

LIFE IS BUT

Life is but a fleeting moment in The Chronicles of Time.

Living in constant crisis-mode is a futile effort
To maintain that which will irrevocably disappear.

Our lives are wrapped and warped and spun and twisted in
that which is material,
that which is impermanent,
that which rewards us, we think.

We react to feelings, thinking we're on a path,
But we never know our direction,
And at some frenetic crossroad
We may experience the utter futility
Of meaningless actions.

Only then may we,
Perhaps from our deserted heart,
Fall to our knees and pray:
"What, Oh Divine Emmanuelle,
What is it that I can do to help evolve
The Consciousness of Humanity?"

And then you have.

