

Wholesome Lands

One chapter ends, a new one begins,
The best for all is to go within.
A clock, it ticks, yet makes no sound.
The feet are reaching for the ground.

A bird it sings, a beautiful song,
And asks for all to get along.
The people smile, they know it's right,
To let go, and to end the fight.

The sun, it shines through fluffy clouds,
The streets are full of smiling crowds.
They start to sing, and join their hands,
And start toward the wholesome lands.

And so it is, our thoughts are clear,
Our path is straight, no more we veer,
Our knowing is strong, and on we go,
Then there are so many things we know.

Life is good, when we make it so.
All experiences help us grow.
Support and love, and much respect,
From each other, we then collect.