

POEM: *Moment to Moment*



The world is a contraction of wholeness
Heaven is wholeness ad infinitum
Time is an illusion that limits the soul
Time allows fear to steal what is whole.

Each moment's replete with the moment to come
Knowing without thinking - the game to be won;
The past and the future no longer converge
The world is the oyster - the pearl to be won.

This magic exists in the vibrations of matter
Expanding each moment to observe each delight
All senses bared, naked and bright
Exposing fear to die in the light.

Sometimes scared, we panic and run
More often we'll build a gun
We speed up our time, afraid what we'll find
Harder to kill a bird that is flying.

But heaven is a moment everlasting and whole
We are all heaven just circling our soul
When we give a moment an expansive mold
We dip from the well of ancestral gold.

Each amplified moment is pregnant with care
Full of the knowledge of what we might dare
Heaven delights when truth has killed fear
Battalions of Angels fly to our care.