

## **I WAS GIVEN A RAFT**

By Richard Tornello © 2012

What we think, to the limits of our imaginations are  
the thoughts of the universe,  
restricted by  
a speck of dust, a speck of a thought.  
A speck of dust, yes, but our thoughts  
beyond the immediate us, attempts to grasp  
grasp the greater, the whole.  
We give it different names, reflecting stretching,  
our mindset teaching and aware of our physical finite limits.

The truth is and has always been.  
It's a matter of recognition of the  
the sign post, as both direction, and limits  
some clinging to the sign as the answer.

Leave the raft on the shore once you make landfall.