

HEAR YE, HEAR YE

Hear ye, hear ye, all religious folks
Who say you believe in life after death.
Listen up, tight now, Baby Love

First of all , live your life, full steam ahead, with arms open,
Welcoming death, because it won't come until it's time,
And you don't get to know what time,
Except when you die, you know it's time.

Secondly . . . understand that all your grieving is for yourself,
Because death is totally inconvenient, bothersome, and
Exposes a big hole in the rut that is your life.

Otherwise, we'd celebrate our loved one moving on.

Besides, the dead are exactly where they are supposed to be,
Just like you are where you should be: still inhabiting a body.

AND, unless they are Ascended Masters, Who have a choice,
They'll be back, with no memory and
Without anything you'd recognize.

Regardless of that, inhabiting a different body qualifies
For "Life After Death,"
Even if it's not exactly your doctrine's idea . . .
For it is the Spirit that lives on—another of your doctrine's ideas.

Like everything in the material world,
The body is, sorta, recycled.

Whoever would want to hang around in a
Diseased, mangled, or disintegrating antique body anyway?

That's not who you truly are.

Wake Up, Baby Love!
Thump you on the hard-head!

