

**SPIRITUAL BABIES**

We are all spiritual babies,  
Whining at the Great Mother's breast,  
Begging for Redemption, Salvation.

We seem to believe that  
We have done something  
Dastardly to damn ourselves,  
Forever Separated from the Oneness.

The Mother wonders what she might have done  
To make her children feel so insecure,  
So guilty and frightened, even, still unborn.  
She sees their dire need for a self-confidence  
Worthy of their sacred birth.

The poor woman looks down at her struggling babies.  
Love flows from her deepest being into them.  
Then she smiles and softly kisses their downy heads.

Many things they have to learn  
Must come through their own endeavor,  
Forged by their desire, their personal will, and  
Shaped by the circumstances of their birth.

She hugs her babies tight, looking forward to the time they  
Wean themselves, mature into their Full Divinity,  
Stand beside her, and become the New Humanity.

All is well.

