

I met god once,
Before this moment, they considered me an atheist
No religious sect or denomination,
Until the day, that something happened and I found my own
religion, and I met you.
Like amazing grace I was lost until I was found, you found
me
I met god when I was with her

They once told me god is love, and I loved you
So I met that spiritual energy through you
I didn't know what to call this energy

Should I call it?
God, ALLA, or Yahweh or the peace full tranquility of
Buddha,
It was church and temple when I with you, just religious
Made me believe in the polytheistic view of Zeus, Hades,
and Poseidon
As I worshiped at the temple of Aphrodite to the point
where Aries got jealous because he didn't think Arrows
might be his.

But I didn't know how to worship should I bow towards you
five times a day in intense prayer, or every time I saw you
repent and confess my sins or
become a man every time i am with you and read out the
Torah like bar mitzvahs

For this god I was her Angels, held her in my right and
left hands.
I was baptized in ever tears that she shed for me, kneed in
front of her and tasted her for my first communion. When
she was gone, that's when I fasted and I could not do
anything with her until the sun went down on the Sabbath

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She took the Native American name of Gaya, because she was
my world,
It is a Wiccan belief because its would eventually lead to
me planting a seed, just nature
Willing to enter the gates Valhalla by dieing a warrior's
death just to protect her.

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Scripture was written in her hips, it was belief was when I
tasted her lips and it was gospels when she spoke,

Believed that the gates to any heaven... would open,
When she opened... her soul to me.

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It felt like I was her only disciple being groomed to take
my place
next to Jesus , Mohammad and Abraham.
Becoming the profit of love and life

I found religion when I met you
I found god when... I knew you
There has to be a god because he made something as divine
as you.

I was a devote member of the congregation of love
Until I was cast out and treated like Judas
Thrown out of love like I was some evil apparition no
longer able to bath in gods light. Cast into his shadow
destined to roam the earth as a fallen Angel
So all I do is knock on every Mosque, temple, church or
shrine of love... Begging who ever is on the other side to
let me in

Because,

In all honesty,

All I want to do is meet god again.