

three (or so) are we

there are three universes
one inside of the other
in all directions
each to each
on and on

perhaps many more . . .
arranged similarly

in one there is no after life
and spirit is the mysterious
energy shared among
living beings

the dead exist only
as born memory
holy enough
in fact
for those who pay attention

in another
spirits live on
as above, of course

but also for each life
lived
forever and forever

and all
living, dead, and soon to be
share one awareness

but only those who are currently dead
are fully aware
and know truth perfectly

revealing smatterings of love and light
to those who pray
and reach up to them
with love sadness and joy

in the other
the spirits of those who are deceased

also continue forever
but are gifted with knowledge
of what is true and what is false
only in similar
proportion
as the living

at first at least

death being a mighty lesson
which moves some forward
considerably, some just a bit
some back

and some not at all

and all deceased, moving
and forever being spirits
must strive without known substance
to learn and see
and love

even as we
poor living beings do
with knowable substance
in desire
haste
blindness
dance
and joy

blessed be

Bill Eberle

Jan 7, 2013, amended Jan. 11, 2013

*this is the outline for a novel
composed as a poem
roughly*

*a simple starting point
a revelation or fantasy upon which
such a one as I might spin a good story*

© 2013 William C. Eberle