



Section 5

Do my wishes deceive me?
I have never seen like this before.
Darkness and tears fill my eyes,
But not today.
No longer do they mourn;
No longer do they not realize their path.
Is this the ending?
Is this what I wait for?
There can be no deception
With such dreams that outweigh my own.
Does this end have to leave so soon?
Do not take the end from me.

Do not put out the least for they will save
you.
The gathered will tell of the path of the
shell.
The bound will know of the path of the stone.
Words are many, but action is what is desired.
The gathered will find rest when the light
comes.

The circle is broken;
The metal melted in the fire.
Strangely the cloth does not burn.
The cloth of many;
It remains in the fire
And produces new life.
Though the circle is gone

It has brought triumph.

The dreams of the wise are a gift from the
Maker.

The cleft is a blessing to the gathered.
Contempt is a gift from the accuser.
Roll the stone to know the deceiver.

They ask for it again.

They cry out for yesterday.

They want wisdom united
Under one.

"Never", He says.

That time has vanished.

Misery will be great

If that ancient place is visited again.

Can a dead tree grow again?

A man looks and sees death.

It has been cut to nothing.

There are no more branches,

And no future is seen.

But the Maker looks and sees life

Beneath the death and destruction.

A drop of water falls from the sky,

And begins the journey downward.

And the roots drink deeply.

With the wisdom of the grower a new branch will
grow.

The burdened one will write to save worlds, and
save one.

The dreamer will dream to save worlds, and save
many.

The path is folly for those who toil.

The path is wise for those who wait.

I see the tree, with so many branches.
What a sight!
To watch it fall, and grow again.

Can teeth replace Books?
Can hands replace Ink?
Can mirrors replace memory?
Can one replace the many?
When such things are believed
So an ending nears.

The Maker listens to D'ni,
And he hears nothing.

All of them look over you.
And they do not see the right path.
Follow the path of light, enter a new
beginning.

They seek answers in Ink and Paper
And only find truth.
They seek change in truth
And only find empty hearts.

They follow the truth and denounce all that is
within.
Evil is buried as quickly as love.
They study the truth and denounce all choice.
Evil is shunned as quickly as good.
They write the truth and denounce all that came
before.
Perfection is sought as quickly as evil.

Seek knowledge and you will find evil.
Seek wisdom and you will find knowledge.
Seek truth and you will find wisdom.
Seek love and you will find truth.

A new river flows through the land,
Its paths are chosen wisely.
The waters have lived through many dry lands
And are no longer deceived by imaginary images.
There are some who hear it roar through the
land;
Some see the dark waves and ripples.
Those who refuse to acknowledge that it flows
Are swept away by the storm that follows.

Make a path to the sun,
And the light will shine upon you.
Make a path to the sky,
And the storms will come.

A new tree buries the beliefs of old;
A tree of stone and power.
Deep roots sustain it;
Roots that absorb the waters of the past;
Waters long forgotten
But still flowing underground;
Under new trees, with barks of life
And rings of stone .

Under the sun is the bringer of destruction.
To the wound the bringer of pride returns.
But the son of the son will carry the burden.
And his wife will face the storm.
Give him a pen, and he will plan.
Give her a pen, and she will dream.
And a daughter will carry the burden of her
father.
And the daughter of the daughter will live in
peace.

