

**Title: Parable of the Sands of the Sea**

**Subtitle: Poetry**

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Summary: A poem given for something written, it may show some insight, look in light.

Blessings or curse,  
In truth rehearse;  
Black or white,  
Let's look with light.  
Dead or living,  
Something given;  
Murder was their leaven,  
Not in keeping with Heaven.  
Righteousness in the grave,  
Sleeping people they did save;  
So why we say enslaved.  
Free eye salve for all to bathe;  
Yet they hear us not,  
As the tree has rot.  
A two edged sword,  
Where the secrets are broad;  
A magic cord,  
Where two Masters are called Lord.  
A path laid on Stone,  
That many condone.  
So justice isn't mislaid;  
A pledge that's been paid,  
For a sinful ledger trade.  
A plea from the mouth,  
While the heart just moans;  
Surely some understand a parable like a Koan?  
Yet "No" they moan,  
"That books not ours,  
As we've not been reading it all for hours."  
So a Mysterious Whore,  
That abundantly has more;  
Whilst many go poor.  
It's not hard to feel,  
As it's all just one Seal.  
Kali drinks the blood;  
A Lord of the Dance made of wood.

An idol in mammon we find;  
Yet that's most of mankind.  
From the Lord's right hand side,  
Most are in some sort of bind.  
So should we set all free,  
With peace and harmony;  
When some accept such injustice,  
As they think it's for free?