

the babbling billions

the babbling billions, bound but not gagged
wanting, oh so wanting, what might fulfill
how we weigh on earth, on ourselves, on everything
our hearts like bubbles
our minds like lizards
our souls like hungry ghosts
lost in the ghettos
how we teem
how we sway
how we blow our bodies away
how small are we that we can't find our way home?
how tiny we are till we walk through the door
and become everything
how I love the babbling billions
what we are, without knowing
what we hide, without seeing
what we'll be when we break free
we drool our pain onto the scale of the world's soul
it sinks deeper and deeper towards oblivion
little do we know how beautiful we are
though we compensate with every ounce of our being
how can i show us the door?
how can i lead us back home?
how can I finally set us free?
only will we heal ourselves
when we learn what we always knew
when we reunite with the earth on which we live
when we embody
our Creator's divine dream
it is so close we have lost it
so quiet we can't hear it
so real it's been drowned by the infinite flood of the unreal
but, yes, it is here
as it's always been
and at any moment
we will rediscover
our heavenly, earthly, Edenic paradise