

Title: Parable of the Sands of the Sea

Subtitle: Poetry

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Summary: A poem given for something written, it may show some insight, if you spend the time to look in light.

Blessings or Curse,
In truth Rehearse...
Black or white,
Let's look with light...
Dead or living,
Something Given?
Murder was their leaven,
Not in keeping with heaven.
Righteousness in the grave,
Sleeping people they did save,
So why we say enslaved!
Free eye salve, for all to bathe,
Yet they hear us not, as the tree has rot.
A two edged sword, where the secrets are broad,
A magic cord, where two masters are called lord?
A path laid on stone, that many condone.
So justice isn't mislaid,
A pledge that's been paid,
For a sinful ledger trade.
A plea from the mouth, while the heart just moans,
Surely some understand a parable like a koan,
Yet no they moan, that books not ours, as we've not read it all for hours!
So a mysterious whore, that abundantly has more, while many go poor.
It's not hard to feel, as its all just one seal...
Kali drinks our blood, a lord of the dance made of wood,
An idol in mammon we find, yet that's most of mankind?
From the lord's right hand side, most are in some sort of bind.
So should we set all free, with peace and harmony,
When some accept such injustice, as they think it's for free?