

Time's fruit is ripe

Fig's season leaves unmask prophetic speech,
to tease eternal truths in human reach.
Time's fruit is ripe, the summer harvest nigh.
Hearts hear Aseity's travailing cry.

Betrothed, she waits in labour on life's shore,
to draw new wine from water's well of yore,
and give it free to anyone who thirsts
for selflife's more abundant "Ours", and dursts
seek entranceto her wedding feast prepared
for all who have their self with other shared.
For such in deed enjoy the right, as meed,
on pleasure fruit from Selflife's Tree to feed.

Earth's Wedding Feast of Love has nigh begun.
"Come, Selflife Spirit, Bride and Groom. COME. COME".
