet  
Then once balanced and gathered enough stability, he whispered:  
“looks like I’ve lost, huh Father?”  
...a silent street responded.  
He let out a small and false laugh.  
He dropped back down into his car & moments before he shut the door  
A gust of wind slipped through, into the car  
& though he was drunk, he swears to this day  
He heard the word “Timshol” softly spoken that night.

*\*Timshol: “You will rule/Thou shalt rule/You shall conquer it”*

# 1. LOVER , L<sub>eft</sub> E<sub>nd</sub>

Tucked away in our city's corners  
Before we left , should've warned her  
Should have known this scar the worth  
And I saw that you spent all your love  
On last month's rent  
Cause we leave out our heart for the end  
Stuck in our mind , it's all spent  
& our lovers are left an end

# 2. H<sub>arbor</sub> , B<sub>ound</sub>

Heart born , found  
I was sunk in harbors  
When you sheltered me  
You told me  
Long , long ago  
I was harbor bound  
I was harbored & bound  
Would you anchor me ?  
Be an anchor in me ?  
O' my soul tossed  
And bellowed , underneath  
By self-spurred storms  
Rain down  
Reign down!  
By tears from the cheek  
By fears I seek  
Take me home  
Talk me hope  
Father ,  
Harbor me  
Bind me  
Father ,  
You told me  
I was heart born  
And I am found

### 3. Heaven, Love

Starlight pokes holes in the night sky ,  
Spilling out the heavens , like punctured pottery.  
Facing upwards and northbound ,  
I've got a volcanic mouth ,  
As my breath fogs like smoke clouds ,  
Misting before my eyes & drifting into the night skies ,  
Feeling the body heat exit my chest.

\*

The sky and man witness one another  
Bleeding out , laying down for long slumber,  
Fading into & out of scene  
Like waves reaching & retreating.  
Both born to grasp & yearn  
Both been praying for divorce from this earth.  
Reigniting & Reuniting  
Reunions rather on heaven's dirt.  
By spiritual intimacy they were held ,  
Known by scarred lover's hands  
& these brotherly , broken vessels started conversation.

\*

Night sky and I spoke same:  
"we cracked and creaked  
All for the sake of your praise  
for the raise of band & sound  
to be found in heaven , love"

## 4. *S*<sub>on</sub> , *R*<sub>ise</sub>

For the first time in history the sun spat at the earth with heat  
rather than embracing its surfaces with a warm kiss,  
Then the sands & sea hissed in reply.  
The great, terrible rift, now perceivable, between the known & unknown,  
Shouted & shook the depths of darkened ocean.  
& though there had been shadow, there had been no darkness.  
Now, the skin of the stars & heavens began to wrinkle:  
What was age, what was the passing of time?  
There was no need for the word *vigor*, since it had not yet been depleted  
The word *labor* had yet to be invented,  
& The creatures now thirsted and beasts now tired,  
As if all the natural orders of life were late to the gathering.  
This was Genesis, a spoken curse.  
Yet, with this first act, the final chapter had been written.  
As Adam's arms hung around the golden gates of Eden—  
With his back to his wife and the desert—He weakly whispered:  
“Will the sun rise on a broken spine,  
Where child turn & toil,  
To rage against our self to war?  
Will I forget my name by the night,  
& chastise what I cannot reach?  
Now, exiled from our home,  
What will become of our garden?”  
& God in reply, spoke:  
“Son , rise”

## 5. O<sub>ur</sub> G<sub>ard</sub> 'E<sub>nd</sub>

We all got false confirmations  
On what the hell is our salvation  
We are marked by the material sanctifications  
Let our                      Garden grow  
Let our                      Garden go  
Will we remove our roots?  
Will we forfeit our fable?  
Will we board escalation?  
Even in your confidence  
Even in your surety  
They're lies ,  
There lies division  
Let our                      Garden grow  
Let our                      Garden go  
All these redirections  
Like hidden thorn  
Like beauties torn  
All your miscommunications  
Tripping over tree roots  
Trippin' over the routes  
Let our                      Garden grow  
Let our                      Garden go  
Tell me, will you?  
Tell me, you too.  
Let our                      Garden grow  
Let our                      Garden go  
Damn it, friend  
Dam it, defend  
Don't end our              Garden  
Won't it be our            Gard'End?  
Are we beyond our      Gard'End?



## 6. EPILOGUE

# (No Present ) Dialogue, C<sub>hapters 1-3</sub>

1. <sup>1</sup>Father have you fled from what your hands have made? Have you turned your face from me? <sup>2</sup>My enemies surround me, my thoughts and heart tear at me, like lions feasting on the calf. <sup>3</sup>Hear me Father, may my distress reach heaven's gate. You are my well, a river within me. Spring forth life and the harvest within my soul. Let me cherish your blessings and presence once more. <sup>4</sup>I praised you in the morning, and I rebelled by night. 'What man hath wrought upon himself'. <sup>5</sup>I am lowered, shoveled over, as I have died in my transgressions. <sup>6</sup>I stood with my God above the highest heights, where shadow has no hold, <sup>7</sup>& did I forfeit that treasure, did I lay waste to gold? Will I speak and there be silence? <sup>8</sup>Will I...will this...what happens now?

2. <sup>1</sup>After all my ramblings and reiterations of saying I am sorry to my God, to my redeemer—I wonder, how long will this continue? <sup>2</sup>How long can my soul bare the weight of its own rebellious nature: leaning on His fortitude in one moment & in the next I have become an addict of my own. How many times, Jesus? <sup>3</sup>How many times will the sun rise on a weary soul with spear in hand, aimed at the only being that truly loves him?

3. <sup>1</sup>When the questioning has halted and the thoughts are swallowed, there is a silence rebounded with tenfold the strength of that our pleas and cries to God. <sup>2</sup>The unrequited confession breaks all solid foundation we had once clung to—for safety. <sup>3</sup>& after we have entered the void of earth and voice, only then can God be heard; only then can we understand Jesus. <sup>4</sup>There is no present dialogue, there is only an eternal answer. 'it is finished'