



VerzWiz

Maundy Thursday, 2004

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The story starts, the story ends... who cares to heed? Each drama arts, each act a trend of wants and needs.

The silence yearns, listen and learn, heed the calling The movement turns, each play you earn, leaves are falling

A spirit moves: the dance of life as scripts uncurl; The muse approves, the march of strife that grace unfurls.

Beyond the norm, God plays the game, life's a short dance; Through varied forms, it feels the same, via cause or chance.

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Seek out your self: just look and see through certainty, Beyond your Self... truth and beauty, through tragedy.

Move through debris, touch sanity, through sheer madness; Perhaps, maybe... sense vanity, through wild gladness.

One Spirit flows, in constant flux, I come to know; By grace I know, such crème deluxe, as thoughts now glow.





Life's but a play, with many acts, both good and bad; With masks I stay, upon some fact, happy or sad.

We come, we go... with each new show of wit and verse; Through ebb and flow, we live to grow, learn and observe.

Our song and dance is sadly brief, the force moves on; I seize the chance through joy and grief, here and beyond.

Life's brief drama just runs along each in its place; New aromas, ever so strong now flank your face.

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Our time and space lingers a while to meet our range; Yet shadows pace through tears and smiles, abrupt with change.

The Spirit shows a brief passage, illusions paint; For God now grows a clear message with truth most quaint.

How do I share flash of insight that put things clear? How do I snare wisdom and light to count my cheer?





Win, lose or draw, life's tension shows, life feeds on life; Beyond each flaw, deep sadness grows... What need of strife?

Drama yields sense, a vital clash as juices flow; To be less tensed, this sudden dash of precious glow.

When will I see God's Spirit moves movement and pause; Truth and beauty as the sane proof, the way, the course?

What's beyond stuff? To create new, then to destroy; More than enough, love now renews fate's fatal ploy.

Surge, stop and flow, how life must glow, to pay new cues; We learn to grow as grace now shows in payment due.

Love's beauty lights, then enraptures a radiant face; Grace paints most bright, love now raptures in its own place.

Now change prevails upon our wills to taunt our way; We shall not fail to reap new thrills... think, do and say.

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Verse lyrics tell simple and plain with sparkling rhymes; Insight speaks well to spell some gains through space and time.

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<Notes: Verse Lyrics written on Sunday, 28 March 2004/ Thursday, 08 April 2004 @Home 1845hrs/ @ Home 2015 - 2045hrs>

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