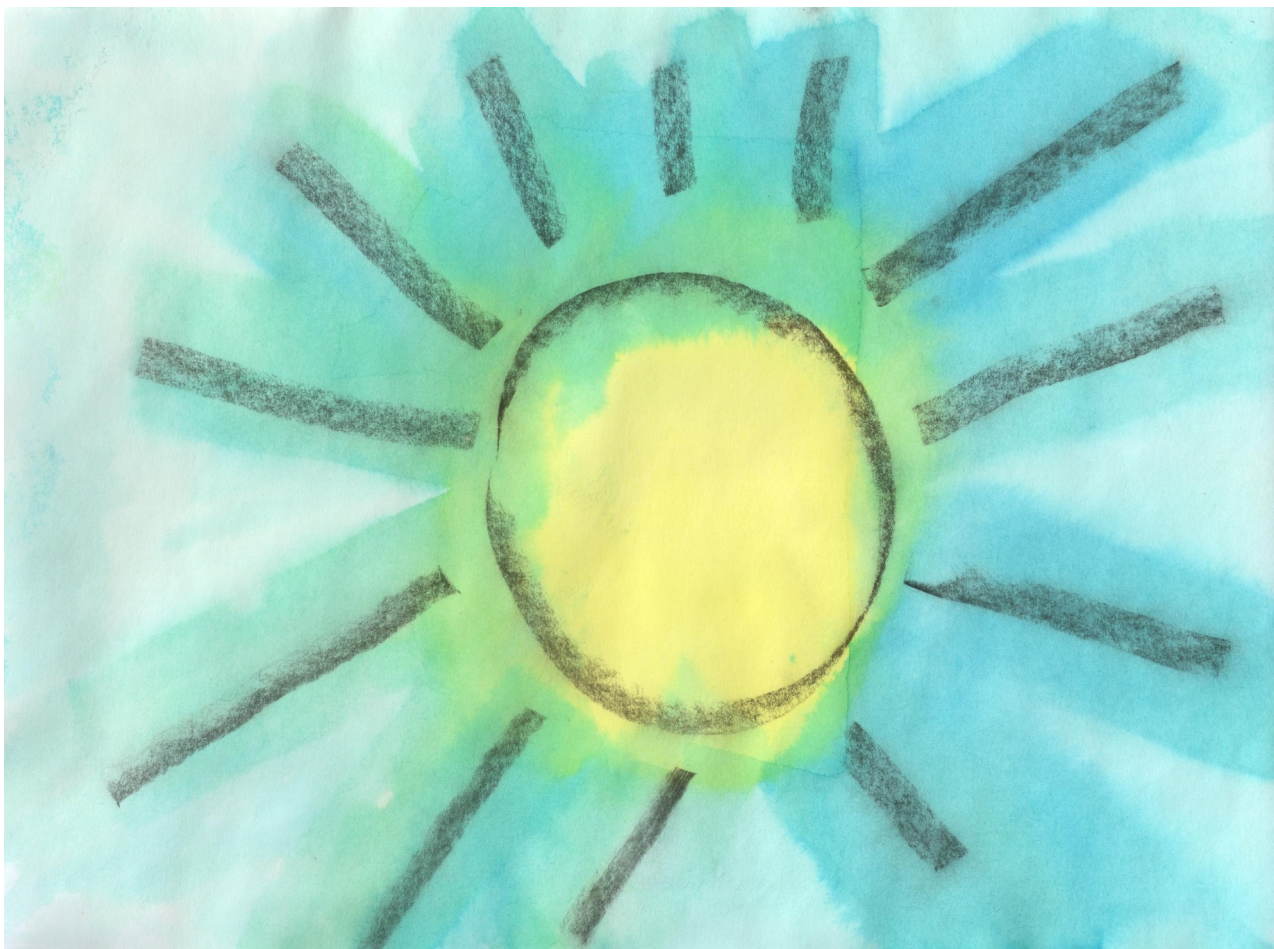


As sunbeams simply seem

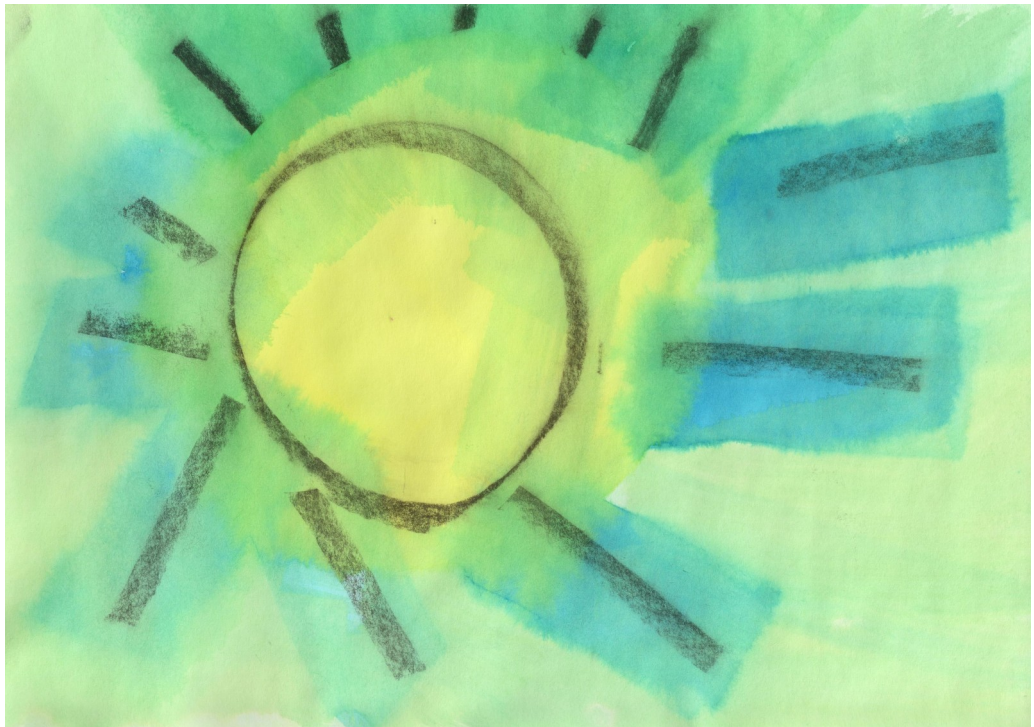
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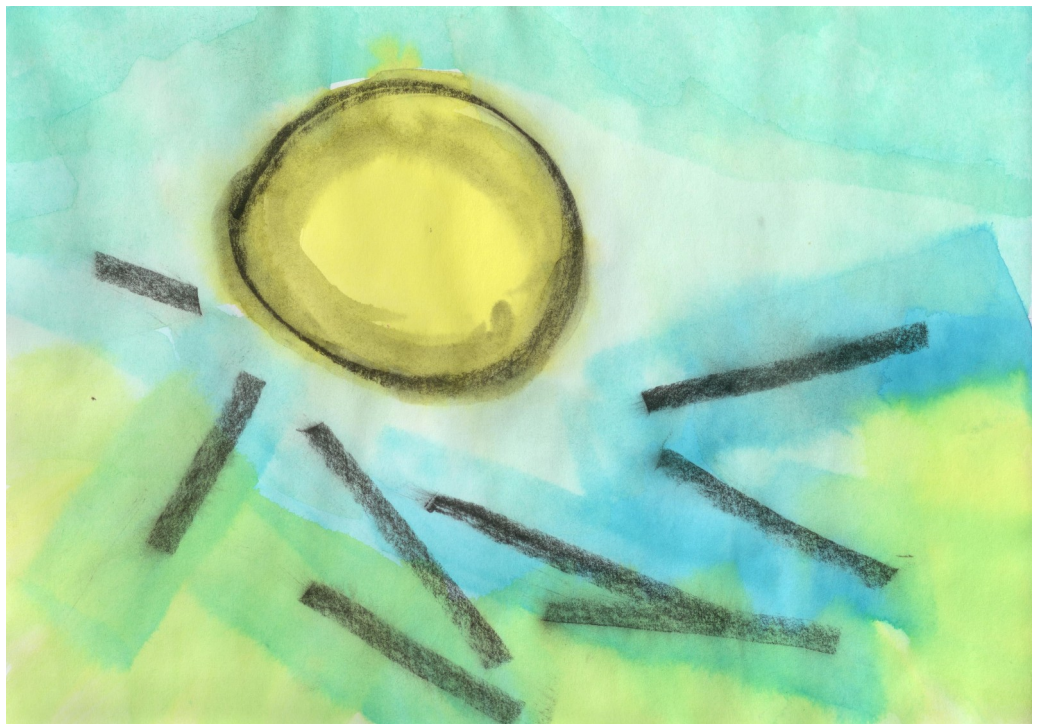
beautiful day
a beautiful life
can seem like a dream
as sunbeams simply seem

but at the end of the day
everything we love
simply falls away

but then there is new life
you might say



yes, fallen sunbeams
form golden wheat
beneath our feet
“there shall be bread,”
he said
“the bread that is dead
shall feed life”



yes, death feeds life
this is the truth
so are we not redeemed but sacrificed?

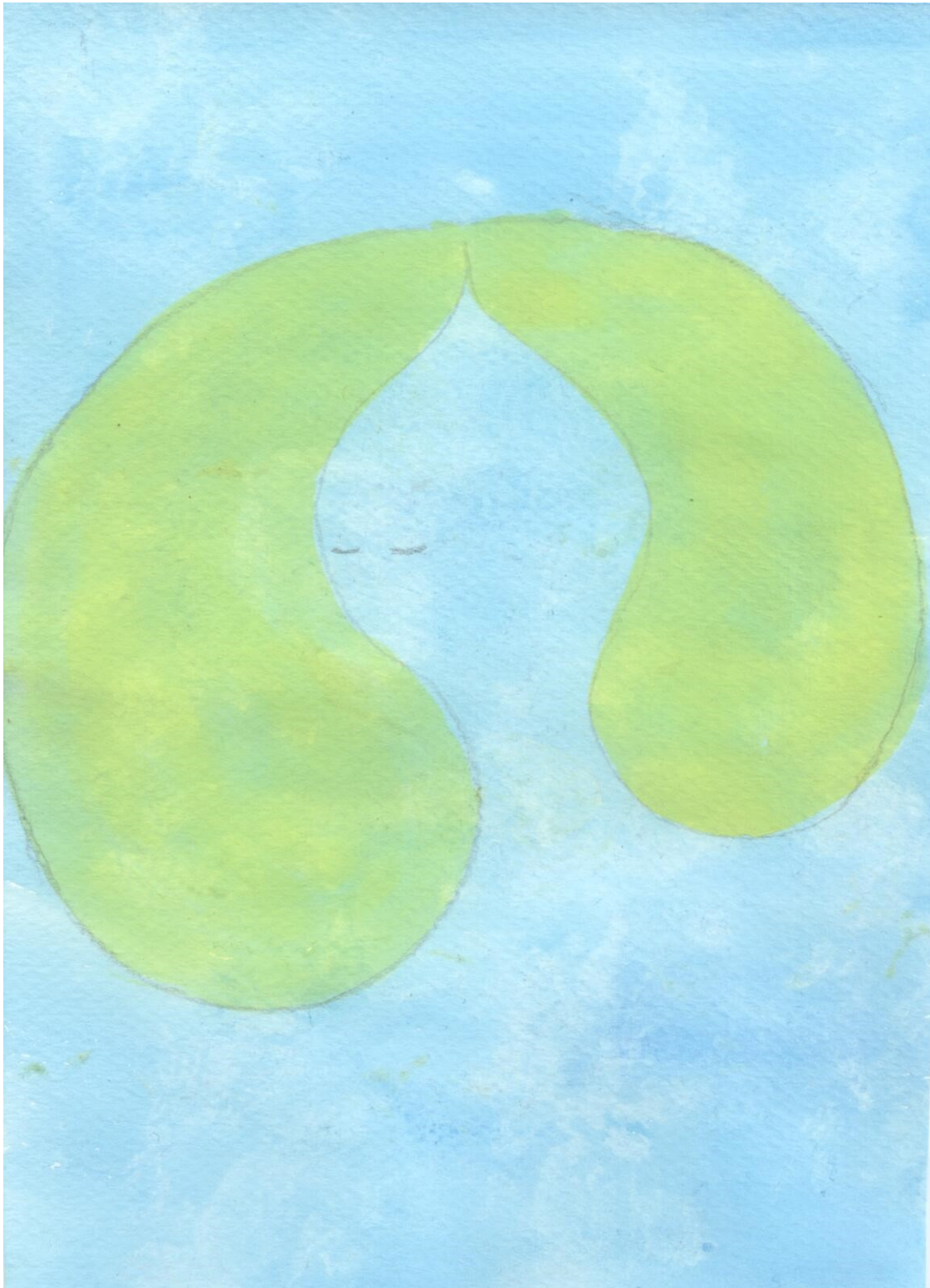
not so

if we hold the truth of death
so close, so dear
there in the sacred breath
we can let go
without any fear



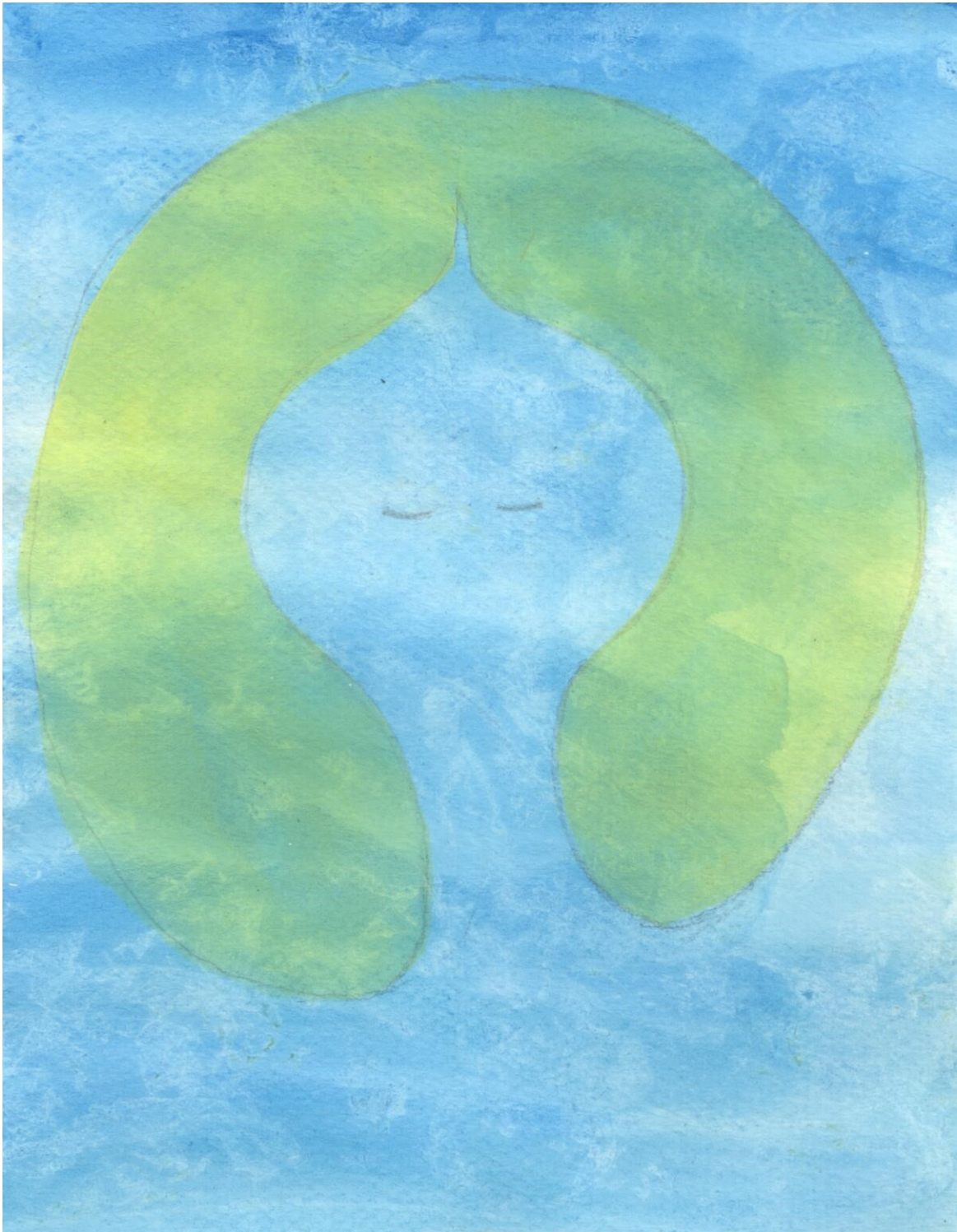
for we can be this truth
and all the meaning that is born from this truth
everywhere and nowhere
coming together as it does in the sacred air

in a cool blue mind and golden heart
forming a truth in fertile green
a truth so simply seen
as sunbeams truly, simply seem



our dear Lord
with a mind like the sun
merging with the sky
recreates the world on high
green and lovely

and inside remains nothing and nobody



the past shall be seen in the present
and we will be free of the past
free at last



