

#125 What's to Value?

So many things we think *about*.

Some make us sing and some cause a *shout*.

Does it depend on how or where one grows *up*

Or how one **RE-FILLS** their "LOVING *CUP*"?

I'm led to believe that the answer constantly *varies*

According to what *personal values* one *marries*.

What drives your *soul*, makes you smile *inside*

And **do you have others** to whom you can *confide*?

There are **places so deep** *inside* our *hearts*

It makes us wonder where reality *ends* and imagination *starts*.

It seems to me we always get hung up on the concept of *time*

Whenever we contemplate the realm of the *Divine*.

There are times when time seems to stop or *fly by*

And other times when the **very** best thing to do is *cry*.

It happens to me when I imagine possibilities for *good*.

We would do **SO** many things **IF** we BELIEVED we **COULD!**

Like ridding the world of hunger and *pain*...

If we did this would it be **Heaven** we *gain*?

Now get ready because here's where it really gets *deep*.

Who do you "hang-out" with, *creative god-like beings* or *beguiled*

Sheep?

The company you keep *affects* the *life* you'll *live*.

Some people can't find enough to consume, yet others to *give!*

Stupid sheep can't think for themselves, thus are led to *slaughter*

Stuck in a manifestation paradigm that is purely selfish *fodder*.

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There is **no point** in God's HEART that has a **lack** or **need**.

It **WILL CREATE** whatever is **IN ORDER** and it always makes **OURS bleed**.

A picture that gives life...blood flowing from a broken **heart**

But being captured by **BRAND NEW** veins to be returned to its **start**.

These new **veins** are the paths created by positive **thought**.

The cells have circulated throughout the body and brought back

Whatever they have **caught**;

A positive energy that shares **ALL** – thus **CREATING MORE blood**

Or **defeated & broken** down **shadows** of themselves all covered in **crud**

Which **physically** clogs the arteries and causes many **invisible** spiritual
Scabs to **form**.

A **LOSS OF ZEST** for life and happiness, then all manners of morbidity

And **death become** the **norm**.

I see MY body as The **Christ of God** in this present sensory manner
Called **NOW**

Anointed with the very **best** of **LOVE & MERCY, JOY & GRACE somehow**.

What I value most is not money and material and carnal **things**

But the happiness and **JOY** that **my** peaceful presence **brings**

To others **that can SEE** I'm **not always** at my **best**

But allow me to be me - TO FIND **MY** VALUE through **MY TEST**.

I haven't yet figured out why **curiously** I was named **Rich**

When **NOT** having a lot of money to share seems to be a **bitch**

To me because despite all my **"riches"** I **KNOW OF**, I'm still **complaining**.

Obviously I have another lesson or two to learn yet waning. HA.

Rich Kovatch

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