

What's on your horizon?

*Morgan
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"Soul Capture"

I sat this day in wondrous afternoon,
drinking a small toddy of delight, mixed with angelic tune.
Bouncing back and forth with words, thought and rhyme,
jotting my path in imperfect time.
Alas, who cares, not me in the obvious,
but in the end I know that Source simply knows us!
So, prose of love, pentamic beats of heart,
I claim I know the roots of my start.
Metaphysics aren't able to touch my heights,
and submarines of deep cannot explore my depths.
So, these words have marked my way through the day,
no more, no less, what more can I say!!!
It is an spirit-soul dissertation so rare,
from where it came from, I do not care.
Without pen and paper, I feel I'm is lost,
but where I go from here is done without cost.
In all the daily things of which I think,
heaven's gate is where I truly seek.
I fathom the depths of heart, soul and the forest woods.
Chanting 'I think I can, I know I could.'
I shout, stop right there, I can't keep up with my mind,
it's been too much, this day, this time.
My spirit challenges to press on and on,
but I fight back with limitations so strong.
From the depths of me, I declare, I feel like Omar Kayam,
and the only thing that rings a bell is I AM, I AM.
I waken in the wilderness alone,
and I beseech thee oh Lord, where is my true home?
If you were to bong me between my brows,
could you get through to me? I wonder how?

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