

## WHEN WE ARE READY

Mindless  
 Heartless  
 Needless  
 We beat our disconnected drums.  
 We flail and rail to and fro in syncopated  
 Rhythm with the stars,  
*And know it not.*

Seeking, Searching for Home outside,  
 We cluster to prophets,  
*When we are one.*  
 We worship at the feet of imaginary angels,  
*When we are one.*  
 We avow allegiance to hierarchies,  
*When we are one.*  
 We fall prostrate before symbols we've made holy,  
*When only the holy can make holy.*

And all the time Home is with us.  
 Carried in a pregnant heart  
 Peaceful, loving, waiting  
 For the proper time to release the love  
*When we are ready,*  
*When we cease to beat and flail,*  
*When we see that we see not all.*

Then halts the discordant symphony,  
 Awakens the vast silence.  
 Virgin breeze flows over hot skin.

Closing our eyes, we sink deep within  
 To seat ourselves securely on  
 The Throne of Home from whence  
 All Peace,  
 All Harmony,  
 All Love arise.

We pry open our *minds* and catapult  
 Into an awareness of *Being*  
 That proves Eternal time, Infinite space.  
 When we are ready,  
 When we know ourselves to be One  
 In the silence and absence of concept.

