

Amidst the time of twisting turning turmoil,

Comes a quiet acquaintance without any recoil;

This peace of God which knows no end,

Who is a fascinating, following, faithful friend.

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Religion if looking for want of a better word,

Is not like the choice of a charm of a bird;

But a means in which one can worship God,

Who understands and leads all the odd.

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Then whence comes science seem to interfere,

As if it was not our God in which we fear;

But zillions of particles which made the mass,

On which the earth we all must pass.

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Is religion a case of corpse and culture,

Of which we value and pick as vulture?

And what is holiness if not to be vulgar?

But alas a creature which one must master?

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And do we do it now if time is short,

Or slow it down to yet another sport;

Of where is our faith and righteous thought,

Forgetting and forgiving the things we bought.

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So must religion be some kind of corporate thing,

Of which the people drink, draw and think;

But really religion is to honor God,

Where the spirit is two split peas in a pod.

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Signed,

My trade mark.