

# The Last Word

Like a child's first visit to a dazzling circus

An exciting feeling you cannot purchase

Discovering this deep inner Purpose

Oh, being aware of its guiding service

To articulate it and bring it to surface

To record it poetically in endless verses

To the point when we are left wordless

To, finally, escape all cycles and circuits

One inner cult of yours,

From which all culture will derive

A vast blue ocean of fortune

Patiently waiting for you to dive

Hidden within, as an intuitive drive

An inner voice of growth, of being alive

To navigate upwards, not to merely survive

Transcending cycles, to finally thrive!



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