

## Secret Splendor

Buck 65

The word miracle, isn't really worth the same  
As a measure of marvel in heaven, as it is on earth  
Because extraordinary happenings are commonplace in the promised land  
So the precedent is modified

God itself decides the phenomenon fairly fantastic in nature  
Happens very rarely by standards set by the practicing masters  
Of the spectacular arts in paradise

As I strolled aimlessly edges of sacrement one day  
I wasn't looking and died by accident  
With sugar on my tongue and a breeze in each armpit  
I descended to heaven cross-legged by magic carpet

Carried along through tunnels by a flow of waves  
I met this soul with the role of issuing halos  
His name was aurora, one time bet-maker  
Everything he sang like chet baker

He explained the significance of the halos intentions  
The way that each increment of its dimensions  
Bore a correlation to the core of your essence  
With factors including the learning of lessons

Things that matter the most here being  
Reflect and direct on the gleam that your seeing  
Overall size of the particle density  
As it corresponds to the mission intensity

Well over 400 factors with gradiance  
Come into play with each new halos radiance  
With congratualations and repeating my name  
He also assured me that no two are the same

It allows you a glimpse of each persons spirit  
Without having to come anywhere near it  
So with halo in place and my thankfulness pledged  
My resident status in heaven was full-fledged

One day in eternity after riding a teter-totter with God  
I fell asleep with my feet in the water of a lake by a tree  
In a quiet little place where I could be by myself with the sun on my face  
A little while later I awoke to a rumbling

Opened my eyes to see a scene so humbling  
I couldn't quite catch my breath  
And my pulse doubled as the lake looked like it boiled as it bubbled  
But instead of sclding my skin it was soothing

And it only felt like my imagination was melting  
And trickling into a pool of fluid intuition  
As secret splendor came to fruition  
My own eyes surrendered as rapture found its purpose

As beautiful harmonies danced on the surface  
Abstract shapes of all colors first did a dance and then floated  
From each bubbled bursted

Literally billions of magnificent things

Would quake and quiver on top of the lake  
I glanced left and right to see if maybe anyone else was  
Dreaming this dream  
When I turned all the way with my back to the spectre

I saw there an angel in the form of perfection  
I felt paralyzed and my voice tried to hide  
She glided and gently moved her hips from side to side  
Without moving her feet, her hand held out in front of her

Calm and collected my hopes in her palm  
The closer she came, and something about her  
The most soothing sound grew louder and louder  
Intense pleasure ran the length of my spine

As I pulled her towards me with the strength of my mind  
When our hands finally touched she told me she loved me  
And the shapes from the lake filled the whole sky above me  
Instead of our tongues we spoke with our eyes  
While music and color pulsed from the skys

It shines  
Our edges are dreams running lengthwise  
Our secret wishes fluttering light years  
We fashioned inferences in disguise shapes together

You are the space between my exhales  
Our way of understanding is eyes closed navigation  
We twist slivers of unconsciousness into sacrament  
Ghosts waltz around our backs  
Our ideas converge to form corners to hide in

Quicker than dreams we traded our charms  
Then spent eternity in each others arms  
It was a miracle in heaven  
You could see it and hear it everywhere  
The synthesis of two souls and one spirit

Our halos were the exact same size