

**Title: Soul's Rhyme of the Time**

**Subtitle: Poetry**

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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.