To Love Only May We Kneel

So the story begins, As all stories do

At some point in time and space, Some point of view

From somewhere beyond, From somewhere within

In a land not yet formed, Before time began

An ocean of silence, An ocean of peace, Undefined yet absolute

As in silence, All is complete, The spirit and the will.

No word had yet been spoken, No thought yet known

A magnificent void, Latent with all

Out of desire, To know all that can be

A breath of intent, That we might see.

And we see it thus, As we think it so, Defined as we so feel

It’s all seemingly real, It’s all seemingly gold, To love only may we kneel.

Now all this will pass, While time still remains

What we need to understand

Moment to moment, Heaven’s still the same

No beginning to no end.

And there it appears before us, Thoughts take shape

Frozen images, Captured in space

Thrust into being, Thrust into flight

Waves of creation, Unfold into Life

So the story continues, As we believe it to be, Let it be so as above

In thy will there is power, Power to see… May we kneel to only Love.

Joe Leone