

# The Monsoon

Havok

The rains reached the the land  
Like a cold cleansing hand  
Amidst flaming fiery fields  
Surrounding the saints of sand

Water revives the chasms  
Sparkling, cleansing, healing  
Enables the human phantasm  
Seeing, touching, feeling

The invigorating air  
Reanimates, recreates, energizes  
Ocean floors and mountain lairs  
Fuels our human devices

Gaze far above the clouds  
Beyond your static animation  
Seek answers in the soil and shrouds  
Practice powerless meditation

Whenever wisdom may enter  
The obvious will suffice  
Behold the trees as your mentor  
Solitude is the price

Rewards of isolation seems  
The vast beauty of the elements  
The fundamental constituent dreams