

# Song of the Ages

It shall always be

Rumi spoke of it

Gibran spoke of it

my mother loved Gibran

A heart sings

another responds

what a melody

There comes a time when the song is sung

pray that they hear it

Searching for it from conception

till

death

Choose to be ready

or never hear the song

What delights

transformed

transported

across time and space

Magic and mystery are

the longing

the driving force

How you ask

can I find it

it will find you

Sweetness and mercy shall follow you

and you shall dwell in the house of  
it

forever

Like the unfolding of a rose petal

Nurture it it will blossom

Don't water it

it will wither and die

Textures

colors

sounds

smells

A kaleidoscope

A caress

A breath

a sigh

Ecstasy    agony

Inhale deeply and you will know

don't wait

Intoxicating

Rapturous

Deep

Fertile soil

everything grows

A certainty unlike any other

a knowing

Fantasy of my reality

Reality of my fantasy

My fantasy for your life

My reasons why you exist

Your reasons why I exist

The songbird sings

it's all right  
never run away