

Horses with blinders

Our understanding,
Things we know,
Like horses with blinders,
It points where to go.

We cannot think or act,
In ways we've not done.
Decisions and actions,
Through experiences, they come.

Stuck in patterns,
Our actions repeated,
Dulling sensations,
And spiritually defeated.

Love is the goal,
Sincerity a must,
Yet our own understanding
And self-seeking we'll trust.

People with blinders,
Each thinking they're right,
Like walking in dark,
Without any light.

Slaves to tradition,
Who can break free?
Witnesses are needed,
So others can see.

New direction is necessary,
And new ways to learn,
Someone must teach them,
Before we can turn.

The risk is great,
To break traditions,
Great humility, required,

In such harsh conditions.

Our minds need guidance,
We must be shown,
Demonstration, a must,
To see how to grow.

We need new training,
See what, how, and why,
Witness people changing,
Encouraging us to try.

Who will show us,
Be an example to guide,
To deny traditions,
Of their own ways, to die?

To be real not fake,
With clean heart and mind,
Follow God's ways,
And own understandings, deny.

Who will trust God,
Live by THE instructions,
Give our all to His ways,
Not of our own construction.

Surrender is key,
Step number one,
Realize our foolishness,
Must be undone.

As long as we trust,
Practice our own ways,
Seeking self interests,
Day after day.

No matter what prayers,
Church we attend,
Like people with blinders,

Fools to the end.

Many will stay,
Continuing confined,
In their own understanding,
Obeying their own mind.