

Poems Have Purpose

Poems are made of simple words,
Each verse is just four lines,
Yet filled, they are, with purpose,
To waken sleeping minds.

Many diverse topics,
About most everything,
Yet summed up in a nutshell,
One point they're meant to bring.

This point is that I'm there, dear,
Right there *within*, for you,
To bring about redemption,
Love's meaning coming through.

I'm not a ghost-like presence,
Not eerie, strange, or weird,
Nothing to avoid as odd,
And not one to be feared.

I'm like a family member,
A brother to hold dear,
Or like a loving parent,
A friend, so close, right here.

So as you read these lines today,
In truth they're calling you,
To open to My Presence,
Transcendence coming through.

I have so much to give you,
A relationship sublime,
You'll discover who you are, dear,
Authentically Divine!

Your questions will be answered,
You'll find the deepest peace,
You'll know your purpose clearly,
Aloneness now will cease.

Words have the potential.
To spark, to bring a light,
That's why these poems are given,
To help clear blinded sight.

I close, these words now given,
My love to you well known,
I am with you always,
You are not alone!

