

In My World of Peace

In my world of peace, there is no conflict,
No strife. Men and women exist in harmony,
Living and loving and creating a better world
For all less and more fortunate.

Sharing love, giving understanding, and
Curing disease is the standard of
Morality: I am not from here.

Each being is free to look, to see,
To feel, without fear of jealousy.
Each person may speak out freely,
Without heresy.

In my world of peace, life is
Rationality - not rationalization.
Each thought leads to activity,
Not passivity.

In my world, nation state dissolves
Into humanity. Superficial differences
abate in brotherhood. Color is the
Order of flowers, and simply states of
Being, quiescent states of seeming,
Manifestations of our souls dreaming.

In my world of peace there is right and
Wrong - karmic traces, higher places,
Beautiful songs.

I return to childhood, yet remain
Adult: This life is richer with
experience to temper wisdom, with
Love to greet each new days song, with
Meaning to jump and skip along.

Like a child, open to look and see and
feel and love and create, when it feels
Good. To create at play, to recreate!

Don't you see, these earthly desires light
Passion's flowers. They burn a lonely man's
Needs, and spread love's seeds.

Sands of time, I am yours, to shread or
Spread, to take or leave, as I shead transient
Identity: I've searched for me, and you.

Vitality, it grips me and tortures my very
Essence, makes me erect, makes me correct my
Attitude, my altitude, my passion's moods.
Vital life force, ofcourse, keep me happy,
Keep me in your cradle in this moment.

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