

POEMS

By Rupert Raynar

Copyright © 2026 Rupert Raynar. All rights reserved

ONE ROAD: ONE JOURNEY

There's a broad highway that seems so true
Yet it leads to a land forsaken;
While the one right path for a chosen few
Is down the narrow road not taken.

So I made my way with a dawn song,
For the day, it would not tarry.
Yet the toil was hard, and the journey long,
With the dreams I once did carry.

For then did the coming darkness fall,
And the night's long shadows creep,
When I heard the haunting Reaper's call:
"It's your soul I've come to reap!"

Then I was judged as I heard God say:
"All those years you travelled well;
Yet your chosen path was not My way
So be gone to that burning hell!"

So there! A path right well begun,
Yet it's naught but a crooked road!
For with no rewards for my battles won
It's a hell instead I'm owed!

And my sweet recall – must that too die –
Of my journey's first day waking,
When the fleeing sun crossed the wintry sky
With the cold dawn breaking?

Or how it came, the soft fall of snow
Upon the hard, unforgiving ground,
With the wind's call, and a place to go,
With its promise to be found?

But stop! My life's but a vapour gone,
Like breath in the cold night air;
For the time the sun even faintly shone
Was brief before this long despair.

Now bound in iron, as I gnaw my tongue,
It's my pain that fills the void;
For as one who's damned, I remain among
Those for ever being destroyed.

So comes the grief of a thousand years
When my eyes won't close in sleep,
And I cry instead a thousand tears
For it's in this hell I weep.

ON A LONELY HILL, ONE CRUEL TREE

Gather round dear friends, as I pray you might,
And hear this sorry tale I tell,
About the lost highway that seemed so right,
Yet whose end was a burning hell.

For in a lonely grave does my body lie,
While my soul has long since fled,
Where hopes die and the lost cry
In the abode of the unsaved dead.

Thus came the rider on a horse so pale
Bringing death with the dying sun:
For 'twas evening twilight beyond the veil
When my life's long day was done.

For thus within that fading light
And the day it did now sever,
Crept Death's long shadow in the black, dark night
As I lost my soul for ever.

And so it stalked me with its icy chill
As the reckoning did begin,
And I was judged for my self-will
And my life's unforgiven sin.

For a court awaits beyond death's door
Where God's judgment does not tarry,
And the quickened dead do stand in awe
In the filthy rags they carry.

And so it was before Christ I stood
In my unrepentant shame,
For my fading hope was to present some good
And thus escape hell's flame.

Thus, "Lord, I tried," was my refrain:
"I prayed in church and even gave."
Yet how come such works were vain
When they seemed so right to save?

For I'd once thought that my life was free;
That's in a memory long ago.
But now the gathering crowd could see
My vain and prideful show.

But what if I were to trust God's grace –
For that was something I'd never tried –
For surely salvation still has its place
For a soul on the other side.

And so I wondered what my fate might be
If I called on Jesus' name;
For God did say, "Deep is the sea
Where I can bury all your shame."

But then He revealed my wicked heart
As He uncovered all my sin;
For in my past, I'd failed that part
To let Christ truly in.

For, "I loved you then as I love you still,"
Were the Saviour's words to me;
For there once stood on a lonely hill
One cruel and blood-soaked tree.

For, "It is finished!" on the Cross He cried,
Yet my heart remained like stone:
Though it was for me He'd died
So the seed could then be sown.

Thus barren was the hardened ground
And the seedling's root so shallow,
For in my life could only thorns be found
And a God I would not hallow.

For I never once my God did thank,
For the beauty He created:
Like the otters on the river bank
And the swallows now migrated.

Thus 'twas me, from my earthly tomb,
That Satan did now pull,
To a burning lake where there's always room
In a hell that's never full.

For in that pit there's no trace of joy
And which the Bible does confirm.
For God does say, "I will destroy
With My devouring worm."

Thus for the fearful trembling lost
Comes the vengeance of God's own Son:
For He decrees it's an eternal cost,
And a sentence that's never done.

For there's no escape beyond death's grey shroud
When the doors of hell are slammed;
And all that's heard from the imprisoned crowd
Are the screams of the ever-damned.

Thus, in God's anger they do suffer loss,
For the grapes of wrath are ripe.
And just like Jesus upon the Cross
They are bruised with every stripe.

And so, sin's memory will never fade;
It's like death's abiding gloom:
Its colossal debt must be repaid
In that prison-house of doom.

Yet I once believed in the Devil's lies
And the web he so neatly traced.
Now no one ever hears the cries
Of the souls he lays to waste.

For the Devil – overcome with hate –
Is the one who'll kill your soul;
For there is for you a coming date
When the chapel bell doth toll.

Now the way to hell is sure and wide,
Yet it deceives the millions lost,
Who in their pride do strut and stride
Not knowing the coming cost.

For the gates of doom are truly broad –
I wish it were not so –
For there the damned won't call Christ "Lord,"
So it's to the fires they go.

But by contrast heaven's gate is strait,
And narrow is the way to life;
So enter in – for it's not too late –
Though your many sins are rife.

But what of a repenting Tyre
And Sodom and Gomorrah?
For even they could have escaped the fire
And hell's never-ending horror.

Yet still I would not turn to Him
To be rescued from my fate;
For even when all hope seems dim
Repentance need not be late.

So now I plead with you dear friend,
For I perceive it all too well,
That the grave can never be the end
For I'm drowning in this hell.

Thus my prayer for you on that fateful day
Is you'll never hear and see:
God's gavel fall as Christ does say,
"Depart and be gone from Me!"

So learn from my unending pain:
It's now time to show remorse.
Thus call on Christ – there's all to gain –
For with love He charts your course.

So trust the One Who's for ever risen,
For His mercy truly reigns;
And He will free you from your prison
While breaking all your chains.

Thus believe He died and then did rise,
And with a broken heart repent;
Then when you die – or meet Him in the skies –
It's to heaven you'll be sent.

And thus it's Christ before whom we bow,
So let's turn with godly sorrow;
For death could even come right now
For we're promised no tomorrow.

So, for one last time, salvation's free:
There's a heaven by grace to win.
Thus, if it's to the Cross you flee
Christ's sure to let you in.