

One Eternal Round

Prosperity Poem 61

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My moments do not make a line
But one eternal round
My past can never chain me down
For choice remains unbound

My past consists of memory
With meaning I assign
Each moment I create anew
This blessed life of mine

The future too does not exist
Except in my mind's eye
The implications of my acts
Lie clear to see (or deny)

I pre-create in matter fine
My true prosperity
Building spirit templates that
Will yield their fruit for me

Each moment - indivisible
A bright & glowing sphere
Is where in faith I plant the seeds
Of that which will appear

One eternal round of truth
One eternal round of love
One eternal round below
One eternal round above

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