

## THE CERTIFICATION MEETING

A beggar clad in rags  
Stood before a jury of his peers.  
"Come forth" they said, and  
"Tell us what you are made of".

The beggar waved his arms,  
Bowed his head,  
Refused to shed his rags,  
Called forth another group of peers  
Whose heads were in the clouds,  
Whose feet no longer trod the earth.  
"Come down" he pleaded with the past.  
Down they came with no disguise,  
Named and known to all:

Seward, Joan, Bernie,  
John, Armen, Len  
Helen, Al, Jim....and others.

They spoke with one voice,  
Resurrected the day they  
Stood before their jury of peers,  
Who likewise demanded:  
Show us what you are made of.

And everyone in the hall and the clouds remembered  
Their day before the jury,  
Before their peers,  
In detail recalling that  
Hour of trial, of stripping bare,  
While he or she was asked with  
Sometimes cruel, sometimes kind intent,  
The query all had feared:  
Show us what you are made of.

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So they peeled away the rags,  
-the body-armor,  
-the bandages of faith,  
-the clever words of truth,  
-the voice and eyes of charm and softness,  
-the well rehearsed, spontaneous anger,  
Stripped them all off,  
Showed themselves naked,  
These beggars of honest pure intent.  
They mumbled  
"This is who I am."

The elder peers said, "Go out and wait.  
We must now decide".  
They went,  
And in that room  
The authorities of fate  
Picked through the bandages...  
The body-armor, rags of faith, all the rest,  
Asked each other if enough was shed  
To tell them all  
What the beggar was made of.

Dan DeArment  
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(For my peers)