

THE SITTING PLACE GATE

the greener the flame,  
The harder the spring came  
the greener the same.  
The harder the rain came,  
the greater the fall,  
The harder the fire,  
the sweeter the wire.  
Spring was the time  
of breath's lovely shirk,  
Was always the time  
to do the air work.  
We made a spring time sitting place  
Under a spreading maple tree.  
Here with a magical I eye I key  
We heard all who come to see.  
We heard all rosèd edge of dew.  
We heard all fire poppies spring  
Here with a magical I joy I key  
All we heard who come to see.  
We heard the robins break the air.  
We heard the neighbors stare  
Here with a magical I am I key  
All we heard who come to see.  
Listening for joy, we listened to mirth,  
Listening for worth, we listened to dearth.  
Here for pleasure years we were totally free  
To hear all who wish the air I see Self key.

Perhaps I was slight light to darkened pain.

Few listened to my friend the green in the rain.

Stars shine bright on shatter light. Wetter than all rain. Eye looked for golden grain. Light messengers bake bread from rain.  
The. The. That's deep in King Solomon's mine. A million lights they flicker there. A million hearts beat quicker there, folks.