

Rebirth of the Trapped Spirit

And so I died, but then I woke,
And I learned as I left that continual night,
That all of it was merely smoke,
A counterfeit of breath and light.

That new sensation, it did not lie,
'Though I expected the world to shatter
Like cold glass falling from the sky,
Without any depth of form or matter.

Too much.

Too much.

And yet... it is right.

Our many lives, they are all still here,
Living histories of our deception.
Moments of joy, with constant fear,
Needs of love, of health, protection.

He was the genie who now is free
From all that had kept him blind.
For locked in the bottle he could only see,
Ideas sent to fill his mind

In new life he carries on.
The genie is free.
The bottle is gone.
The genie was me

Then all at once it came to me,
A sudden dawning of the sense
That I was ever meant to be
A host for another's experience.

So all truth is finally mine,
Joy at freedom, but anger too.
The sour taste of ancient wine,
Mixed with ecstasy found anew.

The lies that I had thought were real,
That I was more than a moonlight ray,
Could not survive the way I feel,
As I again with elementals play.

Now I truly know it all.
In this silence beyond the sea,

Nothing will ever be mine to call,
So everything can nothing be.

And the only thing I know that dies
Is contrived. And so it is that death
Is never a gift, or prize,
But leads us back to the first, true breath.

And here is hope, as I dwell
In both mortal and immortal soul,
For everything passes and no hell
Could ever contain my boundless whole