I Speak Archetypes

I speak archetypes, so let me translate for you:

the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit (n.)

the Past, the Present, and the Future.

where you come from you'll lose to get where you're going.

how else could you admit the Problem without knowing the Solution?

Our Lord and Savior

our Lord and Savior wasn't a carpenter named Christ but the part of ourselves that must die so that others may live.

The River & The Gutter

if the River is holy and the Gutter is vulgar

it's only because one gets soaked in while the other's passed over

and Water needs time to ferment into Wine

for us to hear The Word passed through the Grapevine.

The Planter and The Craftsman

The Planter and the Craftsman (n.)

what one grows in the wild

the other builds into homes.

one spits out sentences

the other collects into tomes.

between the excitement to invent what doesn't yet exist and the loyalty to employ what already does

we make What Will Be out of What Was.

Negotiating Through Time

negotiating with my Self through Time:

the Past gets paid to sell the Future down the River the Present weeps.

one too many Crossings
we'll drown in our own Wake.
it hurts to roll up your sleeves
when your Heart is always on them.

everything you need to know is Inside if you can afford to face the drama.

we made the nails for our own Cross now hiring Judas to drive them in:

Experience preferred.