Title: Finding a Path

Subtitle: Poetry

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Play with fire,
We will get burned;
Is a koan,
On loan.
Don't pick a bone,
Or moan;
This is where we start,
In the heart.
People push,
Because of hurt.
In this sea of infinity;
When we are out,
There is much about.
Remember run through nettles,
We will get stung,
Ego passes on.
Pay attention to the path;
We hear some laugh,
Where does it flow;
Where should we go?
What should we say?
Perhaps we should show.
When we were young,
We got stung;
So we learned to stay away,
Not to stray from the track.
Yet many roads there are to walk;
Many people with much talk,
They add a fork,
Don't try to think,
Trust the syncs.
It can lead us to a dead end,
Yet there is always a bend.
Sometimes we just have to go back,
To where we had lack;
Get back on the track,
Don't lose the facts,
We are all light,
Get it right.