The Art of Making Amends

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This poem is dedicated to the evolution of our souls!

I must allow you to grow
To change you ways, re-arrange your soul.
Grow thorns if you must
But please reach farther,
The soul must grow to be empowered.
Just as one learns numbers and letters,
The soul is striving to get better.
A flower’s roots are in the dirt
And dirt, the remains of loss and hurt,
can transform a seed into a flower
Of beauty and wonder, color and power.
We too have our roots in fertilized mud
We feed our seeds with tears and blood
But also with laughter, wisdom and love.
Our souls will learn to rise above.
A wise man said that the struggle within
Is like two animals fighting inside him
If one is good, and the other is sin
The one fed the most
Is more likely to win.