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, 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?