

## CLOSED MINDS



Closed minds are like prisons for the soul.

Convinced they are making the world better,  
Closed minded people are frozen, rigid and hard  
—Unbeknownst to themselves.

They view the world through righteous eyes,  
Judging all they see as lacking, incomplete, ill-conceived.

They sleep with *Disappointment* and *Impossible Morality*  
As their constant bed-fellows.

They live in darkness, that they consider Light,  
Struggle to keep that evil Joy at bay,  
Denounce those who laugh out loud,  
Forever beg to be saved from their sins,  
And from other's trespasses.

Not yet do they know

It's the heart's compassion that carries the Light to others;  
It's the love of Life that brings healing Joy;  
That there's no such thing as sin, only error to correct;  
That every little thing is perfect exactly as it exists;  
That all is in the never-ending process of perfecting.

They've slammed their cell door closed and locked it tight,  
Confident they are the one who holds the Light.

Self-satisfied on the outside, for everyone to see,  
They keep their nagging doubt a secret and forge on,  
Through pain, torment, and calamity.

Meanwhile, their soul whistles a tune as it patiently  
Files through the bars, one by one,  
Knowing it is exactly where it planned to be,

At this time,  
In this space,  
On this path.

Right on schedule to throw open the door.