

St. Peter

Being As An Ocean

It's 2 am, as we pull into the humble hotel.
German countryside; everyone is shut up tight.
Warmth and light welcome, as all file inside.
I entered, belated, to see our troop elated, faces filled up with joy.
Blessed communication. The source stood behind the counter,
a man, salt & pepper, his face beamed like a boy's.

We are all given dark and light, beautiful contrast, black and white.
You can hide in the darkness or strive for healthy progress.
Forgive what makes us human, we could grow an earthly heaven.

He told us of our origins, spoke of when ideas gave birth to breath.

He spoke about love and respect. I felt fire rise up in my chest.

Loving because He first loved us. Clean or dirty, the Ocean remains as One!

I've never felt such a warm embrace, well-known stranger, his smile, a handshake.

(And while he swept the floor.) Oh God, he called on me by name!

Even as the smoke hung in our lungs, like old friends we circled up.

Peter, preaching Life, past his Marlboro,

On nights like tonight I come outside, enjoy the pins of light, littering the sky.

Run my fingers down the lifeline of the hanging leaf,

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Thinking of how that life also resides in me.

The mark of the Creator, we share the same energy. Our light and our dark,

the dull side and the shiny, creates the being, whole, and distincts not from beauty.

For glory is revealed in everything, shared energy.

We must own and control the dark that we're given.

Magnify the light, loving what is just and right,

and cultivate for ourselves an earthly heaven.