Title: Clay Pots

Subtitle: Poetry

Author: wizanda

Date: 2012/8/26
URL: https://www.wizanda.com/modules/article/view.article.php/c5/249

Keywords: Soul, Life, Oneness, Potter, Clay, Understanding, Poem

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.