

Children of Life.

Breathe
Children of Life,
Breathe freely.
Feel the fullness of your existence,
Drink in the cosmic ocean
That has shaped you,
Given you form
And feeling.
The ripple of life
That stirs within you,
Is the godliness
To which so many aspire,
But have unwittingly thrust
Beyond their own reach,
Mystically longing for that
Which they already embody,
But have denied.

Children of Life,
No matter what anyone tells you,
No matter what anyone says,
You do not have to be
Anything you are not,
Nor any less than that which you are.
Your beauty is met with blindness,
But do not close your eyes
To the beauty of life yourself.
Empty eyes reflect nothing,
But you are not nothing,
Hateful eyes reflect ugliness,
But you are not ugly.
I have seen you so many times
Made miserable,
Twisted against yourself,
Outcast and alone,
In a world that cannot see you.

Children of Life,
Do not succumb to the crippled structures
Of armoured age.
Do not learn to despise the streaming softness
That is your very essence.
Your trusting nature,
Your openness,
Your hurt, when you stumble against
The impenetrable wall,
Which you sense, yet do not understand.
The surge of excitement in your limbs,
The dancing brightness of your eyes,
The melting sweetness in your genitals,
Do not learn to despise
What you are,
What you were meant to be:
Children of Life.

Matthew Appleton

