

Title: Conversations

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The Dream

Last night I had a dream
I made a planet of blue and green
Life on the land , and in the sea
And each part was played by me
There was beauty all around
And yet somehow I almost drowned
In my...my individuality
Somewhere I lost the key

Thought I was all there was to me
I was so blind, you see
For I lost sight of the goal
To free the human, first we free the soul
Instead I fought, and killed, myself
Put my love upon the shelf
See I was so afraid, of me
So how could I be free

Then at once, I realized
That the one that I despised
Was the fear and pain in me
So I let the others be
Well the magic soon began
I learned to love my fellow man
And that love came back to me
I woke up... and I was free.
by... James W. Bush (1986) a.k.a. Zen

More at:

<http://members.fortunecity.com/fbush2/poetry.html>