

TREE Of LIFE

THE HUMAN ASCENSION

POETRY - INSPIRATION - SHORT STORIES

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Published in United States by
LEMUEL'S INK
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Athens, GA 30604
www.lemuellaroche.com

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Cover Illustration & Design: Lemuel LaRoche , Gregory Jones
Author Photo: Solestantial Studio, LLC
Book Editor: Dr. Anjail Ahmad

ISBN 978-0-9884672-1-7 (paperback)
ISBN 978-0-9884672-0-0 (ebook)

For more information on handcrafted version of Tree of Life:
Human Ascension, visit www.lemuellaroche.com

IN MEMORY OF:

Grandma LaRoche; Grandpa Solomon; Ayyub

We live,
We love,
We laugh,
Then we leave.

This book is dedicated to little Ilyesse and the many generations to come.

For Aunt Safiya,

I wish there were more good spirits like yours in this world.

For Sean Bennett,

“We were not made for this box,” I heard that loud and clear.

Never surrender your greatness to the defaults of others.

Prologue

Tree of Life

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About the Author

TREE OF LIFE

A healing force of energy rushed forward into the universe. Nothing knew of its origin, but all aligned with The Balance journeyed forward.

The bees abandoned their honeycombs and swarmed in clouds of hundreds of millions. The queen released her pheromones with a dancing command. Slow and hypnotic was her trance. The rhythm captivated the colony and sent them on an instinctive voyage sealed in their hearts. From above, the ground appeared to be moving while those subject to gravity witnessed the massive march of ants. They marched forward in single file from various colonies across the land as they headed toward the destination sealed in their hearts.

Domesticated dogs barked for freedom throughout the night while household cats scratched feverishly at windowpanes demanding their release to heed the call sealed in their hearts. The birds of the North flew in wide circles in the northeastern skies while the birds of the South flooded the southwestern skies migrating to the destination sealed in their hearts.

The mountains whispered rumors of the millions of silent prints left by their inhibitors, while the trees joyfully gossiped about the harmonious journey taken by predator and prey alike towards the destination sealed in their hearts. The enormous fish of the oceans sent their spirits with the passing birds while the smaller fish of the seas and rivers sent their spirits on the backs of leaping frogs and crawling lizards towards the destinations sealed in their hearts.

The children were accounted for. Many of them followed their favorite animals and birds toward this destination, while the elderly spread the wings of their souls and allowed the wind to carry them to the destination sealed in their hearts. The curiosity propelled some young adults to follow this natural migration while some proceeded with their regularly scheduled program of clocking into work. A few that were still aligned with the universal balance responded to the silent ringing in their ears and thrust their bodies towards the destination set within their spiritual compasses.

The journey brought all from the four corners of the Earth and drew them deep into a secluded forest where they stood before

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a massive old tree. The birds took their positions on its millions of branches while the various species of animals, insects, and humans sat in perfect harmony surrounding the TREE OF LIFE. All closed their eyes in collective meditation and opened the windows to their hearts.

This is what they heard...

Branch of Life



When the sands of time bury us all, what will be said of YOU
when you are discovered?

Sun Cycle

Oh Divine,

Please shed us one tear drop of spiritual bliss
to purify these lakes of fire.

Serve us one tea spoon of righteous sanity
to calm these seas of confusion.

Pour us one cup of raw truth
to satisfy the multitude in famine.

I swam centuries in frozen water
to rejoice in the era of a new SUN~

Your warm smile melts my frostbitten heart.

Your magnetic rays kiss me
vibrating my melanin,

seducing and spinning open my chakras,
reactivating my true self

and impregnating the vision of GREAT PROPHETS.

I am a slave to your divine love,
A servant to your divine order,
A vessel to the mission of truth.

As I write,

I gladly shed a tear drop of pure harmony
for a World that rotates with hate.

I Proudly serve a tablespoon of untainted bliss
into its ending era of material depression.

I humbly recite one paragraph of truth,
to dismantle an entire system of lies.

Great Awakening

Upon awakening,
the world is colored with a strange hue.
Your eardrums numbed by the poisonous frequencies
spread on the airwaves.
Your visions clogged
by the perversion on television;
Your spirit saddened by the conditions around you.
A new craving begins to stir within your spirit,
yet what you crave is unknown.
You've developed a hunger for something deeper,
still, unknown.

Conversations seem bland, pointless, and empty.
Friendship circles slowly shrinking.
Being alone has become your new peace,
silence, your new song.
Guidance from religious guides suddenly lacks substance,
no longer moving your spirit,
no longer satisfying the question burning inside.
A louder, much clearer voice
begins to echo inward.

The clubs you've enjoyed now drain you.
Surrounded by clones,
carbon copies of latest fashions.
You are speaking less in public.
Inner-standing has become your greatest mystery.

An awakening is taking place within you.
Do not fear your experience;
Do not diagnose yourself with the labels of men;

Do not run from yourself.
Listen and reconnect with that great voice within.
It will not steer you wrong.
Welcome the rising from your death.

