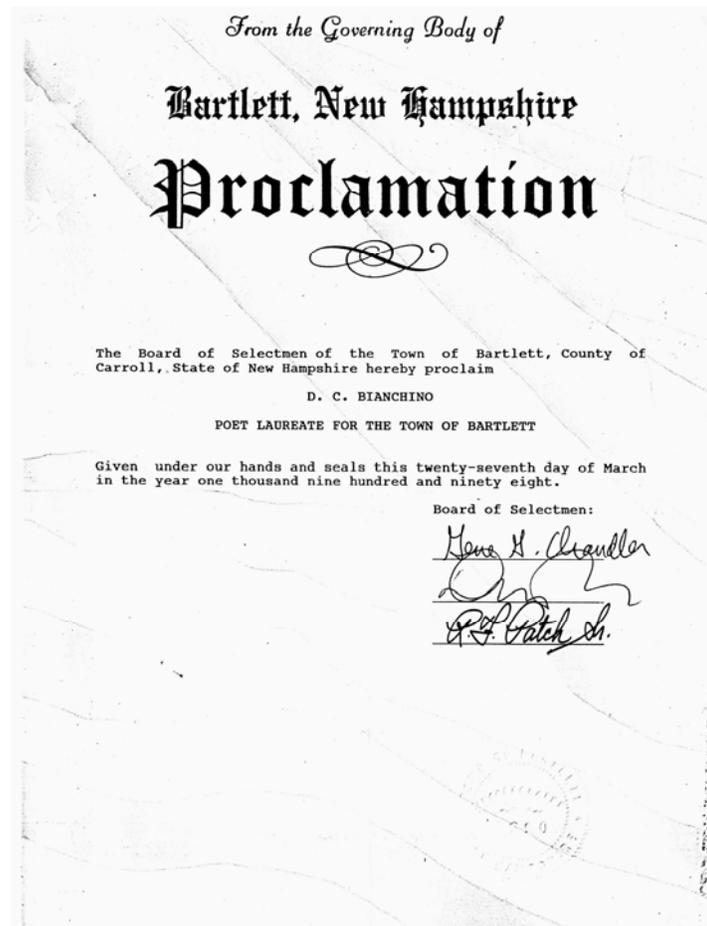


From
"The Poet's Milk"
One Flag



I see one flag
 Solid White
Sparkling
 With a passive light.
I see one flag
 Not displayed
 With pomp
Or glory
 Or parade.
I see one flag
 More radiant still,
As in unity
 This world to fill.
I,
 See,
 One
 Flag.

Poems – 2001
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The path that's neither left, nor right
Nor in the middle,
Is the one that circles all three.



A booklet to help us understand
What's going on – why – and what we
Can do about it.

FORWARD From my book "The Return a Prophecy's Unfolding"

Back in the spring of 1997, a friend's wife was thinking about helping me write my book, "Connections." She asked me what I thought the main point was...."Well," I said, "let me think about that." The next day I gave her a call and told her I thought the Messenger, the Christ, The One The World Is Waiting For, is HERE...NOW...and furthermore came into this world in the early Nineteen Eighties..."

To defend my case I referred to a vision I'd received of a Goat backing out of a Fish's mouth. (dates 1983 or 84). "At first," I explained to my zealous friend, "I didn't know what the vision meant, until a few years later when I read a book by Carl Jung in which he said that information was coming in from receivers around the world about an age called Capricorn. Now Jung theorized that the age of Capricorn isn't for another twenty-four hundred years, however its symbols were all those I saw, except in my vision a birth took place." I explained that Carl Jung died in 1961, so those receivers must have been receiving their visions of the mountains, the depths of the sea, and the Goat Fish much before 1950... But I too had those same images in 1983 or 84, though in mine as I have said a birth took place.

Now, the Goat backing out of the Fish's mouth (a birth on land) I found extremely compelling because it seemed apprehensive, full of fear, much like us... Again as I thought about this, it made sense that the World Messenger would enter this way, at this time, as a Goat to have the experience of climbing the many mountains. That's why all paths are equally important in the collective sense of experience before a new Age of Wisdom can be obtained. Coming out of the age of Pisces, Fish (the living Christ the last 2000 years) associated with Compassion, beckons Head (Goat) and Heart (Fish) to inevitably Connect.

Continuing, I explained a subsequent Flash in 1996, which showed Goat now to be a young adult with beautiful pure white shaggy hair (date Nov. 1996). Immediately following this spontaneous Vision, I met a woman, (whom I told) who related the Vision's white shaggy-haired Goat to the Messenger her religion awaits, verifying

the importance of the Flash, of the return of this Christ, beyond my own humble interpretation and self doubt. The fact that she asked if the Goat had horns also suggested to me that this Messenger hadn't yet gained full wisdom or maturity but was rapidly growing. The Vision Birth took place in 1983-1984, and already in 1996 (just twelve to thirteen years later) was manifesting as this young completely pure white adult goat... This indicates the actual potential of a full maturing to take place in our lifetimes. (Again in our collective consciousness)

Continuing my defense I thought back to a vision of Compassion (1980-85) in which I ended up being on a field that was alive and made of a lamb's skin (Lamb being associated with the Christ). And what I saw was this field being woven by a human, and it was almost finished. (We are these weavers.) And what allowed me this visit to the weaver's field was Compassion, again associated with the Christ and His living message for the last 2000 years...

Incidentally that woman who had asked me what the main point was, quickly decided not to help me with this book.)

So now to sum it up, it is my opinion looking at the facts, via visions and other experiences that the Return of Christ as promised has happened. As far as the end of the world (World without end amen) it is the end of the seventh cycle. This Return is reflected in our consciousness and has been growing rapidly since the early eighties.

To validate all the experiences that are suggesting that this "Return" has taken place, was the gift of this new symbol back in 1997 "The Path", with its Divine message, "The Path that's neither left nor right, nor in the middle, is the one that circles all three." Which not only challenges us to respect all Paths, (By NOT Interfering) but reminds us that All Paths are Sacred in the scheme of things. This respect for all paths will be the ultimate compassion born out of wisdom, from this collective experience. It is the final test that will lead to giving up all control, (False Pride) this to come about through irritations that humble one. (So this fire of the heart) and to fully trust once again in the One Who Resides Above Us All. (GOD) Remember wisdom does not judge because it has

experienced all the peaks, which we are doing now. (The Goat) "I overlooked a thousand peaks each one I'll come to Know..." (refer to page ____, _____) We will, come to know

From "The Return a Prophecy's Unfolding"

October -November 1988. An old man appears in vision. He is at peace-I asked him the secret of his peace. Light hearted, he tells me to kill. I think he means to kill desires.

1989. One year later, I am shown in another vision the old man's meaning. This vision involves a black dog and a white dog. I see how they are pulling me apart, -and how ferocious they both are. I have them both killed, and for the first time felt peace and freedom. I could see how they represented good and evil, and were tearing the world apart-and needed to be killed psychologically-I adapted this experience into a poem called "In Their Names".

Later, during 1996 I read a book about Black Elk. In it he describes a vision he had of a dog that was half-black and half-white. He thought it meant to kill your enemy like a dog.

For years prior to 1976, I had dreams of two black dogs that would chase me. In some circles they were known as the guard dogs of hell. Then came the dream when I stopped running and faced them, realizing later they had their place, even though they also are part of the same great illusion we all must face.

IN THEIR NAMES

Here we go again,
With the same thing.
In a world still just insane.

Each side choosing sides
On all sides.
Each thinking they are right,
With something to be gained.

It's a world still mad,
And it's really really sad.
Cause we're not that bad,
Just think we've all been had.

Mohammed and the Jesus Christ,
Or those who we pray to.
I think they would have stayed away,
Seeing what we do.
It's so insane.
It's in their names.

Every form of prejudice,
Makes somebody rich.
So with those who think they're not,
When off to fight this itch.

Good against the evil ones,
Each thinking they are good.
Trying to kill the so called beast,
While it hides right under hood.

Arms dealer's fueling fires,
Playing deadly games.
Countries seeing lots of jobs,
In each cross exchange.

Profits are the motives,
In those deadly flames.
Dividing each by their beliefs,
Inflicting words of pain.

Compassion waits the message,
Let go step aside.
While those who think an eye for eye,
I think they call that pride.

Still makes you wonder why,
Prophets ever came.
When here we go again,
In a world still just insane.

It's so immature,
When all is said and done.
But the pain and sorrow that is real,
and is felt by everyone.

It's a world still mad
And to think that we are had.
While some are even glad,
And that's really, really sad.

Mohammed and the Jesus Christ,
Or those who we pray to.
I think they would have stayed away,
Seeing what we do. It's so insane,
It's in their names.

It's so insane,
It's in their names.
It's so insane,
It's in their names.

FACES IN THE FLAMES

Bombs in buildings,
tired of the game.
Us and them
them and us,
faces in the flames.
A spaceship and comet,
leaving us behind.
Suicides passengers,
stepping out of time.
U.S. executions,
tired of the game.
Us and them
them and us,
faces in the flames.
Where is this going,
cancers on the rise.
Living in a cesspool,
right before our eyes.
Everyday predictions,
how it's going to end.
What a sad message,
tabloids will defend.
Money money money,
tired of the game.
Us and them
them and us,
faces in the flames.
Hidden in the valley,
flowers under snow.
Waiting for the thaw,
wanting just to grow.
Hidden in this valley,
tired of the game.
Us and them, them and us,
faces just the same

CARNIVAL

Who are they
that ride this train,
beneath the city streets?
Who are they in carnival,
as those who seem discreet?
What does make each one a "they,"
as I myself declare.
Is it from those eyes I see,
that look at me and stare?
I ride with you
the newest child,
and those who are the least.
I ride with you the many lines,
that squeal under our feet.
I ride with you this day a dream,
that seems an acid trip,
the purple hair, the dress, the tie,
the pierced, as one with lip.
Could "they" be, those who ride,
so we could finally meet,
those like me who think they're not
like those who share these seats?
And if they didn't and it's just
something of our times,
then who are they now telling me,
this carnival is mine?

MESSIN' WITH THE MIXIN'

I'm tired of all the fixin'
And the messin' with the mixin'
Trying to improve the recipe.
You see on closer introspection,
I've been messin' with perfection
And things don't need to change,
It's only me.

Chorus

Oh, no, things don't need to change.
Oh, God, things don't need to change.
What will I do, if things don't need to change,
When the only thing that needs to change is me.

Now the reason for the friction,
Is I have this one addiction,
That wants to change everything I see.
But I'm tired of all the fixin'
And the messin' with the mixin'
'Cause I can't improve a perfect recipe.

Chorus

I took the caffeine out of coffee, the sugar out of ice cream,
The spices out of pizza and some cheese.
Then I went to regulatin', like smokin' and spectatin',
Then almost passed a law that said no one could sneeze.

Chorus

Oh, no, things don't need to change.
Oh, God, things don't need to change.
What will I do, if things don't need to change,
When the only thing that needs to change is me.

**Those who take on the world,
Raise themselves,
While those who take on themselves,
Raise the world.**

CRYING OUT LOUD

I'm crying out loud, crying out loud
Crying just as fast as I can.
I'm crying out loud, crying out loud
Crying cause I just can't understand.

Why we're going so fast going so fast
Going just as fast as we can.
So I'm crying out loud, crying out loud
Crying just for someplace to stand.

It's like: we're trying to say don't get in our way
Cause we got these important things to do.
So I'm crying out loud, crying out loud
Crying out loud for me and you.

See the brakes are off some enjoying the thrill
While others suffer and bleed.
Don't think it will stop till the bottom it drops
Like tears awaken true needs.

And I'm crying out loud, crying out loud
Crying just as fast as I can.
I'm crying out loud, crying out loud
Crying just for someplace to stand.

**Freedom is a fairy tale writ by many,
Known to few.**

**A spiders web, one chance in twenty,
Will escape its slanted view.**

IT'S THE LAST FLIGHT TO FREEDOM

It's the last flight to freedom
Better take it now.
While everybody's sleeping
It's all going down.
It's the last flight to freedom,
How can we be sure?
Just take a look around you
They're blocking every door.
It's the last flight to freedom,
To let our spirits fly,
And if you don't take it,
You can stay and watch it DIE.
It's the last flight to freedom,
Things are going down,
Not looking good for anyone
Every day it's losing ground.
It's the last flight to freedom,
Better take it now,
'Cause everybody's sleeping
In our cities and every town.

They're closing every loophole
Blocking every door
Taking 'way our freedom
It's happened all before.
So grab yourself a ticket
Give one to a friend
And climb aboard the last flight
Don't let your freedom end.
It's the last flight to freedom,
To let our spirits fly
'Cause others want a claim on it
And would rather see it DIE.
Take the last flight to freedom
Freedom needs to win
Before they close the last door
That locks the spirit in.
Take the last flight to freedom
Just remember when
'Cause freedom is the SPIRIT
WHOSE WINGS WE MUST DEFEND.

FEAR

Fear, fear, where do we go from here?
Fear, fear, let's give them a kick in the rear.
Fear of worms, fear of snakes, fear of germs, fear of quakes.
Fear to laugh, fear to cry, fear to change, fear to try.
Fear I said Fear!
Let's make them all very clear.
Fear of losing, fear of winning, fear of endings and
beginnings.
Fear of ghosts, fear of demons, fear of monsters when we're
dreaming.
Fear of AIDS, fear of spades, fear of bombs, razor blades.
Fear of spiders, fear of bees, fear of birds, tiny fleas.
Fear of buses, fear of planes, fear of cars, fear of trains.
Fear of dogs, fear of cats, fear of lobsters and of bats.
Fear of water, fear of fire, fear of falling, going higher.
Fear of mothers, and of fathers, boyfriends, girlfriends, sisters,
brothers.
Fear to smoke, fear to eat, fear to go across the street.
Fear of silence, fear of violence, fear to dance and of tridents.
Fear of Satan, fear of sex, fear of witches and their hex.
Fear of pain, fear of pleasure, fear of things we cannot
measure.
Fear of failure and success, or not looking at our best.
Fear of women and of men, fear to make another friend.
Fear of lightning or tornadoes, and erupting of volcanoes.
Fear of insects, all things creeping, fear of waking and of
sleeping.
Fear of truth, fear to seek, fear to look and to speak.
Fear of God, and the dark, fear that we may have the mark.
Fear of dating and of waiting, fear of not participating.
Fear of sailing, fear of flying, fear of biking, and of driving.
And so they go ad infinitum, one or another we all got 'em.
Fear to love, fear to give, fear to die, fear to live!

A PLAN COMING DOWN

There's a plan coming down,
So at least I have found,
And at times it's so painful
I just cry.
There's a change going on,
And I hope it won't last long,
'Cause I feel if it does
I'm going to die.
I'm trying to hang in,
But my skin is getting thin,
From the fire that is burning me inside.
But I know I'm not alone,
That's because I have been shown,
And it's something to do
With my pride.
And it's painful, 'cause there's no place
To hide.
I stumble and I fall,
And believe me that ain't all,
I kick and scream to let me have my way.
But I've also kissed the snow,
For times it was no go,
'Cause I wouldn't have the chance I have today.
I've seen mosquitoes circle crows,
So thick the mind it blows,
And felt their irritation like my own.
But, there was a transformation
Which seems this destination
When I also saw a place, above I'd flown,
And I knew that I would go there, it was home!

WHY IT'S AN EVOLUTION

Why it's an evolution
Not in revolution
That is no solution
It's the execution.
Be a hero to yourself
Don't hurt nobody else
It's really hard to do
It all comes down to you.
Try not to interfere
No matter what you hear
That's running from our fear
You've got to keep it near.
Just sit with what you feel
And watch the onion peel
That is how we heal
Until we see what's real.
I know I hurt for change
By feeling all its pains
And though it's really strange
Slowly there are gains.
Don't need to fight the world
Don't need another cause
Just need to change myself
Deal with my own flaws.
Why it's an evolution
Not in revolution
That is no solution
It's the execution.

IT'S THE PERFECT STORM

It's the perfect storm in the perfect place
Rising to that pinnacle one day we all face.
It's in the winds that blow; it's in the desert sands.
It's in an ocean 'round us, held in nature's hands.

And a hero finds something deep inside,
Something, someplace, some of us deny.
And they reach on out, using perfect form,
Reaching someplace higher so we can carry on.
It's the perfect storm.

And we may ask this question, where are you tonight?
Where is that courage? Why do I lose sight?
When perfect life meets perfect death,
Why do I feel such a loss? Why do I forget?
When love is torn to pieces like a ship tossed at sea
When I know it is for certain an act of destiny.
Why do I cry for you? Why do I cry for THEE?
Is it not that perfect storm rising up in me?

It's the perfect storm.

THE WAR OF THE TREES

I sit in magnificent silence,
With nature trying to retrieve.
The war of the trees for now over,
Where many a comrade now bleeds.

Birch against Maple, Maple against Pine,
Pine against Poplar, war without lines.
Shields made of stainless, diamonds in ice,
Bodies of anguish, lain over thrice.

The weight of their armor,
Too much for their racks,
Exploding within,
And snapping their backs.

Ice that shatters like broken glass,
A shower of crystals adds to the mass.
Sapphires and rubies, topaz and quartz,
An illusion of beauty in frozen tear drops.

The war of the trees their pain I can feel,
A Partridge who saw me makes it all real.
And there right above, clouds passing through
Sun in-between sky that is blue.

MAKING CIRCLES IN THE SAND

Now this tale of life is a dead man's song,
And for you right now it won't be long.
No matter how righteous no matter how wrong,
It ends the same with a dead man's song.
Black thunder's on the rise you can hear it in the distance
See it in the skies. Black thunder's on the rise
You can feel it everywhere, see it in the eyes.
Black thunder's on the rise take a look around
It's really no surprise. Black thunder's on the rise.
I woke up feeling like a worn out rag,
I thought my life is really such a drag.
I knew my chances they were wearing thin,
And there just was no way I was going to win.
You've got to push too hard
You've got to push too hard.
This feeling blue is a doggone shame,
And I know there's just no one else to blame.
But when the tide goes out it always drags my name,
And when it comes back in I play the same old game.
And it's a drag a real drag.
Now there ain't no heaven and there ain't no hell,
And God is dead near as I can tell.
And if you don't believe it you can see it well,
'Cause everybody round wants to sell sell sell.
You've got to push real hard
You've got to push real hard.
You've got to chew it, screw it, swallow, do it, push push.
You've got to take it, make it, so you fake it, push push.
You've got to hold it, squeeze it, learn to please it, push push.
You smooth it, glue it, anything to do it, push push.

Welcome to this world of pain and sorrow,
And if you haven't met it yet you will tomorrow.
And for those who know what I mean, it's all just a passing

dream

But in the meantime we must live with the time we borrow.
More more give me more what else can my life be for.
Me me look at me I want everything I see.
Spend spend don't let it end words of a president we defend,
Manifest destiny land of the powerful and the free.
Buffalo dung! work three jobs just to pay the rent,
And the credit cards you can't dent dent dent.
Better off living in a tent tent tent,
But the land once free just went went went.
Pushed too hard
Pushed too hard.
What have we done to this land we stole?
Is the curse of the Indians taking its toll?
Now trying to fill this empty hole,
But we can't fill the hole that has no Soul.
Teasing testing it's molesting can't you see?
Trying to live by a false pretense security.
For pride must always take its fall, as time makes liars of us
all,
Shattering our ignorance striking covers of defense.
Pushed to hard
Just pushed too hard.
Wolves are wailing Mother's ailing time to wake up
We are failing!
Black thunder's on the rise you can hear it in the distance
See it in the skies. Black thunder's on the rise,
Take a look around it's really no surprise.
Black thunder's on the rise, making circles in the sand.

**I contemplate the feelings of a man living off the trust of
stolen goods.**

And the spirits spoke....

THOUGHTS THE MONSTERS MANIFESTO

Distance speaks through candles, a cluttered table, and the envelope I write on. Today I saw it in vacant eyes; tonight, the moon, appearing at the end of clouds that funneled. A night without wind, smell, or sound,.... Just distance. Death seems friendlier,...closer, closer than this hand that just rubbed its forehead, or the smoke sucked from my pipe, or the leg crossed over the other; like my back hunched, or this heart I cannot feel beating. Hell must be this place, this distant place, where thoughts don't stop. Thoughts, one and the same, the same one that drives us, drives us to add another room to an already over sized house. Or another item on a crowded menu, to our shopping sprees for those extra clothes, and of course the toys, none of which we really need. Just thoughts introduced and carried out by the monster out of control. Thoughts, one and the same, that took the corner market to the supermarket to the mega market. The diner to fast food chains. It is the same collective obsessiveness shared by the megalomaniac, the rapist, the pariah, the lawmaker, the lawbreaker. It is the same energy, the same action. Thoughts consuming the thinker. Thoughts, reflections swimming through cartilage of bone called brain, like a chunk of coral that accepts the sea around it, without challenge, swinging with each tide. It is the same action from thoughts that permeate sleep, devouring the sleeper with anger, hate, jealousy, envy, fear and the like. It's the ism, the next cause, the next franchise, the next library. It computes, salutes, and shoots, It's the monster of the Dalis, Picassos,...we call it being prolific. But it's the one hundredth song, the one hundredth book, the one hundredth chip, the one hundredth Monkey. Starting locally it spreads regionally to nationally, till globally. It is a cancer, a fungus, a virus. Now it is spreading faster than a shadow when sweeping a landscape, as it does just before a cloud blocks the Sun. Neitche discovered it in Zarathustra, soon after which he went insane. T.S. Eliot in his Wasteland, though he continued to live like the bourgeois. Ezra Pound realized it in his final years with the knowledge he was a moron. Einstein, when envious of a plumbers life. And so it is, I finish "Thoughts Manifesto" and welcome putting this Monsters bones to rest.

May 11, 1998

MONA'S ASHES

Tattered splattered worn and matted,
not a scene of one who's flattered.
Filling spilling what is chilling,
from the depths of one's own willing.
Listening learning from the churning,
all because there is a yearning.
Even if it seems now savage,
I am husband to this marriage.
Something drudging something sludging,
something someplace something nudging.
It is likened to the cauldron
after what went through its scalding.
Passive massive Mona's ashes
with her smile DaVinci flashes.
And it's here that I am led
as if husband to thee wed.
Nothing fences just these senses,
lost are all those false defenses,
sitting here as on a cliff
watching all the fumes that lift.
I am husband to this marriage
pushing now this gruesome carriage
near the edge its wheels I place
and look upon, sad muted face.

LOOK WHAT YOU DID

And the rains came and the paths crossed
And the dams broke and the waves tossed
And the people hid and the mud slid
And something said....

"Look what you did
Look what you did
Look what you did".

And the fires burned and the hearts boiled
And the seas bled and the food spoiled
And the world stopped and the ears popped
And something said....

"Look what you did
Look what you did
Look what you did".

And the false pride and the false desire
And all controls fueled the fire
And the walls crashed and the teeth gnashed
And lightning struck with every flash
And the world shook like in "The Book"
And something said that finally took....

"Look what you did
Look what you did
Look what you did".

And a few remained that did survive
Who built canoes who simplified
Who shunned all greed and mystified
Led by one who testified....

"Look what YOU did
Look what YOU did
Look what YOU did "...

SIMPLE LIVES THE BIRD

An old man once had told me, and his eyes they seem to know,
If you want to have some peace of mind, keep it simple as you go.
Then he said, here's a poem, keep it by your side,
And if you want your freedom, in these words you must abide.

Chorus:

Simple lives the bird, master of the sky,
Barely flaps a wing, holds its freedom high.
Simple lives the bird, master of the sky,
Doing what comes naturally, naturally to fly.

I had a lot of wood to burn, I was thicker than a fir,
'Cause what the old man told me, was nothing but a blur.
I was taught to lie, cheat and steal, and cover up my sins,
And nothing really mattered, except that I must win.

Chorus

I lived to work, not work to live, with nothing more to show
I guess I forgot what the old man said, keep it simple as you go.
I'm working so much less now, enjoying it so much more,
I got rid of all the useless strife, I truly did endure,
And I really just don't give a damn if I'm a loner or I'm poor,
The old man's poem changed my life, and this is what I'm striving for.

Chorus

Simple lives the bird, master of the sky,
Barely flaps a wing, holds its freedom high.
Simple lives the bird, master of the sky,
Doing what comes naturally, naturally to fly.

**Build your canoe
Take it for a ride.
Stay on the fringes,
Let go step aside.
The big ship is filled,
To capacity,
But for those with canoe, they will still be free.**

**Wolf lady takes her walk,
Voices from behind.
Turns around no one's there,
Just trees so she finds.
Walks to the river,
Sits on a rock.
Buffalo flowing by,
As if it had been stalked.
She hears another voice,
Behind where she sits.
"They will never control me"
So final, that was it.
When there in the water,
A man in his canoe.
Flowing with the buffalo,
Down the river too.
Build your Canoe!**

MAGIC MAN

City halls, prison walls, dragons on the roof,
Magic man, if you can, make them all go poof.
All the haze, let it raise, show us what can be
Magic man, if you can, give us eyes to see.
Jealousy, selfishness, stuff we do not need
Magic man, if you can, take away the greed.
Silly wars, stupid laws, dragons on the roof,
Magic man, if you can, make them all go poof.
Magic man, oh magic man, mix a new solution
One that ends all poverty, and takes away pollution.
Foolish hates, steel gates, dragons on the roof,
Magic man, if you can, make them all go poof.
Magic man, if you can, see what you can do
And when I wake, I hope and pray, that all I ask comes true.

JUST SUPPOSE

Just suppose
There was no divorce.
Hypothetical?
I know that of course.

Just suppose
There was a new sky,
And all of us had
But only one eye.

Just suppose
The connection was made,
Between heaven and earth
In a fair trade.

Just suppose
We traveled it free,
And forever was
Without authority.

Just suppose
It was part of the deal,
When seven became
The very last seal.

Just suppose
The fire became
Frozen in ice,
And suddenly tame.

Just suppose
This will come true,
And that is all
We had to do.

Just suppose

IT'S OUR SONG

It's the beauty of the dance,
it's the beauty of the song.
It's the movement that inspires,
love for which we long.
It's the passion in the words,
it's the way they are sung.
It's the feeling we can feel,
when those feelings, they are one.
It's the struggle for that moment,
that will never disappear.
It's the movement in the music,
that brings the moment near.
It's the pain of the past,
and the dream that survives.
It's that moment in-between,
that lets the heart, lets it fly.
It's the beauty in the dance,
it's the beauty in the song.
It's that beauty in the music,
and that dream to carry on.
It's Our Song.
It's the passion it's the pain,
it's the wind it's the rain.
It's Our Song.
It's the heart that wants to fly,
it's the wings that take it high.
It's Our Song.
It's all that we can feel,
that makes the beauty real.
It's Our song.
It's one moment that survives
in this dream that comes alive
in the beauty of the dance,
that's Our Song.

BETWEEN THORNS

Flowers like soft butter,
spill and spread like honey
from the heart.

A red brick wall accepts
their soft touch,
like a quiet lake does Sun
that sets its last, light-across.

And a moment is saved
between thorns that prick,
and pierce.

Like a kiss that happened,
early one spring,
like a bird that sits
by the window
and sings,
or a cloud, like fabric
soaked in dyes

swimming an ocean known as sky...its worth defies...all the
lies.

I THINK IT WILL HAPPEN

I think it will happen
Like leaves that turn to gold.
I think it will happen
When hearts won't be so cold.
I think it will happen
A love that can't be sold.
I think it will happen
Like a flower that does unfold.

Look around and see what's there.
You can feel it in the very air.
I think it's people trying to care.
Even if it seems unfair.
Listen to what's being said,
I think it's from the heart instead.
And the shadows finally being fed,
Facing fears that we have dread.

It's the heart that sets one free.
It's the head that can let it be.
So spirit can look out and see,
I think it will happen to me.
It's the word it's what we say.
It's the night that brings light to day .
It's more at learning to play,
Like trees when happy to sway.

I think it will happen
Like leaves that turn to gold.
I think it will happen
When hearts won't be so cold.
I think it will happen
A love that can't be sold.
I think it will happen
Like a flower that does unfold.

NEVER STILL

When feelings can't express,

What only can be felt.

When what is felt can not be expressed.

Then nothing can be said, except might this...

"Know you're not alone, nor is it missed."

When pain and suffering makes no compromise,

Or bliss or wonder takes us by surprise,

Know all's true to help us realize...

We're not alone, never will,

Never never, never still.