

# We Are One (Lawrence,KS)



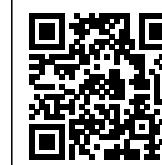
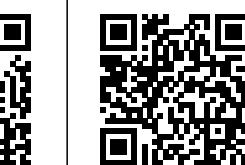
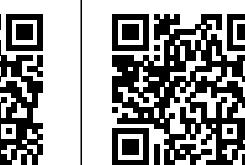
Location

**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 renascence 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  
A hand painted, and in instance, a hand is  
The hand of the victim, a wicked intent, a scheming,  
And making the truth take notice, the hand changing  
The hand, and naturally, hand in hand  
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,  
More 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 streaming, and two brothers

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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

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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