

Work

Deep urge seeking help of courage,

Blending effort with undefined purpose,

Galvanizing nerves and intellect,

Beckoning us to work,

The unknown creed,

Without reward or acclaim,

To fulfill the nameless need.

Have you run a five-mile stretch and felt the tingle in your spine,

The euphoric tug on your mind?

An hour of thinking or an hour of meditation lifts you into another realm.

Work is not for just keeping busy and fit,

It is the crucible of man's creativity,

It is the instrument to bring idea's to life,

It is the pulse and fabric of existence.

The Lord cast man only to do two things mainly,

Develop ideas and enact them,

Ideas are man's spirituality.

Work is not the music, but the instrument to achieve it,

It is not the objective of life, but the means to achieve its essence.