

Passions lay beneath the surface
Like magma waiting to erupt
Hearts bound in mutual service
Til we drink deep from the holiest cup

None know the taste of hanging fruit
Til it's sweetness should grace their lips
to fear it be bitter as roots
Is to feel pain before one falls and slips

myriad are the ways we judge
Vast are the dances of desire
To limit, cage or hold a grudge
Will slake even the warmest fire

So surrender into loving arms
And learn what lies deep hidden
Fear not for lack nor coming storms
Instead fear not ever really livin' #