

### The Desolation of Peace

This is the calling that reverberates  
Throughout his being. As clear as the  
trumpet calling the troops to battle.  
Yet with the same resistance.  
Let me stay comfortable a little longer;  
Let me play some more.

The voices are calling again. Only  
whose are they? Shadow and light  
dancing in and around his being.  
Sirens' sweet songs wafting over  
his desire, like a blanket being pulled over  
a sleepy child.

Yin and Yang, Hard and Soft,  
Good and Evil, Temptation and Duty,  
On and on, step after step, we navigate  
this binary universe, on each side brick walls of  
this alleyway we slowly creep along.

To be at peace and in my place, is my  
ongoing prayer. Yet the wise warn us not  
to get too comfortable, for contained  
in the moment of  
ultimate joy, is its sorrow.