

What We Find at the Gates of Dawn

The soul is here to find it's own way —
to do what's next, to experience.
Like a bird or a turtle it cannot count,
it nurtures the small and squanders greatness.
Buttons are for pressing, doors to open —
especially those that say, *No Entry*.
A wall is a challenge, a cliff an invitation
to plunge a hundred feet into moonlit waters.
Feelings are food for a limitless hunger;
tears are drink and anger seasoning.
To howl is to tremble the web of existence.
To laugh and to weep are to be most present.
What matters is approaching truth and beauty —
the giggling twins at the bottom of the well.