

# Warring Upon Grace

by [Romain P. A. Delpeuch](#) (June 2021)



**Millennia passed. Yet** long before a tear  
in grief was shed, the Highest Name, as who  
langsyne did know and set for all the doom  
last days would suffer both on land and sea,  
invited souls through paths like radii,  
eager to have them from exile return,  
back to their central core beyond the gap  
of ignorance—through humble prayer and plea,  
by bending will, and bowing of the head  
before Its bounty in nature galore.  
Yet none of them could see, and none could tell  
(but the elect) the holy signs from deep  
reflected shadows of repressed desire.  
Of course, they erred, just like their father Esau.  
What goes around around will come: the arc,  
nigh to the end, will meet the Source. And, through  
revealed identity, will end the thralldom,  
one way or other. Favor amor fati.  
May it a solace be for those who crawl  
along the dismal roads that lead the soul  
inside its private hell: meanders I  
neither accept nor follow nor reprove.  
Perverse and devious are my ways. Don't curb  
a fierce and spiritual ambition. Do  
deliver words and visions from the Verb  
eternal: seize them, drag them for the orb  
lawless and lapsed to see to its dismay.  
Perhaps you'll take advantage of the ebb,  
enchanted, easy song. I'd rather war  
until I reach the realms where I forego  
capricious tricks of worldly undertow:  
heavenly shelters where I'll rest from squalid men.

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Misgiving souls will soar.  
In time, the nocent, too-  
lest earth be weighed with qualm,  
lest chagrin fill the sea.

I perfected ways imagined by the Magi,  
endless dreamers, stardust gazers, all my kinsmen.  
Balaam, ancient forebear, curser scorning worship,  
once he said the words, he tore to shreds his aura.

Before he raised his head,  
before You set him free,  
You called and made him fall  
beneath the wall of sleep.

Rise not, father: earth and dirt, and dust instructive  
ought to teach us humbler views than sine metu.  
Weave our visions secretly, in scenes ecstatic,  
neither pure nor only good, as they're in da'ath

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