L Divine Love

The source is below, but it stretches above,
Roots planted in the ground, yet flying like a dove.

A good fountain must be dug deep underground,
Through suffering and strife, the living God is found.

When it’s connected to the source it can endlessly feed others,
Even the hounds, the lost, and the brothers.

Playing in the garden, just you and some trees,
Trimming the weeds, getting stung by the bees.

Riding tigers through the forest, freedom everlasting,
When you pick up the flaming swords, and you start fasting.

You can ascend the material plane, return to Paradise,
For it has not been lost — it’s always been inside.

Somebody may strike you, knock you on the chin,
But you turn the other cheek, maybe even grin.

Because love comes from above, and you need not sin,
Laughing in the face of chaos, floating through the unknown,
Nothing can break your spirit, for you’re never alone.

For God is love, the divine source,
We’re all created in His image, set on this course.

But the world turns us astray —
Hatred, bitterness, greed etched on the face,
We consume until we grow fat, our bones give way.

Our bodies six feet under will return to the clay,
But while you're here on this earth, be a child and play.

The smoke screens, distractions, the clamor, the noise,
May pollute your body, may steal your joys.

But like a good gardener, pruning what's dead,
New growth will spring forth, fresh life instead.

Good fruits from the vine — you shine with true joy,
For your connection to Him they can never destroy.