

The Choices.

I died in the last hour somehow...I don't know

And God opened his gates - it was the time to go

I didn't lament dying as it didn't feel so bad

Only the pain of my kins was what made me sad

Because forever in my life, at its every juncture,

my life had been dear to me...but death had been the next great adventure.

So I walked on...

...on that path through a heavenly lawn.

i can easily recall, that not much had I walked,

When on that cobbled track, I reached a fork.

On a signboard was written "RIGHT HELL" and "LEFT HEAVEN"

And it also gave the direction to some cloud numbered 7.

The way to hell was ragged and hard

While the same to heaven was handsome and smart.

And the cloud 7 was up therewhere no way went.

It just stood there...to the RIGHT slightly bent.

I at once understood this eternal su-do-ku from history.

And wondered what was so important about the cloud 7...a mystery.

But leaving that I thought about my whole life

About all those times when I had put my parents through strife.

About those moments, when because of me my brother had cried

And about all those insects...under my feet which had died.

Its true that after death, you see your life as a movie.

And you have to decide whether it is horror or emotional, cruel or groovie.

U do it yourself...and God isn't your judge

And at that moment I gave myself a nudge,

When suddenly I recalled it with a start,

About the time when in a mart,

I had shoplifted my favourite - Bryllcream hair gel

And so i decided...that heaven may be good but I deserved the hell.

And so heavily, hesistantly and unwantingly I took the right - the way which was rugged and broken.

Dry bushes, sand and stones were its only token.

With a regretting heart I noticed that the way was comfortable

So much that I wondered, if hell was likable.

Perhaps it was my last experience of comfort sweet.

It seemed - I was being made ready for the hot hell's heat.

And as I approached the gates of the hell,

I could figure out Satan and he was dressed well !

But now I felt pity on the devil's plight,

And when I noticed it - I couldn't understand....WHY WAS HE DRESSED IN WHITE ??

Oh! he was an angle with those wings and that golden ring.

Maybe he was here to demonstrate the effect - (I'll miss but) the heaven can bring.

Though sad, I approached him and saluted with spirited airs.

And he replied the following, tossing back his blond hairs.

"O son of the LORD - as thou comest' here, be proud for thee see the heaven from wherest' thou art' standing.

Thou art' the 7 th man to comest' here and who hast' been fair in his judgement and understanding."

I was shocked, since this wasn't right !

And he was impossible to understand even with all my might !

But I wanted to question him furthur,

To know if he was off-his-rocker.

Since I had taken the rugged road to hell,

And it was tough - as there wasn't any thing well.

Or had I tken the wrong path initially ??

No no....I had taken the RIGHT difinitly.

AND SUDDENLY IT DAWNED UPON ME

That I was the 7 th man here t be.

That's why the road was rgged and shrivelled,

BECAUSE it was the road less travelled !!!

And I asked the Angle if God was on the cloud 7

He affirmed, since the CLOUD FAVOURED THE RIGHT

The actual way towards heaven.

And then a magnificent door appeared
And as I entered, my doubts all cleared,
A deep divine voice spoke to me,
That before the heaven I should see,
I must know why and how I'm there.
Although in my whole life I had been a liar
Although many sins I had committed,
and to my many desires I had submitted.
And yes, I wondered.....WHY?
Why in the name of heaven.....in the hell I don't lie?
And I was answered there and then...
Doubts and problems life puts forward when,
It never matters with God, whether you win or you loose,
But it does matter with him...WHAT YOU CHOOSE.
The ways of the RIGHT or the ways of the WRONG,
On these decisions of yours....his decisions about you throng.
Because his destiny is not governed by man's talents or vices...
But wholly solely and only by....HIS CHOICES.