

Unrhymed Trolaan

Starseeds

Seeded by stardust, cosmic origins
started Earthlings' DNA,
stimulated our consciousness,
sparked our quarks to life.

Everyone began as a starseed.
Everything formed from cosmic matter.
Evolving senses gave reality a boost.
Experiences evoke creative responses.

Virtually all we can fathom,
various approaches to seen and unseen,
vagaries of spirit and attention,
vital understandings— thrust us onward.

I Am is a concept of oneness.
It's the belief all connects.
Integral to all the universe, each
is incomprehensively a tiny piece of all creation.

Feigning Excuses to Meditate in the Backyard

Flowers fade in rain rinse,
fake wrinkles in seldom sun,
find they droop in dampness
fancy they dance in spring wind.

Looking out at the chilly world,
longing for warmth and dryness,
languishing indoors in comfort,
lost in reverie—I don't go outside.

Overlooking meditation in verdant garden
ogling rugs over grass
our Gaia's chi remains untouched.
Outlandish excuses keep me disengaged.

Verily I say unto you—I'm procrastinating.
Very soon it will be summer and then
various excuses should lessen.
Vexed, I remain peering out the window.

Unrhymed Trolann:

Follows the sequences of a rhymed Trolaan, but remains unrhymed.