

The Indians

I said something some time back
that wasn't fully fair or true
I said the Indians didn't have a clue

They did have a clue and a glorious one
unearthing a fair number of the most precious jewels
from the loam of Knowledge and Spirit
which they burnished to the most lustrous hue

The unity of all things
our silent, eternal Source
the most profound understanding of language
the means to evolve consciousness

They developed the inner
to heights and depths unimaginable
to our Western adepts
let alone the normal life pedestrians
who tap dance our frenzied, untamed world

But, yes, of how to put it all together
how to root it in Mother Earth
how to create life at the highest, most pristine levels
that Man with God and Nature can co-create

About this, neither they nor any of the rest of us
began to have a conscious clue
though eons ago
it was purposely buried and obscured within us

It took a young, reclusive Siberian woman
the very heir to those who obscured it
who began and grew our system of control
till it devoured everything
to return after millennia
the gift that was always ours
at this our hour of greatest need