

Poetry Series

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**- poems -**

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# A Simple Answer Comes

Many Whispers of the Night.  
Many Days of Living Words.  
Much Breath needing to be fathomed,  
for destination the Heart moves towards.

So, land to land the Heart does go.  
From place to place it listens.  
Setting out on its venture to find? ...  
Why, to find itself the mission!

So, up and down those hills, those valleys,  
with mind swirling 'round and 'round.  
The Heart again sits at Day's end,  
again asks Day what has been found.

And, from Day the simple answer comes.  
Awakens always with each new morn.  
Sings out with sun, clouds, shower,  
with grass, trees, fields of corn.

'New day, new life! O cannot you hear, see  
that dog's bark, that winging Mourning Dove? '  
'These things your Earth it freely gives to you, '...  
'Tis your Breath, your Soul, ...your Love.'

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# A Slight Breeze

A slight breeze,  
rattled a loose door,  
going to the outside.

Moved it with,  
unseen wafting fingers,  
as if it were animate, alive.

A bit surprised,  
did shake my nerves,  
just a split second of unease.

But then I laughed  
on the inside, knowing,  
It was only, a slight breeze.

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# A Walk Of Shadows

A walk of shadows,  
crossing a mind of memory,  
beneath a daytime sun,  
under a full moonlit sky.  
O 'bove the routines, distractions,  
a flash of thought arises,  
and thus moves, a heart, to sigh.

With one set of eyes now,  
a silent, solitary walk  
of one set of feet tread on.  
And within, walks feeling  
emblazoned, colored within a soul,  
by another shadow, now gone.

And though, ...  
the path now perhaps may be bittersweet,  
that heart to that lost walk of shadows  
it shall never revile.  
For if walked in sunlight or candlelight,  
under moonlight, with starlight,  
that heart to that walk of shadows  
it shall ever love, ever smile.

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# Above

The Spirit pines to rhyme,  
with the wandering breeze.  
Meld with what makes it real.

To sail on cloud,  
so high, then higher.  
Above, where Angels feel.

A feeling towards the Heavens,  
A fusing with Divine Essence,  
To all Creation in will.

To soar with cloud,  
Up high, still higher.  
Above, where Angels fulfill.

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# And I'll Waste Away

You are my heart.  
You are my soul.  
Without you, I die,  
a tumbleweed, an endless roll.

You are a mirror,  
a mirror so am I.  
You are the tear  
I am, the cry...

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# Beyond

To join, with the beyond.  
to the Inner Core that ties,  
the Inner Core that bonds.  
One, with the Eternal Ripple,  
the ever circlings, of Life's Pond.  
to stay, evermore, evermore...

To touch, the beyond.  
Oneness in Heart,  
woven as song,  
To setting Sun,  
the new Day dawned,  
Then abide, evermore, evermore.

The strugglings with Heart,  
the duelings with time,  
while age crept up, ever so incessant.

The wrestlings, the sculptings  
of past tears for those future years  
to finally find, the Heart must bind,  
evermore with the beyond, ...in the Present.

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# Big Black Crow

A peck here, a caw there,  
a stare at the ground, a leap into the air.  
Big Black Crow you come from some, somewhere.  
O'er the fields you come, at the fields you glare.

With your curious mind, your curious eyes,  
Big Black Crow, it is realized,  
that you seek, seek the solace, of only to be,  
just a day of life, lived naturally.

Out o'er the trees, out o'er the fields,  
looking to scavenge from another crops yield.  
As the farmer shakes his fist, in the foggy morning mist,  
you caw, then disappear, to the dark forest.

Big Black Crow, flocking to the woods,  
to unknown home, not understood.  
In valley village, in social mind,  
routine of day, it has no time.

No time, Black Crow, to understand,  
that Big Black Crow, this is your land.  
Also your land, also your life,  
your world of wonder, your world of flight.  
A delicate balance, of harmony,  
of Big Black Crow flocking 'bove the trees.

A peck, a peck here, a caw, a caw there,  
staring at the ground, leaping to the air!  
Big Black Crow, Black Crow you come, then you go,  
away with the wind, o'er the fields,  
Big Black Crow...

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# Bridge

To bridge—adjoin,  
to the fabric of worth.  
combine, entwine  
in purpose, with earth.

Feel the essence of breath,  
coalesce with the living air.  
To grow, build, bridge—  
this inner island, somewhere.

Thither, across the stormy waters,  
at last, touch that distant release.  
Bridge—the heart, bind, embrace  
with the life, of love's peace.

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# Caged Bird

Where does a caged bird direct itself,  
when there is need to feel free, to rejoice?  
Where does the caged bird connect then dwell,  
when there is need for more than one voice?

Oh, to blend with the trees, their outstretched leaves,  
to mingle with the passing clouds and skies.  
This life was not made to live as one lone caged bird,  
but with free birds, night fireflies!

A-wrenching, a-wracking, a poignancy of pain,  
'Oh release me, ' says the caged bird to its prison.  
'Oh passing clouds, skies, trees, and outstretched leaves,  
let these wings fly with that other voice, with freedom.'

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# Closer To Earth, Closer To Heart

Closer to earth, closer to heart.  
Steeple and church bells.  
Birds flying by nest in nearby trees,  
perhaps closer to where angels may dwell.

Closer to earth, closer to heart.  
Concrete roads bridging across creeks.  
Fish swimming below trickling rock dams,  
mayhaps closer to where a God may speak.

Whose world is this anyway? They ask.  
Malevolence doth lurk in dark woodlands so deep.  
Avoid all nature and its power they say.  
Its nightmares shall come as you sleep.

So much reverence, wisdom lost by the Blind Heart.  
Origins are so plain to see.  
Eyes open, open. Wider, wider.  
View life, love, reality.

Closer to earth, closer to heart.  
Skyscrapers touch the sky.  
A cloud floats by, oh then another,  
perhaps closer to where angels may cry.

Closer to earth, closer to heart.  
Steel-beamed buildings, paved city streets.  
Minds, hands mold Earth,  
Progression's birth.  
Mayhaps closer, to where a Heart, a God may meet.

Closer to Earth, Closer to Heart...

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# Companions Of Solitude

With one early morning rising,  
squirrels scurrying everywhere.

Without recognition of survival,  
one might think they lived without care.

Tails flicking swiftly through the air,  
eyes beading all around.

Surely not the more leisure lifestyles,  
of cat, domesticated hound.

Pets, they seemed in a sense,  
moving, scampering with such little noise.

Reminded much of human play,  
those little childhood wind-up toys.

Friends I suppose for some nonconformance,  
some aloof, forsaken view.

On one early morning rising,  
were my companions of solitude.

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# Corner Of The Heart

In a Corner of the Heart,  
Hides a memory,  
Mixed with a conviction, a reverence,  
That only True Love can see.

Eyes cast out across rain-soaked fields,  
From a front porch the years have known,  
Where chirping birds they wing and land,  
Where a door opens to Home.

Of voices, music the inner house it speaks,  
Of children, laughter unique to itself.  
Where changes of life stand, as a single entity  
Above, beyond all riches, wealth.

A Passerby who perhaps may pass that way,  
May feel that special essence grown.  
May also feel that special Corner of the Heart,  
Where, a door opens, to home...

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# Echo

Goodbye echo, the time has come  
your words are fading away.  
Barely can we hear you now,  
no longer do you choose to stay.

Your tone was sweet and fresh,  
in some prior place of time,  
but now like a sunset to the west,  
your presence we will soon not find.

When your voice was young, anew  
the feeling of closeness, it was so,  
but like a love that turns old and stale,  
along comes gust and gale,  
then off with another wind you blow.

Goodbye echo, the time has come,  
union as one you choose to shun.  
Away, a-fading into nothingness, you go,  
along with, the setting sun.

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## Extension

This lonely verse, an extension,  
from what whispers, speaks inside.  
The words, a piece by invention,  
of what the heart cannot hide.

An expression of transferring tears,  
repressions from recurring years,  
impressions caught by eyes, by ears,  
that feed not love, its ascension.  
This lonely verse, an extension.

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# First In Life

First in life as the rain that falls.  
Enlightenment comes as the falling rain.  
Raindrops bouncing, flowing  
alongside the worn dirt lane,  
to the streams, rivers go.

First in life as the rain that falls.  
The sight of it comes, keeps falling, falling.  
Frozen flakes, the droplets come,  
keep coming, coming,  
as summer storms, hail, winter ice, snow.

Like a whirling, twirling question curling.  
Around all essence it does wreath.  
From where hence does this rain come,  
that comes falling down,  
that makes Earth alive and breathe.

Is it where it comes from where it goes?  
Back up to that collage of white on blue?  
Or, is it the sea? Down to the sea flows its secrets.  
Its eternal circles of truth.

Simplistic, mystic, like Spirit so realistic.  
Levels of energy being bestowed  
through science, glimpsed through art.  
Sensitive souls that reach for,  
seek, then see life's circles,  
will see the way of love and heart.

First in life as the rain that falls.  
Enlightenment comes falling, falling.  
Beads transparent, translucent, nature calling  
for some answer, for a reply.

First in life as the rain that falls.  
Enlightenment comes as the falling rain.  
Drenching, giving life, forests, living fields of grain.  
All is hallowed, holy that gives of life.

First in Life, as the Rain that Falls...

"It is the greater humility, that leads to the greater power..."

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# Footsteps Of The Land

The hills they call,  
for the footsteps of the land,  
to once again, once again,  
walk them in unison.

The trees,  
they sway, in the breeze,  
dropping, dropping their leaves,  
crying for a return,  
that may never be.

The earth was turned by loving hands,  
that are no longer there to caress...  
The land, the land, shall never forget,  
those once, trodden,  
footsteps...

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# Grey Cloud Vista

While vision views a Grey Cloud Vista,  
its charcoaled shades splashed there and there.

A stray raindropp falls, falls on an arm,  
another sprinkles through the air.

Up above the swallows glide high aloft,  
seemingly chasing invisibility.

Then glide away, wafting the currents,  
perhaps for morrow to see.

A rumbling of man-made thunder,  
sounds along the hills below,

From vehicle, machinery, 'tis assumed,  
there is someplace that it must go.

Then higher up from swallow flight,  
thrums, hums the aeroplane.

Like a metal bird hanging by string,  
its noise mixes with sparse rain.

O mind, O thought, thought and mind,  
an orphic Heaven so divine,

How do all create, imagine,  
this fragment, piece of time?

With heart and time, from sweat of brow?  
Powers Higher than Human?

How do all these things come to be,  
under this grey cloud-filtered sun?

Under a grey-clouded canopy,  
under a grey-clouded cloudy haze,

have the loves of benign spirits chosen,  
To bequeath some truth today?

'Tis it perhaps rash to infer,  
Perchance reckless to concur,  
that this day of life, of great and small creature,

Comes from a Heaven Divine,  
unto heart, thought, to mind,  
to create this moment, this Grey Cloud Vista?

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# Growing High

Everything is growing high now,  
with hints of Autumn everywhere.

By wooden, weathered picnic table,  
alongside the weathered chair.

A wet, sodden yard, it lies untouched,  
umbrellas of Toadstools, begin to rise.

Plantain, Wild Carrot, shoot straight and tall,  
not seen by the landlord's eyes.

The purple-flowered Thistle,  
circumvents the once trimmed lawn,

Along with Black-Eyed Susans,  
Both defiant, rooted strong.

The caretaker has been gone now.  
The time has heightened stem from seed.

Now soaked yard, it is a playground,  
for Goldenrod, Ragweed.

Oh, the caretaker is not here now.  
The grounds are given one great try,

To sprout, straight and tall,  
with hints of Autumn, Fall.  
Ah! everything, 'tis growing high.

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# Inconsequential

Who am I, what am I cries the heart?  
A glass half empty or half full?  
One moment, a feeling of good measure,  
the next, inconsequential?

How does love continue to love,  
when its worth feels torn to tatters,  
when the heart it feels acceptance, care,  
the next day, it no longer matters.

Is to feel more about one alone,  
or to feel more about also another?  
Is to live life more of love, concern  
for friend, for stranger, lover?

Is a heart only for some temporal gain,  
just an instrument, a useful tool?  
One moment, a thing of purpose,  
the next, inconsequential.

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## Just A Breeze

Random breeze sweeping in  
to catch, snatch, a brief look.  
To move this place, just a moment,  
a short glimpse of life's book.  
So swift you whiff in, then,  
from here you go you are gone.  
Just a breeze brushing by,  
drifting on, drifting on.

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# Light Of The Landscape

Red sunset splashed on an exiting canvas of blue,  
Moon rising upward reflecting down below,  
to the contoured, creviced surface of deepening shadow on hue,  
bouncing moonbeams, they become the show.

Oncoming glints of stars, begin to speckle, dot,  
as companions to the lunar visitor.  
The nighttime falls, darkness arrives,  
saying, 'Now I am the solicitor.'

Crickets chirp one after one,  
moths flying, swoop in and around,  
around the porchlight, landing, flying away again,  
oh night has come to surround.

Fireflies, they fly, fill, illuminate,  
the cooling, the calming air,  
while speaking out to a visual world,  
as an earthy expression to what is there.

Lo! So tell me. Tell me what?  
What is night without light,  
both are interwoven to each other.  
Lo! Oh tell me how?  
How can day be without night,  
both are intertwined like lover to lover.

So hence, on and on this spectacle must go,  
on and on it seems without end.  
Both night and day endlessly saying adieu, hello,  
shall see you again my old, old friend.

Oh hence, on and on this spectacle must go,  
that circle caught by never-ending age.  
Oh the sun, daylight, the fireflies, stars, moon, night,  
that glowing Light across a Landscape.  
That gleaming Light that tops a Landscape.  
Lo! That glinting Light, Light of the Landscape...

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# Look Before You Leap

Look before you leap.  
Give it a second thought.  
The words you say, the critiques  
may show what you've been taught.

With prideful heart, with ego,  
You may think you know, but, 'Not! '  
Look before you leap.  
You might not see the total plot.

With smirk and with great grandeur,  
one might think they know what's best.  
But take a look at the self first.  
Do you pass your rigid test?

The words you say you might think,  
will guide all to your pastures so green.  
But is it just self-praise that you project?  
Not truth, just insecure, obscene.

Look before you leap.  
Give it a second thought.  
Maybe you think that you know the way.  
But then maybe again, it is, 'Not! '

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# Miss

To Miss, the words of Love,  
to Miss the Hope of the next Day.  
That face, smile, lips and eyes,  
the Feeling of Touch and its Way.

To Miss the rooms walked together,  
the Passion to be one part,  
Arms surrounding each other,  
the Closeness of Feeling, of Heart.

These things all Hearts desire,  
yet so many are loosed to Life's Storm,  
to be evermore only dream,  
nevermore to perform.

And as Our Loves stand with the future,  
with a new Horizon of Years,  
a remembrance, a face,  
may we Miss, with Our Tears...

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# Never Another

Never another shall there be,  
The wind whispers, blowing by.  
Your love was meant for eternity,  
sent from the love, Most High.

Never another under the sunbeams,  
that moves to your footsteps.  
Never another that dreams your dreams,  
has your memories of those sunsets.

Grasp, hold tight to your heart, your love,  
never, no never concede, never say die.  
Your love, your life was meant eternally,  
to be with, the love, Most High.

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# Pass And Go

So many leaves,  
from a Tree of Memories,  
pass and go, pass and go.

Past the hedges, fence rows,  
blow in the distance,  
pass and go, pass and go.

Like so many loves with intangible touch,  
and so many roads leading away from the Heart.  
Like so many hands reaching out, reaching out,  
and so many paths to spread them apart.

The face, that face,  
The Heart, it feels so alone,  
for a tear entwines the emotions grown.

Oh, growing its leaves, then dropping them off,  
The Tree of Memories, remains,  
the leaves, ...they are not forgotten.

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# Pink-Edged Clouds, Sunset Sun

Pink-edged clouds,  
sunset sun.  
Bedimming light.  
New night begun.

Fortell, what new wonders,  
have come to pass?  
A new child born,  
a new blade of grass?

What things anew,  
will there be?  
New wonders fathomed,  
from the life-giving sea?

Hued pink-edged clouds.  
Low sunset sun.  
Bedim thy light.  
Still, you are not done.

Because, for from thy union,  
'tis lucid, sure as dawn will be,  
that Life blossoms forth,  
from your simplicity...

(c) Colorofsky

# Repetitions

Another Sun,  
Moving through Wisps  
of White Clouds, Blue Sky,  
towards another Dusk.

Chickadees fly,  
from tree to seed, seed to tree  
stopping, within the midst  
to bathe, to drink,  
from a bath of cool waiting water.

Life, ...  
no special words needed to describe.  
Only eyes open,  
along with the Heart...

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## Re-Zen2b

As the sun sets a dog barks off in the distance,  
while the faint, shrill wail of a siren screams from far far away.  
A voice can be heard calling, echoing from the hills below,  
bouncing off the trees, the rocks,  
then rolling, flowing up through the hollows,  
the little valleys nestled beneath the fading light of dusk.  
Calling, calling for the children to once again come in for the night.  
Echoing, a resounding, reason to be...

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# Sinking Stone

Beneath the surface, love thou hast gone  
as a sinking stone, to the bottom, below.  
Worthless words, to be but a folly of time,  
sentiment, drawn down with the undertow.

Alas, thought, feeling buoy away like bubbles,  
eyes watching a last gasp for a last breath.  
Sinking, closer doth destiny come,  
a love born, born only for death?

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# Sky And Cloud

Sky and Cloud,  
is like a kiss,  
together, sometimes gentle or passionate.

Oh on the blue background sky,  
Cloud, the life-quenching, floating oasis passes by,  
fluffy white to miles dark and high,  
to down and down  
droplets for earth to soak in,  
then rising back up to sky and cloud again.

Oh, beyond the marketplaces, crowds,  
beyond the cities, valley towns,  
far from demanding human wants and needs,  
at the wellspring of imaginations, creeds.

Above where red-tailed hawk still flies,  
or out where the flowing river winds, ...  
Sky and Cloud,  
is like a kiss,  
together, sometimes loud or delicate.

Yes, Sky and Cloud,  
yes, is like, a kiss, ...  
What gives us Life, ...to feel, exist.

"It is clear that the material world  
of tools and the creative mind is inevitable.  
What is not clear is when One's heart and senses,  
become lost within it."

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# Somewhere?

Somewhere to go.  
Through the many storms of life,  
the rains, ice and snow.  
With each step, with each tear,  
with each change of a new year,  
there is ever hunger of heart,  
for somewhere to go.

The moving of life,  
it moves, in so many ways.  
Up and down, to and fro  
it moves, changes in mood,  
with every new and next day.  
And the struggles of life, oh so real,  
as real as the heart that travels along  
in feeling, in tear, in voice, or in song.

So, somewhere to go.  
each life it seeks, somewhere to grow.  
Dispersed not like seeds by the wind,  
but the core, for the heart to caress and to know.  
So, somewhere to go, somewhere to go.  
Ever, there is ever hunger of heart for,  
somewhere, to go...

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# Standing Trees

Like dancers swaying with the breeze,  
such is the life of standing trees.

Its woodlands patchwork countryside,  
those places animals do hide.

And, so as I glimpsed across this wintry scene,  
Of maple, oak, and evergreen,

A heart of thoughts began to flow,  
like the flurries, flakes, of falling snow.

Oh, then beyond those trees I did glimpse too,  
the horizon, its obscuring view.

Its blotches of clouds, stretched here to there,  
frozen in sky, blowing somewhere.

And, while gazing across those standing trees,  
to horizon, towards infinity,

I felt this life, I felt that peace,  
some touch, touch from eternity.

I felt an essence deep in me,  
saying your home, saying your free.

Your part of One, outside, within,  
with snowflake melting on the chin.

A part of All, of everything,  
horizon, cloud, those trees standing.

Oh, this, ...  
Oh, this I felt from those standing trees,  
one day in a December freeze.

I felt, felt from those standing trees,  
those swaying dancers, in the breeze.

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# Temple

Narrow is the way to righteousness.  
Broad the way to destruction.  
Both paths they have been lived,  
the innocence and its seduction.

Tranquility, peace of mind it seems,  
cannot be grounded by the dark seed,  
by corruption of the pure, the gentle.  
But found instead by the devout creed,  
to feed love's sacred temple.

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# The Misfit Poet

O, to Paint the Heart as Earth's Colors unfurled,  
Yet Blocked by darkened Walls of a Material World.  
The Misfit Poet Paints on, till Walls succumb.  
Each Poem, a Gate, ...for New Days, to come.

New Days to come, New Days to come,  
As Riddles, of Mystery.  
Like Origins, the Cosmos, Stars,  
A Wind blowing so free.

As a Randomness, a Randomness,  
Woven into All that is, All that will be.  
The Woven Fabric of Eternal Essence,  
As Clouds, rising from the Sea.

With Streams, Rivers ever Circling,  
The Statement of Life doth roll.  
Through splashes by a Misfit Poet,  
A World, may briefly catch its Soul.

O, though with each Verse the Poet Scribes,  
All Things, they still remain the same.  
Like Revolving Doors, Evolving Loes,  
Are the Make-up of Life's Game.

What of Life's Game? Whence first it came?  
Of Running Waters 'tis where it did begin.  
Yea, but indeed in fact, the Whole World cannot,  
Live on the Head of a Pin.

For just as the Misfit Poet scores a Piece,  
All create from Their Inner Art.  
That onward Quest, the Human Test,  
To Balance out Life's Heart.

So, to Paint the Heart as Earth's Colors unfurled,  
Still Blocked by those dark Walls of a Material World,  
The Misfit Poet Paints on, till Walls open wide and true,  
Each Poem, a Window, ...for New Days, to shine through.



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# The Rain Of Dusk Knob

Rising up, looking out, from the top of the knob,  
a Wall of Rain, `tis seen falling, coming like a Deity, God.

And as it falls, falls on down, to the valley floor,  
each Rain Droplet of time, shall be seen nevermore.

Nevermore, nevermore, shall there be this same sight,  
nevermore this same picture, this same dusk to same night.

From another new image, other moment to rob,  
shall a new Rain of the Valley, be seen from the same knob.

Oh, see that Rain falling down, falling like tears,  
Fronting flickering streetlights, then by gutter `tis steered.

Finding cracks, little pathways, to run and to run,  
on and on, till the clouds break, bring the downpours to none.

By the mailboxes, driveways, to river from stream,  
falls the Rain of the Valley, to some aquatic dream.

No, nevermore, nevermore, shall there be this same Rain,  
bouncing off of the rooftops, off the windowpanes.

No, nevermore, nevermore, shall drop, the same, same Raindrops,  
oh, that same Rain of the Valley, seen, from upon, ...Dusk Knob.

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# The Song The Thunder Sings

Wisdom, is of the quenching rain,  
in awe the keen heart doth meld to.  
Wise is the one that sees, who sees  
the flower, embrace the morning dew.

Astray, the one who loses the touch of life,  
snared, enmeshed with but only worldly things.  
Lost far behind, the heart, the mind  
that hears not the song,  
the song the thunder sings.

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# The Trail Remembered

I ambled to a wooded clearing,  
The spot of an old remembered trail.  
On a cool September morn,  
on a hillside up from a vale.

Its blazed, full-width was almost overgrown,  
oh so little left there to submit.  
'Twas being used probably by deer now,  
or occasional meandering rabbit.

O, as I stood there recalling of that trail,  
the years trudging, slow or fast.  
It somehow felt like some other lifetime,  
like someone else's past.

Such remembrances of wandering on it,  
Those feelings from it, the time spent,  
Of sauntering by the huge hollow tree,  
walking with neighbor, alone, with friend.

But I see the trail it has all but gone now,  
it has all but disappeared.  
Yet the memories, feelings, they will live on,  
as noetic images, forgone frontiers.

Perhaps a remembrance like some lost love,  
desperately seeking an audience.  
Perhaps a bit like lost sisters, brothers,  
searching, seeking another chance.

'Tis the reflection of places been before,  
that trail of feelings in my mind.  
A reflection of faces seen before,  
mirrored from the change of time.

Alas, it shall finally become memory,  
Its faint impression fading until at last it fails.  
That remembrance near wooded clearing.  
That overgrown, remembered trail.

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# Twilight Of Light

I touch the light,  
knowing it is of all being.  
I touch shadow,  
knowing it is only seen  
by light's gleam.

And in seeing both together  
is seeing the entire whole.  
And in piecing both together,  
is completing the entire soul.

So thus as I stand alone,  
gazing into twilight.  
Knowing thus, at that moment  
I stand alone, waiting for the night.

Yet the heart it shall forever shine,  
ever knowing,  
that darkness shall come on.  
Its light it shall forever shine,  
ever knowing,  
that somewhere awaits, a new dawn.

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# Twist Of Dust

With a twist of dust  
twirling through a sunset eve,  
the trees sway in life's dance,  
with a light zephyr breeze.

And from a pair  
of watchful forlorn eyes,  
the night falls gently  
awaits, another sunrise.

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# Walk Of The Heart

Not, to walk through life as another,  
to walk through life, more, with the Heart.  
Many steps taken by many travelers,  
from one beginning, from one start.

As many waves splashing in universal resolve,  
washing coastlines they crash, they pour.  
True love listening will hear its sound,  
a liquid key opening up love's door.

In diverse chorus, of different voices,  
diverse songs sung in diverse accord.  
faceted harmonies of Oneness,  
variance, in heart, in mind, in word.

Not, to walk through life as another,  
to walk through life, more, with the Heart.  
Many steps taken, many travelers,  
A puzzle, One piece of motleyed art.

No, Not, to walk through life as another,  
to walk through life, more, with the Heart.  
Oh many steps taken, oh so many traveling,  
to be, as One World, as One Part.

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