

- W h e n T w o W o r l d s C o l l i d e -

What are the forces
That can bring
Two worlds together?
What bridged these lives
As special ships
For to be?
Beaming out pulsations,
For billions of miles,
Finally then together;
Across a vast deep,
And an end-less sea.
A deeper sea,
Of space and of time;
A space and time,
Just for you and for me.

15

Although time,
It has no real meaning,
As the void of space,
It hasn't any thought,
Nor reason to hold,
And no separate values,
Out-side of what we already know.
Islands apart now,
We stand in pure knowledge,
As if redeeming,
As ancient symbols,
Destined to climb,
As if for,
Transcending every thought
And midnight celestial sky.

30

Where is the force,
That can bring two lives together?
The heart, the mind,
The body, the soul?
Oh, I have never felt before,
The pull of such a polaric desire.

A derivative for the give and take,
A derivative for then to hold.

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Thousands of times over,
We will stand begotten,
With a very special,
But simple fortitude inside.
Yet we still stand,
Standing while most other lives,
They are scattered forever,
As in the sea rinsed flickering sand;
As with no grapevine then,
To transcend ,
Or, to hold.

49

For it is,
On this celestial plane,
Of a former sun and star,
That we do stand;
Both now together,
Both now and forever,
With our mystical bands and tokens,
That we all must now endure.
What invisible force,
Or forces,
Can bring these two visible worlds then together;
So that they,
By a natural course,
Collide and then divide,
Breaking all apart,
And then if once,
If only once,
Becoming one,
To reform, to grow, to sow?

68

The remnants of life,
They lie scattered all around us,
Even as we see each other too.
So that, we can't help,

But try at least,
To try and pick them up;
As it is for this purpose too then,
That we,
Two distant and unique worlds,
Are now formed;
Formed and brought together.

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For how many worlds,
Like this world before us, were created too?
Also, how many other lives,
With life hidden deep within each one,
Truly did exist?
How many dreams were forgotten?
How many hopes,
Were merely just to subsist?
In truth they abound,
Without any number;
Yet, is there any real satisfaction,
In simply knowing how to survive,
And merely how to exist?

92

A day is ever to be found,
And is to be found in ones very own hand.
Yet, these days have been so long,
That I can barely stand.
And I can remember things,
Even before I was born.
Though I was still conceived,
Rightly conceived in a secret land;
For then was my sky aglow,
In the pink and the red.
Up front, it was all around me,
And within my dreams,
While the blackness there,
Was the white curtain below.
My thumb,
It was in my mouth,
I within my mothers womb;

For I was then,
Considering the all of the all,
While thinking about,
What was to come.
This is when I was found
A pulsating conscience,
Formed maybe,
Even just for you,
If only just for you.

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When Two Worlds Collide – Page 4.

It was in those proverbial days,
Of hoping and of plowing,
Churning out that beacon of light,
As the extension of light;
With a power wealth within,
Something deemed to be the better;
Never knowing in what or where,
A better portion may lie below,
Just buried,
And left there to lie,
Beneath this lost station of time,
Where now only two worlds apart collide.

130

People work, they eat, they drink,
And raise their own;
And work, and work, and work alone,
Yet life, she isn't always favorable to us,
Not seeming, in equal proportions.
For, regarding balance,
It has been said:
That some may have great abundance,
For much enjoyment,
And yet of others . . .
Nothing at all,
No land to stand upon,
No place to call their own.
So, some shall find,
A sweet red cup of wine;

While some shall have a fall,
Down in the deep black mud alone.

147

A true paradox lies hidden,
Within this bottomless pit;
For one who is impoverished,
Can still yet be rich;
While the one who is rather wealthy,
Need not the other,
To be impoverished too.
Do not both ends,
Coming together then,
Create a balance in between?
Finding balance then,
As the median of life?

When Two Worlds Collide – Page 5.

Of everything,
And of nothing at all?
As in those great expanses,
That lie in-between us:
The up and down,
The in and out,
Left and right,
Rich and poor,
Right and wrong?
Is there not then,
A true purpose,
To each and every unique situation?
Can we not then,
Find out way back to that sun,
That light from which we came,
And to the moon,
The ancient of days?
Do let me know,
For as life would have it,
I wish to go.

179

When two worlds,
They finally do collide,
Is it not then,

Meant to happen this way?
Tell me about the things,
That are without any purpose;
And I will tell you about the things,
That are left unsaid;
Even for today,
Even for tomorrow,
About the things of yesterday as well.
And will anyone be watching,
When these two worlds collide?
And if so,
Will they have any answers left,
Forth to come?
I firmly follow,
That it is we,
Who have all of these,
Those necessary answers;
And our very own two worlds,

When Two Worlds Collide – Page 6.

Create their very own fixed eye.
So that now,
The places that we do see and go to,
Are in our very own hearts,
Within our own minds,
Within our own redeeming qualities,
Within our own unique postures,
Within our very own hands,
Within a far, far away place,
Which is yet,
Always so very near at hand;
Very near at hand and deep inside.
So we can see those things,
That are cast aside,
Where mere shadows,
Will now and always,
Forever on and on,
One day reside.
Within those secret places of long ago,
Where now,
Only we two worlds collide.

It is only,
 Two people alone then,
 Who will feel it happen this way,
 When we two worlds collide.
 While we can stand in amazement,
 And within a deeper awe,
 As we tremble in these moments,
 With all of our full emotions,
 And with our reason;
 With it written in the stars at night beside.
 Questioning all of these sensations,
 For the next aeon to come;
 Yet, acting upon them,
 With each and every,
 New hidden movement and moment of thought.
 For we are both,
 Silent warriors,
 Deep within;
 And it is,
 Because each and every new world,

When Two Worlds Collide – Page 7.

Has begun this way,
 For hidden deep inside,
 I know that there is another way to say,
 That these are the things that happen,
 When we two worlds collide.

I want nothing more,
 In my departing,
 To transcend this plane alive.
 Carrying nothing with me,
 But my fulfilled hopes,
 My fulfilled dreams,
 My fulfilled love;
 And to always be walking,
 Just one step ahead,
 Before all of those who I Love;
 Proving out,

All of those things that are alike,
And that seem so real;
Then proving what is not real.

260

For if I am left unfulfilled,
Then, what good am I?
And, if my life,
Has no purpose or meaning,
Then certainly,
I would be like those mere rocks,
And cracking slags,
That are strewn all around us,
Forever on the ground,
Just outside of our door,
And the people,
They all just walk right over them,
As if never knowing,
That they are there;
Nor yet,
About those treasures,
And those secret places,
Hidden deep inside.

278

So, if you could split the rock apart,
Just as the wood,
You will see into it as I do.

When Two Worlds Collide – Page 8.

For then you will see,
That it exposes whole new worlds,
And the pure sunset horizons.
It is speaking about,
The Everlasting Pearl of Greatness,
And that great unified potential,
That lies locked and hidden,
Deep inside,
Each and every one of us.
So, if only we dare to open up.
But, not everyone has that key,
None the less,
The many symbiotic keys combined.

It is the very energy and voice,
Of the universe unleashed that I behold !
The oneness of the Black Fire,
Persuing the everlasting White Fire;
Or is it the other way around?
Thereby, exposing that commonality of ground,
That we all possess.
Those seeds of great ness and of wonder,
All strewn about by the east wind;
That our first Father,
So early bore,

305

Although the planets,
The moon, and the stars,
Are all so diverse,
And a kaleidoscope of colored hues;
They all still remain,
Of one true origin;
And we are one with them too;
And with the invisible we are one,
But only by definition,
And if we know it too.
None the less,
We all must sing,
With a perfect tune then,
Within each and every unique sound.
For the melodies,
They are all, already written;
So that we must then,

W h e n T w o W o r l d s C o l l i d e – Page 9.

Judge this time,
And our own selves aloud.
While washing pure our own hands,
By the casting off,
Of some very heavy stones;
While we gather in,
Some lighter, smoother,
New and better ones too.
Including that invisible star of a rock,
And that Capstone of Life,

Shining way out from beyond the edge,
Of our constant universe delight,
Our night times granite,
Far, far away palacial shore.

336

Thus, experiencing a transition,
Beyond all closed doors,
While leading to all of those passageways unknown,
And yet unexplored;
But soon to be discovered,
Through one's own mind,
And ones own body then,
Forever more . . .
Forever more.

345

The mind . . .
It is a cosmic light,
And an open mind,
It is a giant window,
Leading back to the past,
And up on to the ethereal heights,
Way far above the black and the white,
And deep within too.
With the many colored spirit birds,
Of red, blue, green, and black;
Leaving trails in the outer spectrums,
About the outer hue;
From the in-between,
While spinning East bound,
To greet the sun,
For, forever on now,
Beaming in all directions,
There is a flaming t'sword.

When Two Worlds Collide – Page 10.

For this is the time then,
For what is left undone,
As when, we two worlds collide.
Living just as if a world just passed us by,
And flew away,
When we two worlds, two worlds did fly.

Not as empty ships,
Just standing by,
But as some sacred voice,
That said . . .
Goodbye.

374

How can we,
Even think of another thing,
When these two worlds collide?
For it truly happens only once,
In at least a million lives.
As if in some far off remote island,
Or isolated corner of the world,
Where other former shadows once stood;
And where some others,
They still abide,
With the others, that are soon to come.
So look behind,
And in front of you,
For what is tried,
As you will also find,
Another world beyond,
So deep inside.

391

This is a primary meeting,
That is not without any purpose,
For it a fundamental meeting,
And a meeting that is all about life.
You know that,
Action is not established,
Without any purpose;
For this is what gives us standing and meaning.
Not without a fulfillment granted;
A final end,
For a new beginning !

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When Two Worlds Collide – Page 11.

So it is . . . ,
That with each new beginning,
There are instituted then,

The many new and unique forms of life;
So that,
Never was there before,
A new beginning,
Quite like this one;
Nor were there two roads,
Quite like these roads crossing before us.
Roads that come together,
With such an interspection,
For all other lives to come.

415

Yet, so many lives,
Are so very different it seems;
There are lives that full of pain and of sorrow;
But the lives of the rest seem to be,
Merely just the same,
As if in vain.
But you will understand,
As this does leave me to know,
That this is our only time,
Our only time,
Right here and now,
Our only time to feel,
To see,
To touch,
To sense,
And then to collide,
Head long in love together;
Defining for now and for then,
And for all time,
That extra-existential purpose of oneness,
And of purity.
Revealing also,
All of those meanings,
And the pieces of the metaphysical plane,
That are yet hidden;
Combining to establish,
The things that are now finally seen;
Revealing the things to come;

Just as we,
Two worlds collide.

445

I have no former regrets,
Other than the fact,
That I have not yet lived.
For I am as a man,
And still,
A man yet to be formed;
Just as a being,
Who is almost completed now.
As before us all,
There lies that constant and proverbial “Heroes Journey”;
A “Trial By Fire”,
A “Journey in The Wilderness”,
With the greatest battle now . . .
Deep within.
Just like that “Bitter Sea” of Agamemnon,
We can not drink it;
And Plutarch’s Armageddon Hell;
A place where only principled license . . .
It wins the war.
And the battle you know . . .
It is for all time;
For all time on then and more.
Yet, this is not about winning at any cost;
But it is only about the “Price”,
That we each must pay.

470

This is all about seeking the Truth,
While having that pure desire implanted,
And then once established,
Identifying with your very own true purpose in life.
For you must feel,
With The All,
All of these,
Your most powerful hidden senses,
And then realizing as well,
That what you have,
Is of the Greatest Potential;
Being much more than a “mystical” bed of comfort,

Thus being able to lift you safely up,
Up to every higher plateau and station in life,

When Two Worlds Collide – Page 13.

Out too every farthest and distant invisible shore.

485

There is a definite purpose too,
To love and inspiration,
In serving each other well;
In living for one another,
In thinking about one another,
In protecting one another,
In inspiring one another.
In caressing one another,
In reading to one another,
In bleeding and dying then . . .
For one another;
Yes, and in living for one another,
As was formerly intended.
Encouraging each other on then,
To those higher rings and bounds.
Knowing intuitively,
That there is no other higher cause or care;
While speaking your name only,
As if it were the only one to sound,
The only name that ever was,
And even with your final breath,
While deep in love.
Knowing intuitively,
That you are always there,
Without any avoidance,
Even if only,
From out of the distance,
Even if only,
With an invisible power.

514

Yes, pure inspiration,
It is real !
Even as our lives they are so real;
With love being the transender that surpasses all,
Through out all time.

Love conquers huge armies . . .
And then it calls out your name . . .
At misty dawn;
As if we were all born anew,
As if we did collide then too !
Caught without protection,

W h e n T w o W o r l d s C o l l i d e – Page 14.

We became the radiation . . .
The interspection;
We became that morning shower,
We became those flowers,
Hour after hour,
Leaving everything outside of our ring and power . . .
Oh spellbound.
But, with at least,
A heartfelt sense for the purist meanings,
Of love and desire.

535

When these two worlds collide,
Within this spontaneous moment,
They are then,
Taking in each other's own ray of light,
And self generated heat;
With all of the other stars,
Reflections of each other too !
While still beaming in every direction,
In the sacred glow of time less ness,
With the darkness there, still all around.

545

For it has been deemed then,
For this very purpose;
And this purpose,
It is so real;
Even as our bodies,
They are so real;
And our invisible lives,
That are quickly passing by . . .
If we can only see them,
They are so real.

555

Then found within this,

Ultra-sensitive form of passion,
Is a place where,
This extraexistensive Love,
Is revealed and formed;
Leaving these expanses of time,
Traveling way out beyond the outer bounds,
Into a higher plane of time,
Within a day without end.

564

W h e n T w o W o r l d s C o l l i d e – Page 15.

This is something,
That can not be touched with the physical hand alone,
Just as a constant radiant light,
Beams out into the outer expanses,
Yet giving no warmth.
Yet, they do send their light,
To the farthest universal shore,
Which no mere mortal will see;
Being only for those,
Who choose to become the immortal ones then,
Within this everlasting sea.
So, it is only for those immortals then,
Who will cross safely this bridge,
Of the in-between,
While transcending all other worlds,
Finally only to become.
So, it is these worlds only then,
Who are becoming,
And who are seeking that higher calling . . .
While deep in love.

584

I did not choose,
To come into this world;
Nor into this unique form, or time;
But it did come to me.
Forming way out of the darkness,
From the root of life,
Way out beyond forever.
It is a pulsation,
Even as that,

Of a lighthouse beacon;
Expressing it's own,
Very unique message and signal call.
Calling out only to those,
Closely passing ships,
While it constantly says thus:
Please do take care,
For you too must be there,
Just as I am here for you,
So you are there for me.
For there are many, many rocky crags,
Down deep in the dark below;

W h e n T w o W o r l d s C o l l i d e – Page 16.

Former feelings hurt,
Obstacles in between;
Just as ships,
We are tossed about too and frow.
So silent be there still,
Set your rudder free,
And let me guide you in alone to me.
Be there now
And steer ahead towards that light,
That sets us free.
And do not fear,
For I am always here for you,
And always with you,

619

So, you must know by now,
That if you can cross,
That great expanse of feelings,
And the darkness then of matter,
That endlessness of sea,
And feel that former Light sensation,
Of that magnetic land that grabs on hold,
Within the smell of a shore,
That is mixed with wonder,
Within this salton sea,
While being moved on farther,
Bye that changing air;
You will have truly defined,

For then and for now,
Your only hope and purchased possession;
Your pearl of great price:
That is your mind !

636

For who would not be great-full,
For landing upon this shore?
Knowing also, that they
That most,
Would not want to chance,
Another endless flight alone;
Across those many beacons of sound at night;
Having to do this all alone again, and again, and again,
As if there still would be,
Another stand of pure land left.

When Two Worlds Collide – Page 17.

For only careless hands,
Would drift on through these endless lands;
Thinking that they will not be broken,
Up upon those distant rocks,
While seeking endless shores,
As if for tokens for that which is real.

652

So Love , what rules love then?
And what causes us to take hold,
On to those things, that we seem to treasure most?
And to those things, that we should treasure the least?
I will never now forget what life was all about,
When these two worlds, they did collide;
For it was one thing to be alone,
As if being in a stormy sea,
And a totally different event to come,
Together with one another, as if one;
With another being, and being truly one.

663

But, if through this life, we alone must go,
Then it is this that I will always know;
That collide I did, and headlong too,
With another passing ship of the night,
Way out straight beyond the blue;
That unique once distant planet island,

Of ancestral ancient charm and vibrant form;
Of distant sounds, of beautiful ground,
In a heart felt flutter ,
Wearing all of those sensuous colors of the sky and rainbow clouds.
For it is this love, that I will never forget,
Nor shall I ever have it again, as at this time still ,
When we two worlds
We did collide !

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In The Year Of Our Lord:
Yahlshoolvah, The Moshaelychi,
commonly known as: Jesus The Christ