Title: Parable of the Sands of the Sea

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Summary: A poem given for something written, it may show some insight, 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 been reading it all for hours." So a Mysterious Whore, That abundantly has more; Whilst many go poor. It's not hard to feel, As it's all just one Seal. Kali drinks the 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?

Oneness - True Faith