Title: Listen Within

Subtitle: Poetry

Author: wizanda

Date: 2013/3/25
URL: https://www.wizanda.com/modules/article/view.article.php/c5/256

Keywords: Daimon, Genius, Angel, Voices, Consciousness, Life, Poem

Summary: A look at the voices within our own consciousness and how the

A daimon and a genius,
Is it ingenious?
When it's so misunderstood,
That it's become precarious.
A daimon relates,
Where ego begets.
A genius finds,
Solutions entwined;
Secrets and mysteries,
Found in our mind.
Daimons have got us in a bind,
We've forgotten how they were assigned.
List a few to remind,
How easy they are maligned.
Satan means an accuser,
Not some Hell sent abuser.
Devil means a slanderer,
Not some unholy commander.
Their minions related,
Partially integrated,
Yet not so well designated:
Intimidator,
Interrogator,
Aloof and Poor me;
All relating for profit we see.
Yet let's add some more,
That do abhor:
A debater,
A mocker,
A scoffer,
And clown;
All take our heart,
And smash it on the ground.
There is maybe more we've missed,
So please write a list,
And will add it to this.
So on to bliss,

Explaining contrast;
Holding to light that will last.
A genius wasn't a person,
Yet the spirit sent to guide;
That leads from the inside,
To help us decide.
Yet with fear and contracts,
Holding people back;
Often they see this as a lack,
And the other as their tract.
Thus listing genii could also be applied;
Hopefully leading to what is implied.
So when people lied,
Notice we heard the slide;
After we were told it all was snide.
A problem and solution,
Whilst sleeping expands;
That unless in meditation,
Ego withstands,
Almost like sometimes,
It's taken over command.
Until a word slips our tongue;
Open & listen,
A new word sprung.
It's learned by being young,
To instinctively walk in the sun;
Where our instincts aren't wrong,
As we've learned the song is always sung,
From deep within our lung,
In our heart where we begun.