

Clasp our Hands together



To what extent?

To what in me can become one
as is in everyone?

Who is asking of me to be someone other than
of racing here or there or ever more nowhere?

God gets a word now and again.

God in whatever form textual relevance too.

God as removed

and God as one connected to a presence.

God as more about love and hate.

God as goodness.

God as too relevant and required
to become valuable and purposeful.

God can and be

some form

as if a seed of love

in each human being.

So when in a difficult space

I cry out, in a form of demand,

to ease readily my own unloved space.

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Do not ever relinquish your own self worth.

I do not value who I am as a person, a form of human being.

Whatever is of a need in me?

I search my own self data base,

in head, heart and mind, to know

if I am open to hear and or learn or both

to remember I am more of what I can state

is a love of some uniquely gifted human and being.

Two unique halves
and all inside that of a frame physical -
I am my whole self.

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My own life is a story of some note
because as you, or them, or us have within each
a most phenomenal powerful aspect, one in which worth as self
is an invaluable resource to so ever more easily access.

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So, when in a moment of aloneness
we have an opportunity to listen, if that inner self,
that of a source of inner worth, love and too self respect.

So let each, in our own way, know
love therefore is available when and or where ever we go,
meet ourself on street or walk, beach or forest in all of a life.

So love is what we are to be
when in need of loving care.

So clasp a hand ... hold it
to stop that of a fearful heart
left wanting another who does appear to not suffice
as it is actually within but not now available
until perhaps someone gives to us a helping heart and start.

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So walk and speak, talk or chat
no matter the language or step,
stride or walking style
there in you, love too, is there forever
and until
you can in yourself learn to love a little
until strength returns

and love no longer does flicker
but strongly no longer bend or as if to extinguish
but to ignite in you your worth, validity and peace,
your humbly applied sense
of a more of you, yourself inside –
a gift of treasure - never ending
and always present,
in whatever your day or night - is there.

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Take care ...

to not let that fire of love strain in you
for you are that of a life of worth.

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Love is ...

as if hands together, clasped forever,
each and everyone -
the planet, stars as sun and moon
the all and every aspect of life on earth
and beyond to where ever that is for each to be.

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