Title: Soul's Rhyme of the Time

Subtitle: Poetry

Author: wizanda

Date: 2012/8/24
URL: https://www.wizanda.com/modules/article/view.article.php/c5/248

Keywords: Oneness, Faith, Trust, Religion, Poem

Summary: Partially Sublime, yet a Message Entwined

Looking for an alliance,
With many in defiance;
A book that took,
With many things overlooked.
Maybe to explain,
Because of the pain;
Here to ascertain,
That which remains.
With many detained,
Here being estranged;
Yet the message rearranged,
So many tell me they're ordained;
Which sounds quite strange,
When we ponder what is arranged.
Whilst some might say we're in Heaven,
Have a look at the mouldy leaven;
Where everything rots,
Have we forgot?
We're here to grow,
Like a plant you know;
In compost we live,
That we might give;
Yet no fruit we find,
As most are in some form of bind.
It's faith that should sprout;
Yet religions took that word and spelled it out.
Changing it into doubt;
Rather than something devout.
Faith means to trust,
Not as discussed,
With some label to entrust;
So carefully readjust,
As much of that is lust.
Making it incomplete,
Where it's becoming obsolete;
Instead of being concrete,
Like a pro athlete.

A soul can glisten,
Hopefully to listen,
Where there is no division;
Oneness as a definition.