

In the Beginning was the Song

In the beginning was the song,

Later world changed it to strife.

We must go to work

To quell stomach's rebellion.

Life is an awakened-dream,

But the world turns it into a program.

Why this rape of the inner poetry,

Why this squelching of God's voice?

Conversion of soul for false designs,

Progress the ultimate illusion.

Is mind the antithesis of spirit,

World an evil invention?

World corrupts but soul demurs,

The struggle is human existence.

Between birth and death of a human is this interlude:

The slow mutilation of the cosmic dance.

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