



Beloved

To the chosen

Love will come like a dull edge

Sharpened to pierce the very heart of evil

It will ask of its beloved

A devotion beyond the body's care

It will not differentiate gender

It will come like a thief, but it will not steal

Such a love is not for the weak - it does not come to the weak

It will require the chosen to cast the spear

Right into the heart of ignorance

By so doing they shall be released

Beyond death into life!

Diving, floating, swirling, breathlessly into love.