

THE PATH THROUGH THE STARS

If we should decide
on matters of sunshine, then
where should the sun rise?

In the glow of day
we take over the actions
of the natural world

The master sculptor,
have we become the shaping
hand of God himself?

A changing vision
for this world we birth and build

A suggestion to
Man and the Cosmos the shapes
and form our future may take

Futures not endless
but boundless, reaching out past
the black horizon

No, we are not free
Our world, but ordered chaos
Who would choose the chains?
But in breaking the shackles
We unknit the threads of life

Oh, this rare world, where
questions elevate to song
and answers to dance

If we should decide,
we would emerge as bright stars
But the path we leave
behind shows what was lost in
the transformation, swallowed

in the emptiness
that hides the cost of progress
Why tread so loudly?

As we step from Man,
to God, and to the Cosmos,
we ourselves are lost
Oh, the beauty we once held
Is there but no Middle Way?

We shut our soft eyes,
and wonder how to find the
connection in the
vast darkness of the Cosmos
As none reach out a warm hand

Without compassion,
how can we be more than Man?

Our greed brings fire
upon these wooden docks, with
no ships left to bear us hence

We strive to be God,
but we do not take our share
of the consequence
We act but in selfishness
and in curiosity

If we should decide,
we'd hold the Cosmos within,
and would not share it
To those who suffer, we bear
no responsibility

This is laughable:
the notion that it is not
a choice we all make

For we all tread the
path through the stars together

We all came from dust
To dust we shall all return
A fate that none will escape

So why walk blindly
when life's power comes from sight?
It gives us freedom

For to see both the
forest and the tree, is to
be both the Cosmos
and the dust; only then can
we walk free, among the stars.