

The Rain!

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A hand made tapestry weaves the moments of man/woman.



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The Rain!

The night held a mystery,
the day held the truth.
The rain knew the story,
the wind let it loose.

A key of bronze,
a chain of gold.
Sugar coated sweets,
wrapped and sold.

A crown of glory,
a shield for show.
Manifesting a creation,
from a misused ego.

A hand made tapestry,
a weave of deceit.
Leaving the mind weary,
with a longing to complete.

A pulse now felt,
a change in place.
Peace and acceptance,
within its own space.

Secrets now remembered,
by-products of the past.
Born into this life-time,
advancing very fast.

Channels now chosen,
veils cast aside.
Eyes that have opened,
show all that have lied.

Past-lives now seen,
at all the given angels.
Sorted through and sifted,
gets rid of all the tangles.

A lesson learned,
a path to pursue.
The mind now focused,
with a heart thatâs true.

The night held a mystery,

The Rain!

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the day held the truth.
The rain knew the story,
the wind let it loose....written by Robyn Brown

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