

## The Fight

The moon was out for her stroll last night  
And stopped right over my bed.  
She watched the fight inside myself,  
And listened inside my head.

She wondered about the ramblings  
That made me so confused.  
He's half right, she thought.  
But that half, I had refused.

Enough, she thought,  
I'll give this fight a rest.  
So on a golden beam of light  
I was drawn up into her breast.

There I rested with teary eyes  
While she soothed my angry mind.  
The fight was about my body and soul  
And my mind was very unkind.

My mind said, "You're just a body."  
My soul said, "That's not really you."  
My mind said, "See I'm alone in here."  
My soul said, "That's not really true."

So once more we were at it  
Even in the arms of love.  
The moon made it more unbelievable.  
How did I rise high above?

How was I able to see the stars  
Gracefully dancing in the night?  
How am I able to sit on the moon?  
How would that make things right?

When will I have my answers,  
What is mine to command?

How can I direct creation?  
After all, I'm only a man.

Then the moon held me a little tighter  
And said, are you sure you want to know?  
With the truth there comes the understanding,  
Yes, you are both body and soul.

But even more than that,  
You are the Spirit of Love.  
And your every thought becomes a power,  
Both the problem and the solution thereof.

You are Spirit, Soul and Body.  
A reflection of Divinity.  
Separation is a quarrelsome illusion,  
You can't divide the Trinity.

But the fighting has to stop,  
At least for the rest of the night.  
Then she put me back in my bed  
And continued her nightly flight.

Reverend Robert W. Mitchell

Inspiration: *Moon* by Joe Frendo