

awakening from the long dark night of the soul

he loved the principles
the yellow that would always be yellow
and not blue
the triangle that would always be a triangle
and not a square

and his love was right
and his love was wrong
for his love was wrong
when he wanted to be right

the principles were to be given
given back from whence they came
not taken by the head in the night

there the love would be lost
and the colour and the light
would start running
from the truths of life, so bright



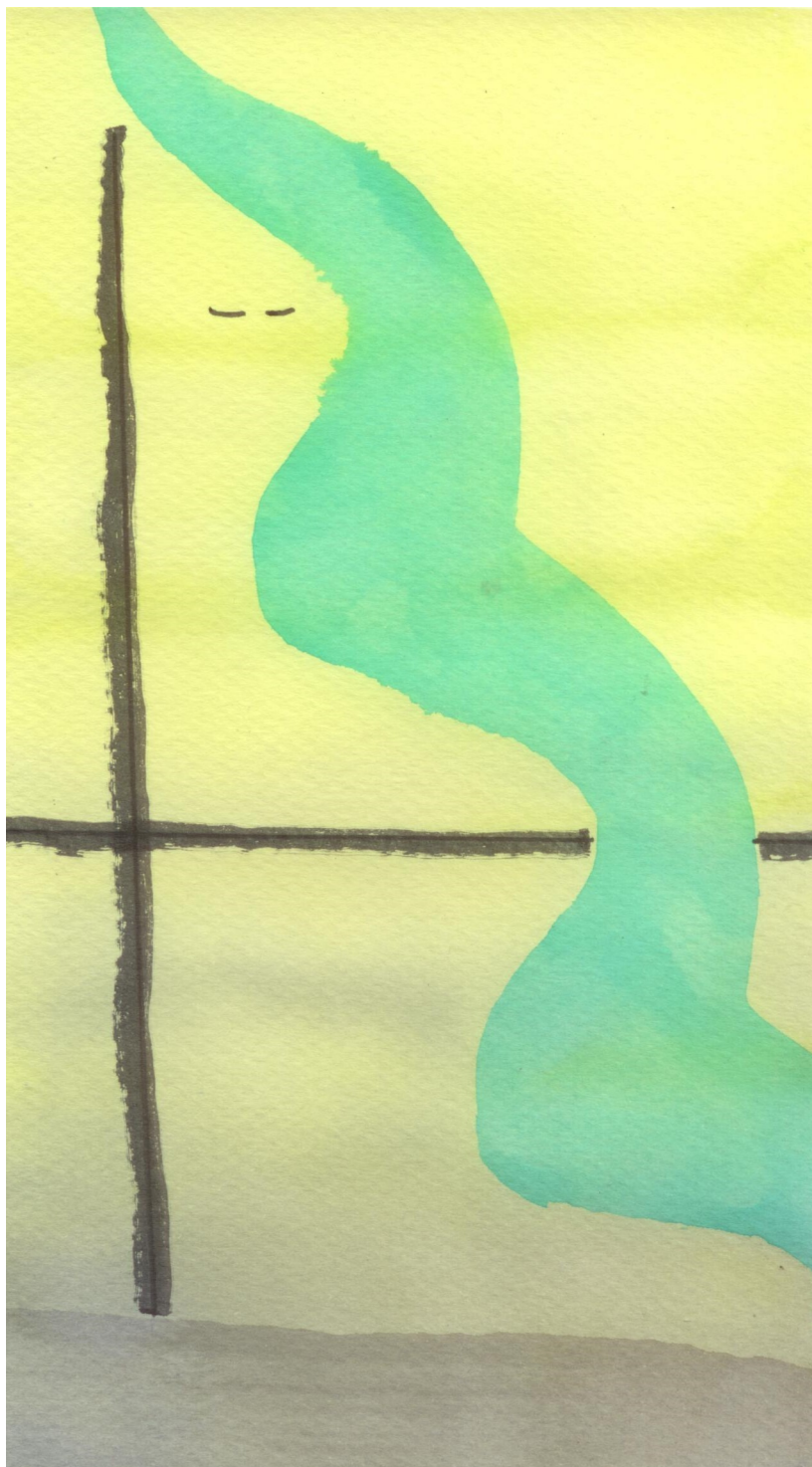
so he turned away from the facts
which he stored in the dark of his head
where they would inevitably fight



he allowed them to fade
until they were pleasantly dead
along with the question 'why'
and, in the here and now
he echoed himself into the sky
with the almighty question 'how'



the dimensions were clear
and echoed forever
given into the blooming desert
of sacrifice



as he thus gave the principles
back to the world
the shape and colour
opened his mind
the horizontal came to life
in the parallel truths
of the world

and he remained like a wave
in the virtual, virtuous vertical
of the soul
until his mind became whole
and he emerged from the thinker's
long dark night of the soul
into a life a love...

and the Lord opened the fourth window

