

8-22-80

Your Gates

I have showed you my mansions  
Coherent I have built, aligned  
To buy you time here in  
Mortal coils that your building  
May arise above a comfortable  
Sunday dinner, You report spirits  
Seek only thier progeny, jingling the  
Keys to the celestial chariot. If  
You believe you are a transmuted  
Mole you must build a tunnel.  
I will hand you a ticket to the  
Round table of commerce of the souls  
Who sought joy in truth and  
Battled to establish the mortal  
Image therof on this globe.  
I cannot curse you, but pray your  
Limited visions must rise above  
Cocceited lineage or tribe. You face  
The shudder of second birth visualizing  
Stored up piles of souls gladly awaiting  
With time to hear your reports.  
The light is dimmer where you  
Are going. I know that you are  
Giordano's ass removed from the  
Olympian cycles buying Dante's  
Purgatorio and pleading tell you,  
You cannot buy the light