World

Is a world hard like a cue ball? Or beyond touch?

Does it jangle with war threats or does it hum soft in the heart like tuned strings on a fine harp?

Is a world separate I's on a spinning rock engaged and enraged with each other while blinded by what they can merely see?

Or is a world precisely who one can be (within utmost Who) subtler than mind with endless stairs from love up to Be?

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