



Baobob

The Baobob is a tree in Africa
It has many qualities magical
It stands alone, proud and tall
It has presence – you can hear it call.

It wraps itself in worldly weariness
Hinting that it knows things mysterious
I want to visit inside its heart
Seeking its wisdom, getting smart.

A connection exists with all that's alive
Like we're all a part of a metaphysical hive
That's buzzing on many different frequencies
Beyond my understanding – veiled in secrecies.

I want to discover what is right before us
So much to learn, so much to discuss
And in meeting the Baobob I discover
The queen of the hive, the Earth's mother.

For there is wisdom in that old tree
To which I'm attracted like a worker bee
Reasonable explanations for the pull don't exist
It's a magnetic force that I cannot resist.

So I'm drawn to the base of the Baobob
The gravity parting me from the mob
Conventional thinking flies out the door

I'm in a whirlwind – I'm on the floor.

I'm a satellite spinning around a star
The universe revealed both near and far
It's the ride of a lifetime, going fast
I'm not sure how much longer this will last.

I exit the Baobab, and I'm still alive
That was a heck of a visit – a real high dive
Into the realm of what we know not
Living life as a metaphysical astronaut.

So welcome to Earth church
Pull yourself up a pew
Pray the power of the universe
Will come visit you.