

# Bridges

Graham Nicholson

The Prophet sayeth  
There is a bridge across hell  
Slippery, with thorns of the As-Sa'dan  
To catch them by their deeds  
A very long bridge  
Stretching across hell to Paradise  
Sharper than a sword  
Hotter than fire  
Thinner than a hair  
Like a camel  
Through the eye of a needle  
And by earnest striving  
For to cross the delicate Sirat.

By leave of the Lord  
The Prophet hath long crossed  
Trailed by His followers  
Who removed the veil  
And sought the sweet water  
Flowing beneath gardens.

Now this is the day  
The Day of Judgment  
At the sound of the trumpets  
Wherein the Sirat calleth aloud:  
*'I am the straight Path',*  
And Mount Sinai exclaimeth:  
*'Verily the Lord of Revelation is come.'*  
The balance hath been appointed  
The bridge hath been laid  
The verses have been sent down  
The Sun hath shone forth  
The stars have been blotted out  
The souls have been raised to life

The breath of the Spirit hath been blown  
The angels have been arrayed in ranks  
Paradise hath been brought nigh, and  
Hell been made to blaze.

But where are the followers in this day  
Who tread the path of His good-pleasure  
Do they all lie dead  
Within their own shrouds  
Veiled within their own selves  
In their own idle fancies  
Clinging to shadows of past dispensations  
Leaving lamenting the denizens of heaven  
While the voice of the Nightingale  
Has been silenced  
In its golden realm.

There is a bridge to cross over  
That is not an abode to tarry  
But a bridge to be straight crossed  
By the wayfarer  
Free of hate and love  
For that left behind  
Spurning all hindrance  
In the search to attain  
The habitation of the celestial Beauty  
Scorning the thorns  
The caustic, the torrid, the strictures  
To enter the City of Love  
And of the Abha Kingdom.

The Prophet for this time has now crossed  
Now for His followers  
Or the hard rocks will arise  
And conquer the hearts.