

Throng

by zed Monday, May 29 2017, 12:37am

international / poetry / post

they crowd around
seeking frantically to find expression
they seek a medium -- the muse is not one but many

faces appear in colour and 3D, exquisite,
they pass across the screen of my mind
tho they cannot 'stick' and disturb
as there is nothing to stick to
so they appear and disappear or fade,
to be accurate

they reveal all manner of things in this world
warning and luring trying to find expression
this world is an open book, nothing is secret
the akasha is not governed by time or space, it contains
a record of all that is was and will ever be at once

the disembodied are like children as they cling
frantically hoping to find expression, which i provide when it suits

they have shown me the dirty secrets of this world
many times, it appears like a 3D movie
the machinations of the evil ones, which i express at times
tho i explain that few listen yet they are momentarily satisfied
tho that does not last long, they are ever around me but the door
is mine to open or close

it is not one voice i express today but Many --
do not be beguiled and enslaved
by the evil of this world,
simply defeat it, it is powerless
against those unified in truth and love,
which qualities are gifted to all humanity
by birthright

You are not and have never been alone/forsaken