

PROTEAN LIFE

Protean life, you make fools of us all.
Jesters we are, hiding within our clay costumes,
Prancing and dancing.
Playing to the illusion.
Pretending it's real.

Milking the drama,
Rolling in the laughter,
We entertain whimsical creations
By what we think are *our* minds.

And, innocent, still unable to see Divinity at work,
We often wonder, ***what's the point?***

Go ahead.
Dare to eat the apple.



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