

## **The Day of Reckoning** [continued]

Memories, that haunt you,  
Not only of those  
Who were near and dear  
But who-so-ever  
With whom you made contact:  
Even a repulsive mongrel you kicked  
Because it placed its faith in you,  
Followed you home:  
Unless reconciled with  
One has no peace with oneself.

Simply, to confess  
Direct or through mediator  
Is, just,  
Superficial cleansing.

The final reckoning  
If it is with god  
At the threshold  
Of a life eternal  
Would it nor be wiser  
That one were totally  
Cleansed  
Before one faces  
The Almighty?

If the life after,  
Were without  
His intervention  
Would it not be  
Better to start it  
On a clean slate?

If death be the end  
Sans residue  
It would still be better  
To be at peace  
Reconciled,  
With all that has gone by  
When the end comes  
Like a bolt from the blue  
Or waving a warning flag.

**-Peacock-**