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3

Section 3

Like a tree they spread.
Like a tree they unite.
Like a tree they spread.
Like a tree they unite.
It repeats over and over,
And brings fits to my sleep.
From many to one,
And one to many.

Pause.
Harken unto my expressed summons as given.

Remain.
Know you are meant to go through it and wait
nearby.

Wait.
If you can be calm,
The way is a simple thing to gain.

Linger.
Be quiet and see what's near.
You can open it.

Do not forsake the Maker,
For the meaning of his name is only for him.

Mountains stand tall.
New water feeds the stagnant.

Through the minds of impostors
Comes new life.

A puddle frozen in time
Brings strength to the weak.
Minds are forsaken,
And bodies are lost.

A river of blood flows from the surface.

It is written in the dark.
The ten eyes do not see it.
He creates alone;
Weary of what may come.

Why does the Maker not know our choice?
Because he chooses not to know it.
He sees the branches of all choices,
He knows the paths of all possibilities.
But the pruning he has placed in the hands of
man.
This is the strength and downfall of man.
This is how man will be measured.

But it is many who will come
To revel in his joy;
To hide themselves from the eyes
Who do not see the path.

One who finds, will need.
One who needs, will find.
And one who meets the needs of another
Will find his own needs met.

They will subdue the weak and it will be their
undoing.
From above will come destruction, from above

will come new life.

The wound in the desert will bring forth the
renewal of hope.

Bring the least, and expect nothing in return.

The passing of time brings the past to the
present.

Circles are the paths that lead to walls;
And return to the beginning.

Take time to know the faces of stone.

Take time to understand the path of the shell.

What will crush you?

The weight of ordinances and laws.

What will lift you?

The wings of a heart for the Maker.

The watcher will watch for words from the
Maker.

The voice will speak the mind of the Maker.

The giver will grant the blessings of the
Maker.

The destroyer will hold the knife of the Maker.

The seeker will share the truths of the Maker.

The grower will bring the life of the Maker.

The builder will build the peace of the Maker.

First there is a one;

Followed by a nine.

Four leads a ten.

Numbers;

Cut into stone.

If understood they could save,

But their value is lost on the blind.

Look at the time they spend trying to see
numbers.

There is no value in such numbers.

For only after are they understood.
Why do these numbers haunt us so?
They laugh upon us
And reveal our weakness;
In the face of the great time.

Foolish men. Do you think that you are the only
writers?
Who is the new writer? The rules are written
within him.

The rain starts and the tree will grow,
But are you the one to start it?
You did nothing but follow.
The grower is the one who leads.

You toil and strive to write Ages and move
stones.
The path of the stone is toil for the gathered.

Ink will be shared,
And Ink will be lost.

The Maker knows all the branches of the tree.
The Maker can send the knife or the water.

And few will be greater than the grower.
For the grower will know pain.
And the wounds will make the least the
greatest.
But do not be deceived.
Few ears in the low places will know the
grower.
But many ears will hear those who claim to be
the grower.
Only the ears of the new ones will hear the
true grower.

Do not be deceived.



