

Simple Love

God's love, it is a simple thing,
It's meant for you to know,
It's there for you to open to,
Its warmth, it will bestow.

Simple in its meaning,
It seeks not to confuse,
It's not a puzzle to undo,
Its light, in you, suffuse.

Love's light itself is *living*,
God's energy is there,
It heals, redeems, and makes all new,
Yet simply, does it share.

Come to Me within, dear,
We'll open up the door,
And *simple love* will fill us,
Confusion is no more.

Ego's subterfuge,
Its tied up knots of fear,
Its entanglements of defense, there.
Are gone! And now Mind's clear!

I offer you this poem, dear,
In sweet simplicity,
My hand's outstretched to you, there,
In true intimacy.

There's no mixed message given,
No duplicity is found,
I only offer *simple love*,
To truth, I'm gladly bound.

Simple love's not powerless,
Benign though it may be,
It transforms and makes all things right,
It's Source's energy!

In closing, I will tell you,
What you have truly known,
I am with you always.
You are not alone.

