

THE ON A HUMAN EARN GATE

The sacred wrap of the angel Presence To Self
Be the scared earn of the angle watch your Self.
The soft knife of the sail of life don't cut air but death.
Life don't exist if you don't breathe some breath.
Consciousness don't exist till you realize a reality.
True reason don't exist till you reason a veracity.
Real force don't exist till you move some materiality.
The air knife of the wing of life don't cut mercy but malice
But guts don't never exist till you face up to something callous.
You can fill up your will with force, but it don't exist till you do.
The hard knife of the strife of life don't cut death but you do.
Faith don't exist till you believe some genuine thing,
Hope don't exist till you wish some cheerful thing,
Charity don't exist till you help a poor thing,
Love don't exist till you love its presents.
You ain't present till you have presence.
You don't have attention till you pay it.
You don't do nothing till you don't do it.
You ain't alive if you don't know it.
Stars shine bright on shatter light.
In back of that one star of nothing
On its back squeaks on a vacant rack.
Thee. The.The. That's no thing, Folks.

THE WEAVE LIGHT WE'VE GATE

We who've found it sure alone,
Weave no need to lie. Yes, weave no need to buy.
We've light weave all alone. Where we rain our brain is home.
Yes, weave no need for death. We've no need for more than breath.
Weave no need to be the best. Yes! We've receive from rest to crest.
We've send from begin to end. Yes! Yes! Easy we've need to bend.
Weave no need to dungeon. Weave no need to bludgeon curmudgeon.
Weave diamonds. Weave pearls. We are goddamn happy churls.
Stars shine bright on shatter light
Stars dark under mushroom black.
Deep in back of that is star wrack,
Behind that is total black in back
Of that elaborate invisible fact:
Dead star dwarfs flat on their back
Whistle while they shirk on a vacant rack.
Thee.The. That's all diamond mines, folks