

**Title: Clay Pots**

**Subtitle: Poetry**

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Summary: Souls within a Vessel, Here with Ego to Wrestle

Soft clay to start,  
With a pure heart;  
Yet then the old,  
Mold and scold,  
From what they've been told.  
Creating an ego like hell,  
Where we become like a shell;  
Empty inside,  
Where our soul tries to hide.  
As our ways then set,  
Many try to forget,  
That once we were pure;  
Until we had to endure,  
Being told we were immature;  
Instead of first becoming secure,  
In constantly seeking something more.  
Innocence and bliss,  
Are not found in the abyss;  
So how can we miss,  
It all for a kiss.  
Use common sense,  
It's just a defense;  
Finding another's soul,  
As we don't feel whole.  
Instead of giving in completeness,  
We see it as a weakness;  
Not having a sweetness,  
Must be an incompleteness.  
Yet this then binds,  
As souls entwined;  
Never to find,  
That which wasn't assigned.  
So constant craving,  
Thinking we are saving;  
When really we are bathing,  
Inside our own scathing.  
Not that it all has to go wrong,

Yet look at the song;  
Seeking light from broken pots,  
Is how we can rot,  
And it happens allot.  
Like a teapot,  
That constantly needs filling;  
Whilst the liquid is spilling.  
A continual billing,  
Compromises unwilling;  
The light slowly chilling,  
As we no longer find it fulfilling.  
Looking for safety in others,  
When we are only lovers;  
Whereas light comes from above us,  
Instead of from one another's.  
It may feel warm,  
As we slowly conform;  
Yet that wasn't why we were born.  
Instead inside this container,  
Here as a trainer;  
Unconditional entertainer,  
Couldn't be much plainer.