

# I've Seen Heaven

*By Spencer Alton*

I have trouble finding passion  
I, sometimes write poetry,  
but too frequently they're vague, gooey, and...bad

**BUT**

Tonight I think I've got a winner,  
so sit down  
listen  
relax

Despite my lack of inspired emotion, I,  
have a sense of required expulsion,  
a need to make clearer my divined situation

I've seen heaven

...And I know it sounds crazy,  
but my lazy tongue still has some ink left in it,  
so let me paint you a picture;

The clouds aren't fluff  
but rolling hills and wide flat planes

Gold harps don't sing, but the people do,  
and the hymns aren't slow and steady,  
quite contrary  
they rage and roar,  
demanding to be felt and shake bones

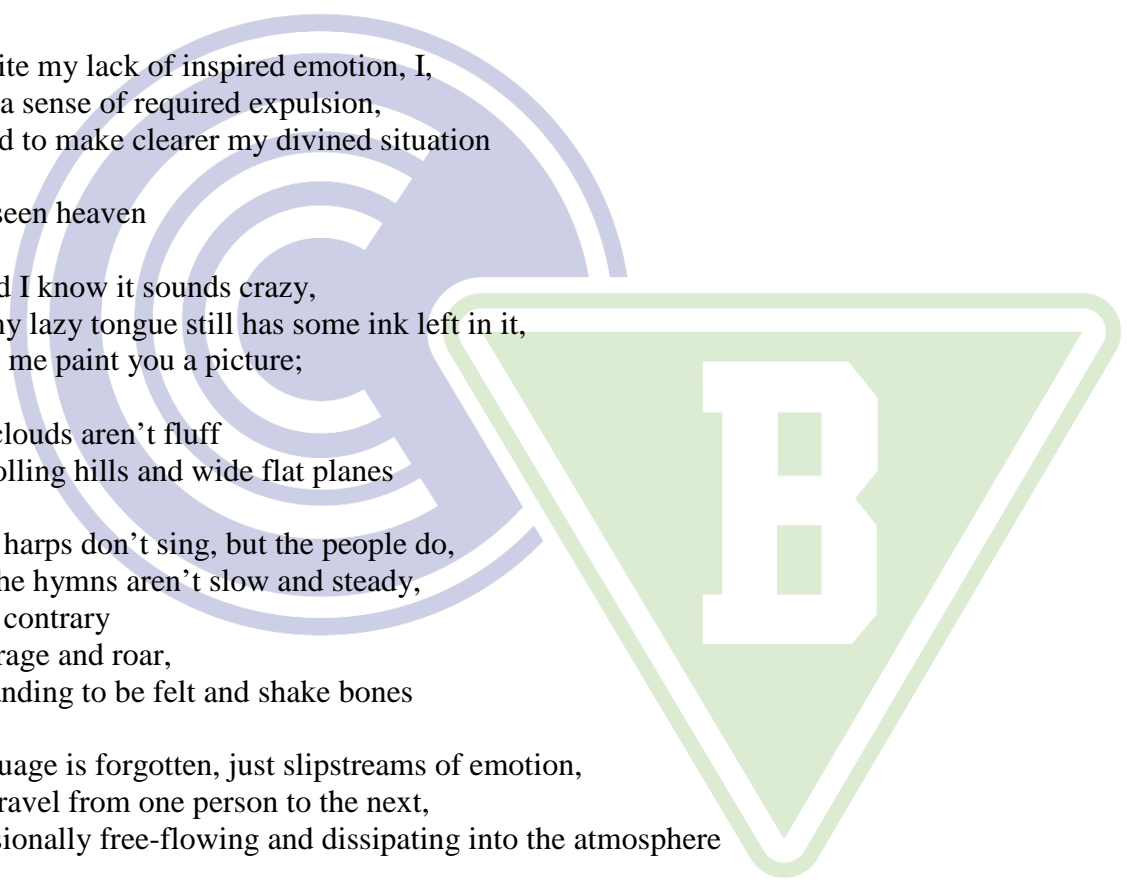
Language is forgotten, just slipstreams of emotion,  
that travel from one person to the next,  
occasionally free-flowing and dissipating into the atmosphere

Time there is not eternal,  
instead  
sweetened by its limitation,  
until the flavor is aged like wine

The souls that abide there aren't solemnly happy,  
but caught in the turmoil of better and supreme

The Angels don't have wings,  
just white t-shirts, and lakeside views

**AND**, the gates aren't pearly,



just a wooden sign...  
hanging on a tree...  
saying welcome...

Heaven isn't as clean as you'd think.  
The moral fiber is pristine I assure you,  
but the dirt sticks to your clothes,  
and steadily grows,  
the filth measured from head to toes,  
it stains you with metaphorical cleanliness

And though my hair is shaggy,  
nails dirty, pits stankin', skin mud-caked, I have A clean shirt left,  
and not a single sock to my name...I'm coming from there now.

And through this divine grim, I think I've found my passion.  
A love of something more than me, a love for you, and you, and you, and them, and him, and he,  
and US.

The idea is fire, small and burning.  
Candle sized and diminutive, it burns the impurities from our spirit,  
and compresses our souls to diamonds,  
to make the single prettiest necklace you ever have seen.

And through all that sparkles  
I KNOW I've found my passion.  
A need to be needed, and in return need others.

BUT,  
enough about my mental stimulation,  
my canvas still has blank space,  
so I'll keep explaining

It's hot up in heaven, 90 degrees in the day, and subzero at night  
temperate and perfect, because we spell sweat; s-w-e-e-t,  
so we smell like honey.  
But the bees don't sting, and the bears don't bite

The laughter is the only thing that is as you'd think it'd be.  
It's starts small in the kids,  
building to a crescendo that bursts eardrums with humor.

The tears are few but there,  
as is the fury and the loneliness,  
but we beat them off with powerful echoes of who we are, tremendous and strong

Heaven's pretty young,  
108 years old last I checked.  
Strange how that youth got into the history books.  
But Heaven has older souls and younger minds that mingle and rhyme together

And while the idea of perfection is absurd,  
an untouchable thought,  
we scrape it.

And who wants more than a scrape of perfection?  
It's our ability to be human that gives something divine meaning.

It's the cuts, kicks, scrapes, tempers, bruises, dirt, tears, homesickness, fears, arguments,  
differences, clumsiness, mess-ups, bad habits, fights, cold nights, hot days, friendships, leaders,  
traditions, loves, needs of each other, and ability to change what is bad within us.

So maybe I haven't found or seen heaven  
but the picture that I've painted is good enough for me

so

no I haven't seen heaven

I saw better.

