

The Two Hands

The left hand opens, soft with grace,
To bring the love and hold the space.
But love alone leaves doors unlocked,
And lets the sacred field be shocked.

The right hand rises, firm and clear,
To draw the line when threat is near.
Discernment is the quiet shield,
That guards the borders of your field.

Love is the water, sight the bowl,
Together, they protect the soul.
One power holds, one power sees—
True sight alone will keep you free.