

## My Place of Worship

By Robin B Lipinski

Wafting fragrance of nature,  
Sifting the sense of smell from city to forest,  
Winnowed into shifting thoughts as I walk the path towards the Mountain.

Born into a world of man,  
Civilized and taught to cry over loss of electricity and bad grades in school,  
Eating from the bounty of progress,  
Yet tasting nothing.

Remember the sky as you hung up side down from your first tree conquered?  
It was filled with dreams and fantasy.  
Ever changing as you changed from a boy into a man,  
Forgetting quickly the gift of innocence.

Parental guidance shackled me with doubt, sin, and trouble, as I grew to fear the God of my ancestors.  
Quickly leaving such emotions behind as I climbed my first mountain.

The tree of youth bent as I climbed, leaving me master,  
Yet the mountain stood tall and firm,  
Never judging my actions or calling me to stand tall in others belief.  
It was my proving ground.

Proving I was still mortal as I had fallen in spirit and body,  
Broken from my climb,  
Shattered limb and mind from the granite wall of life.

Recovering in a childish sense,  
My mind could no longer function as human adult,  
Yet, in a way, I was now closer to God than I could have ever imagined.

As my body lay in a corrupt pile,  
Waiting for the world to devour what physical being was left,  
My soul walked the path towards the Mountain,  
Surrounded by beauty and sweet music as the water of life fell towards earth.  
In complete harmony with the chords of God.

No matter how you believe,  
You too, will one day walk your own path towards the Mountain,  
Leaving the mountain of man to crack,  
Crumble,

And fall.

The End