Be patient, as one who fears no failure -
counts no success.

For the infinitely compressed me shall
heard my plea, and
there is no more
toluren for your

I am the crux that
never fails the light
that never dies. I am
the keeper of theught of
the Search. Infruct.

Ann J.

In Transonious Cadences
in the dominion of the storm,
in the whirling of the Cymbals
Surrounded by shadows she stands
her face twittered with bleakness and thirst
her mind once so clear now filled with illusory
will she ever be her real self again?
must she go thus all her Constant
battle with nothing?
Surely the inner God will awake
and free her soul from the Powers
of darkness surely she will move
more aware from death to life
from darkness to Light just not
at least before the end, I pray
she may see clearly if it is not
to be otherwise. Let this lovely soul
be freed from the burden I hate
she freed from the burden I hate
day ever downward may the Moses
and Slippers the dawn and pass
in unto it, if she cannot run her
in earth. Let the interlude between lives

at least we out of danger and realisation of her present ideals or
Lover.