

Title: Conversations

Subtitle: Sikh Call Poem from Zanda?

Second Subtitle: Sikh Call Poem from Zanda?

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After visiting a few Sikh's temples in my area, although treated with kind
600 year old sardus and not our true age.

So let's get a few parts,
Out the way,
In that the words,
That you say come in,
That way?
Not as meant to say in that way!

So the rhyme is for timing,
It's really subliming!
Thinking is motion,
It must come like the ocean,
If the reader is bland,
Go get a band,
As this was the plan,
Don't stop your own flow,
With someone who doesn't know,
If kneads must,
We will help show what it is implied,
As some are Brahmin and really this is lied.
With all Brahmin ask them to play,
If they can't play the flute tell them they stay.
For in words that are rhyming the secret was told.
Then they walked forward and changed it how bold.
Yet you know in the rhythms you know in the sound,
That if some one is screaming,
Then they contain a hound.
Water rhymes,
As it flows along, if they keep on moaning,
Then it stagnates and this is wrong.
As in the timing kept at 142 beats per minute,
In conscious and flow,
Then the rhythm and the heart stops,
Yearning for another rhyme.
So we have many friends!
Who can help with the plan?
Yet we as the spider,
Can only flow if in oneness,

As we all are one!
Not two,
As even in concept Om is one.
How can anyone ask me when we greet with Namaste, which Guru is mine
Replied with one of these gurus, can be chosen?
As colour blind of mine,
As due to the nature spoken
Spoken in new tongue,
They see me as different,
And there is what is wrong.
So call your self a Sikh,
And say you are mine?
How on earth can that be none religious?
If all came from one rhyme.
And a keeps rhyming it doesn't stop,
And a we see how it can make the rhythm hop,
So stop the religions nature in your hearts as well,
As this is the secret of why the mosquito attacks and does swell.
So stop with the fighting!
For the sword is the word,
The word is a sound,
This is the secret found!
For in music,
If you listen,
We will get with the plan,
One love as is spoken,
A righteous token,
Yet not in greed and never in Martyrism as a seed.
As how can they listen if they lie on the floor?
So let's play the music and open the door.
A few friends of ours are working in Goa!
As known writing music in frequencies,
That still hit the bone,
We ask that you to tell them,
As warriors of mine,
That the music in frequencies,
Is a semi tone up all the time!
The people won't hit the bone,
And make people moan!
For in sharps we should sing it,
As birds tell the same,
They call me all day,
And say you are in blame,
Where has the birds gone,
Where is the den?
A place for the birds,
To rest and never in sin?
Sin is a concept of kali,
Indeed and is never passed down,

As each is reborn to a level of dimension;
That is free of blame!
Else how can you learn?
If there is always shame?
We don't expect all to hear this,
If you do tell it true,
And not make mother earth blue,
She should be green,
As this is mean,
For in planting the seed of soma,
A tree is sown,
In Kutch is region that is foretold,
So do not moan!
In planting it and leaving it,
A tree as many grown.
Produce the oxygen,
To feed our children,
Pure as oxygen should not imitate,
In cleanness helps we relate!
If we reflect that sky,
Was once green;
Maybe we really have been very mean!
For where is the green?
All we see is blue?
So maybe we should plant and follow this song through,
As in soma's completeness as is our divine,
In weakness are our bodies,
Which are poisoned and the corona goes brown,
As the blood and the music,
Slowly stops the flow as it makes us frown,
As in C scale we drown!