Title: Earth's Dynamics

Subtitle: Poetry

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Summary: A poem correlating the world's religions as one.

Here is a place between Heaven and Hell,
Sick of people telling me it's swell;
A realm of souls that get along fine,
Because they deem the iniquities divine.
A place between light and dark,
Where many have assumed it only a park;
'A garden enclosed',
Is to define paradise;
With mistranslations,
Many think that means nice.
Yet when here is between good and evil,
Clearly we are not regal;
Most are illegal,
Not like a sacred eagle,
Without any contemplation's of legal.
So between life and death,
Where a soul stems from breath;
Here is a test,
Seeing what we ingest.
If obsessed with breasts,
And how we are dressed;
Alcohol makes us possessed,
Many toils are transgressed,
As the Heavens are not impressed.
Yet let's deem ourselves saints;
When we all see complaints;
Because we only want to see ourselves as quaint,
Without any restraints.
Which is why we must repaint,
And help us reacquaint,
With what the text stated,
And how it is interrelated.
Commonly integrated,
In many cultures celebrated;
Yet often neglected,
To make it congregated.
So how can we become pure,

In a world so impure,
By recognizing for sure,
Who we all are at the core.
If we question all that we saw,
Look at what is secure;
Then maybe we can endure,
As we start looking for more.
Fair enough we are not all sinners;
Yet ego is within us.
It's not like we are all condemned;
Yet we are here to mend.
To find the middle line of yin and yang,
That was the ultimate plan;
Yet many guesstimates have sang,
Attach to self as their ego sprang.
Yet we will go out with a bang,
As we come back like a boomerang;
Reincarnated in Gehenna,
From not listening to our antenna.
So let's explain that plainer,
Like a recycle bin with a strainer;
To see if we can maintain,
By using our brain,
A life that isn't vain;
Where it's then marked like a stain,
Because of only seeking the mundane.
It's not such a strain,
It's more like a campaign;
A garden that is quite insane,
That is not only to entertain;
Yet a place for our heart to train.
Cutting back;
Yet not to constrain,
Rebutting lack;
Yet to help us regain.
Giving facts,
To help us retain,
Living contracts,
With nothing profane.