

With One Intent

Let 's write a poem today, dear,
For poems, may touch the heart.
Let's touch the hearts of those who come,
For these, we do impart,

A message of our deepest love,
A thank you, and embrace,
A message of a sacred bond,
Forever in that place.

That place within, when peace is found,
Is One who shows the way,
Through mass confusion, veiled veneer,
The ego's traps display,

A meaning false and filled with dust,
That blows with just a sneeze,
So empty, insubstantial, there,
Is gone with but a breeze.

Truth then sweeps it all away,
Real meaning comes to view,
What Source intended for His own,
With *love* He did imbue.

This *living love* is meaning pure,
What Source has given you,
Redeeming and replacing,
Making all things new.

A little poem with one intent
To open up the door,
To life's most precious meaning,
And Yes, there's one thing more.

I give to you my promise,
That you can hold so dear,
I will never leave you,
and I am always near,

My love for you is boundless,
It never will run out,
My arms surround you always,
In this, there is no doubt.

