

Excerpted from Soul Perception: Exploring the nature of reality, love & illusion through poetry

Dreams

The stirrings of the soul
allowed full expression in dreams,
expand the vision and open the mind to
becoming awake
Head into the unknown,
your desires leading you to anywhere:
dancing on a wave of light,
frolicking among the rings of Saturn,
gazing upon a distant starscape in non-time
The form is flexible and free,
the secret of these realms
known only to a few
The fantasy is real
not the delusions of Everyday
in which we place such importance
Reality, masquerading as a dream,
a sweet reward from ordinary moments
Waking up in the mundane world
separates us from our true selves
We think the illusion is real, but
we fool ourselves,
refusing to acknowledge the dominion of Spirit

Journey of the Soul

Walking along my path, I pause for a moment
trying to see if the end is in sight, but
there are only twists and turns ahead,

the earth smoothed over by others who have come before
Somewhat restless I proceed, enthusiastic yet watchful
for I don't know what lies ahead
I come to a fork; which way do I go?
Choosing the winding road with its promise of adventure
the way is long and full of perils, and
soon I tire of the constant and relentless challenges
Arriving at a junction, I sense the time has come to
choose wisely and take the straight path,
no less adventurous, just without the hazards
At last I see in the distance the mountain's summit
the sun directly overhead; it is high noon,
my journey is halfway complete
At dusk I will finally be home
rest, then at dawn the journey of the soul begins again

Divine Beauty

Perfection. Turn the prism
to reflect off the stars.
Nature radiates such
exquisite beauty,
if you could see its
true essence you would
weep at its magnificence.
Toss aside ugliness,
ego has no place in heavenly
realms of divine beauty.
Grayness is too dense
for true devotion.
Open the heart to receive
the joyous colors of
love. Strike down the

muted shades of fog-infested
denials. Face truth and watch
divine beauty expose
itself.

Yesteryear

The time has come to put away the past,
Set familial belongings in their proper place
And move to the rhythm of a new day
The sights and smells of yesteryear, we'll pack away
In our storebox of memories, safely hidden
Away from the glare of Change
The beating of Time alters, almost at will
Bringing the end into view
There will be time for the road not traveled,
When the light of a new day emerges
Gently prodding us to use what we've always known, and
Make new memories for tomorrow's gift
All of yesteryear tucked neatly into a corner
Of our soul
As we close the door on the past and
Say our goodbye's
Until, we meet again