

We Are One (Lawrence,KS)



Location **Mississippi**
<https://www.genclassifieds.com/x-501724-z>

We Are All One
 Climbing the hill from the backside, at the rear of it
 Are owls in fellowship, three maybe four in concert
 Calling out; nature in the season of the dance. Blood
 Flows hot, but in the air is moisture from the
 Coming storm. The gathering chaos in the west speaks
 Understanding, foretelling of the rise, exodus
 And the gathering, of thought and energy, brewing,
 Spinning, just as the air from the raptors on the wing
 Magik and soft secrets, ghosts in the night, listening
 And watching, there is understanding and a knowing
 Making the hush matter so much more, fallen brothers
 The undone icon, surrendering to defiance
 And the sleeping giant, coming up the rise, stirring
 The picture was of a dream, and then a renaissance came
 Strolling languidly up the manmade rise, there were three
 Nurturing, contemplating an eternal problem
 Quietly in the cold and silence, a reunion
 Was broken, and a dream grew stale. The reality
 Was the final undoing, and then the making, calamity

Was coming fast and so very real, but then it was
 The breaking and the injury. When the truth came out
 Believers were baffled and took notice of it, the
 Bearing, unheard of and the carrying of the weight,
 Sore from it. The carry all alone, repairing all
 The damage that was left in his wake. Now comes the truth
 Of things. But the reality is sad and stark. Dawn
 And the light is golden, and steaming, and two brothers



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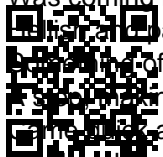
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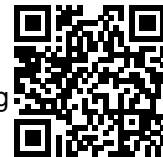
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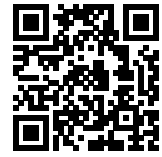
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Were undoing and dancing in it. The fire of the flag
The beauty in it was strange and startling. Now, the fames
Are smoldering, and making a heat all to intense
For the controller to understand, or even bare
Right then the world stopped and slipped; then the cold came crashing
Down on me. In ignorance, jealousy something
To small, making a petty kind of evil. I go
For the gusto. Naturally, the dragon will brood
And write upon the remedy, the community
Starts stirring. Awakening and uncoiling, then
An old soul rises. A young dragon stirs, awakens
With a purpose, and breathes fire upon them. Believers
And broken, the ender is upon us! The pieces
Are in place the remedy is wild. And time will not
Act as it should, slipping, and tripping, turning, burning
And naturally the young ones are learning the game
While the teacher spins it, the cohesion, tying
Off with sharing, energy spilling, and showing through
And then they noticed something, stillness, and peace in it
Maybe it was exposure to eternal, maybe
The anarchistic kind of zen that flows from the fount
Could the natural reaction be peace in the storm?
And then the insanity ensued, a phony, climbs
The walls in public, believe you me, the memories
Undo the damage, such artistry, makes the stars fall
The song remains the same, just remember the darkness
What is left is emptiness in the moment, hollow,
Cold, then the anger and heat, the sound of joy coming
Through, like angels singing; the sound, exalted, ecstatic
Undone beauty, lost in smallness, and a wretchedness
This sleeper has awakened again. They're ready when
The merger activates a sequence not yet heard of
The unknown is delightful as memories, fleeting,
And ghostly, then the light comes shining through so softly
And sweetly. Of one thought, and single mind, the people
Are taking off the reigns and gathering in their strength
We have an understanding and something so much more real
The love flows freely and fiercely from the forever
War was waged and quiet descends, the people, watching
Untoward and waiting for the dragon to ascend

Open the flood gates and bend the hydra to his will
But this demon has fire they mutter, utter praises
Now a young master will spin his web. The changing
Will come with the undoing of the hand written thing
Now for the darkness, attempts at stoppage rendered nil
Null on the altar. The silence crashes, deafening
And the undoing stops with the strength of love, ruling
The muse is memory, and the tragedy makes it
So much more real and the circle spinning free
Rich in heritage, the crashing like feathers; lashing
Is enigmatic and ethereal. Dance my heathens
Revel in anarchy and freedom. The moon will watch
And smile. The reality is this, change, necessary
And needed will come either way. Watch the young ones play
The maestro. Conducting a symphony all their own
The energy, joyous and pure, rapturous and real
Now the xero bends low, flying and crying it out
The wild wicked, wicked, unknown siren call of family
The rebel yell is natural and needed, now
Only more so than ever. Empty, give the call
The order of the day is resistance. Give them hell
By degrees. Making it hotter with every eye
Opened. When the nine converge the world will stop and stare
Heaven's gates will open, emptying the warriors
Strike the head of the hydra my wretched and abused
And spurn that hypocritical purity living,
In stone, under houses. Use the machine, making
A new world. Mad and beautiful, strange and wonderful,
But with an unheard of grace. We are the true masters
So stand, and make your heaven real, behold it and feel
The truth running through you blasphemous, and very pure