

1. The Purpose of your life is to Create

We stampede towards meaning
Draping weight on simple truths
And shelter under the delusion
That a sense of purpose
Will insure against bad things

We could let life move through us
Simply unfold, like the Lily at dawn
Arching to complete her sacred duty
To be all that she's able
And know in every cell
It's enough

The true love of your life
Is its longing for itself
Every thought, every word
Every moment we allow
Is an act of creation no less worthy
Than the one that birthed it all.

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