

Beloved

Rise up, O spirit of my Beloved
And meet me in the garden.
The garden that grows beyond right and wrong,
Where all is understood.

O come, sweet spirit of my Beloved
And meet me in the field.
The field that lies beyond life and death,
Where all is peace.

Draw near, O spirit of my Beloved
And meet me in the land of Light
The land where all is beauty, truth, and bliss.
And when I meet you face to face,
I'll greet you with a warm embrace
And give you all my love in a kiss.

The garden is our hearts, my love
The field of peace, our minds.
The land of Light is Love Divine
There I will meet you.
For I am yours and you are mine.

by Melissa M. Gaspar