The Candle Inside Us All
by Theresa (S.) Boomer

Deep inside you is a candle—
Your own true flickering light,
That leads your way into the night,
That comforts you in times of fright,
it gives to you your own insight,
it aides you to be strong; full of might,
it helps you to know wrong from right—
sometimes it is dim; sometimes it is bright.

This burning candles the key,
To being you and being me,
it assists us all to be free,
it opens up our eyes to see,
as children sitting on father's knee,
the candle was aiding us to be—
a grand part of our family tree.

A rainbow, unicorn, sand and snow,
Are all a part of this world we know,
From the highest mountains to the oceans below,
From all of life's highs and lows,
From friend to friend and even foe,
This burning candle so does show,
That life will go on come what may.

I see the flickering light oh so true,
I know that I must give it its due,
However hard I mat find this to do,
The flickering light has many a different hue,
To me they appear as if they knew—

The reasons for my own existence.

The flickering candle—too many parts to name,
Yet losing even part of the flame,
Would change things forever never to be the same,
True life is serious, it is not a game—
That we must take care of it.

I can feel the flickering light flutter inside—of me,
I have nothing here that is left to hide,
I must take all things in stride—
For the showing of one's inner self can be most revealing.

The flickering light will go on and on,
Up until I am finally done—
Dealing with things here upon this Earth.

Deep inside us all is a candle—
Our own true flickering light,
That lets us soar in grand flight,
That is the key, that allows us to be free
And YES we must give it its due,
So we may never lose a part of the flame,
For doing so would surely be a shame,
For we must take very good care of ——

Our beautiful, wonderful, WANDERING SOUL.