



Interpreting the Moon 2

Hilmar helped me appreciate a full moon,
The one that shines brightly into your room,
A huge orb up high that lights the night sky,
That makes me wonder and seek answers why.

At a time when I was clogged and closed,
Hilmar and I - a short course composed,
A course about environment and thinking beyond,
A course that creative thinking spawned.

The subject was broad and the ideas bold,
But the path was obscure, the scent was cold,
Hilmar helped me see the beauty in that,
To embrace the doubt - to reinterpret the fact.

And gradually a door opened into my mind,
Creating new thoughts, no need to rewind,
Embracing the mystery, finding doubt's beauty,
It was such a fit - it was almost spooky.

Hilmar and I spun out wonderful thoughts,
And liberated my synapse that was tied in knots,
Clickety-clack, clickety clack, wooooohoo – hooo,
Look out Hilmar - a new thought's whistling through.

We are taught we need to respect the lines,
To stay in the box, to follow the signs,
But there's much to be said for straying a bit,
To step out of the box and seek better fit.

Hilmar helped me find a path less traveled
That meant liberation and not life unraveled,
Opening me up to explore the mystery,
And to navigate the slope that's indeed most slippery.

Today I enjoy a mind free to roam,
That embraces the moon that shines in my room,
My mind and my soul - today a good fit,
And I thank HG Moore for helping a bit.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Try interpreting the moon,
It might liberate you too.