Contraband:

“I must collect your contraband

Before you enter this new land,”

Said Peter as he waved his hand

Delivering his demand.

So I paused and took my pouch,

Falling down into a crouch,

Emptying all I couldn’t keep,

In one mesmerizing heap.

And ere the pile ever lay—

My friends, my love, my money—

And oh! so much more,

I left at that door.

Then sadness, grief, and dread,

Began to fill my eternal head.

Pressed down heavy did these weights,

As I walked on through the Pearly Gates.