

Station to Station

It's all the same you and I; hands, feet, flesh of no matter
For the heart's inquiry is the same; invisible, and of no matter
How can you and I be of any difference?
When the quarks and leptons themselves seek deliverance
A small thought, even the smallest appreciation
Ripples through the strings of space, station to station
If this is true how can those grand acts be forgotten?
Does conservation of energy not live through the begotten?
To be attentive towards those in need and those who have helped
To practicing compassion that can truly be felt
Never forgetting what has transpired
Continuing to climb higher and higher
Allow us to continue in the joy of gratitude and appreciation
Allow us to travel from station to station