

POWER & SPIRITUALITY

With my clouded thoughts I ponder
On the case of the Great Creator
Who gave me soul that I might aspire
To talk to spirit and be encouraged
Ascend to heights beyond my imaginings
To float in beauty, awe and wonder
Gain access to the akashic record

True ... False or just a flight of fancy?
Whilst I sip my gin and tonic
Gazed on by one admirer
Genes of old and notoriety
Dictate the yearnings which must be quietened
Sees beyond my wars and follies passing
And procreates the will of the masses

Genes directed from caves of the ancients
Silently they lead us forward
Teasing, strength and beauty from mistake and longing
We only thinking it is our desire
Our free will, our right of passage
It must be right but I cannot hear him
Did my genes tell me I could see him?
Much have I to sit and ponder
Of the power and spirituality

For there is the King
And there is the Queen
This one's the Jack of Spades

Which shall I be?
Which am I now?
Which was I long ago?
What of Bishop and the Knight?
Who .. holds the 'arc' by hand?

One of power the other of grace
One of black the other of purple
Send out dappled light into the darkness
For the pawns to acknowledge

Who is mighty - cloth or sabre?
Giving power to non-believers
To rest and hope it all just passes
But no one can miss the Chalice
So reach out and kiss the Father
And hope there is light not darkness.