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KID, YOU SING I

ss, and Hope

CROWN

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Soul Bird of My Imagination 2

My soul bird doesn't always sing to me,
But helps me to a different form of reverie,
She helps me relax and find a cool, dark place,
Where we uncover stinkin' thinkin' to replace.

Soul bird leads me on a type of meditation,
That involves imagining personal levitation,
I close my eyes and feel my body float,
She asks me to empty out and not emote.

Together we search for peace and tranquility,
No need for writing, no need for soliloquy,
This is just the two of us having quiet time,
No worry about writing, no worry about rhyme.

She guards my mind that wants to stray,
As thoughts come in, she shoos them away,
My meditations have not always been a success,
But with soul bird there, I surrender to process.

The meditation ends, and she lets me down gently,
And looks me in the eye, gazing intently,
And asks if I'd care to come and share,
A watermelon feast in the open air.

We go to my Covid office on the porch
Next to the garden where we enjoy Earth Church,
The hummingbirds feed in the red turk's cap,
I'm ready for melon after my mind's nap.

Oh my - something happened in that meditation,
An idea has emerged from deep gestation,
And has leaped to the front of my imagination,
Filling me with gratefulness and appreciation

Soul bird has restored my vital life energy,
I now can interact and pursue the synergy
That exists between us all called connectivity,
I love that you all are my new reality.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Where the arms of connectivity
Reach out to you.