

Michael McGuire "Soul Compass"

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SOUL COMPASS

And so steps the dreamer into uncharted seas, his
heart is kept in passion
lest his soul does freeze, black clouds form an angry
face on her event
horizon, the warrior balks and finds retreat the
innocent dove just flies in.
The dreamers free from knowing, the hardened yoke
of life, lost in the
rivers flowing, the emperor and his wife, the night just
longs to find, it's
morning sweet and clear, the night's most innocent
mind, the moon it's
only fear, aloft upon this feather, in threads of cloud
and rain, indifferent
to life's weather, indifferent to life's pain, in the
body of the burning, lives
the spirit of the flame, experience in it's yearning,
innocence is so the
same.
And so steps the dreamer into his trusted dreams,
where all is as it
should be where all is as it seems, but the winds just
blow at random the
winds blow at there ease, and dreams just speak in
tongues dreams say
what they please.
And so goes true colors melting into white, the sunrise
and the morning
star were just a trick of light, and who would have
thought we could find
it a map to lead the way, but the soul compass still
cannot find true north
with the mind's magnet holding sway.
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