

# Eternity Is Here (rev)

The evening soars in high crescendo,  
Luminosity is spreading all over the skies,  
The spirit feels the tug of the mysterious,  
Splendorous state of mind is burgeoning.

What is life?  
Not a functioning of the alimentary canal,  
But the mysterious dance of the spirit.

We could live in a thousand different ways  
But it is not the instinct to survive physically that is all life -  
It is the passion of the human spirit  
That is the quintessence of human life,  
Rest is hokum.

The world imposes horrendous and stupendous inanities on us,  
But the dance of life goes on.

In the realm of the spirit we do not know a lot,  
But our instinct guides us in the right direction.

God is a distillation of the best we know of life,  
But we still do not know Him.

Though life is finite,  
Still, we carry an eternity with us.

Suffern,  
N.Y.,  
Rev. 6.24.15,  
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