

FROM A SOUL THAT MUST



PRAYERS

# PRAY WITH ME



That thy breath may hold the sharpness of the moment.

That thy eye may catch the glimmer of this moment.

It is not you who rises from the bed.  
It was not you who stumbled upon the truth.  
It will not be you who dies a heroes death.  
For you are a thing of beauty, no bed has touched, no thought has held,  
no death shall call.

Oh childless thing, partner of the living breath.

Breathe

Breathe

Breathe

That thy breath may hold the sharpness of the moment.

That thy eye may catch the glimmer of this moment.

This moment, this perfect moment... filled with one million moments  
and then some more..

You that once was that child, so longed for.

Pray with me, you little thing.

# THROUGH LOVE



.. 'tis then your tears shall be no more,  
and your one time troubles,  
silent on a forgotten floor.

It is within your laughter and your chat an eye casts itself, deep.  
My squint now a long of penetration into a deeper thing.  
The invisible hum and buzz a welcome friend, to I, to you,  
yet you shall not know, unless you join me so.  
You delicate thing, you that caught the rat, then through love, let him go.

Leave thy revolving door, stop thy hamsters run,  
for nothing in truth could ever be such fun.

Lay thy love upon the floor,  
stretch thy tears and hurt some more.  
Kill thy mind of all things sweet,  
let thy sorrow kiss thy feet.  
For thy tears are dead upon the air,  
the hurt you feel it knows no care,  
accept its love for love's remorse,  
which claims it time in times own course.

...and when the morning trembles you awake,  
and when the warmth of day does break,  
the moon shall hide its sleepy head,  
the stars will yawn and fall quite dead...

.. 'tis then your tears shall be no more,  
and your one time troubles,  
silent on a forgotten floor.

# GOD GRANT ME



For I believe in the idea of perfection,  
which you show me each and every day

God grant me your serenity, grant me the peace found only in silence.

That your will be done, not mine.

To accept I cannot change but I can surrender.

For you are the do -er not I.

Allow me this wisdom.

I understand there are many things my mind believes to be wrong.

I will suffer for these discrepancies.

They are not who I am, though I will suffer my attachment.

For I believe in the idea of perfection, which you show me each and every day  
through a flower and a stone a droplet of water and an insect.

Perfect can only emit perfect and from perfect there can only be perfect.

I and the father are one.

FROM A SOUL THAT MUST



She falls silent  
and gently, beautifully, she slips home.

Our father where are you? Who are you ? Who am I?  
I have spat words and words, added opinion until I cry.  
I have pursued things and people, selfish, imaginary wealth.  
I have believed I was the orchestrator,  
the giver and taker of health.  
I have ignored the call and fall from birth to tomb  
Whoever, whatever you are?  
I fall silent.  
I have ran out of room !

Floating ember fairy lights pin up the sky  
While, shooting falling teardrops, break up and cry  
to spread across a black hallowed darkness of empty space  
And flash a vast peaceful picture,through almighty grace.  
Tiny human, looks on, as a slight, delicate, speck of dust  
yet releases a powerful silent whisper, from a soul that must,  
Find it's place within this vastness of all things unknown,  
Just a human and this thing called universe, innocently, quietly,  
all alone.  
She falls silent  
and gently, beautifully, she slips home.

# PRAYER OF THE SILENT RIVER



Silent river filled with dreams.  
Teasing, tempting is what it seems.

Silent river run your stream  
Teach me now of all unseen.  
Silent river going where?  
You weave and dance without a care.

Silent river like a pain ignored  
A crutch attached, human man ignored.  
Silent river, not so silent now.  
Where or when or if or how.

Silent river filled with dreams.  
Teasing, tempting is what it seems.  
Your going where? Please let us know.  
Men don't know, yet the babble flows.

Silent river please take me home.  
To the land were mothers angels roam  
And I shall rest and deeply sleep  
To dream of past and my secrets keep.

Silent river now I shall die.  
I shall never know if you will so cry.  
But silent river you shall carry me on.  
Until you stop where I belong.

Silent river my fathers here.  
The sound of time, no longer near.  
Silent river wash my hand

.....

.....and lay me gently, upon the silent land.

# INTO THE SILENCE



I enter into the silence.  
I want for nothing.

I enter into the silence.  
I want for nothing.  
I rest in anticipation and expectancy of peace..  
In silence there is just me.  
Just me soon subsides.  
Thoughts arise but they slow and disappear.  
Is there anything besides I?  
Everything is unified.  
There is no other.  
I and the father are one.  
Father, thy will be done!



# FATHER, CREATOR OF EVERYTHING



Father it is through seeing myself I shall see you.

Father, creator of everything, thank you for this moment, this precious only moment.  
Father forgive me for I have been lost in another moment, a moment created in my mind.  
Father only forgive me as I understand the other, who also lives within his mind and it is  
only through me recognising the same that my sins are forgiven and I can get up and walk.  
Father let me not indulge upon my moment but rather observe the true moment and  
perhaps also see the play of the mind, the game, the illusion.

Father there is only one day.

There is no other.

Father it is through gratitude that I shall learn humility.

Father it is through humility I shall learn service.

Father it is through service shall I see my fellow man.

Father it is through seeing my fellow man I shall see myself.

Father it is through seeing myself I shall see you.

Father it is through seeing you I shall see nothing separate from you.

Father through seeing nothing separate shall I live forever.

Amen.

# COME TO ME



Rest with me.  
For it is with me.  
You truly belong.

Come to me all you who carry a heavy load.  
Rest your head upon my shoulder  
For dark is the night and weary is the traveller  
The load gets heavier as you grow older  
Yet rest in me for I am strong  
Rest with me.  
For it is with me.  
You truly belong.



# WITHIN THIS EMPTINESS



It is within this emptiness I live.  
It is within these tears I thrive.  
It is within this nothingness I sleep  
and it is within this sleep I die.

It is within this emptiness I live.  
It is within these tears I thrive.  
It is within this nothingness I sleep  
and it is within this sleep I die.

Come to me all ye who are of haste,  
lay your head gently upon my breast...  
For the darkness that overshadows you,  
is but the stone upon your face.  
Take the stone, oblige the weight,  
one foot forward, await thy fate.  
Silent is the moon, the stars shout not either.  
Quiet is the rivers, the sea a constant giver.

# I PRAY FOR YOU



..for inspiration is my fantasy, my indulgence so wild and free  
to dream of dreams that live, to channel light, to dream, to give

..for inspiration is my fantasy, my indulgence so wild and free

to dream of dreams that live, to channel light, to dream, to give

My thoughts captured and held sublime, in a secret place which knows no time.

I must go now and pack upon my weary back, my stench and cloak and baggage pack.

The one I formed from birth til now, a hundred thousand ideas,

stuffed and fitted in, somehow.

It grows larger every day, soon my legs shall arch and fall,

soon the human back shall break and on my knees this man will crawl.

But I will myself forward to oblivion, I crawl and ache forward, for you,

I move ever slower, ever more lonely.

Pray for me

Pray for me

I pray for you.

# THE DREAM OF LIFE



Yet to my silent tune the clouds they dance,  
they cry, they move.

My dream is the dream of life  
Found in death, freed by death  
A sorrowful thing am I.

I sit upon the tree alone, it's branches tremble not, for it is I who shivers  
My shaking wakes the earth, no other birds will sit with me, the onlooker, the gazer of things.

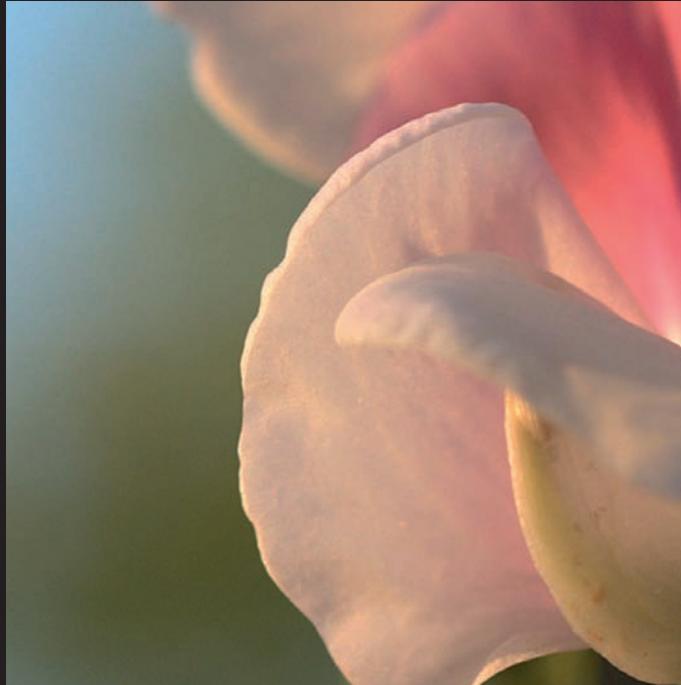
My song the song of my forefathers, breathes life, calls death, a waiting thing am I  
Alone, so very alone.

Yet to my silent tune the clouds they dance, they cry, they move.

To my silent dance we hold each other and smile and weep for a lost tomorrow  
Somewhere within the space between the stars, held within the moment is my place.

A perfect place, a quiet place, where I belong  
where I am real

AND FEAR SHALL BE NO MORE



Lay thy love upon the floor, stretch thy tears and hurt some more.

Kill thy mind of all things sweet, let thy sorrow kiss thy feet.

It is within your laughter and your chat an eye casts itself, deep. My squint now a long of penetration into a deeper thing. The invisible hum and buzz a welcome friend, to I, to you, yet you shall not know, unless you join me so. You delicate thing, you that caught the rat, then through love, let him go.

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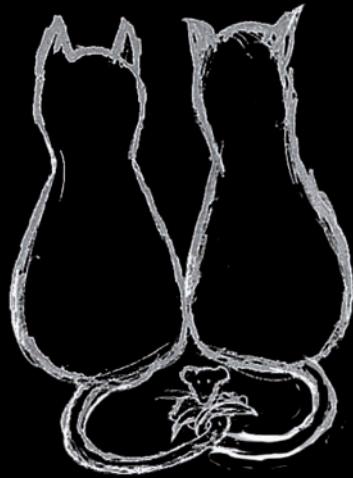
For the tears are dead upon the air, the hurt you feel it know no care, accept its love for loves remorse, which claims it time in times own course.

...and when the morning trembles you awake, and when the warmth of day does break, the moon shall hide its sleepy head, the stars will yawn and fall quite dead...

.. tis then your tears shall be no more, and your one time troubles, silent on a forgotten floor.

...and that which you once called fear, shall be no more..

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