



Journey

The boat launched from I know not where,
And I find myself on a nice deck chair,
Feeling the water, breathing in the air,
I know I'm alive for I'm self-aware.

The boat is moving across a lovely lagoon,
My path is lighted by a gorgeous full moon,
No river Styx - no trip down below,
This journey's part of life's incessant flow.

I am alive, and I'm living to the fullest,
I am no watcher, I am no tourist,
The Earth is my keeper, and I shall not want,
I will keep the faith and continue my jaunt.

The boat contains what I need to live,
For photosynthesis has much to give,
Bird oars propel me with proper speed,
And my keeper teaches me the creed.

Consider the end is in fact the beginning,
And a circle defines life never ending,
Life energy evades our ability to test,
It doesn't expire, it's never at rest.

The mystery in life is what will be next,
You'll not read about it as a tweet or a text,
There's not much more than a belief,
No way to know, no absolute relief.

So I journey on in my earthly vessel,
I am alive, and that is special,
I'll arrive someday on another shore,
And there I'll open life's next door.

The story of this journey is waiting to be written,
Some would say these thoughts should be forbidden,
But life's not about ending and going elsewhere,
That wrongly diminishes the power of here.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
And pray that reincarnation
Will be nice for you.