

Empyrean
by Nishaun Smith

For them a separate empyrean.
A place to lay and jump on cotton greens.
Dreaming of long, full lives to be led.
Where the winter nights are soft as summer.
And the summer is bright as snow.
No need of sleep for that has ended.
Or to weep for there lingers no foe.
The berries and seeds are all candy.
Fountains of warm fruit juice spring from trees.
Empyrean is not cursed as earth,
neither the water, air or stones.
The grass is the gravity of life,
that prevents the soul from a fall.
Their sacred homes are for stability.
Cities are built bigger as they grow,
where they school themselves in the ways of Creator.
By studying what the creations show.
The fellow friends bring restoration to lost love.
Their friendliness is a shining sympathy.
Friendship is for guidance to a gate,
a path to rebirth of an infant soul,
an angel whose beauty the interstellar
should not have seen.
The ice in the south is for reflecting.
The cool stabilizes a fiery mind.
This brings peace to the soul forced
to question its right to exist.
Waterfalls drum a melody to their bath.
The lighting bounces off the showers,
shining rainbows through the unseen clouds.
Overseen by stronger angels they
return to their work as it dries.
In love with all the times to come through
their land, to play amongst the skies.

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