

Natural Life (Epic)

By

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Rev. date: 2024 - 01 - 26

In the realm of nature's strife,
Where life and death wage endless fight,
A song resounds through endless time,
A tale of thoughts, both cool and sublime.

Chaos races, thoughts entwine,
Above, beyond, they freely climb,
A wizard with his staff stands tall,
His third eye wide, he sees it all.

Circles, boxes, spells, and brews,
His staff commands, it knows the clues,
Each morn, it weaves a new design,
The wheel of time, it does align.

In moments clear and moments bright,
He sees the ocean's endless might,
To all of life, he opens wide,
In Samson's blight, he'll still abide.

Two pillars broken, one stands free,
Alone in night, in majesty,
Roots run deep, in sediment complete,
An open door, nature's heartbeat.

Inner Styx breath, these words do spell,
A black forsaken shadow's well,
For all that is, was once alive,
In sorcery and words, they strive.

Circle wheel, their will sublime,
Frosty peach and sour lime,
Two-sided nature's virtue, vice,
In cages, thoughts may splice.

They seek, they seek, thus it thrice,
A time within their own device,
Seated on a throne, he casts a spell,
Fountain open, secrets tell.

Reason's voice, it can foretell,
The end of time's eternal swell,
Unshackled and pure, a tragic flaw,
In the ocean's maw, he is the law.

Twirls and twists, an anti-kiss,
Spellbound birds in endless bliss,
Untold secrets, the subconscious abyss,
An open source of ocean's mists.

Life teams within the deepest night,
Shining outward, a radiant sight,
Sky-bound, photons dance in light,
Electron, neutron, in cosmic flight.

A wizard's spell, the clang of bells,
Unfolds prophecies, the story tells,
In silence, reason finds its way,
Chaos roots itself, it's here to stay.

Natural selection, the spell of time,
From disorder to order, a paradigm,
In the light of life's endless rhyme,
Still motions beat in an ocean's prime.

Trance in motion, silence repeats,
Betrayed and denied, innocence retreats,
Yet within and open, weeping minute,
The tree of time, a forbidden fruit.

Conditional states, a tree of crime,
Evil and order in a dance of time,
Set in zero, conditionally late,
Maiden tempted by fate's cruel bait.

A portal opens, a plane unseen,
All men transformed, anew and clean,
Alive within a changing scene,
Knowledge tested, wisdom's glean.

The tree of time, a spell did bind,
A state conditional of humankind,
The open current, it surprises,
A dead log, opening the abysses.

Death, a spell that forms anew,
Ignorance or knowledge, it's up to you,
For within life's ever-evolving storm,

We adorn a time when the scorch turns warm.

Into the Styx, I journey deep,
Where denial's grip begins to seep,
The ocean vast, wild and wide,
I strike at the point of defying.

The path before me, I must take,
Alone, my soul's fate at stake,
Living in a constant waking dream,
Alive, yet caught in a self-made scheme.

Creation's point, a blessed start,
An initial state, a work of art,
Alive in every sense, a cosmic test,
The savior in all, a gracious guest.

The golden path ahead lies clear,
Bliss in virtue, what we hold dear,
Sounds within the clouds they shroud,
Midst spreading vapors, a mystical crowd.

This man I am, now truly alive,
Under a spell, in this moment I thrive,
Bound to the ocean, my will shall climb,
Within the branch, within the vine.

We are grapes seeking the divine,
Pleasure's pursuit, not just a line,
For in our aliveness, our souls entwine,
Fresh each morning, in dreams we find.

In our past, a sound that's wet,
A cry, a mourn, a deep regret,
An infection, a narrow crime,
Knowledge forsaken in the sands of time.

Leo the Sirius wolf aligns,
Recalling a fall, once blind,
Bliss, is it heaven, established or not,
This verse I write may seem a lot.

But now I reap what's truly white,
A central force, a beacon of light,

A non-existent door, forever bright,
In this place, I hear my heart's flight.

A raw tale told, a menu's ghoul,
Lurking deep, alone, it does rule,
A danger for all who hesitate,
In the splice of time, ignorance is the weight.

Knowledge is a state, a sacred order,
First begun beneath the golden border,
In the beginning, we wept and swam,
Grew from earth, fire, and wind's grand slam.

Clay breathed life into the fold,
A story ancient, lost and untold,
United as one, in primal knowledge,
Yet fires burn on the earth's white edge.

O, the past we've lost, what was once begot,
Now we hear, but know not the tune's trot,
Alive, we fear, the burdens we bear,
In this ocean's glare, a tree stands there.

Tall amidst the waves' wild reach,
Rocking fire within, heart's own speech,
To be one with time's grand ceremony,
When the beast of men found earth's sanctuary.

We slumber in this dream, afloat and awake,
What is, is not always what it seems to partake,
Light, photons radiate, swift and vast,
From first to last, momentum's cast.

The end arrives, reset from the past,
We refresh, begin anew, hold fast,
A time that moves on, from the crunch,
Living in the moment, without a hunch.

Life is eternal, forever moving forward,
From innocence to wisdom, a journey untoward,
The craft that sails upon the sea,
Alive, it encompasses all that's me.

I hear the bell's ring, the earth sings,

Time to celebrate as chaos springs,
From first to last, our existence's stride,
We live each moment, in this subjective ride.

At last, we fall into our subjective self,
Realizing all matters, we seek inner help,
This dream state, a form we traverse past,
Uprooted and tall, like an oak, we last.

No madness here, just an eternal kiss,
Justice, virtue, love, they're not to dismiss,
All pain and defection within the Styx,
Sinking, floating, caught in the spell's mix.

Each year we hear, the passing, we've missed,
Fleeting moments, resolving every twist,
Energy surges from inert electron's plea,
Found in nature's forms, a cosmic decree.

Chi enhancing the door unseen,
Rainbow borders, where form's not keen,
A state of bravery, virtue plus one,
Alive beneath the sun, our journey's begun.

In the beginning, a joyful run,
Heaven on Earth, between the suns,
Inscribed in all, a towering tree,
Flowing through existence, a wedding spree.

Stall the ocean's lost knowledge in the fall,
Alive we stand, tree tall, enthralled,
Vir is virtue, a godly state to be,
To our King, omnipotent, ever free.

In the past's language, an almighty creed,
We see with our heads, our soul's deed,
A light within, it shines so bright,
Into the blight, it screams with might.

Spells and time, past, present, now,
Within the chaos, my split self takes a bow,
To live alive, in bliss, we're blest,
Time waits for no one, keep writing, bequest.

In the ocean, I must love, as wet,
Life upon the blight, a day of night, you bet,
Darkness shines when light is out of line,
A force, a suction, a cosmic sign.

The moon reflects, stars in their path,
Reality's a sensual, inner aftermath,
Wide-eyed, I see the talk unfold,
Deny the first fruit of the walk, be bold.

Difference, a condition, that springs from one,
Alive and radiant under Apollo's sun,
In the ocean, we are all done,
Standing on this beach, thinking, we've won.

With will hanging on the brink,
All is renown, a twist, a link,
Ocean spells, a mystical list,
Unlock the future, in heaven's key, exist.

A timely spell, a lightning's kiss,
A lucid dream across the land's abyss,
Within the fold, we must all stand,
A time for glory, take the gland.

That opens doors to energy grande,
Fire rages, in heat, in ether, and sand,
It moves, back and forth, in fiery lust,
To the ocean, I entrust my trust.

Backwards, the past, nothing's all,
The strong feeling of one, standing tall,
A tree falls within the swaying bush,
Tropical land of fulfillment, lush.

This place of spells, twists, dares, and toils,
In its heat, it boils and boils,
Flaming fast, frozen last, in the calling,
A blight of storm, of weather falling.

Produced now, a wizard man,
Who lives in the world upon the land,
He speaks in truths, realizing the must,
To fulfill the need, of voice, of lust.

Our voices are thoughts in sense's fence,
A language taught in Babel's defense,
Order from disorder, whence the test,
To communicate, ions along the fence.

In the deepest crevice, I reside,
Where my dark Atlantis, it hides,
Floating, fleeting, among all,
Virtues and vices, justice's call.

God exists in every atom of life,
Caught in absolute strife,
Disorders reason for order, I relate,
Justice, a martyr's soul on stake.

We feel his pain, think of bliss gained,
A scale concurrent to your heart's terrain,
I feel like the atomic structure of many,
DNA present, found in atoms' energy.

Kaizen, the chi, witnessed through our fence,
You may grow supple, in majesty, commence,
Dendrites howled through roots so deep,
Chaos brings order to my castle's keep.

Cunning and grace, a bucket list's first,
Alive, from my heart, I quench my thirst,
I delve deep into my lost Atlantis field,
Potential energy, unyielding and unsealed.

Like a sword slicing through the sky,
Open wide my all, let deep reside,
For values that sit on the bend,
Vice is unpopular, low trends it tends.

Suppliant to the invisible hand, when,
Depression reduced by one thought of man,
It opens up nature, to pull, "I can do,"
Verses and rhythm, a contagious flu.

Though I stand tall among the true,
What is, is right, a prophecy, set blue,
Nil is ni, on ocean's foam, like dew,

Each morning, I reflect on a great clue.

That all inspection points should fare,
Along my all, first ensnare,
A lonely Odyssey for all to hear,
Delight all, with rabid fear.

You hold on tight to the ocean's door, dear,
A blind, delusional self, of the queer,
Propagated by all, in time set free,
All alive, sing now, all along, let it be.

Basking in the ocean sun's embrace,
Alive as one, we share the same space,
Deep within, thoughts leave a trace,
Pondered, lost, and then embraced.

Within the ocean, my will was brought,
A relentless search, an answer sought,
In the beginning, there was the word,
Silent pretense, complete and heard.

One thing only, it did commence,
Beyond all matter, a cosmic sense,
It floats hither, a rapid twist,
The word speaks, its course persists.

Alive in every moment, art's restart,
Effort, virtue, set apart,
From the beginning to the final start,
A growth of thoughts, a work of heart.

From disorder's berth, we most grow,
Dreams shaped by the effort we sow,
Heroic paintings, clear as true,
Apollo's light, like morning dew.

Sphericity balanced by a musical clue,
Notes in time, circular and true,
Souls expand through and through,
A tree harboring nature's growth anew.

Earth asked water, "What shall we make?"
Wave and crust, a long battle's stake,

A frozen wave seeks a cove's embrace,
Creating a solid point within Jove's grace.

Love comes between lost densities,
From magma, life's complexities,
Rock, fire, ore, and desire's wealth,
Wind and water shape the world's health.

Fusion and clay birth a spirit, so fast,
Continuing on, fiery and hot, steadfast,
Stores stand tall, erect and last,
Early primates, marveling at works of the past.

Breathed life, set it loose on the splice,
Atoms change to words, a living device,
In between texts, others coming,
Walking upon the Earth's crust, becoming.

For new life and order, a must,
Time to shape rock, break stocks, and trust,
Moral codes of nature give,
For all alive and well, a win to live.

Heaven rejoices, gates open, fin,
Lights shine advanced within,
Clock of blackness, weak-minded, surpassed,
In the creed, my set's need is steadfast.

Open flowing within the clear blue sea,
Waves pound, my inner core set free,
Further into my soul, we bore,
Flip the page or bend the envelope once more.

In print, an infant's choke, a baby's flow,
Alive, standing tall, a growing tree aglow,
Roots deep in our crust, they must,
Swayed by logic, in the wind, we trust.

Listen to the sound of our kin,
The voice of the past, nature's win,
It reshades and grows like an infant leaf,
Until at last, it becomes a full rush, a belief.

Waves run parallel to the branch, we evolve,

From carbon to new elements, life will solve,
Earth, water, fire, and air mix,
Permeate through time, in moments they fix.

Rapid ways, a moment's flash,
The keeper unto his gods must bash,
The group forced to open, translate into one,
Radiate disorder from the light and sun.

Evolved from nothing, chance's decree,
Probability, the will to destine, free,
Free choice, our voice, to do what's right,
For inside, honesty shines, a pore of light.

Alive, surrounded by sound and heat,
Hold on, or beat the black shadow's fleet,
For winter solace, we must meet,
Titans of rock and man, complete.

Unleashed their magic upon the land,
Cronos, absolute, in petrified sand,
Stood over the lands, a cosmic sense,
Little big monsters, a small pretense.

They floated and carved the initial sea,
Easter Islands, a prophetic glee,
We learned the wheel, a choice, a will,
Knowledge set aside, enforce and instill.

Time, the universal seed of a plant,
Magnified, the giants, a cosmic slant,
Pleading with men, a true test,
Realize all, and surely, we're blest.

We came from titans, aim in long-lost quest,
This earth, the perfect test barrier,
A convex bubble, denying gravity's trouble,
Their ship floats within the cosmic rubble.

Men of old, unheard, untold,
Set the force of consciousness to enwove,
Joved blessed by Callisto, life's unfold,
Invisible hand, participants of gold.

Gold, iron, metal, rock, a balanced stock,
How gold ticks to time, a cosmic clock,
For they are giants, made of rock,
A timeless force, a cosmic shock.

Chaos, straightened by a singular King's decree,
Radiant with wings, beautiful to see,
Arrows and bandits flung due south, unfree,
Hurt more than a needle's sting, a plea.

Rock forms above the ocean's storm,
The ancient pretense of galaxy's norm,
Unleashed, all from nature's thorn,
Thorns from Thor's hammer, reborn.

Thor knocks down all forces at the door,
No evil in titans, a truthful core,
A self of help, of goodness, pure,
In the fir trees, the titan's lore.

Six days to make clay, a toke,
Breathing life into clay, no joke,
We must live, alive and woke,
Nature's expression, a point bespoke.

Reverse and forward, blessings intertwine,
A two-sided coin, evil and good combine,
The wheel insists, life's design,
Hammer bash, clip the old, define.

Ocean harmony, sea and sky so blue,
Working with lava, clay forms anew,
The old working matter, the maker's due,
Thus, man was created, a timeless view.

A time lost, forgotten, hardly propagated,
Rest set in quick time, for a God awaited,
For all his laws, a golden rod elevated,
The secret to life, in existence, consecrated.

The fall of woman, sin's original sin,
Knowledge second to what we must win,
The Titan battle, a tempest within,
Alive and beyond, in a grand scheme, we've been.

A theater screen, our life in past dreams,
Visions tell of a faraway land, it seems,
Reality chosen upon the man's schemes,
An open portal, a planet-jumping team.

Evil sprouted from a choice, free will,
Frozen still, cooling chill, a noose to fill,
Purged into a noose, a natural test, the thrill,
We must live until bliss, our ultimate skill.

Old timers relate the past from the front row,
Walking unknown to a fully grown lamb, you know,
Game forms, matter sown, the names bestow,
For the river Styx flows deep underground, aglow.

Perfidious deeds, sacred flows, they recount,
Grain by grain, desert Atlantis does mount,
Against the garden land, a swift, grand fount,
Hedge thy roses well, beware of stealth's account.

A knight, the medium, the standard sight,
Sorcery in the night, it cools lava's might,
Resting restless in ponder, caught, fought, lost,
Reason diminished, like a star, at what cost?

The Titans, an ordered picture of the first,
A lens of time and a moon to quench our thirst,
Creatures lying close to our land, at rest,
Living in far-off galaxies, where they nest.

Close to our land, they lie still in a way,
Their senses evolved, particular day by day,
Greater sight, hearing the world's display,
The force of lightning, standing tall, they obey.

Romancing and searching deep within the land,
They sprouted from dendrites, an axiom gland,
The thought of time, it matched their hand,
Open conscious matter, they apprehend and expand.

Twists and snares, in time, they dare,
Wealth, fair to land, a past we share,
Moving as giants, planet to planet, they care,

Leaving clues and interests, to a few, they bear.

The picture frame, clear, holds what's dear,
What they speak of and what they fear,
A chance to spark life, to persevere,
The beginning of all strife, we adhere.

Human, a test of true life's duration,
Caught up in an open life's formation,
A secret code, unlocking knowledge's station,
Inside our imagination, truth's restoration.

Shelved in your castle, deep within the moat,
Hiding your haven, destroy the float,
We're all ships, ocean-bound, a remote,
Limitless by an innate spell's remote.

One movement, an idea, Titan's wise,
We all exist in perishable demise,
Uranium's power, to build a space, we surmise,
The final frontier, our soul's eternal prize.

Titan's passion, burning to cease, to lead,
Water drunketh, for all who shall heed,
Axiom forest, from life to man, we proceed,
Standing upright with nature, to the sand, we accede.

Ashes to axes, dust bitten flea,
How small we are, you must agree,
Titans, over time, intellect passed divine,
Order establishes your crime, in matter's line.

Life, on the fold, within the home we find,
Keeping us alive, into the matter, intertwined,
Now in the center of the fold, a story untold,
A breath, feeling the cold, saturates, enfolded.

All dates into the road, they leave behind,
Listen to the fable, I again preach, aligned,
The Titans, a race, existing through all time,
The beginning closer, through them, we climb.

Hierarchy, a system, works, tall and fine,
Above, beyond, below, changing matter, in line,

For this condition, a timer's ladder, divine,
Titans, a force, a cosmic design.

The sea crashing daily, in the form of men,
Grew alive, outspoken from chaos, and then,
Progressively they sit, far from our reach,
O, the constellation human, let me preach.

They radiate the night sky, for all to see,
The momentary second, elementary fee,
Inspections are the roots of time, you see,
Running and swimming in the sea.

A cool rush of wind reflects through me,
Show grace, receive grace, to balance fee,
Emotions run rampant in the castle's land,
For inner truth is order, strong and grand.

Think lion-wise, the Titans follow the hero,
Saxon night must contrite in the field's glow,
Through the ether, I hear what I yield,
Stones frozen, saturated, a form revealed.

How do you rise from the storm, stone's embrace?
Your bliss is free from the state of man's chase,
They may be invisible to us, in a timeless space,
But survived in a thought, a ringing burst, a race.

They pierce through time, a field of divine grace,
Radiating spherical swine, in a cosmic embrace,
Cattle on the lamb train to St. Climb's place,
Above all matter, is pure choice's trace.

I can exist separate from my body's case,
Float free in essence, untested, we embrace,
Relive each moment that contested, in its space,
A sound heard by a select few, in time's embrace.

Alive and well, I sing my song to you,
Moments through a third eye's stare, it's true,
I relive my atoms' perfect, shining glare,
If only, when only, man comes to this air.

Lucid are his spells, floating with a blissful flair,

A state out of mind, of the bliss we declare,
Dreaming is order, for the hammer to repair,
Ad infinitum, to the end of days, we dare.

For madness is an acute sense trade, we share,
My mother is an inherent fade, beyond compare,
She lives life on the constant brave, to bear,
The Titans made what and discerned when, with care.

Alive in this subjective matter, a den so rare,
They spoke in wise riddles, between the fold's lair,
For prophecy of thought, was beginning's stare,
Here lies the ocean, to bear all those, we swear.

Who choose a choice in all blues, a journey where,
Blue project is a true project of men, an affair,
Alive, alone, annoyed, be likely a stand, beware,
Terra firma, in the ground, tree tall, a truth we wear.

All muses' abilities work in the fall's grand air,
Grown tall, swayed by logic's breathing wind's flair,
Another Titan who believes in fin, the current's prayer,
Men in this particular form, a mandate we bear.

So we can be judged in our demand date, a dare,
Time is of late, so Titans sleep in wake, somewhere,
Their souls expressed on the inner calm lake's care,
A cloud in the summer, fogging the will's affair.

Of what the wheel in time holds still, don't despair,
Still, in this moment fleeting, you, I declare,
Nil is night from the sky, cloud blue, we share,
A trance of a knight, searching, with lance and glare.

Medium must be seen from a balanced state, aware,
Conditional to last, along each line we propagate,
Restate now the early set times, we're in the same sphere,
Far beyond, beneath the clock's chimes, without fear.

A planet seeks its place, alive, without a tear,
This is part recycle, choice of thine, clear,
Reincarnation, sublime, we are all near,
Connected with plants, aligned, stars' hemispheres.

Ocean wind calling, time so thin, sincere,
A particle of all, situation's skin, we steer,
The Titan relapses into a form, a celestial rear,
For its safety net is time, recycled, without jeer.

A system cycle courts the man, we adhere,
For alone and just, he must stand, without peer,
Relate now the fall, overtop, that's all, the gear,
Apple redeems the ocean fruit supply, crystal clear.

Open sea, open wild, in thy grace, we appear,
The first domes were set in place, not severe,
On different planets, whence to trace, a frontier,
A man who, amongst the human race, perseveres.

Inside my inner desire, a true blessing, it steers,
For I am the white power castle, strong and sincere,
Through chaos, I exist, devoid of fears,
Fire heating, inner coil serpentine, in its spheres.

In the word was a fire, desires it rears,
That is the heat of our heart's desire, as it clears,
Heated from an axiom point, of up, from the gears,
Down grows the wave, produced, a journey that nears.

It soars through the waves, in Titan's cheers,
Unleashed in song, for new land, future years,
It is of the gay, they may say, with no tears,
To be the master of my fate, play, free from spears.

Alive, all knowledge lives and stays, my dears,
Tired is a state below, the health's frontier,
A order-disorder perseverance law, it appears,
Of the claw, the fire draws, a maw that seers.

Coals are the beginning of time's grand scheme,
Thoughts racing of the sublime, like a dream.
A reason tackled through a field profound,
Potential energy's prison, where answers are found.

Fire mixed with water, desire's creation,
Yoga Kaizen, a universal foundation.
All particles know of substructure's complexity,
Rock forms that hold the essence of time's legacy.

Left behind was their deaf and silent land,
For man to preach of giants' work, so grand.
Heralding disorder, rate of order in a lark,
Rust is the sensation of an old self's spark.

Coals are the end of time's endless climb,
Silence is the greatest oracle, through time.
Delphi and Dodona, the voice of Hosanna,
Always fleeting, the moments set in time's panorama.

A rock fountain of youth, elixir, so pure,
An ocean's deep crevice, where truth does endure.
Sink down to the formation of clay and water,
The boundary exists due to a celestial order.

Dendrites with axioms, roots, and trees,
Logic sprouted first, from old to new, with ease.
Alive in nature, in books of wisdom bold,
Willing to be cut from depression's stronghold.

Deep holes in the soul run deep to bore,
An ocean, swimming door, to explore.
Heaven's gate, a trumpet's sound, a cosmic score,
The Leo of time, trumpeting to the King's encore.

For the earth of matter, he still brings,
An ocean song through all silence, as it swings.
The hope for all, the faith of life's grace,
Vir against all vices, in this timeless space.

War with earth, water, air, and fire's might,
What Titan controls all, amidst this fight?
All insisted, one governance should be one,
Referred into a higher, beg that unifies, begun.

The elements in a triad full, they become,
Between all atoms, a harmonious hum.
The fluted time in vacuum, it glows,
This great being lived a life, as time flows.

Resting silently, like a still and silent mind,
The Titan Brahma of all, designed.
Set forth into clay, a particle's play,

Titan, Jove, in a cosmic wrathful display.

For our life, we are all but cattle in this grand fray,
The flame that ignites our journey, guiding our way.
Until our path is set clear, to a precious substance dear,
Split in two, the depression singing blue, so sincere.

Now the spirit willed and choice enabled,
Our fate upon this stable land is finally tabled.
A conscious force grown from an ordered state,
To become one again with yourself, it's never too late.

Clary speaks to earth and creates the rock,
Our cove, a solid oak, amidst the tick-tock.
Of nature's timely clock, left to flow,
The ambience of energy's song, through time we know.

This hymn of Titan praise, will most likely anew,
A paramount liquid of evolved life, a mystical brew.
For nature is nature, expressed through strife,
Come around the beginning sound, the origin of life.

That rings your rock core out of luck,
Find the plastic way to heaven's embrace, pluck.
Tune into the dance of your eternal being,
For you to last longer than this scene, forever seeing.

Eternity is yours, more than fleeting days,
Restored row is a little of our past, it conveys.
That you serve me, to this latitude of grace,
Thank you, silence, in humble gratitude, we embrace.

Live your life as a Titan, in timeless space,
For then you lose, to win the eternal race.
Whilst thou art certain to my words, and gone,
As in thy conscience, which is always one.

For Titans roam upon the word of fun,
A form that has set these rocks into the sun.
Tree of life, standing tall, with roots that run,
My work is beside the point, but the lesson's won.

For Titans roam upon the guests' merriment,
A time set for food of heaven, in agreement.

Open the door to parallel eleven, a statement,
The Elder Gods, great men, of their time, sent.

From Gaia's planet, Uranus, they did rise,
Filling the sky and stars, a cosmic surprise.
Hypernum, the hyper-accelerated force, wise,
Moving the wind with a rustling, gentle cries.

Circles filled in form, wind sets a chill,
Hypernum works in the southern barrier's fill.
Coeus was the Titan of clues, an eternal thrill,
Each morning, the grass is covered in dew, so still.

Realizing water, Oceanus set a unique form,
Rising, both working as one, in life's norm.
Cronus was the Father god, guiding the swarm,
The golden harvest, like a grasshopper's warmth.

Golden rod scepter, of floating praise and charm,
Cirius was the cunning of all men, no harm.
Alive in thought, the play of the horse's barn,
He worked as a force, uniting us in alarm.

For alive, we are a disorder of the sun's warm,
Lapetus, the lateral, who is passionate and warm.
The fixed points of martial law, forms a uniform,
A three-dimensional earth, from the cosmic storm.

Lapetus is the trigonometry relation, the platform,
Now females stood tall, in this first lifeform.
While

clay man relates the sediment, the norm,
She is the water of all planets and ice, in any form.

She is a cold river, a shiver, an eternal dorm,
Tethys is a rock of pure dazzlement, a cosmic swarm.
It shades the precious jewels, a sapphire's reform,
Alive and well, dazzling purple, like a star's charm.

A guardian of earth's crust, like a steadfast arm,
The garden's plant, of all that is, full of charm.
Vegetation, underbrush, that grows seeds to farm,
A wandering forest, lost in time's alarm.

Phoebe was the fast delivery of thought's charm,
All are one, races born from her mind's swarm.
She reads into destiny, for our life's warm,
Learning who lives and is set in cosmic form.

Then the god Titan of time, linear in his norm,
Progression along a line, like a steady storm.
All will align, this girl, married but one,
Now a virgin to our selective touch, we are done.
Themis is the air that we breathe,
Without it, life would falter at the breeze's weave.

The point of corruption in growing nature,
Alive and well, are creatures, every feature.
The children of past times, this verse has fought,
For their own poem, an age past century's start.

This first state of order, set apart,
Driving away into the late dark, it's art.
Uranus is the planet that gave birth,
To all things matter upon the earth's wide girth.

Silence, the mantra of Gaia's hearth,
Revolutions twist the fragile girth.
A deep crevice, a severance that trees down,
Into the hinged ocean, where silence is found.

In and around, the heat burns the senses,
Alive in thought, it's apprehensive pretenses.
A wizard's crackling light, door of time, open up light,
Now, how this occurred was dear, quite a sight.

The mother floating in the sea,
It began a change, and related this decree.
Growing old from time, matter confined,
Until I lost the beginning of the video, in my mind.

A captured rest, in six days, it occurred,
A theater to watch the show unfurled, assured.
Sphinx, the silence of all thought as one,
Hidden secrets of Egypt, a logical hunch, it's spun.

This is a bunch of chaos in one prize,

But I am just a freak on a leash, under skies.
The war between heaven and hell exists,
For black and white matter still persists.

White speckled into millions, colors accrue,
Black only absorbs, like inward gravity, it's true.
Oceanus, with his blue question, pursued an answer,
Without dejection, for all wills are power's enhancers.

Humble foxes, the power of the sword's edge,
Close to falling off mankind's hedge, on this ledge.
Yet, floating in the first waters, a swirl,
The river Styx, that almighty holds, in a whirl.

A whole portioned by disorder, and yet,
Enlightened, we can cross the border, no fret.
To a rainbow-filled land of all order,
Perfect form, of absolute star, ever shorter.

Within the fold, grow a heart untold,
It burned with the ember of gold, bold.
A fire of heart that radiates from the start,
Whip the line of the over hill's dark art.

Light shone through Titans on the first day,
They made their rocks upon the clay, a display.
They spelled and twisted all earthly elements,
To create a spell, that in life, it fits, with no impediments.

They shaped all animals in the void's containment,
For then, the breath of wind gave the choir, a statement.
To sing the song of humanity's fire,
This Yoga is an inner out heart's desire.

Now, flow the river Styx to me,
Read all about our figurative fee, come see.
Spells twirls and delves within my clause,
Open the door to root, open more, applause.

The Titans fueled their close family,
For all was the beginning, annually, in harmony.
Heard now is the story of old,
The Titans of loss, the Titans of bold.

Before the sun, they sat on moons, in their role,
For they were the front of our brain, the soul.
They lived with all senses that move us,
That paints the sky, for all to see, a cosmic brush.

How momentarily is a happy glee,
That sets free, subjective, all can feel, you see.
Alive, the sound, so around, we all kneel,
That bends over to be knighted in creed, with zeal.

In the beginning, the word made rock,
Earth before air, an element of restock.
Sun flowing, it melted with the sea,
Performed actions of a tempest's spree.

Forms shaping from water and rock's decree,
Then air perfumed over this large stock, fancy-free.
Fire burned inward and set the core,
To open respiration, to heaven's door, evermore.

All elements mixed as one, under and above,
Beneath, alive, true sun, pure love.
We are all Yoga that is done,
A Brahma that negates all elements, a fusion.

For we are fire, earth, sea, and air, in conclusion,
All elements to make a unisex, a grand infusion.
For how fair is all that holds true,
Nil is ni in Ocean sky blue, like morning dew.

Time, a ticking bomb on the clock, in plain view,
Of the constant matter's tic toc, it's true.
We live as Titans in our own world,
For alive and well, the word sets it stone, unfurled.

Day two, the Titans decided to rest,
Completed was their mankind test, a quest.
They wait in awe and reproduced,
To kill themselves upon a noose, so seduced.

Of rebirth, the death along the quest, not confused,
Matter of parentage, matter of best, enthused.
All matter is a new instance of now,
It permeates all, a matter, somehow.

Light forms from the inverse of black,
So cease the night sky herald, don't look back.
Light above the air, for hell is deep,
Rooted in the mire of the keep, secrets to keep.

The castle holds true to all, help in time,
For a rock Titan of earth, it holds sunshine.
Now, all elements supported each other,
United, they all are brothers, none to smother.

A thought played, in spoke and out took,
They lived alive in snowy smoke, by the brook.
From the heated fire of inner gold,
Our heart is dense, upon the fold, it's told.

Valley, mountains, and the sea,
They are a flowing part of me, and we,
All life, the vita of vitality,
Our hearts' pumping fatality, a reality.

We are the branch, true Titan growth,
A vine of grapes, amidst the boat,
That floats down the river to our lake,
No mistake on things unforsaken.

Titans, on day three, decided now,
That trees were brains, from nature, how?
Nature expressed through all the logic,
Of what we call sick, cosmic magic.

We fell out of disorder; order commenced,
A pretense that fit all that was spent, and dispensed.
Rebirth of knowledge, so past our sense,
Alive in nature's homage tent, a defense.

A house to live in, a home to squall,
For all must hear within the fall's call.
An ocean current growing tall,
The ripples and tides float to the sand, we stand small.

Alive and alone, we must all stand,
Tall as a tree, that is our self, our land.
For the heat of the truth will only whelp,

You to me, from afar, you may have felt.

Only this Titan will hold true,
Vir is virtue, upright in time, that's our cue.
Titans are the living essence of sublime,
No crime did they commit before the fall of time.

Virtue is the greatest force, pure and prime,
Above, beyond, all Eden tree courses, it's time.
We may fly fast as one,
To remake the beginning, the fall that's done.

For we are all a form of rock,
That keeps its place among the flock, we talk.
Now wherefore, this, by day and night,
In rain, in tempest, and in snow's light.

Do the soft sea winds blow, with all their might,
They grow and grow, among the glow, bright.
That seeds of time, of will, have sowed,
Two circle wills of light, will allow, as they flowed.

A time in heaven, a time in cloud, we've bestowed,
Rocks stood up against a mountain's hearth, history's code.
For in the beginning, thought was berthed,
Titans of this castle land, where they thrived.

Upon the spell, upon the gland,
That intervenes us with the truth, like a guiding hand.
To save our life from above the noose,
Hark now, death of bless produced, a life so loose.

Lonely Amazon, answer truth,
Now, earth enroots all our lives as one, forsooth.
We are alone in matter's day sum,
Above, we glow from roots, so afro, we've become.

Do the lines of consciousness flow, like a thrum,
Stream down in paper, the thoughts of men, wisdom.
For Titans still do Titans stand,
Harmony, the music, one step complete, as planned.

Two-step melody for those who weep,
The walk of death, due to ignorance, secrets keep.

Is shining light to knowledge blessed, not asleep,
The rays hither, this light in time, we reap.

I am of cool, and I am of sublime,
Titans reverent to sun, thought, align, in time.
Unspoken is heard, with amongst the lines,
Reminiscence of structures, solstice light, in confines.

Stonehenge of rock, a true anthem of white,
Ceremonies through reverent time alike, unite.
Time, the universal seed of might,
To a plant structure above the blight, taking flight.

Hither, they stood in time so bright,
I was a steady flow of harmonic glow, my might.
I fell deep into my soul, of sudden insight,
Issued forth, evil times of glutton, to my delight.

The magic keep twas hither stood,
My knight in armor fell upon wood, understood.
Alive in all, he somewhat stood,
The lost Atlantis glory, like driftwood, it's good.

Jump from iceberg to planet word,
Where the Titans' path between the walls, unheard.
Portals, senses, vacuum dimensions, supported,
This group of rock, was deported, and transported.

From the quarry of time, flurry rock divine,
Within all my wizard spell, well no, unleash the fire of hell, a sign.
Torture chains of spliced atoms, a rhyme,
Is the fall due to Adam, a prime, a paradigm.

Think of a ball, as an atom of self,
Now, billions of your cells are tense, like an elf.
Atoms, trillionth cut up from yourself,
Only knowledge, neh, ignorance due, the way, oneself.

The one path, death, all Titans took,
To be one with maker folk, and not forsook.
Time now ended, begunst a hope,
Alive in mist, I have will, a spoke, as we elope.

A fog unclogged, on paralyzing hope,

Faith does repeat itself, in a fate, a scope.
To my beginning, I now relate,
Fathered by Cronus, and death came at once, a trait.

I fell, soul first, into darker disorder,
For whence my ignorance had no other border.
The Titans looked at me, and in esprit surprise,
They issued forth a destiny of growth, set aside, no lies.

Death knocking close to everything once,
Is how I stop, in a minute pause, with chance.
Silence, the mistress of Gaia, pleasant,
For everything in thought is awfully pleasant, present.

Now Oceanus tore, with wonderful law,
Red in my blue sky tonight, belittle be all, a final draw.
Herrenge the danger, that sots forth trends,
It wears no individual mesh, set pretense, no amends.

For alive in precious moments, all are deer,
True to my soul, I stare, home clear, with cheer.
Floating silence held, but all still,
Uranus to follow forward, chill, like a thrill.

Close to time, Titans, call your name,
Although begunst of all, inane, it's the same.
A form, emotion written in verse,
Devout to all who set alive in curse, a cosmic hearse.

Alive to me, dead to you, I can see,
How fleeting moments, happily, we agree.
Transfix us to all our hearts' desire,
For Yoga, free Kaizen, lighthouse spire, like a burning fire.

Is the parabola that is over fire,
Over, beneath, set between, ocean fair and dire.
Blue is true, density changes, blue to air,
To water and life, set within the rocks, beyond compare.

Colors were the beginning, light evolved, a colorful affair,
They kept form to separate, different densities, that now relate, in the open air.
All primal hearths, of initial burst, colors to shapes, to primal earth first,
A symphony of creation, where our universe's song was rehearsed.

Blue changed to water in this sense,
Green became land where we sit hence.
Red, the blood that circulates, intense,
The beginning of light, presumed whence.

To the open world, in its place,
Titans of here, Titans of power, embrace.
Produced is your thought of the dome,
Re-istle the feeling, latent, we roam.

Re-earth is a primal set date,
Titans grow tall out of time's gate.
For they are the first words of align,
Aligned, all spheres of sphericity, divine.

Standard of light, electricity,
Open wide to my inmost sea, simplicity.
Ocean, alive, swelling in me,
Nature is a spell of wizardry, in unity.

Spells crackle and unleash within the eye,
Centered is our gleaming, unified sky.
All colors, primal, objective, live,
To see the theater in Titan guise, we strive.

The fold grew from water, land's demise,
Formation of relation, dendrites' point, wise.
Reverse and forward, reactionary joint,
Rocks forming with blue to promote true, in joint.

Verse is the rhyme of the wizard kind,
Who can see the spell cast over the land, combined?
Greed and misfortune from the gland,
Rocks were set, birthed, golden, rising grand.

For alive, we attest to the golden heart, understand,
Nature loving gold, nature of density, the grand.
An alive and well immensity,
To conclude, the fold is all, pretentiously, in unity.

Just a floating turtle of the sea,
The grasshopper now eats among the grass, carefree.
White is water, that is glass, a decree,
Membrane wall for distortion upon last, a jubilee.

Eternity is the home of all,
Oak trees that are alive stand tall, never to fall.
Ultimately, the final consequence,
Is one that is written on ignorance, in obedience.

Death, the walker of the test,
To do what's right, to do what's blest, in earnest.
Scratch the proverb of this quest,
Titans strong and Titans best, we rest.

Spells flow and glow, hiding in low,
For the deepest crevice is sunken below, we know.
A mind that creeps along glory's row,
To sow the seeds that I sow, in the flow.

Now, large masses attract each other,
Due to gravity's inward brother, never to smother.
A point expressed in a center out,
Each planet alone, without a doubt, a cosmic bout.

What are the thoughts of Mother Earth?
The initial set phase of her birth, a cosmic hearth.
A rock set growing outward,
And formations of life from crystals sprout, like a divine chord.

True colors that changed amongst the forms,
Until a living breath produced a norm, in the storms.
Tragic flow among the maw, now the law,
Society is small and, above all, in awe.

Growing outward, evolution, selective creed,
Is all that never stops or impedes, we all agreed.
Natural through Tethys' sound in creed,
Alive, the border now receives, where Titans lead.

This change so quick, beginning is rapid,
For it was produced in acceleration, never vapid.
Life now lived, and disorder grew,
Until order reset among the crew, like morning dew.

For man makes society from the fall,
Reset now played out, vital next date, for all.
Where a form of one was begunst late,

Continued thus, the system all through time, our fate.

Reason of us, creatures of sublime,
Life evolves fast among the fold, in rhyme.
For this story is done and finished, retold,
Crystals are dense and bold.

And saves you, molecule splice, from the sling,
Due south, do arrows fling, where Titans sing.
For now, we are all living things, in the ring,
Of life's eternal cycle, forever to spring.