

## Poetry of Matthew Kegans - Page Two



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### Clouds

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

Panoramic landscapes  
Of magnificent billows  
Fathomless sky-gates  
So soft as pillows

A picturesque masterpiece  
So lasting, while always changing  
Like a never-ending gallery  
Of a thousand matchless paintings

Fleece of the sky  
Snowly pure white  
Sheep drifting by  
Bathed in sunlight

Cotton of the purest  
Poisoned by darkness  
Clouds ever fearless  
Mighty, unharnessed

Storm clouds of wonder  
Depthlessly immeasurable  
Tears amidst the thunder  
Emptied from heaven's bowl

As the curtains of the sky  
That are hung on the stars  
In the wind they freely fly  
Thru a prison with no bars

The breath of God blows  
And they flee to the west  
At the snuffle of His nose  
They scatter without rest

The storm is without cease  
As the clouds gather high  
But at a word are at peace  
At the voice of Adonai

For even clouds and rain  
Are moved by a command  
They are led by the reign  
Of the Mighty One's hand

All of nature Yahweh holds  
They are subject to His Name  
Clouds of sky His hand molds  
Always lovely, ne'er the same.

## **Look for Me**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

Look for me in the wind and rain  
In the gentle breeze and clouds  
Look for me in trials through pain  
And as you seek, I'll seek you out

Look for me when things are right  
Love and unity surround like a wall  
But keep me in your precious sight  
When everything around you falls

Look for me during times of peace  
As brethren dwell and joy abounds  
Look for me in wars without cease  
When times of rest cannot be found

Look for me when seeking wisdom  
In the path of finding what's true

Look for me if answers won't come  
And I will grant my wisdom to you

Look for me in joy and gladness  
In every blessing which I bestow  
Look for me in grief and sadness  
When all that you can feel is woe

Look for me in the light of day  
As safety guilds you as a crown  
Look for me if darkness weighs  
Look for me, but don't look down

Look for me in the depthless skies  
Where bird and eagle freely soar  
Look for me where the ocean lies  
Resting its head upon the shore

Look for me in the raging gorge  
On every river dancing with joy

Look for me in the sunset orange  
As it fulfills its God-given ploy

Look for me in the mighty mountains  
On ev'ry cliff I've set in its place  
Look for me in the thriving fountains  
Look for me, and seek my face

Look for me, dear son and child  
Following in my ways and paths  
Look for me waiting all the while  
And you will see me gazing back!

### **The Cry of Our Brothers**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

Deep is calling out to all  
Is calling out to deep  
The voices of our brothers call  
Can't you hear them weep?

From the farthest stretches  
Of the ground is heard a cry  
But our nation of wretches  
Ignores them as they die

Our children stand by day  
Yet are slaughtered in the night  
Helpless victims are they  
Who are defenseless in the fight

Their blood screams for justice  
From the grave of innocence  
For the fateful judgment of this  
Nation will lie in our sins

We are doomed beyond return  
For the blood that we have shed  
For all the souls that once did yearn  
To live, but now are dead

Our hands are stained crimson  
Our feet wade in their blood  
We are drowning deep in sin  
As we're caught up in the flood

And yet we boast in freedom still  
When freedom forms a chain  
That bonds our hands as we kill  
All in freedom's holy name

Our kingdom soon shall fall  
As divided does it stand  
For we have come to a wall  
Of judgment on our land

Even though we had the chance  
To turn once more to You  
We through every circumstance  
Rejected what was true



So let us now incline our ears  
To hear our brothers' cry  
Let us turn back all the years  
That the innocent did die.

**As We Wept by the Rivers**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

*Scriptural Reference: Psalm 137*

As we wept by the rivers  
And the streams of Babylon  
We asked, "Have You considered  
All that we have undergone?"

We have felt the pain of Egypt  
And the chains of slavery  
We have tasted of the hardship  
Of our waiting to be free

We have had our rightful share  
Of self-hatred for our nation  
As we wondered, "Where You there  
When we cried in lamentation?"

Our shame is as a painful thorn  
A blemish on our face  
And like a garment we are torn  
We are a disgrace

The nations come from all around  
To laugh at us on high  
There is no muting out the sound  
Of their scornful cry

We stand as helpless sheep which  
Have no shepherd at all  
For we have fallen deep in a ditch  
And no one hears our call

So as before, we cry to You  
To bring us from the grave  
After all we have been through  
Your love comes as a wave

For as we sat by Babylon's shores  
Repenting in sackcloth and ash  
You Yahweh opened heaven's doors  
As a wave Your mercy did crash

We fell beneath the weight of Your love  
Speechless at finding Your grace  
Your favor shined on us from above  
As You looked on us with Your face

For even though, by our misdeeds  
We earned separation from You  
Still You heard our earnest pleads  
And You gave unto us life anew.

## **Death of a Dawn**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

A dieing dawn awaits  
For death to come soon  
Thru darkened gates  
Lies her casket of doom

Bleeding red slivers  
Of blood from her wound  
Beginning to wither  
While up comes the moon

Upon her last breath  
She falls to the floor  
She meets her death  
And thus is no more

Once bright and lovely  
Now clothed with black

Never again to be seen  
And not to come back

She lies in the grave  
As a blackened veil  
Crashes like a wave  
Or a blistering gale

Many hours fly  
Thru the heart of the night  
No stirring in sky  
Not a single star in sight

Solemnity surrounds  
Governing the dark  
Silence with no sounds  
Death looms like an arc

But as the new dawn  
Shatters the horizon

Darkness splits in awe  
Defeated by its rising

Death is overcome while  
The sun rises in victory  
For none could ever anile  
The power of its energy

The death of a dawn  
May seem that for a time  
That death shall lead on  
But again light will shine.

### **Desire for Desire**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

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

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

My desire stirs much deeper  
Than counterfeit sensations  
Yahweh is my true redeemer  
His sacrament, my salvation

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

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

Your word satisfies me  
Like honey to my lips  
I seek it with striving  
To feel your gentleness

So with this great desire  
To know you, Father God  
Please come set me a-fire  
With your spirit and awe

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

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



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

### **Echoes in the Still**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

Your voice utters deep  
Into the depths of my soul  
Like water does it seep  
Into my heart's open hole

It rises far above  
All my unspoken fears  
Words of hope and love  
That wipe away my tears

It continues to rise

Above the world around  
As a prophet prophesies  
All will hear the sound

It will break through darkness  
Shattering the atmosphere  
As the world around hearkens  
Above the silence it will sear

Above the greatest shout  
Rising ever still  
Beyond the highest mount  
And every high hill

The final judgment will arise  
With spoken word of justice  
Which will turn all open eyes  
To see the God of oneness

None will have not known

Of he who reigns on high  
Who sits upon the throne  
Beyond the endless sky

All will hear and see  
And know that he is God  
Bowing on their knee  
Every head in nod

For no one can drown out  
Hashem's spoken word  
No loud noise or shout  
Will keep him from being heard

He will speak into the silence  
With echoes in the still  
Beyond the growing violence  
As a city upon a hill.

**Everlasting One**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

Flowers fade  
Sunlight dies  
Shadows raid  
The twilight skies

Trees smolder  
Plants expire  
Earth is colder  
And set to fire

Wind goes way  
Water dries fast  
And every day  
Dies in the past

Earth is broken  
The skies shatter  
Ground splits open

Swallows matter

All is gone  
As is its fate  
A futile pawn  
In checkmate

All will die  
And all will fall  
For drawing neigh  
Is our downfall

We are passing  
As a train  
Never lasting  
We are vain

Life is spent  
Time has slipped  
A garment rent

Torn and ripped

So what do we do

With this futile life

Can we make it thru

This pain and strife?

There is a hope and dream

Beneath the beating sun

No matter what it may seem

He's the Everlasting One.

### **Flame of Passion**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

Finding none to be deserving

Of my love and desire

Than He who I am serving

With my passion set a-fire

Seeing none as being rightful  
To receive all of my praise  
I find it much delightful  
To worship Him all my days

Worthy, none are found  
To undertake His name  
We all fall to the ground  
As humbly, we proclaim

You are the mighty one  
You are holy still  
You are God's own son  
Prophecy fulfilled

We are less than capable  
Of beholding your beauty  
You choose to dwell in our souls  
So we may know You truly

With You we become one  
As You dwell in our hearts  
In the flame of passion  
We are then broken apart

You melt into our being  
You open our blinded eyes  
Now we are truly seeing  
Our hearts becoming wise

From You nothing is hidden  
All is open to Your sight  
All the shadows are ridden  
With Your blinding light

You are searching deep  
Into the depths of our souls  
Like water that does seep  
Filling up our open holes



We are touched as we try  
To with You become one  
To our flesh we now die  
In Your flame of passion.

### **Ladder of Deceit**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

The lies of a fool  
Are as a hammer  
Each lie is a tool  
Building a ladder

Rungs of deceit  
Made by his hands  
His own two feet  
On it do stand

The ladder is tall  
The ladder's a-sway

From it he'll fall  
If he follows the way

And swaying indeed  
Shall it fall upon him  
To death it shall lead  
For deception is sin

A trap is his mouth  
That He sets for himself  
He won't escape out  
Of the pit which he dwells

A deep stairwell  
Founded on trickery  
Bidding farewell  
To he who misleads

Only truth will free  
Him from his own chains

Only then will he be  
Free from death's pains

Gossip and slander  
Will no longer be  
His might and power  
His everything

So remember that as  
The lies of a fool are  
Like the pit and trap  
Keep away, stay far

So watch what you say  
And watch your two feet  
Be sure and keep away  
From the Ladder of Deceit.

### **Lights**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

In a flame, on a candlestick  
In the sun so shining bright  
A burning fire upon a wick  
The radiance of golden light

We are guilded as we gather  
Around the table of cheer  
With all the things we'd rather  
Do, yet we are here

With the ones that we love  
And the ones that love us too  
And the Father God above  
As the center of all we do

For all are joined as one  
In the light of the menorah  
With the dreidles and fun  
And the sweetness of Torah

The sufganiot we all enjoy  
We eat latkes 'round the table  
We sing sweet songs of joy  
Telling tales of truth and fable

Peace is flowing thru the house  
Love is burning like a flame  
Joy is showing forth in shouts  
As in our praise we proclaim

That Yahweh reigns on high  
He's our great deliverer  
By His hand we did not die  
For He is our preserver

Through all the battles waged  
We won by Yahweh's hand  
Even when the enemy raged  
By His strength we stand

Nothing can take us  
No one can break us  
We stand strong as a tree  
When all else forsakes us  
Endless we raise up  
A shout of victory

We will persist and we will go on  
We will not turn from the way  
Even when the light of our dawn  
Sets, we give thanks to Yahweh.

### **Look for Me**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

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In the gentle breeze and clouds  
Look for me in trials through pain  
And as you seek, I'll seek you out

Look for me when things are right  
Love and unity surround like a wall  
But keep me in your precious sight  
When everything around you falls

Look for me during times of peace  
As brethren dwell and joy abounds  
Look for me in wars without cease  
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Look for me when seeking wisdom  
In the path of finding what's true  
Look for me if answers won't come  
And I will grant my wisdom to you

Look for me in joy and gladness  
In every blessing which I bestow  
Look for me in grief and sadness  
When all that you can feel is woe

Look for me in the light of day  
As safety guilds you as a crown  
Look for me if darkness weighs  
Look for me, but don't look down

Look for me in the depthless skies  
Where bird and eagle freely soar  
Look for me where the ocean lies  
Resting its head upon the shore

Look for me in the raging gorge  
On every river dancing with joy  
Look for me in the sunset orange  
As it fulfills its God-given ploy

Look for me in the mighty mountains  
On ev'ry cliff I've set in its place  
Look for me in the thriving fountains  
Look for me, and seek my face



Look for me, dear son and child  
Following in my ways and paths  
Look for me waiting all the while  
And you will see me gazing back!

### **Man of Mystery**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

I am the whisper in the breeze  
I am the cloud from whence it came

I am the water in the seas  
I am the horizon's thinning plain

I am the sunset doomed to die  
I am the midnight flame a-flare  
I am the diamond-studded sky  
I am the cool, brisk evening air

I am the waking morning glow

I am the broken sunrise glass

I am the new day's hasty flow

I am the dew upon the grass

I am the bird, I am the nest

I am the sweet song that it sings

I am the earth's eternal rest

I am the new life that it brings

I am the river and the stream

I am the water in their hold

I am its tranquil, lucid gleam

I am the rapids raging bold

I am the fish in playful flight

I am life in bounteous measure

I am the deer's enduring might

I am the forest's unmet pleasure

I am the seamless heaven-portal

I am the golden atmosphere  
I am the face of the mountain mortal  
I am the sky's first falling tear

I am the scent, I am the smell  
I am the flower and its blush  
I am the trees and leaves that fell  
I am the wind's sweet, solemn hush

I am the storm, I am the calm  
I am the wind, I am the rain  
I am the bending, waving palm  
I am nature's commanding reign

I am the basis of the earth  
I am the dust, I am the sea  
I am treasure, I am worth  
I am the Man of Mystery.

**Nature's Gold**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

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

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

Precious gift from above  
Blessing all who are below  
Flying like a gentle dove  
Granting life to all bestow

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

Giving life to those in need

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

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

A sword blazing clear  
In the openness of day  
Striking endless fear  
To all in darkness lay

But a safeguard to those  
Living amongst the light  
In what they are clothed

Encircled by bountiful life

Immense luminosity

A power beyond compare

Endowment for all to see

A greatness that is fair

But higher than any portrayal

Of what this stands to behold

Is He who has never so failed

To grant to us Nature's Gold.

### **Ode to a King**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

I speak it thru peace and quiet

“Bless the name Yeshua!”

I shout it thru the raging riot

“Bless the name Yeshua!”

I sing it in the noonday air

“Bless the name Yeshua!”

I utter it most everywhere

“Bless the name Yeshua!”

Thru my joy and in my laughter

“Bless the name Yeshua!”

Amidst my sadness, even after

“Bless the name Yeshua!”

I confess it in my midday prayers

“Bless the name Yeshua!”

Aside from all my thoughts and cares

“Bless the name Yeshua!”

As a whisper in a gentle hush

“Bless the name Yeshua!”

A lyrical, quick flowing rush

“Bless the name Yeshua!”

As often as the morning new

“Bless the name Yeshua!”

In everything for him I do

“Bless the name Yeshua!”

In my spoken word and silence

“Bless the name Yeshua!”

In the calm and thru all violence

“Bless the name Yeshua!”

In life and death, all circumstance

“Bless the name Yeshua!”

With all my breath, and in my dance

“Bless the name Yeshua!”

Forever and again, I say

“Bless the name Yeshua!”

In silent prayer as I pray

“Bless the name Yeshua!”



No matter if I feel or not  
“Bless the name Yeshua!”  
Even thru the battle fought  
“Bless the name Yeshua!”

### **Rebuke**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

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

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

But if you blatantly refuse  
The truth he has in store

Then how can Yahweh use  
You to do anything more?

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

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

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

He loves to bless and water  
As we grow strong in his ways

For he is the almighty potter  
And we are as formless clay

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

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

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

### **Return to Me**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

Why? Oh why?  
We question why  
That in your sight  
We fall and we die

Our enemies scorn  
They laugh in disdain  
Our nation is torn  
As we cry out in pain

Would you consider?  
That we are your own  
We have grown bitter  
As we ache and moan

We were as sheep  
In your tender herd  
Now we are weak  
And broken and hurt

Our cries of despair  
Fall to the ground  
Is anyone there?  
Is there hope to be found?

We sit in our sorrow  
In sackcloth and ashes  
No hope of tomorrow  
Our past is but flashes

But then Yahweh  
Begins to speak clear  
And what he's to say  
Puts our hearts in fear

"You deserted the path  
That I told you to do  
You've turned my wrath  
Once more upon you

Your sin I can't stand  
And your righteous deeds  
I have turned my hand  
And my ear from your pleads

But if you'll go from  
Your old wicked ways  
And receive my Son  
Again, you'll find grace.

### **Shadows**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

Death's broken shadow  
Falls over the land  
The earth is made fallow  
And none can stand  
  
The light is now faded

All goodness has left  
The morning is raided  
In every single cleft

The world slumbers on  
Unaware with no cares  
Like a motionless faun  
Into blankness it stares

Poisoned in blindness  
Numb to these feelings  
Enduring in blitheness  
Complacent in dealings

They walk and talk  
Pretending all's fine  
Ignoring the shock  
That comes in time

But you can't ignore

What's real and what's true  
There is still a war  
That's fighting 'gainst you

For if you just go on  
Ignoring the fact  
That your own dawn  
Has turned black

In time you will die  
Fade like a breeze  
And question why  
Did I choose ease?

When I could've lived  
For a purpose, an intention  
Instead all I would give  
Was the very least pension

So when the shadows fall



Upon your barren waste-land  
Give everything, your all  
So in time to come you'll stand.

### **Strings of Melody**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

Once upon a crack in time  
When love was yet fulfilled  
There were melodies in rhyme  
In the silence ever stilled

Truth had been but fable yet  
In the world of youthliness  
For into motion all were set  
Life remained in the Abyss

None were found guiltless still  
For all had fallen far below  
Redemption would not come until

Mercy show for all to know

For love was but a melody

As faded echoes in the still

Had not come for all to see

Til prophesy would be fulfill

The lovely sound of His voice

Shattered thru the atmosphere

Love was shown by a choice

So that all could now draw near

To the spotless Lamb of God

Cleansed of all impurity

So on the Road we may trod

Toward the wedding Jubilee

Where there will be joy at last

Free from sin and free from pain

Where before His throne we'll cast

Praises to His holy name

And as we shout to Him on high

Our praises rise to Him alone

As melodies flowing in one cry

Incense burning on His throne

For our voices are as instruments

Strings of melody and song

That have not been ever since

The beginning of the rising throng

But ever still they echo on

Resounding in the halls of time

To our God they rightly belong

Strings of melody and rhyme.

### **Tears From Heaven**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

As the rain on-pours  
I think of the seas  
That laps the shores  
And meets the breeze

But as I imagine  
My vision does wane  
I cannot fathom  
What really is rain?

It hails in downfalls  
It sheds in white sleet  
So softly it crowns all  
Thru cold and in heat

Some count it a blessing  
Rained down from above  
So sweet and refreshing  
Like a heaven-sent dove

It fills the rivers  
With waters anew  
Pouring in slivers  
And streams of dew

Heaven's sweet mist  
Embraces the earth  
A supple brazen kiss  
Of priceless worth

New life it brings  
To every creation  
Upon all things  
Is found its libation

But amidst the skies  
Is hidden God's face  
He weeps and he cries  
For our own embrace

He mourns in the rain  
For his sons and daughters  
His sorrow and his pain  
Is shown through rainwaters

Still his love does endure  
In the skies that are clouded  
In the heavens mixed a-blur  
Yes in it his love is shrouded.

### **The Beholder**

A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans

But what is beauty?  
In the eye of him  
Who seeks it truly  
A priceless gem

A pearl of value  
To be so desired

For it shall you  
Give all required

And what is creed?  
Of he who follows  
His yearning to be  
All that he knows

To seek hard after  
His path of choice  
Pursuing his aspir-  
Ation with all joys

What to one may be  
Of heartfelt intent  
Another might see  
Of pure insolence

What is to a man  
The love of his life

Another one can  
Deem as not right

And what is to one  
His heart's longing  
Another will shun  
Thinking it wrongly

But who can judge  
Another man's soul?  
His heart, his love  
His purpose and goal

So this must we ask  
Are we looking inside?  
Do we seek to grasp  
What another holds high?

Despite right or wrong  
Stronger, wiser or older



True beauty lies upon  
The eye of the beholder.

### **The Cry of Our Brothers**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

Deep is calling out to all  
Is calling out to deep  
The voices of our brothers call  
Can't you hear them weep?

From the farthest stretches  
Of the ground is heard a cry  
But our nation of wretches  
Ignores them as they die

Our children stand by day  
Yet are slaughtered in the night  
Helpless victims are they  
Who are defenseless in the fight

Their blood screams for justice  
From the grave of innocence  
For the fateful judgment of this  
Nation will lie in our sins

We are doomed beyond return  
For the blood that we have shed  
For all the souls that once did yearn  
To live, but now are dead

Our hands are stained crimson  
Our feet wade in their blood  
We are drowning deep in sin  
As we're caught up in the flood

And yet we boast in freedom still  
When freedom forms a chain  
That bonds our hands as we kill  
All in freedom's holy name

Our kingdom soon shall fall  
As divided does it stand  
For we have come to a wall  
Of judgment on our land

Even though we had the chance  
To turn once more to You  
We through every circumstance  
Rejected what was true

So let us now incline our ears  
To hear our brothers' cry  
Let us turn back all the years  
That the innocent did die.

### **The Day I Died**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

Once upon a time ago

When I was of my own  
My savior I did not know  
I was king upon my throne

I followed none, I listened not  
To what the people said  
I did not know the fight I fought  
Would soon find me dead

I went along with the flow  
That spread far from the river  
I did not know where it would go  
Down my spine was sent a shiver

I followed down a road of fright  
For little I could see  
But I could see my end in sight  
No hope of eternity

The road lead to where I dreaded

A place of death and doom  
I soon knew where I was headed  
Was where my death did loom

No matter where I did turn  
I could not escape out  
Of the fire which I would burn  
No one would hear my shout

Now had come my demise  
My end was near in sight  
Darkness filled up my skies  
Until there was no light

I groped for breath  
For breath I had not  
Here was my death  
The battle'd been fought

But then my savior came

To die within my place  
I'd never be the same  
After I saw his face

But still upon that day  
To myself I said goodbye  
Though in a different way  
To myself I did die.

### **The Gift of Life**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

As fragile as glass  
Is life's gentle touch  
In time it does pass  
But loved is it much

It comes and it goes  
It lasts in our hearts  
As the wind it blows

But painf'ly it parts

Some take it for granted

This thing we call life

As a tree that is planted

Ignored and walked by

While some seek to steal

What's not justly theirs

They murder and kill

With no thought or cares

And still they go on

They walk their own way

The sun sets upon

Their guilt and their pain

They live and endure

Through the shadow of tears

Their mind is a blur

As they go through the years

And it all began  
When they gave up the gift  
They left their stand  
And they fell off the cliff

Yes, life is so precious  
A gift from above  
'Twas for us to relish  
And giv'n out of love

For upon the cross  
Laid our precious savior  
His life was at loss  
So that he could save ours

So just remember this  
As you go upon your way  
That life is as a gift



That is given by Yahweh.

### **The History Writer**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

Through silent word

By unsaid thought

By dreams unheard

History is wrought

Through actions vast

And measures small

By works of the past

Is fashioned our call

Through chances taken

Our hope hasn't waned

By credence unforsaken

Our vision is sustained

Such has been our way of life  
To control our own destiny  
Bringing only pain and strife  
Unhappiness and misery

As we've forsaken God our Lord  
So he's forsaken us likewise  
We fall by the sharpened sword  
Under the bloodstained skies

We thought our future we knew  
As a potter at the wheel  
But stubbornly our nation grew  
Openly welcoming Sheol

For of nothing we are capable  
With not the strength given us  
By God Hashem all powerful  
Mighty, great and always just

We are humble vessels through  
Which his glory is displayed  
For our destiny's to humbly do  
Everything he has conveyed

We are weak and he is strong  
We are few and he is great  
Let us praise him just as long  
As he directs our given fate

Though we are builders of time  
Striving to make darkness lighter  
Our flame has but little shine  
Compared to the History Writer.

### **The Light of God**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

The tears I have cried  
In my sorrow and mourn

Flow deep and wide  
From my heart that is torn

Gathered are my tears  
In a bottle of glass  
From all of the years  
Now withered like grass

Darkness shadows  
The light of your face  
The ground follows  
And lessens my pace

Now my feet stumble  
As I go on ahead  
I ache and I grumble  
I am all but dead

I fight through the trees  
To find where you are

I swim through the seas  
To search near and far

But when my heart cries  
You hear my every prayer  
I look for your eyes  
To know that you're there

Your love has washed me  
And cleansed my being  
I'm bathed in your mercy  
And becoming clean

For you have rescued  
My soul from sure death  
My heart is renewed  
I'm breathing new breath

You were the comfort  
Whenever I cried

For you are my lover  
You're on my side

So now I can walk  
With God in my sight  
With him I can talk  
I walk in his light.

### **The Name**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

*Based off of Exodus 34 verses 5-7*

Hashem, Hashem  
The name above all  
Once and again  
It was said to recall

His love and mercy  
To forgive every sin  
Taking all misdeeds

Casting them to wind

A compassionate God  
Is our savior Yahweh  
Temptation he does not  
Set in the sinner's way

Slow to anger is he  
Gracious and kind  
To him who seeks  
The truth will he find

Preserver of kindness  
To a thousand generations  
Clothed with highness  
Standing over the nations

Forgiver of offense  
Both known and accidental  
He who does cleanse

Imperfection from our souls

So sacred is his name  
For any mouth to confess  
No man shall take in vain  
But surely, he shall bless

Too great to be spoken  
From lips without honor  
It shall not be broken  
With curses lain on 'er

For he is high above  
Every mortal man  
Gentle as a dove  
Peaceful as a lamb

And to anyone who calls  
On his name will be saved  
Bestowed with life eternal



He who trusts in The Name.

### **The New I Am**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

I've left the man that I once was  
To find the Man of my Dreams  
My mind is a blur, a mist, a fuzz  
The world is not what it seems

I've taken the road few have gone  
A path of much uncertainty  
The journey of love I've set upon  
To find truth in this mystery

My past has forsaken my life  
My present lies charred in the flame  
My future is broken in strife  
And I will never be quite the same

For I am changed beyond return  
To a man that lives for one cause  
I've gone thru flame without a burn  
And I run without wait or pause

The race is set before my feet  
The road lies open to me  
But will I stand amidst the heat  
In blindness will I see?

So many questions unanswered  
As a road block on my way  
No clues left, and not a word  
No one to lead me every day

I question "Did I choose right?  
And follow the true way to go?  
Did I keep my Savior in sight?  
Or only seek what I know?"

These questions, they haunt me  
As I walk and as I sleep  
I think of Hashem and all that He  
Commanded me to keep

Sorrowf'ly I turn my face away  
As He looks at me in love  
Ashamed that I had turned astray  
From the Father God above

He tells me of the man I was  
And reminds me of the Lamb  
Now I return to Him because  
I'm becoming The New I Am.

### **The One of Old**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

To every weak and weary soul  
There is one who is strong

He will heal and make you whole  
All the weak to him belong

To every man and child alike  
Suff'ring from a painful loss  
There is one who offers life  
He gave his own upon a cross

To every broken-hearted one  
Torn within and wounded deep  
There is one who gave his son  
To die for you, your soul to keep

To every man wandering  
Striving hard to find what's true  
To every one that's pondering  
There is one who offers truth

To every fallen child of God  
There is hope to find the light

No matter where he has trod  
There is peace amidst the fight

To every person filled with fear  
Crying aloud all night through  
There is one who's always near  
He'll never leave or forsake you

To every woman still unsure  
Of who or what is real in life  
There is one whose love is pure  
With pow'r to overcome strife

To every lost soul searching hard  
In the maze of space and time  
There is one who's never far  
For he who seeks will truly find

To every youth at death's last stand  
Prepared to let it slip away

There is one who holds out his hand  
To rescue those in death's sway

He is the ancient of days  
Whom the prophets foretold  
He is worthy of our praise  
He's the mighty One of Old.

### **The Road of Life**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

I was driving on a road one day  
Just singing a song  
Not caring bout the words I'd say  
I was just going along

I passed beside the signs  
Not caring what they said  
I kept straight to the lines  
Just driving on ahead

My mind was of my own  
I ignored all the people  
There I was, all alone  
As I drove by a steeple

I looked high up at it  
I didn't think very much  
In my seat I still did sit  
I reached for the clutch

But my hand was drawn aback  
When I heard a strange voice  
Into my seat I then sat back  
I listened without a choice

He spoke so soft and kind  
His words were of pure gold  
He spoke into my mind  
And I listened to what he told

I hadn't thought or question  
Of who or what he was  
I knew he was from heaven  
I knew it just because

He held me in his tender grip  
Protecting like a wall  
He was a lighthouse to my ship  
When I was in a squall

I followed him then onwards  
As he lead me on his road  
I can't describe in any words  
The love to me he showed

My savior turned me around  
When I didn't have a clue  
His great love I truly found  
And he gave me life anew.



## **The Squirrel**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

Once upon a time  
On a day within the spring  
In a lovely paradise  
Lived a squirrel, in a tree

This squirrel was like any other  
He gathered nuts as he went out  
He had a father and a mother  
Whom he cared very much about

Now it happened upon one day  
In this family of loving squirrels  
That the child ventured to say  
“Father, I wish to see the world.”

So the father, though sadly

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

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

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

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

His friends did quickly scatter

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

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

Now as he cried, close nearby  
Among the trees in the forest  
Was one who heard his cry  
One who truly cared for him

His father had kept a close eye  
His every move he watched  
He had beheld him in his sight  
As he slept, and he walked

When he heard this loud shout

He quickly ran to his son's side  
From the trap he pulled him out  
And saved his son's dear life

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

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

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

He deeply mourned for his father

Remaining there three long days  
He went, and brought his mother  
Finding none, where he once lay!

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

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

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

What beheld they in their sight

Was not father, husband, or friend  
But a redeemer clothed in white  
Who loved them both unto the end.

### **The Three Sons**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

A Father had three sons  
He loved them all the same  
And to each and every one  
He gave them their own name

The first he named Tzaeyutan  
He loved him very much so  
And every day that he grew on  
His Father helped him grow

Tzaeyutan loved his Father too  
And deep from his heart did he  
Follow what he told him to do

And his Father he was pleased

The second son was unlike he

In many, many ways

His given name was Anokeyee

He always disobeyed

And though he truly knew

His Father's love was great

He defied what he said to do

Taking for granted his grace

His Father did still love him

But broken was his heart

He tried to keep him 'way sin

But Anokeyee did depart

The third son wasn't like the two

Not like his fellow brothers

His Father's way he swore to do

But he didn't love the others

He followed all the ways  
That his own Father gave  
But then he turned away  
From his Father that day

His name was Rabbinei  
He was strict and unkind  
He walked the Father's way  
But no favor did he find

Now you've heard the story told  
Of the Father's sons three  
And the roads that they followed  
But which son will you be?

### **The Wind Whispers**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*



Solemn, sweet whispers  
I hear through the breeze  
It fades and it withers  
Yet remains like the seas

It tells of great things  
That no one has heard  
The song that it sings  
Hold wond'rous words

All the myst'ries within  
Fill my heart with wonder  
For these sacred winds  
Have never gone asunder

Ancient like mountains  
Enduring as the sun  
Flowing like fountains  
Evermore on the run

It shouts and it speaks

It brings on the tide

It cries and it shrieks

It flows deep and wide

As strong as an urge

That's pushing you forth

With every strong surge

That flows from the north

Comes the breath of God

His voice, his utterance

His strong prevailing rod

His lasting governance

Great and commanding

Still soft as a lovesong

Forever-long standing

Has never gone wrong

And in it he speaks  
His love for mankind  
He looks and he seeks  
He searches and finds

For his Spirit inhabits  
The wind like many rivers  
It flows and it crashes  
But oh, the wind whispers.

### **Unfailing Love**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

My heart is overwhelmed  
By this unfailing love  
Of what it is, I cannot tell  
Or what it is made of

All I know is that He gives  
It when I don't deserve

It is the reason why I live  
And why I choose to serve

To serve Yahweh for all my days  
Obeying His commands  
It's for His love I offer praise  
And why in Him I stand

This love surpasses all  
Mankind has ever known  
That even when we fall  
His kindness is still shown

But quick to bring us to our knees  
When in lofty pride we boast  
Just as the ocean fills the seas  
But halts abruptly at the coast

It's endless and forever  
A love beyond compare

He offers it whenever  
We feel He is not there

So every time I'm sad  
And no one cares for me  
I'm angry and I'm mad  
His love does set me free

It never goes away  
I can feel it in my soul  
I thank Him when I pray  
His love makes me whole

And for His love do I  
Press on in knowing Him  
For all my sins He died  
That my soul He'd win

So as I live in sight  
Of the Father God above

His love I don't take light  
Oh, His Unfailing Love.

### **Walking with Him**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

Every day is a gift I give  
That you may greatly prosper  
But this I ask, will you live  
In all the ways of the Father?

Yes you praise and glorify me  
And love me with your heart  
So open up your eyes and see  
The path that I have set apart

These I have commanded you  
To follow with all your being  
So start afresh this morning new  
Lift up your voice and to me sing

Give me glory in more than just  
Singing songs and bringing praise  
Turn away from your sinful lust  
And follow me for all your days

I wish to see you prosper in  
Everything you do for me  
But how so? If still in sin  
You vainly try to be pleasing

My ways are to safeguard you  
If you will firmly safeguard them  
So walk in them to faithf'ly do  
And you'll be blessed by Hashem

But there is more than what it seems  
In these ways that I've laid down  
To follow them through loving me  
And daily laying down your crown

Do not think that you are redeemed  
Through any works of your own  
Or by any way that you have deemed  
For it's only by God's blood alone

He is the only rightful way  
That we can come before his face  
It's not by anything we say  
It's only by his love and his grace

There is nothing that we can do  
In works or obedience to him  
But it's only by and in and thru  
His blood that we are washed from sin.

### **We Said We Said**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

We said, "God won't care



If we sin this one time”  
We said, “He’s not here  
Why should God mind?”

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

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

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

We said, “Give us a king

To justly rule our land  
Like the nations we'll be  
For then, we will stand"

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

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

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

We rebelled we turned away

From Hashem the Lord God  
Still for us, God died to save  
Man, from his wrathful rod

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

### **What Hath a Man**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

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

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

Of eternal store

What hath a man power?

To rule all the lands

When come final hour

He shall not stand

And what hath a man life?

Spent in vain, null and empty

If not through Jesus Christ

We are wholly redeemed

What hath a man all these?

Knowledge, riches, power, life

For death comes as a thief

To steal all that we hold tight

As fragile as a butterfly

Here one day, gone the next

Like a passing wind, is life

That's come but now has left

A fleeting instant in infinity

A glance at a passing train

Makes us question, "What have we?

How long will we remain?"

So what really do have we?

But futile dreams and visions

Why do we so vainly seek?

In manners of self ambitions

Oh, how wretched a man

That seeks only his will

Rejecting the command

Of him, his breath he fills

Oh, how blessed a man

Hath he salvation within

Then he will fin'lly stand

With the King in heaven.

**What I've Done**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

My past has come

To haunt my heart

All that I've done

It tears me apart

My dreams of old

Are nightmares of present

My thoughts untold

Have come to bring torment

It's never relenting

This torturous pain

I pray in repenting

But still it remains

The sins I've committed  
Have poisoned me deep  
My being's afflicted  
I cry out and weep

In anguish and misery  
Thru puddles of blood  
All that is within me  
Is drowned in a flood

Ev'ry dream and desire  
I have had in my life  
Is burnt within the fire  
Of my pain and strife

I'm left to endure  
This road of despair  
To die is for sure  
But when or where?

Misery surrounds  
Like a wretched wall  
I'm tied up in bounds  
To the ground I fall

In brokenness I grope  
My life is at a loss  
But then returns the hope  
Of the blessed cross

The blood that was spilt  
Was the blood of God's own Son  
He washed away my guilt  
And forgave all that I've done.

### **Wintertime**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

The skies are seamless  
The ground is white



The climate is ceaseless  
Seems ready to fight

I look all around me  
Thru the beauteous sky  
Wonder churns deep  
In the twinkle of my eye

I cherish the scene  
As I catch my breath  
So soft and serene  
And so far from death

I look through the forest  
In spellbound wonder  
Oh how the wind flowest  
From hence and sunder

It goes where it's told  
And stops suddenly

Bestowing white gold  
Upon every tree

The breeze is a kiss  
Blown upon my face  
So gracefully bliss  
Is its gentle embrace

The air is so chill  
But sweet as a song  
My breath it does fill  
So I can sing 'long

Down falls the snow  
From heavenly storerooms  
Descending in a flow  
From the cloud that looms

It blankets the ground  
In long endless fleets

No blemish be found  
Upon these bles't sheets

Oh, this winter season  
Above all, beyond compare  
And It's the only reason  
That springtime is so fair.

### **Endline**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

The heavens shatter in anticipation  
The skies grow cold with their tears  
The rivers crash on, in fear they run  
For the Wait held back in these years

The trees fade like the flowers of field  
The rocks cry out to the ground  
The desert blooms with no hope of yield  
And the birds go on without sound

In restless onslaught the wind whips  
Cascading through echoes and screams  
The mountains crumble as water rips  
Through the violent dashes of streams

Clouds gather in great fields of gray  
Turbines of fusion rage through  
The seas writhe all through the day  
As ever their strength they renew

The towering skies are mixed a blur  
As crashes of light break the dawn  
Calamity strikes untamed as it were  
Till all peace as we know it is gone

The Seals are broken in final recall  
For judgment will reign on the earth  
The nations rage and so will they all  
When their portion will be but mirth

For dreams may come and times pass  
In the shadow of what is still to be  
But the essence of truth shall ever last  
Though the eyes of men fail to see

For listening still, they shall not hear  
And walking, they will turn away  
In the paths of unrest they shall fear  
And in revile, go upon their way

For upon the storm of justice He rides  
To deliver the wicked their due  
But the righteous who in Him confides  
Shall be washed thru and thru

All those who endure He will reward  
For those who in Him are found  
Sin and death'll be put to the sword  
When the bells of time resound.

## **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 is 'gainst 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 the now and then  
And all that's in the middle  
The question of time is truly, when?  
But it still 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 know for sure  
Your calling in the waiting.

### **Regrets**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

I felt it come so dreadful still  
Like poison to my heart  
It slowly crept against my will



And painf'ly tore me 'part

I tried to fight it off of me

But it would not let go

I cried until I could not see

And it continued to grow

It hit me hard as brick or stone

And it would not stay 'way

I wanted just to be left alone

But it kept on in its way

For my regrets, like crimson red

Have stained my soul scarlet

They killed inside till I was dead

And would not let me forget

There was nothing to be done

And not a word to speak

There was no place I could run

For I was far too weak

I tried and I tried to leave them behind

But nothing could seem to redeem

They left my soul with no hope to find

And I became lost in a dream

And into this dream I fell in so deep

Until all my strength was far lost

For my regrets I could no longer keep

And no more could I pay the cost

A Man of Peace had come to take

The fears that for so long did reign

It was not for me nor my own sake

But because He'd suffered in pain

I came near just to know His name

And touch His hands with my own

From that time on I was not the same

For this Man was a man I had known  
He was the one who shattered my fears  
And threw my regrets to the wind  
He was the Man, who thru all the years  
Forgave me whenever I sinned.

### **Sea Of Fears**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

I stood by the waters and watched for the tide  
To carry my fears to the sea  
I scanned 'cross the ocean, how far, how wide  
And begged for it to take me

The waves broke the shore as if to say  
"The time is near for your end"  
It battled the wind thru night and day  
Deflecting the attacks it'd send

I stood by the waters, my soul at its edge

My tears mixed in with the flows

The shore it at all, was little a hedge

The fend off the ear-piercing blows

The sparkle and shine, their luster had lost

The glass, long shattered had stood

The wind-whipped cascades, ever toss'd

Lay broken beneath heaven's hood

My heart if still, would these reflect

Weighed down by the darkening sun

Crashing at long, and far from perfect

At best, as the blood-stained horizon

So there I stood, the wind in my hair

Still failing to see through the gray

Though having sought long it wasn't there

The ship that would take me away

Long dead were my hopes, and soon would I be  
Were not faith to shatter the sky  
My vision was blurring to where I couldn't see  
And all I could question was why

Then across the horizon I saw a ship  
That embedded in me such desire  
Past the storms and waves did it slip  
'Cross the horizon blazing with fire

All of a sudden from out of the blue  
The storm and waves were at peace  
The now-silent air, how ever it grew  
Twas as calm as the autumn breeze

I knew right then this ship came for me  
Twas for it I had waited all these years  
For once in a lifetime I felt truly free  
Now that the ship had taken my fears.

## **The Colors Of Love**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

The colors of love, a picture paint

Diverse and skilled, it flows

Bright and pure, still ever quaint

On canvas that ever grows

Truth and justice are the brush

The heart, the palette within

Slow and gentle the colors rush

Across the horizons of men

Enduring it lasts above all else

To speak of the memories of old

The heart's intent surely it tells

With hope love never grows cold

For love will not fail in doing good

As sure as the sun in the sky

To turn from the day if ever it could  
In truth, shall it break if it try

The rays of love emblazon the dawn  
Like shadows, all else disappear  
Nothing is left but the essence upon  
Which love has dispelled ev'ry fear

For where love is no fear shall be found  
In the company of Him we adore  
All our despair is brought to the ground  
As we come to know Him more and more

Love shall not be quenched by flame  
Nor drowned by waters or wind  
In love is no hurt, nor envy or shame  
But is open to all who have sin'd

It trickles like water to those in need  
And brings life wherever it shall go

It searches until it finds ready seed  
And in mercy will it help it to grow

The colors of love infuse the new day  
With speckles of truth in-between  
How majestic it tis a marv'lous array  
Like the day, it's for all to be seen

For life is the plain of love's masterpiece  
The window of God's home above  
Forever it lasts, and it shall not cease  
To shine forth His true colors of love.

### **The Final Cause**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

Everlast, the fears have come  
To take me from your way  
The feeling's gone, I am numb  
And I've no words to say



The time is ticking down to par  
And drawing near to close  
Though time is short, it is far  
As the distant past grows

The reasons are becoming clear  
Of the things still to be done  
Just as the changing atmosphere  
Of the heavens stained with sun

The daylight flitters like a flame  
But soon shall be erased  
Until the moon is full in fame  
With doom, light is faced

The heavens tremble as they stir  
The ground is growing cold  
The time of judgment is for sure  
As was prophesied of old

For waiting still, creation groans  
For the day of heaven's peace  
But violence utters from the thrones  
Of the King's sworn enemies

For much is still to be fulfilled  
Before that awesome day  
And much blood is to be spilled  
In preparing the way

The final cause is heaven's goal  
As bread is to the baker  
The Spirit of God is to the soul  
As man is to his Maker

And for the purpose of His name  
We are brought forth in power  
For we were made to proclaim  
The great need of this hour

There are souls that ever wait  
And travail as they yearn  
But none can yet deny the fate  
Of the day of His return.

### **Timeless Bounds**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

Everything with bounds are tied  
Imprisoned in the now  
For even life to death has died  
As low, it's made to bow

Yes life is to its limit held  
And no one can resist  
Even nature is compelled  
To succumb to this

The forests stretch heavenward

Yet are consumed in flame  
The mountains soar like the bird  
Yet crumble all the same

The fingered fields touch the sky  
But yield come harvest tide  
The rain thunders in boastful cry  
Yet is purged from its abide

The oceans ever wage their war  
To conquer all it meets  
But bounds are set upon the shore  
To quell the rising fleets

Even earth and sky are chained  
To stay within their abode  
For the sky in its trying feigned  
In straying far from its road

And gravity in barrier still

Has labored in its upward climb  
Ev'ry stride up sky-bound hill  
Has ever run since birth of time

And as all come to their demise  
With staff in hand or hence unprepared  
To take Death's hand and meet her eyes  
In bounds of life, how have men faired?

Were their lives so vainly spent?  
Or worth the Cause, in end to pay  
For all will soon come to judgment  
On that great and terrible day

These are questions of the past  
But are true in the present grounds  
Which forever will always last  
To find us in these timeless bounds.

**Trusting**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

I am a blind man on a road  
But I don't walk the road of the blind  
I follow the paths my God has showed  
For as I seek, the truth shall I find

I am a deaf man listening hard  
But I don't listen to what the deaf speak  
My ears are open but under guard  
So always and ever I will remain meek

I am a foreigner in this strange land  
But I don't come as a stranger to You  
I walk in Your shadow led by Your hand  
For as I trust You'll guide me through

I am one thirsty for water to drink  
But I do not thirst for what is dry  
I search not for oceans that I may sink

But only for what will truly satisfy

I am but dry bones needful of breath  
But I do not seek what's empty within  
I seek for life which conquers death  
But I do not seek for what's uncertain

I am a servant of the true one above  
But I don't serve as if I were enslaved  
My whole desire is to serve out of love  
For from the Pits my soul was saved

I am but nothing with no one to lead  
As a stumbling man do I continue on  
The voice of my Father I solely heed  
Thru trials and failures I have gone

I am a flower of the blanketed fields  
Dieing and passing my beauty is vain  
My heart lies dejected with no shields

Yet still comes the day flowing with rain

All I have ever desired has left  
For desire itself has fallen from me  
My soul confides deep in the cleft  
Of the Rock of the great Almighty

So as I go on in the storms of life  
Thru wind and rain, fire and dust  
My Savior is here amid the strife  
As all along I am learning to trust.

### **War Of The Elements**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

'Midst the sun's gemmed tomb  
In the youth of night's soar  
Past the dim haze's loom  
Play the Elements in war



The heavens are cloaked  
And the seas turn to fields  
The flames of grey, stoked  
Re-gather their shields

With the brilliant light staves  
And its twin-echoed cry  
Its time-scarred hand craves  
For his enemies to die

With the falling on-pour  
Of its endless inflictance  
The clapping encore  
Of its enemy's resistance

And the e'er rippling clouds  
In tremendous discord  
Now the land lies in shrouds  
As in waging, its war'd

While the ocean lies tattered  
Self-inflicted by glass  
That's so long been shattered  
By the winds that pass

And the gusts blow like sand  
In a glorious crusade  
Their swords raised in hand  
With a stinging blade

They're met by the trees  
In unmoving stance  
Hence stops the breeze  
Given no chance

Then comes the quiet  
Peacemaker of all  
Stilling the riot  
And embattl'd squall

It's made to be clear  
And to rest all's brought  
For right now and here  
The battle's been fought.

### **Wisdom's Call**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

Wisdom sought for one to find  
But no one heard Her call  
For the eyes of men were blind  
And stumbling did they fall

But still She shouted in the street  
Raising Her voice all the more  
But Her cries were met with frail defeat  
As fighting, She lost in the war

The chiefs of the land mocked in disdain  
Despising Her calls to return

For all She had done was done in vain  
As no one from evil would turn

The house of Truth was consumed in flame  
And Wisdom to death was condemned  
From mem'ry of old was blotted Her name  
By the ones She had once called friend

Though value was Hers, none took heed  
But burnt it within all that she kept  
The hearts of men were fill'd with greed  
As into their minds pride had crept

She was led to face Her given demise  
Oblivious to all She'd once known  
Her face was toward the heav'nly skies  
Striving to see mercy's throne

Her captors led on with no feeling of guilt  
For the sacrifice about to take place

The time drew near for Her blood to be spilt

Peace was the expression of Her face

Placid and fervent, She gave Her life

For those who in arrogance went 'long

In all Her persistence, striving in strife

She forgave all who'd done Her wrong

Their lust for blood had been fulfilled

And to their ways they'd turned aside

Rejoicing now that Wisdom was killed

But in the hearts of men Wisdom died

Though dead She may be, She is near

Shouting Her cry thru time's hall

For She is alive in those who'll adhere

To listen to Wisdom's great call.

### **Undeniable**

*A Poem, By Matthew E. Kegans*

The trees, the trees how they flutter with ease  
As the butterfly lays there to rest  
When the dance begins by the earliest breeze  
How the music soars from its nest

But whence comes the music of nature's song  
And who are the masters of tune?  
For into this melody do all join along  
To dance 'pon the floor of the moon

When the birds and bees join as one  
With the wind in hottest pursuit  
The ballroom is lit beneath the sun  
As its rays ignite like a brute

Still even the sun in its splendor alight  
Shall no sooner go than arrive  
The glorious array and majestic sight  
Lies dead where once it did thrive

The forests clap, their might unmet  
But from where comes their strength?  
Their vision dies as the sun has set  
By the hand that holds days at length

And from this hand all come and go  
Their destiny at its bid  
Its gift to man, the rain and snow  
In which the night is hid

The birth of the morn' comes flowing with rain  
In depth like the thund'rous sky  
But from whence has it come, or even in vain  
Has it come thus far just to die?

Still just as the waters trace 'cross the line  
Of the mountains perched high atop  
Shall hills and valleys on boastfulness dine  
When crumbling, through ages drop?

And even the decades, so wond'rous appear

Yet time comes with a sword to destroy

Mountains shall crumble and valleys revere

When history conspires through its ploy

For conspiring still, all nature relents

In doing their deeds to the full

When time has passed unto former tense

He who is, shall be undeniable.

**[Email Matthew!](#)**