

AWARD OF EXCELLENCE PRIZE WINNER

Narrow Road to the Exterior

Puzzled; at once ... the Pilgrim walked on.
In the Heart ... the Blind see, the Deaf hear.
Spring midnight frog leaps off a lily pad and lands on the Moon.
If this is a dream, then surely, I am unawake.
Unfettered kite,
now rides the wind ... the Soul
of a lucky man.
Sail on
the River of Heaven ... a Dragon,
coming home.
Two steps; maybe three; shuffling along ... clear view, from a cluttered mind.
In between
our blinking ... the time
to dream?
My Shadow
comes and goes ... following
the Sun.
Even Satan doesn't trample on the Rose and Cross.
The Sun, behind the Sun ... seen only with the Heart.
Controlling the Masses, Demon ideologies; obscures the truth.
Winds blow great grass waves across vast skies, endless Prairie.
The grass roots keep the Earth in place.
How so, the Heart?
How so, the Sun?

Rob Bell-Irving

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