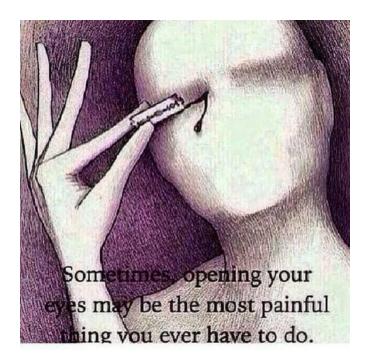
We Are One (Lawrence, KS)



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



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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