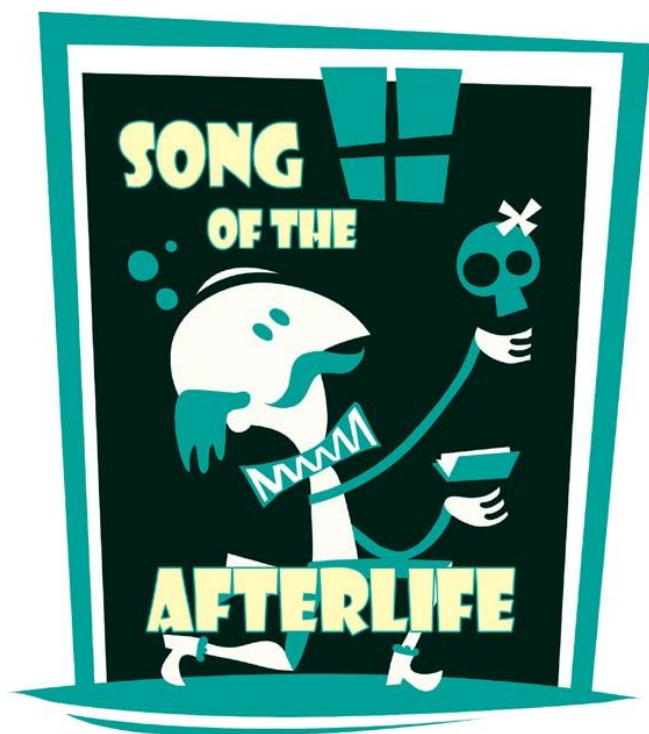




IAN LAWTON

*a leisurely stroll through the unseen
realms in ten gentle rhymes*

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

a leisurely stroll through the unseen
realms in ten gentle rhymes

IAN LAWTON

Rational Spirituality Press **RSP**

First published in 2026 by Rational Spirituality Press.
All enquiries to be directed to ianlawtonauthor on Facebook.

Copyright © Ian Lawton 2026. All rights reserved.

The rights of Ian Lawton to be identified as the Author of the Work
have been asserted by him in accordance with the Copyright, Designs
and Patents Act 1988.

No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner
whatsoever, nor by way of trade or otherwise be lent, resold, hired out,
or otherwise circulated in any form of binding or cover other than that
in which it is published, without the publisher's prior written consent.

A CIP catalogue record for this title is available from the British Library.

ISBN 978-0-9572573-1-3

Cover design by Ian Lawton.
Cover art borisz @ www.istockphoto.com.
Illustrations copyright © Ian Lawton.
Author photograph by Mirosława Gadzińska.

1 PASSING	1
2 REVIEWING	7
3 RETURNING	13
4 MANIFESTING	19
5 RELAXING	25
6 HEALING	31
7 BALANCING	37
8 ATTRACTING	43
9 REGRESSING	49
10 PROGRESSING	55

AUTHOR'S NOTE

You would be forgiven for thinking that this is a work of fiction and imagination. But you would be wrong. Much of it's based on the testimony of three types of witness. First, the many spirits who have passed over to the other side and reported back on their experiences via human mediums for more than a century. Second, those pioneering consciousness researchers who deliberately and repeatedly take their awareness 'out of body' to explore other realms, which turn out to be those same ones described by the deceased. Third, ordinary people who've had near-death experiences, which are useful even though they're typically based on only one visit to the other realms, and therefore more likely to be influenced by subjectivity. Of course the other two sources suffer from this too, but typically to a lesser extent.

What is startling, as I'm able to show in the 500-plus pages of my book *Afterlife*, is their consistency once the more subjective elements are removed. This has allowed me to develop an 'Astral Routemap', which is comprised of the following 'realms', in order of reducing frequency/density:

- the Lower Astral plane
- the Incarnatory/Earth plane
- the Lower Astral plane
- the Mid Astral plane
- the Upper Astral plane
- the Mental plane
- the Superconscious plane
- the Metaconscious plane

Although I don't use such terminology in this work, the majority of it takes place in the Mid Astral, with visits to the lower planes in poems 8 and 9, while poem 10 involves a shift towards the Upper Astral. To try to describe experiences in the realms beyond that in poetic form is beyond my capability – indeed it would be arrogant and misguided to even try. The subjects I quote in *Afterlife* have far more right to attempt this, and even they struggle to put such experiences into limited human language.

If you'd like to understand more about the format and scansion of this work, and how to read it, the entire collection is repeated in the second half of the book with extra annotations.

Ian Lawton

September 2026

PLEASE NOTE: These poems have also been recorded as Suno-voiced tracks, which can be downloaded for free on my website. Details can be found in the final pages.



PASSING

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

Now here's a surprise, I think to myself
one minute I'm dying, the next in full health
the pain's disappeared, I'm so light and so free
I seem to be floating... and the things I can see!

Down below are my children, the grandkids there too
all sat round a bed making such a to-do
they're crying and sobbing and weeping and then
just as they stop, start all over again

The poor chap that's in it, he's in a right state
looks haggard with skin that's the colour of slate
I'll see who it is if closer I get
must be someone we know to become so upset

My vision was blurry but it's starting to clear
I seem to be hovering so I move in quite near
and that's when it hits me, no wonder they're sad
the chap in the bed... well, it's only their dad!

But that poor old wretch isn't like me at all
he's shrivelled and weak while I'm strong and I'm tall
and then there's a much bigger thing needs revealing
how I'm there in the bed *and* up here by the ceiling?

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

Now let's just stay calm, let's not cause any trouble
there must be some reason I'm now seeing double
I cannot be, can I? Y'know passed on... or dead?
"When you're gone you are *gone*!" is what I've always said

That's got to be it, yet I'm thinking and feeling
this whole situation is leaving me reeling
I guess it turns out that those people were right
who said "Course we don't die, we move into the light"

I look at that body, but that's no longer me
it's like there's a sadness but also I'm free!
I did love it once, but not any more
I've got this fine new one I want to explore

It's clearly much lighter, and flimsier too
reaching out to the ceiling my hand passes through!
but I feel so damn vibrant, and ready to thrive
like before I was dead and now I'm alive!

My urge is to float off and start my new life
perhaps I can even find Rosa my wife?
she passed on some years back, I've missed her so much
I so long to see her and feel her soft touch

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

Just as I'm thinking how great that would be
a ball of white light appears, heading for me
at first it's so bright that I think I'll go blind
thoughts of God, even Jesus, are what spring to mind

I'm set to prostrate myself flat on the ground
when into my head comes a wonderful sound
the voice of my Rosa... Oh! What a surprise!
she tells me to focus and look in her eyes

I do, and can tell you again I am reeling
nothing on earth can compare to this feeling
we're merging and swirling and dancing entwined
like two beams of light that are fully aligned

The ecstasy and joy so flood me with bliss
I want things to continue exactly like this
yet just as I think it should go on forever
she gently reminds me it's not very clever

To canoodle while down there our kids are distraught
she's right too, we really should spare them a thought
it's so hard to see them so terribly sad
if only they knew what's going on with their dad!

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

She gently unwinds herself from our embrace
and smiles as I float down and look in the face
of each one in turn, the grandkids as well
and tell them the things I am dying to tell

“I'm alive and I'm strong and I'm healthy again!
I'm better than ever, with no trace of pain!”
I want them to know that death isn't the end
although that's what I taught them, heaven forfend

Yet now they can't hear me, though I shout till I'm hoarse
they can't see me either... I've got so much remorse
my sadness is building, I just want to cry
we're so heedless of what happens after we die

I want all my family to know that I'm fine
that their mother is too and they'll see us in time
but I sense that there's really no more I can try
so I tell them I love them and whisper goodbye

I float back to Rosa who with no sense of blame
says “When first we come over, we all act the same
I hung round you for weeks trying to get you to hear
I was wasting my time, I just couldn't get near”

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

At this point she asks if I still want to stay
and I reply “No, you can take me away”
quite where we'll be going I have no idea
but I want you to know that there's nothing to fear



REVIEWING

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

It seems that for some time I must have been sleeping
but as I come round I can see a man peeping
through the door of the room where I'm laid on a bed
so now he comes in and sits next to its head

His face is majestic, all love, so serene
brown eyes hold the wisdom of all that he's seen
he seems like a man who's of tribal descent
dark skin, jet-black hair... and he says he's been sent

To help and look after me as I adjust
a guide in whom I can place absolute trust
it's almost as if I have seen him before
the name Kai springs to mind and I'm really quite sure

He answers as if he has just read my mind
“We have indeed met, and I think that you'll find
it was mostly in dreams that you didn't recall
but deep down inside you remember them all”

I suddenly realise his mouth isn't moving
and it's now quite clear what this strange quirk is proving
telepathy rules in this new world... my doubt
being can I control just what thoughts I put out?

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

He laughs and insists "Now there's no cause for fear
nothing is hidden from anyone here
not from each other, nor our own selves too
honesty and truth bind us all like a glue

But for people on earth, well that's not how things work
they all wear a mask to make sure that they shirk
from showing each other who they really are
so to start with all this will seem somewhat bizarre"

With that the whole room seems to morph and to change
I'm now back in scenes from my lifetime that range
from the earliest through to the last of my days
it's so overwhelming I'm left in a daze

The scenes seem to merge to form one huge tableau
and I sense going through this will help me to grow
but I'm not seeing big things or stuff that will flatter
it's more all the small stuff I thought didn't matter

Harsh words from me here being critical there
I'm pierced and I'm held in their steely hard glare
what's worse is I find myself properly feeling
how my poor victims took it... and again I'm left reeling

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

As if in a flash I am back in the room
my guide can see clearly the depth of my gloom
“I thought that I'd led quite a reasonable life
so much love for my family, especially my wife!”

“But with them it's easy, it's hard *not* to care”
Kai chides me gently, leaning back in his chair
“What's very much harder but counts for much more
is helping out people you've not met before

Now all of those facts of your life are laid bare
there'll be no more hiding from that steely glare
you'll need time to adjust, and you'll have to be strong
for you're not quite the man that you thought all along

But please be assured you're by no means alone
most who've been earthbound have a tale like your own
they learn to confront inner demons in time
then onwards and upwards continue their climb

No one will judge you, only you... *you're* the one
who even decides when that judgement is done
moving on does require that you're no longer bruised
but also there's lots here to keep you amused

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

And don't think your scorecard is all on one side
there's plenty of things in which you can take pride
the obvious stuff is what you most recall
but the things that count most aren't remembered at all"

The room shifts once more but now different scenes
stand out from my life... and from this one gleans
that small acts of kindness were exhibited too
as one at a time they are brought into view

I know I'll have plenty of time now to ponder
and it's not something I'm going to waste or to squander
but already I feel my regret at my blindness
to just how important are small acts of kindness

Take the girl on the street who was soaked to the core
her sleeping bag sopping wet through on the floor
when all hurried past her quite happy and gay
who stopped and made sure she got somewhere to stay?

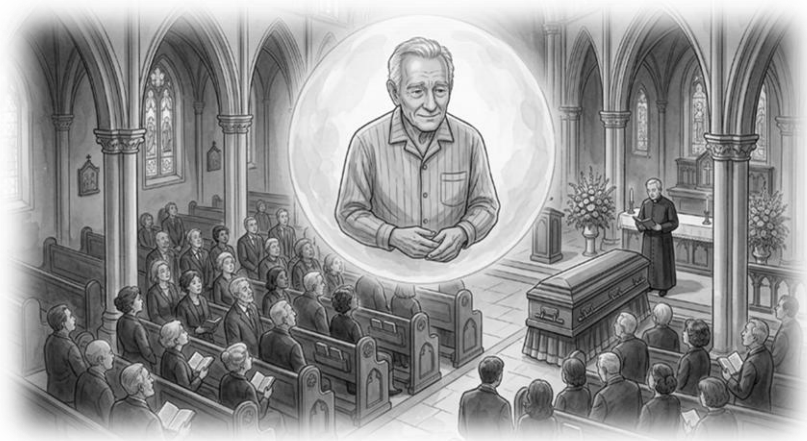
There are other examples, but what do they share?
showing vuln'erable people that there are those who care
spontaneous acts to help those who are strangers
giving hope in a quagmire of fears and of dangers

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

These are the best, looking back on each time
I realise they made me feel truly sublime
I just wish I'd done more as my whole life unfurled
but we get so caught up in our own little world

"I think that's enough now, you need some more rest
just know that it's great that all that's off your chest"
Kai smiles at me as he moves off to the door
"Before you go, please, I have just one thing more

Can I see Rosa again while I'm here?"
"You'll see her quite soon, of that have no fear"
I lie back on the bed, I'm deflated yet keen
to make up for the flawed parts of life that I've seen



RETURNING

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

This time as I wake I feel something bizarre
as if I'm being pulled at from somewhere afar
I sense that I'm already racing through space
with everything blurring in front of my face

Then as things slow up I'm back down on the earth
and I find I've been drawn to the town of my birth
to the church up the road from the old family home
I gather myself then my eyes start to roam

Along pews all filled up with my family and friends
I've gate-crashed my funeral! Now all of this tends
to suggest when they focussed on me in such numbers
they pulled me right out from the depth of my slumbers

And yet I don't mind, I'm even quite flattered
it's not a bad turn out so maybe I mattered?
old friends have arrived that I've not seen in years
but here they all are, and what's more shedding tears

Now all this emotion is great in its way
but it's almost too strong to allow me to stay
I'm thinking I need to get myself outside
and as soon as I do, Whoosh! Out there I glide!

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

This raises a question I need to unravel
it seems my intentions are what makes me travel
ok let's experiment, check out this new mode
my girl Jess' house is not far down the road

Lo and behold! It happens once more!
I'm there in an instant, right by the front door!
it's clear with this body this is the new norm
so what other tricks can I make it perform?

I know, I'll try to walk straight through the door
while it's closed and... Da da! I've succeeded once more!
in the hall her dog sees me, starts wagging his tail
so I then try to tickle his chin but I fail

Course, this body's less dense! So I'm not really stood
on a floor that is solid though it seems made of wood
let's set the intention to try to just hover
all round her house... and I do with no bother!

This also suggests I can probably fly
no time like the present, let's give it a try
I stretch out my arms, think of that very thing
and I'm gliding around like a bird on the wing!

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

All this is just too much, such fantastic feats!
I'm straight back outside looking over the streets
I climb and I swoop and I holler and scream
this really is like a magnificent dream!

I dive down to the beach where I once loved to stroll
now gliding above it feels even more droll
then I head out to sea for the ultimate thrill
flying fast and down low... till at last I stop still

I feel at this point it would be a mistake
not to turn... Jess' house did look set for a wake
so while I already feel strangely aloof
I fly back and enter it down through the roof

Inside there's sadness, but amidst all the strife
some folks are attempting to honour my life
I think that's just great... but if only they knew
they'd celebrate how brilliant my new life is too

I mingle but I feel like a bit of a sneak
for I hear all their thoughts not the words that they speak
most are so genuine I feel grateful and humbled
but a few are the ones that in life I had rumbled

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

It's consoling to know that my judgement was sound
but I don't think I'll gain much by hanging around
nearing each of my children I whisper my love
the grandkids are playing so I hover above

At this point the youngest who is only three
stops what he's doing and looks straight up at me
I tell him I love him and he whispers my name
then happily turns and goes back to his game

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE



MANIFESTING

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

I awaken again from the deepest of sleep
feeling rested and fresh, and ready to leap
from the bed in the room with the white walls and ceiling
the one where before Kai did all that revealing

But this time it's Rosa's head pops round the door
I sense that she's probably been here before
"I've been keeping my eye on you, that is a fact
and now you are ready it's time that we act!"

I'm taking you somewhere you'll feel right at home
just hold on to my hand and together we'll roam"
and with that she spirits me off through the air
but in no time at all she is shouting "We're there!"

My vision adjusts and we're standing in front
of a cottage so perfect it could be a stunt
but no... holding hands she gives me the full tour
the whole place feels peaceful and perfect and pure

It has all you'd want in a country retreat
the thatch and the garden, a large lake with a seat
I can laze on all day, maybe catch the odd trout
because back down on earth I was rarely let out

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

Yet just as the time when I first met my guide
it feels like I know this place, even inside
“My love, try to think when we've been here before”
she gently entreats as we stand in the door

“I'm trying... wait... is it the same as with Kai
we came here in dreams I forgot... don't know why?”
“Not so hard was it?” she chides me in jest
“We built this together when we were at rest”

I still don't know how I'd forget such a place
but I have to accept that this must be the case
“So how did we build it?” I ask full of doubt
though of course I am anxious to really find out

“With our imagination and powers of thought
we created the sort of place we'd always sought
we built our dream home here for when we passed on
and memories of earth had all faded and gone”

I ponder and all this is starting to gel
I'm recalling things buried down deep in the well
of my sub conscious mind, maybe even my soul
I feel that I'm ready to embrace this new role

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

“So thought and intention mean everything here?”

I ask just to check, even though it's quite clear
and fits in completely with what I found out
when I went down to earth and I travelled about

The answer she gives comes as quite a surprise
for right now she's changing in front of my eyes
Rosa, my Rosa, the one I adore
now looks just the same as she did years before!

In our twenties... so gorgeous, and so full of fun
I can't get my head around what she's just done
“It's simple, so simple, my silly old dear
your age is your *choice* now that you are up here

For me this was always my favourite time
when I felt at my best, when I felt in my prime
it's the way I project myself now that I'm here
I only looked older so you'd have no fear

If you'd seen me look like this right from the start
you'd have been overwhelmed so I just played the part
of what you were used to before I passed on
but I've had it with ageing, all that stuff is gone!

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

Why don't you try it, and be really bold?
just think what you looked like before you got old!"
her teasing has worked and I rise to the bait
"Now *that* is more like it, you're less of a state!"

I feel that I'm young again, clothing less drab
I shout "I can run too!" as I reach out to grab
but she's much too quick and I chase her around
till at last we give in and collapse to the ground

"My god I have *missed* you" I say with real feeling
staring into her eyes, which are still so appealing
and once more we merge as in two become one
making love when you're dead is just so much more fun

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE



RELAXING

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

I'm guessing you really would like to learn more
about life in this world and what you'll have in store
well I'm starting to feel that I'm finding my feet
and it turns out you're in for a wonderful treat

Compared to on earth some stuff's no longer done
things like breathing, and sleeping we learn just to shun
though we rest if we want, even bathe if it suits
whenever we feel like recalling our roots

We don't have to buy stuff, instead we create
whatever we want... which means that the trait
of working and earning and then paying tax
no longer prevails and we can just relax

As for food we don't need it, but please let me stress
there are things here about which you'll just have to guess
there are fruits for example that grow like before
but with taste so intense you're left gasping for more

My words aren't enough, if you could only visit!
flowers like on earth yet so much more exquisite
their colours and patterns... in fact every sense
is so heightened and deepened I'm left in suspense

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

About what I'll find next to amaze and adore
in this magical world I'm so keen to explore
"So how d'you pass time there" one reasonably asks
"now there is no long list of earthly-type tasks?"

Well, Rosa and I don't live life to the max
but we walk and we talk and we read and relax
I fish too while sat by our beautiful lake
but I don't eat or hurt them, it's just for sport's sake

Our life's very simple in so many ways
and that is our choice... but not everyone stays
as a couple from earth, in fact it's quite rare
it's only true soul mates who still want to share

This life, which now offers a huge range of choices
of partners and friends... new ideas, new voices
so folk date and they dance and they have endless fun
they even break up but no harm's ever done

The hobbies and clubs and the sports make you dizzy
things loved while on earth, or sidelined when busy
with jobs and with kids and all that kind of stuff
those who missed out indulge till they've had quite enough

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

Take me for example, I used to love speed
and driving round our local track with no need
to worry 'bout coppers or speeding or fines
I could just drive flat out and perfect my race lines

But then I was young, and money was tight
my cars all old bangers that looked quite a sight
but once I with poorness was no longer cursed
my family's needs of course always came first

But now for a thrill and with no more frustration
there's no limits, unless from my imagination
my thoughts create races I want to take part in
my favourite car? James Bond's old Aston Martin

Kai showed me the way that I had to proceed
to end up with a car I decide that I need
just start with an outline even if no real clue
of external details or internal ones too

All these can be built up, I get quite myopic
in libraries when researching my favourite topic
of these more anon... but I've no need to hide
the way I created my ultimate ride

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

One thing I've learned and been told I must share
you 'create' things on earth too but it's not so laid bare
it's a denser vibration so as thoughts are unfurled
they take time to appear as 'real' things in your world

Yet your thoughts and intentions have just the same power
to shape your experience... so please do not cower
when you realise what you can achieve while still there
by visualising outcomes about which you care

That's all quite specific but more generally you'll find
that 'positive thinking' can enhance your whole mind
and lead to much more of the life you've desired
with less of the bad things in which you've been mired

But beware! this advice, it comes with two cautions
if your thinking is not to be full of distortions
the first is that while you're down there you can't moan
if others have desires that conflict with your own

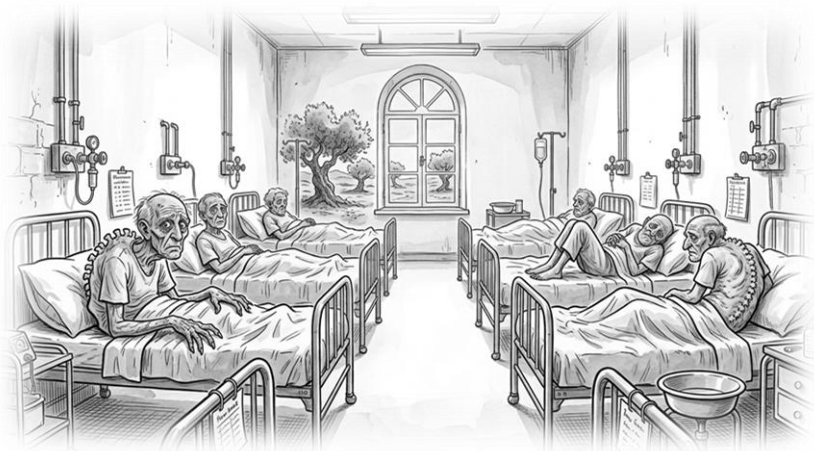
In sport then it's clear you can't all win the race
those who believe most end up taking first place
the second thing of which you should be made aware
is your powerful subconscious... it just doesn't care

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

'Bout your conscious desires and your goals and your plans
it just knows all the stuff it's been fed at the hands
often of parents since back when you were made
like a record or tape that's repeatedly played

These beliefs you collect 'bout yourself and your plight
are so strong they can act like a terrible blight
things like "I'm not good enough..." or "I don't deserve..."
can triumph so much that they cause you to swerve

Away from the path that for you would be best
while your conscious desires are then all laid to rest
so work hard to resolve this interior strife
and you'll be far more free to dictate your own life



HEALING

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

I've told you we two spend our time here relaxing
though the concept of 'time' in itself is quite taxing
'cos this is important I'll try to be clear
about something that you on the earth hold so dear

Here travelling is instant, there's no sense of pace
and that's because time's interwoven with space
so our sense of time here's not like yours down there
your fixation with it is not one we share

Time's largely an idea to which humans gave birth
so our senses could process things living on earth
but that time can distort, you already know
'cos hours seem like seconds when you're 'in the flow'

In any case, back to the point here at hand
Rosa and I do relax as we planned
but I've found that there's more to this life than just chilling
and it does make our lives here that much more fulfilling

It turns out my Rosa has got some real work
though it's not like a job she'd be tempted to shirk
so now that I'm settled and she is more free
she's gone right back to it with genuine glee

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

The work? Well in truth it is no great surprise
it's something to which she on earth had close ties
a hospital... that's where she's put through her paces
as a nurse looking after the most damaged cases

The poor folks inside are a fearful sight
in fact on first viewing you get a real fright
their bodies are shrunken and shrivelled and maimed
some lie in their beds and they look so ashamed

While others seem sightless and wordless, unmoving
you'd think they were dead with no chance of improving
but Rosa corrects me, "They all heal in time
though some need more work before back to their prime

As to what brought them down into this state
the reasons are many... sometimes it's just hate
while others have suffered from illness for years
or their minds have been turned into mush by their fears

Or sometimes they've cut themselves off, and alone
they've become more decrepit, almost turned to stone
but as always it isn't like anyone judges
as we try hard to free them from fears and from grudges

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

We just give them rest, and healing, and love
and when they are ready we give them a shove
by feeding new energy into their core
a bit like a shower that can wash and restore”

“So what about *me* then? Please do just come clean”
I ask, quite perplexed by the things that I've seen
“Did I need this healing and lie in a heap
in the bed in that room where I just seemed to sleep?”

“Much less so, my love” dear Rosa responds
“You rested for sure, to help break old bonds
and you too were showered to help you escape
but your mind and your body were in much better shape

Things like energy showers are used at some length
to get people back to the point of full strength
so then they can go on and lead a full life
in this second chance world where there is no more strife”

“One more thing” I ask so that she can shed light
“Does everyone come here in some sort of plight
and need to have healing of one type or another
or do some folk pass on without any bother?”

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

"Yes lots" she responds... "Perhaps we should discuss
my own case, my journey was smooth with no fuss
I had a short illness, my passing was swift and...
I kind of knew what to expect from the shift"

With this she's become quite unusually shy
what's more we both know the exact reason why
"But we always thought that with death came the end!"
I exclaim... "No, I just didn't want to offend"

She tells me, her confidence now back in place
"So you hid all this from me, with never a trace
you believed that we carry on after we're dead?"
she's stunned me, it's like I've been punched in the head!

Then I realise it's funny, I can't now give a damn
if she'd told me my toys would've flown out the pram
such was my dogmatic view about death
I'd have been in attack mode without drawing breath

The lesson that we might take from this, my friends
is that any belief in an afterlife tends
to help us in passing, the details don't matter
as long as we know our true essence can't shatter

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE



BALANCING

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

Once I had been to see Rosa at work
I wanted to make sure I too didn't shirk
from having a vocation to provide a good feeling
although nursing like she does was none too appealing

It was also the case that I'd started to stew
on the things Kai revealed when we did our review
all those times I was harsh, or critical too
their steely hard glare had remained in my view

Just as I had thoughts it would be really nice
to get hold of him so he could give me advice
lo and behold! He promptly appears
in our beautiful garden to allay all my fears

I then hadn't seen him in what seemed a while
so we hugged and he gave me a heart-warming smile
and since we were both quite clear why he'd arrived
there was no need for small talk that would be contrived

'You're going to need to balance things out
so the bad things you saw can no longer have clout
mainly by being of service to others
and thinking of them as your sisters and brothers

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

Do you have any inkling of what you might do
if helping in hospitals isn't for you?"
to this I had already given some thought
"I've been pondering those who get miserably caught

And trapped down on earth still with longings and hopes
when they've no one to meet or to show them the ropes
I know I was lucky 'cos Rosa was there
if not I'd have had a nasty old scare

So perhaps I could act like a kind of a host
to make sure that they don't end up as a ghost?"
Kai seemed to respond to this with some pride
that I'd thought for myself and not just let things slide

"The thing you describe, we call it *retrieval*
'cos for some passing on is a major upheaval
there's lots of folk here get involved in that stuff
but I'll warn you right now it can get a bit rough!"

So that's how I came to the work I do now
I don't want to come over all 'holier than thou'
but it really is something that's hugely fulfilling
and perhaps should be given a much higher billing

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

What is it that makes these poor folks want to stay
when all that we want is to whisk them away?
the reasons are many, but here's just a sample
to help you avoid being another example

We've covered that one's having no one to meet
but that is quite rare, a far more common feat
is they simply refuse to believe that they're dead
mostly 'cos they've got it lodged in their head

There's simply no afterlife in which they can thrive
they think "I'm still conscious, I must be alive!"
so they wander around as if in a daze
a little like somebody trapped in a maze

They're not seen and not heard, they can no longer touch
their hands just go through things, their frustration is such
that they scream and they shout but all to no avail
like me till my wife took me beyond the veil

Unfinished business is the other big reason
where spirits are obsessed with some sort of treason
maybe they've found out their partner's been cheating
so they haunt and harangue, craving some kind of meeting

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

The problems I face turning up to assist?
well, their lack of belief can make them resist
so much they can't see me, or at least they evade
and that's where you folks often come to our aid

In fact lots of you really help stem the tide
your vibrations are closer to those who've just died
you do it while you are asleep in your bed
and oft don't remember these dream lives you've led

Big disasters can be where you're needed the most
'cos then we are facing a genuine host
of spirits trying to cross over at the same time
so it's all hands on deck to help them make the climb

Battles and war are another big ask
but we've found there's a way we can lessen this task
we set up sort of barracks in a military style
into them the departed will happily file

So this is how I now spend much of my time
even if being with Rosa still feels truly sublime
but I love it because it can really fulfil
and assisting lost spirits is still a great thrill

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

Plus of course all this helps to equate and adjust
my earthly shortcomings, and that is a must
before I can progress and be truly unfurled
in more rarefied realms of this wonderful world



ATTRACTING

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

'Like attracts like' is a common refrain
that can have quite a bearing upon the terrain
you'll find yourself drawn to, when you settle down
where like-minded folk can make sure you don't frown

The groups you can join are quite without end
as I've mentioned before now, all of them tend
to cater for various fun recreations
every sport every hobby, even constant vacations!

But attraction can work in a different way
with spirits who're troubled though on earth they don't stay
they're often so focussed on one human thing
they create their own space here, and to it they bring

Whatever preoccupies their every thought
let me give an example of exactly this sort
from my work... now expanded to those trapped up here
though admittedly this one is really quite queer

I was drawn to a man who was sat in a cell
all of his own making, and he'd done it so well
that it didn't have windows or even a door
so there he was sitting quite still on the floor

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

"Is that it?" is the question I now hear you ask
no... the really odd thing is the walls were a mask
of banknotes stacked up with a great deal of passion
the ceiling and floor lined in similar fashion

I admit that I couldn't help finding it funny
on earth he'd obsessed about just one thing... money
so now he was trapped by that very same thing
with no means of escape from his sad suffering

To be clear, this wasn't 'cos some higher being
had decided to punish his so selfish fleeing
from caring 'bout others, though itself that's not great
instead his obsession had *attracted* this fate

When I went to help him I tried all I knew
but he stared at the floor as if stuck there with glue
he just couldn't see me or hear me to boot
so fixated was he on his earthly loot

Such attraction links with what's already been taught
'bout how our environment's shaped by our thought
but another big factor can come into play
and it can end up having quite a big say

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

Beliefs 'bout this place can have serious impact
usually 'cos doctrine's mistaken for fact
especially if bolstered through multiple ages
such as heavens as promised in scriptural pages

Sects based on religion continue up here
with as much variation and just as much fear
following instructions to be sure they still miss
plummeting down into the fiery abyss

Again an example will give this some clout
on earth Rosa's parents were truly devout
when they passed in a crash with their vehicle wrecked
they knew to the letter just what to *expect*

Their new congregation's the same as before
their church very strict in adhering to lore
what's more now their worship has no real intrusions
to puncture what sadly are only illusions

Before I even got here poor Rosa had tried
to reach out to them, but each time she just cried
they could not understand why she had no desire
to join them... but don't forget, 'god loves a trier!'

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

So once I had started my work in retrieval
she begged me to visit and create an upheaval
something that really might help be unfurled
their potential beyond their illusory world

Now I knew simple reason just would not suffice
I needed a shock that would work in a trice
I dared not tell Rosa, doubts couldn't be seeded
'cos something outlandish was quite clearly needed

Beforehand I planned my disguise with some rigour
in their church floated down as a quite diff'rent figure
it was Jesus himself who appeared and descended
the devotees within were so startled they tended

To cower away from the power I now had
while I made my approach to her mum and her dad
"My lambs you are wanted, but please don't be flustered"
I intoned, my divinity now fully mustered

Bewildered, astonished, they could hardly refuse
and I admit I felt proud of my devious ruse
so trying to make sure I remained quite aloof
I took a hand each and went up through the roof

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

I flew them straight off to meet up with Kai
who'd already been briefed to help them to try
to deprogramme, and then each would have their review
so they'd know what to work on, as we all need to do

So let's be quite clear, help is always at hand
for unfortunate folk who don't yet understand
as soon as they show just a glint of awareness
we whisk them away and we treat them with fairness

But the main thing to add to these varied reports
is ALL things in this plane are illusions of sorts
what matters is knowing the real stuff's not here
but once balanced we'll find it, we'll raise ourselves clear



REGRESSING

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

So far we've seen even souls who don't thrive
are no worse off now than when they were alive
but now we must turn to the more sordid cases
of those who end up in quite horrible places

'Like attracts like' is once more the refrain
for spirits who're fuelled by obsession again
but this time these addicts stay down there to pursue
their old cravings... oh my friends, if only you knew

They hang round in bars and in similar dives
hungry to sate their now amplified drives
for drinking and smoking, of course drugs as well
their only respite... well, it's not nice to tell

All they can do is wait for their chance
when a person's so wasted they're almost in trance
or even as they fall and pass out on the floor
the spirits close in 'cos they've 'opened the door'

The race can be frantic to now be the first
to jump into the body, for which they all thirst
'possession' it's called and it's one of their tricks
as they search all in vain a vicarious fix

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

This can be a danger for you still alive
though often they leave once their cravings can't thrive
they then hang around waiting for the next chance
to engage in their dastardly, desperate dance

There's a quite diff'rent group seem to also regress
of spirits I'm not fond of, that much I'll confess
their denial of an afterlife's so very strong
they hold on to that view even when they're proved wrong!

'Materialists' they're called and their dogma's deep-seated
on earth those with spiritual views are thus treated
as lightweights whose brains are incredibly small
but in truth they're the ones who are in for a fall

They tend to assemble in terrains so depressing
bleak, desolate, grey, and they carry on guessing
"Just what's going on, what the hell is the score?"
with lives now so diff'rent from what went before

Some remain unaware of their fellows around
wand'ring quite lost, their gloom so profound
others assemble and argue non-stop
about their true state, they're so caught on the hop

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

If I make a visit to try to explain
I'm greeted with scorn, it's completely in vain
to them I'm a dream, or a fraud in disguise
there's naught I can do to make them realise

But these sights I've described are in truth not the worst
I've been shown other places that truly feel cursed
for these are the realms where depravity rules
to drop by unprepared is only for fools

To begin there are places where sex is the king
to which those who were addicts on earth tend to cling
I've seen writhing masses of women and men
whose behaviour's akin to mad pigs in a pen

All positions and even perversions they try
attempting lude acts that just can't satisfy
so their longing and lust is only made worse
each time that they fail... yes, an infinite curse

Such places do shock but it doesn't end there
I've travelled to realms where we had to take care
to dim down our auras so as not to stand out
or we would be attacked, of that I've no doubt

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

I've seen dark ruined cities with almost no light
whose denizens argue and endlessly fight
the seven deadly sins all predominate here
the spirits consumed by their hatred and fear

Some spend their time trying to make others' lives worse
it gives them a buzz, just like love in reverse
others lust as before after power and control
subjugating their peers is their ultimate goal

Those near the top suffer too from false pride
as on earth wear a mask, their true natures they hide
to themselves and each other their clothes seem the best
their bodies, their beauty surpass all the rest

But to us they project in their genuine state
their clothes all in tatters, exuding pure hate
their limbs so distorted, some with hideous features
and bodies misshapen, the most pitiful creatures

Meanwhile right at the top of this ungodly pile
sits the worst kind of tyrant, a spirit so vile
they've raised themselves up through these infernal tiers
by being the best at exploiting base fears

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

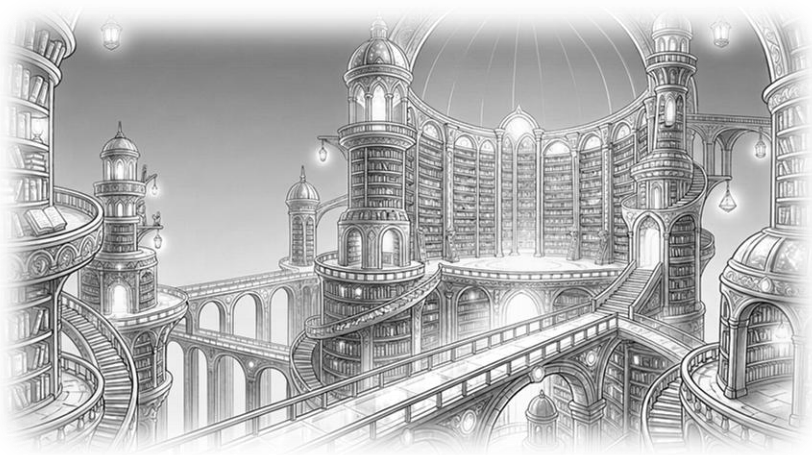
The last of these places I want to describe
are the ones that no doubt have the genuine vibe
of fiery hells as reported for ever
to end up in these is just not very clever

Threats of hell throughout time have been used to control
the mass of believers whose only real goal
has been some salvation to cap off their life
which has often involved lots of struggle and strife

But that doesn't mean these reports are not real
I don't mean of devils and evil... that spiel
but yes there are places where torment is king
for those who *believe* they deserve suffering

So I've been to those realms full of smoke and of fire
where illusory demons see fit to conspire
to torture and torment those unfortunate souls
who sink down to these pits with their fiery hot coals

But please don't forget all these folk I've described
have *attracted* their fate, it has not been prescribed
and as usual if any wake up to their plight
we are there in a flash, they're whisked off to the light



PROGRESSING

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

A great deal has happened since first I came here
I've learnt so much stuff, looking back it feels queer
just how little I knew about what really matters
my old view of life is now lying in tatters

I've said all along, that *balance* is key
let's recap what this means so we're not all at sea
it's about making up for all of those things
we see in reviews and whose memory stings

And yes we achieve this through service to others
in my case retrieving my sisters and brothers
but there's far more to this than just meets the eye
which must be uncovered to reach for the sky

It's no good doing stuff 'cos it helps our own cause
if that is our aim we should give ourselves pause
that's still just self-centred and not what's required
nor will it make us feel truly inspired

Our whole inner being must change, with the goal
that the *only* traits left right deep down in our soul
are humility, kindness, true selflessness too
some even have these on earth, but they're few

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

When all of these traits are combined what we see
is a being of pure love, who is finally free
of all the distortions built up in earth's stream
a gem once encrusted, but now they can gleam

In any case, here I am... well on my way
I tend to reside now in realms far more gay
being creative and learning are more to the fore
we develop our talents in things we adore

I talked about libraries once long before
learning details of cars when I wasn't too sure
but the structures I see now, well they just blow my mind
with books on all topics and of every kind

The shelves stretch away as if they're without end
but whenever you want the librarians attend
who know what you want, they're experts in that topic
earth history's my favourite, it's quite microscopic

Any period or place in our so-called past
I can study, and it is incredibly fast
your choice made, a kind of a book does arrive
but then the whole thing comes completely alive

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

You see all the contents as if you are there
immersed in the film, all the feelings you share
but the weirdest thing is you can replay a scene
from your own life, then change it, see what might have been

With artistic pursuits we no longer strive
our paintings so vibrant they could be alive
and music, well that's a whole thing in itself
we pick up new instruments straight off the shelf

But concerts up here, well now, they're quite profound
the arenas are huge and we all gather round
here music is sound but it's linked in with light
it's hard to describe but your soul just takes flight

One thing we do of a different kind
is seeding ideas into the human mind
we do this with music, art, writing as well
and science, anything on which you people dwell

You've heard of the biologist who was really quite hip
and discovered DNA on an LSD trip
or of singers whose lyrics pour forth in one go
as soon as they zone out and go with the flow

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

Well that's just us giving a bit of a hand
and nor does it have to be terribly grand
you've all woken up with a great new idea
or the key to a problem... in your dreams we've been near

Now someone's left out of my discourse of late
my Rosa... so let's find out what's been her fate
have we just decided to go separate ways?
well it's yes and it's no, it's a bit of a maze

You know she arrived up here well before me
plus already more balanced was more set to break free
from the many illusions I've talked of at length
in these realms most arrive in to build up their strength

We knew in advance that her time was at hand
even if it's not something deliberately planned
her aura was lightening, she appeared less distinct
she began to withdraw from how we'd been linked

I knew this was natural, I didn't resist
it was clearly her path even though she'd be missed
and then all of a sudden, in front of my eyes
she just disappeared with no time for goodbyes

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

And that is just fine because my time will come
when the 'second death' takes me I too will succumb
we really know little of what happens next
but it's part of the journey, so please don't be vexed!

Let's end with a recap in case it's not clear
of the things that determine your experience here
your emotional state leading up to your death
is key, even as you inhale your last breath

Another's if you've friends or family to meet
broad belief in an afterlife smooths things a treat
more precise expectations can play a big part
and your thoughts have great power, right from the start

With that I must now bid you farewell, my friends
I've aspired to prepare you for when *your* life ends
so you'll have what you need, you'll be set fair to cope
and your life here turns out to be all you might hope

THE ANNOTATED VERSION

HELP WITH FORMAT, READING AND SCANSION

The format of each verse or 'stanza' is two pairs of rhyming lines. The rhythm of each line is provided by it having 4 parts or 'metric feet', which is formally known as a 'tetrameter', with the feet separated in the following text by vertical lines. There are anywhere between 1 and 4 syllables in each foot meaning that, rather than conforming to any standard poetic pattern of a fixed number of syllables per line, each one simply has 4 beats, which is formally known as 'accentual verse'. Moreover here the emphasis tends to be placed on entire words rather than single syllables, albeit that it's usually the last word in each foot that's stressed (or the last two words if the final word is a short one).



PASSING

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

Now here's | a surprise, | I think | to myself
one minute | I'm dying, | the next | in full health
the pain's | disappeared, | I'm so light | and so free
I seem | to be floating... | and the things | I can see!

Down below | are my children, | the grandkids | there too
all sat | round a bed | making such | a to-do
they're crying | and sobbing | and weeping | and then
just | as they stop, | start all over | again

The poor chap | that's in it, | he's in | a right state
looks haggard | with skin | that's the colour | of slate
I'll see | who it is | if closer | I get
must be someone | we know | to become | so upset

My vision | was blurry | but it's starting | to clear
I seem to | be hovering | so I move in | quite near
and that's | when it hits me, | no wonder | they're sad
the chap | in the bed... | well, it's only | their dad!

But that | poor old wretch | isn't like me | at all
he's shrivelled | and weak | while I'm strong | and I'm tall
and then | there's a much | bigger thing | needs revealing
how I'm there | in the bed | *and* up here | by the ceiling?

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

Now let's | just stay calm, | let's not cause | any trouble
there must be | some reason | I'm now | seeing double
I cannot be, | can I? Y'know | passed on... | or dead?
"When you're gone | you are *gone*!" | is what I've | always said

That's got | to be it, | yet I'm thinking | and feeling
this whole | situation | is leaving | me reeling
I guess | it turns out | that those people | were right
who said "Course | we don't die, | we move into | the light"

I look | at that body, | but that's | no longer me
it's like | there's a sadness | but also | I'm free!
I did love | it once, | but not | any more
I've got | this fine new one | I want | to explore

It's clearly | much lighter, | and flimsier | too
reaching out | to the ceiling | my hand | passes through!
but I feel | so damn vibrant, | and ready | to thrive
like before | I was dead | and now | I'm alive!

My urge | is to float off | and start | my new life
perhaps | I can even | find Rosa | my wife?
she passed on | some years back, | I've missed her | so much
I so long | to see her | and feel her | soft touch

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

Just as | I'm thinking | how great | that would be
a ball of | white light appears, | heading | for me
at first | it's so bright | that I think | I'll go blind
thoughts of God, | even Jesus, | are what | spring to mind

I'm set to | prostrate myself | flat | on the ground
when into | my head comes | a wonderful | sound
the voice | of my Rosa... | Oh! What | a surprise!
she tells me | to focus | and look | in her eyes

I do, | and can tell you | again | I am reeling
nothing | on earth | can compare to | this feeling
we're merging | and swirling | and dancing | entwined
like two | beams of light | that are fully | aligned

The ecstasy | and joy | so flood me | with bliss
I want things to | continue | exactly | like this
yet just | as I think | it should go on | forever
she gently | reminds me | it's not | very clever

To canoodle | while down there | our kids | are distraught
she's right too, | we really | should spare | them a thought
it's so hard | to see them | so terribly | sad
if only | they knew | what's going on | with their dad!

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

She gently | unwinds herself | from | our embrace
and smiles | as I float down | and look in | the face
of each one | in turn, | the grandkids | as well
and tell them | the things | I am dying | to tell

“I'm alive | and I'm strong | and I'm healthy | again!
I'm better | than ever, | with no trace | of pain!”
I want them | to know | that death isn't | the end
although that's | what I taught them, | heaven | forfend

Yet now | they can't hear me, | though I shout | till I'm hoarse
they can't | see me either... | I've got so much | remorse
my sadness | is building, | I just | want to cry
we're so heedless | of what happens | after | we die

I want all | my family | to know | that I'm fine
that their mother | is too | and they'll see us | in time
but I sense | that there's really | no more | I can try
so I tell them | I love them | and whisper | goodbye

I float back | to Rosa | who with no | sense of blame
says “When first | we come over, | we all | act the same
I hung round you | for weeks | trying to get | you to hear
I was wasting | my time, | I just couldn't | get near”

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

At this point | she asks | if I still | want to stay
and I reply | “No, | you can take | me away”
quite where | we'll be going | I have | no idea
but I want you | to know that | there's nothing | to fear



REVIEWING

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

It seems that | for some time | I must have | been sleeping
but as | I come round | I can see | a man peeping
through the door | of the room | where I'm laid | on a bed
so now | he comes in | and sits next | to its head

His face | is majestic, | all love, | so serene
brown eyes | hold the wisdom | of all | that he's seen
he seems | like a man | who's of tribal | descent
dark skin, | jet-black hair... | and he says | he's been sent

To help | and look after | me as | I adjust
a guide | in whom I | can place | absolute trust
it's almost | as if | I have seen | him before
the name Kai | springs to mind | and I'm really | quite sure

He answers | as if | he has just | read my mind
“We have | indeed met, | and I think | that you'll find
it was mostly | in dreams | that you didn't | recall
but deep | down inside | you remember | them all”

I suddenly | realise | his mouth | isn't moving
and it's now | quite clear | what this strange quirk | is proving
telepathy | rules | in this new world... | my doubt
being can I | control | just what thoughts | I put out?

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

He laughs | and insists | “Now there's no | cause for fear
nothing | is hidden | from anyone | here
not from | each other, | nor our own selves | too
honesty | and truth | bind us all | like a glue

But for people | on earth, | well that's not | how things work
they all | wear a mask | to make sure | that they shirk
from showing | each other | who they | really are
so to start with | all this | will seem somewhat | bizarre”

With that | the whole room | seems to morph | and to change
I'm now | back in scenes | from my lifetime | that range
from the earliest | through to | the last | of my days
it's so | overwhelming | I'm left | in a daze

The scenes | seem to merge | to form one | huge tableau
and I sense | going through this | will help me | to grow
but I'm not | seeing big things | or stuff | that will flatter
it's more | all the small stuff | I thought | didn't matter

Harsh words | from me here | being critical | there
I'm pierced | and I'm held in | their steely | hard glare
what's worse is | I find myself | properly | feeling
how my poor | victims took it... | and again | I'm left reeling

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

As if | in a flash | I am back | in the room
my guide | can see clearly | the depth | of my gloom
“I thought that | I'd led quite | a reasonable | life
so much love | for my family, | especially | my wife!”

“But with them | it's easy, | it's hard | *not* to care”
Kai chides me | gently, | leaning back | in his chair
“What's very | much harder | but counts | for much more
is helping | out people | you've not | met before

Now all | of those facts | of your life | are laid bare
there'll be | no more hiding | from that | steely glare
you'll need time | to adjust, | and you'll have | to be strong
for you're not | quite the man | that you thought | all along

But please | be assured | you're by no means | alone
most who've been | earthbound | have a tale | like your own
they learn | to confront | inner demons | in time
then onwards | and upwards | continue | their climb

No one | will judge you, | only you... | *you're* the one
who even | decides | when that judgement | is done
moving on | does require | that you're | no longer bruised
but also | there's lots here | to keep | you amused

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

And don't think | your scorecard | is all | on one side
there's plenty | of things | in which you | can take pride
the obvious | stuff is | what you | most recall
but the things | that count most | aren't remembered | at all"

The room | shifts once more | but now different | scenes
stand out | from my life... | and from this | one gleans
that small | acts of kindness | were exhibited | too
as one | at a time | they are brought | into view

I know | I'll have plenty | of time now | to ponder
and it's not | something I'm | going to waste | or to squander
but already | I feel | my regret | at my blindness
to just | how important | are small | acts of kindness

Take the girl | on the street | who was soaked | to the core
her sleeping bag | sopping | wet through | on the floor
when all | hurried past her | quite happy | and gay
who stopped | and made sure | she got somewhere | to stay?

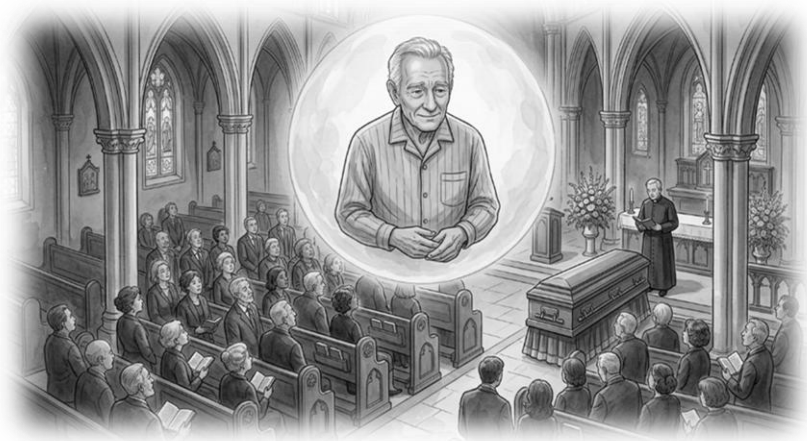
There are other | examples, | but what | do they share?
showing vuln'erable | people that | there are | those who care
spontaneous | acts | to help those | who are strangers
giving hope | in a quagmire | of fears | and of dangers

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

These | are the best, | looking back | on each time
I realise | they made me | feel truly | sublime
I just wish | I'd done more | as my whole | life unfurled
but we get | so caught up | in our own | little world

"I think that's | enough now, | you need | some more rest
just know | that it's great | that all that's | off your chest"
Kai smiles at me | as he | moves off | to the door
"Before you go, | please, | I have just | one thing more

Can I | see Rosa | again | while I'm here?"
"You'll see her | quite soon, | of that | have no fear"
I lie back | on the bed, | I'm deflated | yet keen
to make up for | the flawed parts | of life | that I've seen



RETURNING

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

This time | as I wake | I feel something | bizarre
as if | I'm being pulled at | from somewhere | afar
I sense that | I'm already | racing | through space
with everything | blurring | in front of | my face

Then as | things slow up | I'm back down | on the earth
and I find | I've been drawn | to the town | of my birth
to the church | up the road | from the old | family home
I gather | myself | then my eyes | start to roam

Along pews | all filled up with | my family | and friends
I've gate-crashed | my funeral! | Now all | of this tends
to suggest | when they focussed | on me | in such numbers
they pulled me | right out | from the depth | of my slumbers

And yet | I don't mind, | I'm even | quite flattered
it's not | a bad turn out | so maybe | I mattered?
old friends | have arrived | that I've not | seen in years
but here | they all are, | and what's more | shedding tears

Now all | this emotion | is great | in its way
but it's almost | too strong | to allow me | to stay
I'm thinking | I need | to get myself | outside
and as soon | as I do, | Whoosh! | Out there I glide!

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

This raises | a question | I need | to unravel
it seems | my intentions | are what makes | me travel
ok let's | experiment, | check out | this new mode
my girl | Jess' house | is not far | down the road

Lo and | behold! | It happens | once more!
I'm there | in an instant, | right by | the front door!
it's clear | with this body | this is | the new norm
so what | other tricks | can I make | it perform?

I know, I'll | try to walk | straight through | the door
while it's closed and... | Da da! | I've succeeded | once more!
in the hall | her dog sees me, | starts wagging | his tail
so I then | try to tickle | his chin | but I fail

Course, this body's | less dense! | So I'm not | really stood
on a floor | that is solid | though it seems | made of wood
let's set | the intention | to try to | just hover
all round | her house... | and I do | with no bother!

This also | suggests | I can | probably fly
no time | like the present, | let's give it | a try
I stretch out | my arms, | think of that | very thing
and I'm gliding | around | like a bird | on the wing!

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

All this is | just too much, | such fantastic | feats!
I'm straight back | outside | looking over | the streets
I climb | and I swoop | and I holler | and scream
this really | is like | a magnificent | dream!

I dive down to | the beach | where I once | loved to stroll
now gliding | above it | feels even | more droll
then I head | out to sea for | the ultimate | thrill
flying fast | and down low... | till at last | I stop still

I feel | at this point | it would be | a mistake
not to turn... | Jess' house | did look set | for a wake
so while I | already | feel strangely | aloof
I fly back | and enter it | down through | the roof

Inside | there's sadness, | but amidst | all the strife
some folks | are attempting | to honour | my life
I think | that's just great... | but if only | they knew
they'd celebrate | how brilliant | my new life | is too

I mingle | but I feel | like a bit | of a sneak
for I hear | all their thoughts | not the words | that they speak
most are | so genuine | I feel grateful | and humbled
but a few | are the ones | that in life | I had rumbled

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

It's consoling | to know | that my judgement | was sound
but I don't think | I'll gain much | by hanging | around
nearing each | of my children | I whisper | my love
the grandkids | are playing | so I hover | above

At this point | the youngest | who is | only three
stops what | he's doing | and looks straight up | at me
I tell him | I love him | and he whispers | my name
then happily | turns | and goes back | to his game

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE



MANIFESTING

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

I awaken | again | from the deepest | of sleep
feeling rested | and fresh, | and ready | to leap
from the bed | in the room | with the white walls | and ceiling
the one | where before | Kai did | all that revealing

But this time | it's Rosa's head | pops round | the door
I sense that | she's probably | been here | before
"I've been keeping | my eye on you, | that is | a fact
and now | you are ready | it's time | that we act!

I'm taking you | somewhere | you'll feel | right at home
just hold on to | my hand | and together | we'll roam"
and with that | she spirits me | off through | the air
but in no time | at all | she is shouting | "We're there!"

My vision | adjusts | and we're standing | in front
of a cottage | so perfect | it could be | a stunt
but no... | holding hands | she gives me | the full tour
the whole place | feels peaceful | and perfect | and pure

It has all | you'd want | in a country | retreat
the thatch | and the garden, | a large lake | with a seat
I can laze on | all day, | maybe catch | the odd trout
because back down | on earth | I was rarely | let out

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

Yet just | as the time | when I first | met my guide
it feels like | I know this place, | even | inside
“My love, | try to think | when we've been | here before”
she gently | entreats | as we stand | in the door

“I'm trying... | wait... | is it the same | as with Kai
we came here | in dreams | I forgot... | don't know why?”
“Not so hard | was it?” | she chides me | in jest
“We built this | together | when we | were at rest”

I still | don't know how | I'd forget | such a place
but I have | to accept | that this must | be the case
“So how | did we build it?” | I ask | full of doubt
though of course | I am anxious | to really | find out

“With our | imagination | and powers | of thought
we created the | sort of place | we'd always | sought
we built our | dream home here | for when we | passed on
and memories | of earth | had all faded | and gone”

I ponder | and all this | is starting | to gel
I'm recalling | things buried | down deep | in the well
of my sub | conscious mind, | maybe even | my soul
I feel | that I'm ready | to embrace | this new role

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

“So thought | and intention | mean everything | here?”

I ask | just to check, | even though | it's quite clear
and fits in | completely | with what | I found out
when I went | down to earth | and I travelled | about

The answer | she gives | comes as quite | a surprise
for right now | she's changing | in front of | my eyes
Rosa, | my Rosa, | the one | I adore
now looks | just the same | as she did | years before!

In our twenties... | so gorgeous, | and so full | of fun
I can't get | my head around | what she's | just done
“It's simple, | so simple, | my silly | old dear
your age | is your *choice* | now that you | are up here

For me | this was always | my favourite | time
when I felt at | my best, | when I felt | in my prime
it's the way | I project | myself now | that I'm here
I only | looked older | so you'd | have no fear

If you'd | seen me look | like this | right from the start
you'd have been | overwhelmed | so I just | played the part
of what | you were used to | before | I passed on
but I've had it | with ageing, | all that stuff | is gone!

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

Why don't | you try it, | and be | really bold?
just think | what you looked like | before | you got old!"
her teasing | has worked | and I rise | to the bait
"Now *that* | is more like it, | you're less | of a state!"

I feel that | I'm young again, | clothing | less drab
I shout | "I can run too!" | as I reach | out to grab
but she's | much too quick | and I chase | her around
till at last | we give in | and collapse | to the ground

"My god | I have *missed* you" | I say | with real feeling
staring into | her eyes, | which are still | so appealing
and once more | we merge | as in two | become one
making love | when you're dead | is just so much | more fun

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE



RELAXING

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

I'm guessing | you really | would like | to learn more
about life | in this world | and what you'll | have in store
well I'm starting | to feel | that I'm finding | my feet
and it turns out | you're in for | a wonderful | treat

Compared to | on earth | some stuff's | no longer done
things like breathing, | and sleeping | we learn | just to shun
though we rest | if we want, | even bathe | if it suits
whenever | we feel like | recalling | our roots

We don't have | to buy stuff, | instead | we create
whatever | we want... | which means | that the trait
of working | and earning | and then | paying tax
no longer | prevails | and we can | just relax

As for food | we don't need it, | but please | let me stress
there are things here | about which | you'll just | have to guess
there are fruits | for example | that grow | like before
but with taste | so intense | you're left gasping | for more

My words | aren't enough, | if you could | only visit!
flowers | like on earth yet | so much more | exquisite
their colours | and patterns... | in fact | every sense
is so heightened | and deepened | I'm left | in suspense

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

About what | I'll find next | to amaze | and adore
in this magical | world | I'm so keen | to explore
"So how d'you | pass time there" | one reasonably | asks
"now there is | no long list | of earthly-type | tasks?"

Well, Rosa | and I | don't live life | to the max
but we walk | and we talk | and we read | and relax
I fish too | while sat by | our beautiful | lake
but I don't eat | or hurt them, | it's just | for sport's sake

Our life's | very simple | in so many | ways
and that is | our choice... | but not | everyone stays
as a couple | from earth, | in fact | it's quite rare
it's only | true soul mates | who still | want to share

This life, | which now offers | a huge range | of choices
of partners | and friends... | new ideas, | new voices
so folk date | and they dance | and they have | endless fun
they even | break up | but no harm's | ever done

The hobbies | and clubs | and the sports | make you dizzy
things loved | while on earth, | or sidelined | when busy
with jobs | and with kids | and all that | kind of stuff
those who missed out | indulge | till they've had | quite enough

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

Take me | for example, | I used to | love speed
and driving | round our | local track | with no need
to worry | 'bout coppers | or speeding | or fines
I could just | drive flat out | and perfect | my race lines

But then | I was young, | and money | was tight
my cars | all old bangers | that looked | quite a sight
but once I | with poorness | was no longer | cursed
my family's | needs | of course always | came first

But now | for a thrill | and with no more | frustration
there's no limits, | unless | from my | imagination
my thoughts | create races | I want | to take part in
my favourite | car? | James Bond's old | Aston Martin

Kai showed me | the way | that I had | to proceed
to end up with | a car | I decide | that I need
just start with | an outline | even if | no real clue
of external | details or | internal ones | too

All these | can be built up, | I get | quite myopic
in libraries | when researching | my favourite | topic
of these | more anon... | but I've no need | to hide
the way | I created | my ultimate | ride

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

One thing | I've learned | and been told | I must share
you 'create' things | on earth too | but it's not | so laid bare
it's a denser | vibration | so as thoughts | are unfurled
they take time | to appear | as 'real' things | in your world

Yet your thoughts | and intentions | have just | the same power
to shape | your experience... | so please | do not cower
when you realise | what you | can achieve | while still there
by visualising | outcomes | about which | you care

That's all | quite specific | but more generally | you'll find
that 'positive | thinking' | can enhance | your whole mind
and lead | to much more | of the life | you've desired
with less | of the bad things | in which you've | been mired

But beware! | this advice, | it comes with | two cautions
if your thinking | is not | to be full of | distortions
the first is | that while | you're down there | you can't moan
if others | have desires | that conflict | with your own

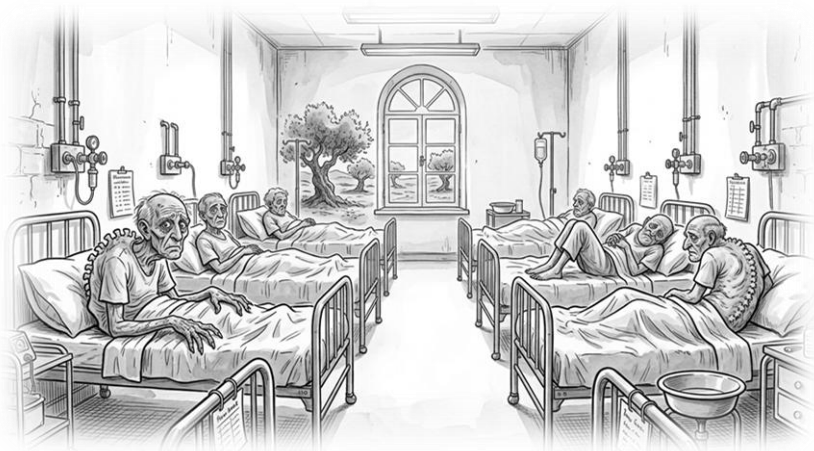
In sport then | it's clear | you can't all | win the race
those who | believe most | end up taking | first place
the second thing | of which | you should be | made aware
is your powerful | subconscious... | it just | doesn't care

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

'Bout your conscious | desires | and your goals | and your plans
it just knows | all the stuff | it's been fed | at the hands
often | of parents | since back when | you were made
like a record | or tape | that's repeatedly | played

These beliefs | you collect | 'bout yourself | and your plight
are so strong | they can act | like a terrible | blight
things like "I'm | not good enough..." | or | "I don't deserve..."
can triumph | so much | that they cause you | to swerve

Away | from the path | that for you | would be best
while your conscious | desires | are then all | laid to rest
so work hard | to resolve | this interior | strife
and you'll be | far more free | to dictate | your own life



HEALING

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

I've told you | we two | spend our time here | relaxing
though the concept | of 'time' | in itself | is quite taxing
'cos this | is important | I'll try | to be clear
about something | that you | on the earth | hold so dear

Here travelling | is instant, | there's no sense | of pace
and that's because | time's | interwoven | with space
so our sense of | time here's | not like | yours down there
your fixation | with it | is not one | we share

Time's largely | an idea | to which humans | gave birth
so our senses | could process things | living | on earth
but that time | can distort, | you already | know
'cos hours | seem like seconds | when you're | 'in the flow'

In any case, | back to | the point | here at hand
Rosa | and I | do relax | as we planned
but I've found | that there's more | to this life | than just chilling
and it does make | our lives here | that much more | fulfilling

It turns out | my Rosa | has got | some real work
though it's not | like a job | she'd be tempted | to shirk
so now | that I'm settled | and she is | more free
she's gone | right back to it | with genuine | glee

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

The work? | Well in truth | it is no | great surprise
it's something | to which she | on earth | had close ties
a hospital... | that's where | she's put | through her paces
as a nurse | looking after | the most | damaged cases

The poor folks | inside | are a fearful | sight
in fact | on first viewing | you get | a real fright
their bodies | are shrunken | and shrivelled | and maimed
some lie | in their beds | and they look | so ashamed

While others | seem sightless | and wordless, | unmoving
you'd think | they were dead | with no chance of | improving
but Rosa | corrects me, | "They all | heal in time
though some | need more work | before back | to their prime

As to | what brought them | down into | this state
the reasons | are many... | sometimes it's | just hate
while others | have suffered | from illness | for years
or their minds | have been turned | into mush | by their fears

Or sometimes | they've cut | themselves off, | and alone
they've become | more decrepit, | almost | turned to stone
but as always | it isn't | like anyone | judges
as we try hard | to free them | from fears | and from grudges

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

We just | give them rest, | and healing, | and love
and when | they are ready | we give them | a shove
by feeding | new energy | into | their core
a bit like | a shower | that can wash | and restore”

“So what | about *me* then? | Please do | just come clean”
I ask, | quite perplexed | by the things | that I've seen
“Did I | need this healing | and lie in | a heap
in the bed in | that room | where I just | seemed to sleep?”

“Much less so, | my love” | dear Rosa | responds
“You rested | for sure, | to help | break old bonds
and you too | were showered | to help you | escape
but your mind | and your body | were in much | better shape

Things like energy | showers | are used | at some length
to get | people back | to the point | of full strength
so then | they can go on | and lead | a full life
in this second | chance world | where there is | no more strife”

“One more thing” | I ask | so that she | can shed light
“Does everyone | come here | in some | sort of plight
and need to | have healing | of one type | or another
or do some folk | pass on | without | any bother?”

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

"Yes lots" | she responds... | "Perhaps we | should discuss
my own case, | my journey | was smooth | with no fuss
I had | a short illness, | my passing | was swift and...
I kind of | knew what | to expect | from the shift"

With this | she's become | quite unusually | shy
what's more | we both know | the exact | reason why
"But we | always thought | that with death | came the end!"
I exclaim... | "No, I just | didn't want | to offend"

She tells me, | her confidence | now | back in place
"So you hid | all this from me, | with never | a trace
you believed | that we carry on | after | we're dead?"
she's stunned me, | it's like | I've been punched | in the head!

Then I realise | it's funny, | I can't | now give a damn
if she'd told me | my toys | would've flown out | the pram
such was | my dogmatic | view | about death
I'd have been | in attack mode | without | drawing breath

The lesson | that we might | take from this, | my friends
is that any | belief | in an afterlife | tends
to help us | in passing, | the details | don't matter
as long as | we know | our true essence | can't shatter

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE



BALANCING

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

Once | I had been | to see Rosa | at work
I wanted to | make sure | I too didn't | shirk
from having | a vocation | to provide | a good feeling
although nursing | like she does | was none too | appealing

It was also | the case that | I'd started | to stew
on the things | Kai revealed | when we did | our review
all those times | I was harsh, | or critical | too
their steely | hard glare | had remained | in my view

Just as | I had thoughts | it would be | really nice
to get hold | of him | so he could give | me advice
lo and | behold! | He promptly | appears
in our beautiful | garden | to allay | all my fears

I then hadn't | seen him | in what seemed | a while
so we hugged | and he gave me | a heart-warming | smile
and since we | were both quite clear | why he'd | arrived
there was no need | for small talk | that would be | contrived

'You're going | to need | to balance | things out
so the bad things | you saw | can no longer | have clout
mainly | by being | of service | to others
and thinking | of them | as your sisters | and brothers

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

Do you have | any inkling | of what you | might do
if helping | in hospitals | isn't | for you?"
to this I had | already | given | some thought
"I've been | pondering those | who get miserably | caught

And trapped | down on earth | still with longings | and hopes
when they've no one | to meet or to | show them | the ropes
I know | I was lucky | 'cos Rosa | was there
if not | I'd have had | a nasty old | scare

So perhaps | I could act | like a kind of | a host
to make sure | that they | don't end up | as a ghost?"
Kai seemed to | respond | to this with | some pride
that I'd thought | for myself | and not just | let things slide

"The thing | you describe, | we call it | *retrieval*
'cos for some | passing on | is a major | upheaval
there's lots of folk | here | get involved | in that stuff
but I'll warn you | right now | it can get | a bit rough!"

So that's how | I came to | the work | I do now
I don't want | to come over | all 'holier | than thou'
but it really is | something | that's hugely | fulfilling
and perhaps | should be given | a much higher | billing

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

What is it | that makes | these poor folks | want to stay
when all that | we want | is to whisk them | away?
the reasons | are many, | but here's just | a sample
to help you | avoid being | another | example

We've covered | that one's | having no one | to meet
but that | is quite rare, | a far more common | feat
is they simply | refuse | to believe that | they're dead
mostly | 'cos they've | got it lodged | in their head

There's simply | no afterlife | in which | they can thrive
they think | "I'm still conscious, | I must be | alive!"
so they wander | around | as if | in a daze
a little | like somebody | trapped | in a maze

They're not seen | and not heard, | they can no | longer touch
their hands | just go through things, | their frustration | is such
that they scream | and they shout | but all to | no avail
like me till | my wife | took me beyond | the veil

Unfinished | business | is the other | big reason
where spirits | are obsessed | with some sort of | treason
maybe they've | found out | their partner's | been cheating
so they haunt | and harangue, | craving some | kind of meeting

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

The problems | I face | turning up | to assist?
well, their lack of | belief | can make them | resist
so much | they can't see me, | or at least | they evade
and that's where | you folks | often come | to our aid

In fact | lots of you | really help | stem the tide
your vibrations | are closer | to those | who've just died
you do it | while you are | asleep | in your bed
and oft | don't remember | these dream lives | you've led

Big disasters | can be where | you're needed | the most
'cos then | we are facing | a genuine | host
of spirits | trying to | cross over | at the same time
so it's | all hands on deck | to help them | make the climb

Battles | and war | are another | big ask
but we've found there's | a way we can | lessen | this task
we set up | sort of barracks | in a military | style
into them | the departed | will happily | file

So this is how | I now spend | much of | my time
even if being | with Rosa | still feels truly | sublime
but I love it | because | it can really | fulfil
and assisting | lost spirits | is still | a great thrill

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

Plus of course all | this helps | to equate | and adjust
my earthly | shortcomings, | and that is | a must
before I can | progress | and be truly | unfurled
in more rarefied | realms | of this wonderful | world



ATTRACTING

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

'Like | attracts like' | is a common | refrain
that can have | quite a bearing | upon | the terrain
you'll find | yourself drawn to, | when you | settle down
where like-minded | folk | can make sure | you don't frown

The groups | you can join | are quite | without end
as I've mentioned | before now, | all of them | tend
to cater | for various | fun | recreations
every sport | every hobby, | even constant | vacations!

But attraction | can work | in a different | way
with spirits | who're troubled | though on earth | they don't stay
they're often | so focussed | on one | human thing
they create | their own space here, | and to it | they bring

Whatever | preoccupies | their every | thought
let me give | an example | of exactly | this sort
from my work... | now expanded | to those | trapped up here
though admittedly | this one | is really | quite queer

I was drawn | to a man | who was sat | in a cell
all of | his own making, | and he'd done it | so well
that it didn't | have windows | or even | a door
so there he was | sitting | quite still | on the floor

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

"Is that it?" | is the question | I now | hear you ask
no... the really | odd thing | is the walls | were a mask
of banknotes | stacked up with | a great deal | of passion
the ceiling | and floor lined | in similar | fashion

I admit that | I couldn't help | finding it | funny
on earth | he'd obsessed | about just one thing... | money
so now | he was trapped | by that very | same thing
with no means | of escape | from his sad | suffering

To be clear, | this wasn't | 'cos some | higher being
had decided | to punish | his so selfish | fleeing
from caring | 'bout others, | though itself that's | not great
instead | his obsession | had *attracted* | this fate

When I went | to help him | I tried | all I knew
but he stared | at the floor | as if stuck there | with glue
he just | couldn't see me | or hear me | to boot
so fixated | was he | on his | earthly loot

Such attraction | links with | what's already | been taught
'bout how | our environment's | shaped | by our thought
but another | big factor | can come | into play
and it | can end up | having quite | a big say

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

Beliefs | 'bout this place | can have | serious impact
usually | 'cos doctrine's | mistaken for | fact
especially | if bolstered | through multiple | ages
such as heavens | as promised | in scriptural | pages

Sects based | on religion | continue | up here
with as much | variation | and just as much | fear
following | instructions | to be sure | they still miss
plummeting | down into | the fiery | abyss

Again | an example | will give this | some clout
on earth | Rosa's parents | were truly | devout
when they passed | in a crash | with their vehicle | wrecked
they knew | to the letter | just what | to *expect*

Their new | congregation's | the same | as before
their church | very strict | in adhering | to lore
what's more | now their worship | has no | real intrusions
to puncture | what sadly | are only | illusions

Before I | even got here | poor Rosa | had tried
to reach out | to them, | but each time | she just cried
they could not | understand | why she had | no desire
to join them... | but don't forget, | 'god loves | a trier!'

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

So once | I had started | my work | in retrieval
she begged me | to visit | and create | an upheaval
something | that really | might help | be unfurled
their potential | beyond | their illusory | world

Now I knew | simple reason | just would not | suffice
I needed | a shock | that would work | in a trice
I dared not | tell Rosa, | doubts couldn't | be seeded
'cos something | outlandish | was quite clearly | needed

Beforehand | I planned | my disguise | with some rigour
in their church | floated down | as a quite | diff'rent figure
it was Jesus | himself | who appeared | and descended
the devotees | within | were so startled | they tended

To cower | away from | the power | I now had
while I made | my approach | to her mum | and her dad
"My lambs | you are wanted, | but please don't | be flustered"
I intoned, | my divinity | now fully | mustered

Bewildered, | astonished, | they could hardly | refuse
and I admit | I felt proud | of my devious | ruse
so trying | to make sure | I remained | quite aloof
I took | a hand each | and went up | through the roof

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

I flew them | straight off | to meet up | with Kai
who'd already | been briefed | to help them | to try
to deprogramme, | and then each | would have | their review
so they'd know | what to work on, | as we all | need to do

So let's be quite clear, | help | is always | at hand
for unfortunate | folk | who don't yet | understand
as soon as | they show | just a glint of | awareness
we whisk them | away | and we treat them | with fairness

But the main thing | to add | to these varied | reports
is ALL things | in this plane | are illusions | of sorts
what matters | is knowing | the real stuff's | not here
but once balanced | we'll find it, | we'll raise ourselves | clear



REGRESSING

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

So far | we've seen | even souls | who don't thrive
are no | worse off now | than when they | were alive
but now | we must turn | to the more | sordid cases
of those | who end up in | quite horrible | places

'Like | attracts like' | is once more | the refrain
for spirits who're | fuelled by | obsession | again
but this time | these addicts | stay down there | to pursue
their old cravings... | oh my friends, | if only | you knew

They hang round | in bars | and in similar | dives
hungry | to sate their | now amplified | drives
for drinking | and smoking, | of course | drugs as well
their only | respite... | well, it's not | nice to tell

All they | can do | is wait | for their chance
when a person's | so wasted | they're almost | in trance
or even | as they fall | and pass out | on the floor
the spirits | close in | 'cos they've 'opened | the door'

The race | can be frantic | to now | be the first
to jump into | the body, | for which | they all thirst
'possession' | it's called | and it's one | of their tricks
as they search | all in vain | a vicarious | fix

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

This can be | a danger | for you | still alive
though often | they leave | once their cravings | can't thrive
they then | hang around | waiting for | the next chance
to engage in | their dastardly, | desperate | dance

There's a quite | diff'rent group | seem to also | regress
of spirits | I'm not fond of, | that much | I'll confess
their denial of | an afterlife's | so | very strong
they hold on | to that view | even when | they're proved wrong!

'Materialists' | they're called | and their dogma's | deep-seated
on earth | those with | spiritual views | are thus treated
as lightweights | whose brains | are incredibly | small
but in truth | they're the ones | who are in for | a fall

They tend | to assemble | in terrains | so depressing
bleak, desolate, | grey, | and they carry on | guessing
"Just what's | going on, | what the hell | is the score?"
with lives | now so diff'rent | from what | went before

Some remain | unaware | of their fellows | around
wand'ring | quite lost, | their gloom | so profound
others | assemble | and argue | non-stop
about | their true state, | they're so caught | on the hop

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

If I | make a visit | to try | to explain
I'm greeted | with scorn, | it's completely | in vain
to them | I'm a dream, | or a fraud | in disguise
there's naught | I can do | to make them | realise

But these sights | I've described | are in truth | not the worst
I've been shown | other places | that truly | feel cursed
for these | are the realms | where depravity | rules
to drop by | unprepared | is only | for fools

To begin | there are places | where sex | is the king
to which those | who were addicts | on earth | tend to cling
I've seen | writhing masses | of women | and men
whose behaviour's | akin | to mad pigs | in a pen

All positions | and even | perversions | they try
attempting | lude acts | that just can't | satisfy
so their longing | and lust | is only | made worse
each time | that they fail... | yes, an infinite | curse

Such places | do shock | but it doesn't | end there
I've travelled | to realms | where we had | to take care
to dim down | our auras | so as not | to stand out
or we would be | attacked, | of that | I've no doubt

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

I've seen dark | ruined cities | with almost | no light
whose denizens | argue | and endlessly | fight
the seven | deadly sins | all predominate | here
the spirits | consumed | by their hatred | and fear

Some spend | their time trying | to make others' | lives worse
it gives them | a buzz, | just like love | in reverse
others lust | as before | after power | and control
subjugating | their peers | is their ultimate | goal

Those | near the top | suffer too | from false pride
as on earth | wear a mask, | their true natures | they hide
to themselves | and each other | their clothes | seem the best
their bodies, | their beauty | surpass | all the rest

But to us | they project | in their genuine | state
their clothes | all in tatters, | exuding | pure hate
their limbs | so distorted, | some with hideous | features
and bodies | misshapen, | the most pitiful | creatures

Meanwhile right | at the top | of this ungodly | pile
sits the worst | kind of tyrant, | a spirit | so vile
they've raised | themselves up | through these | infernal tiers
by being | the best | at exploiting | base fears

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

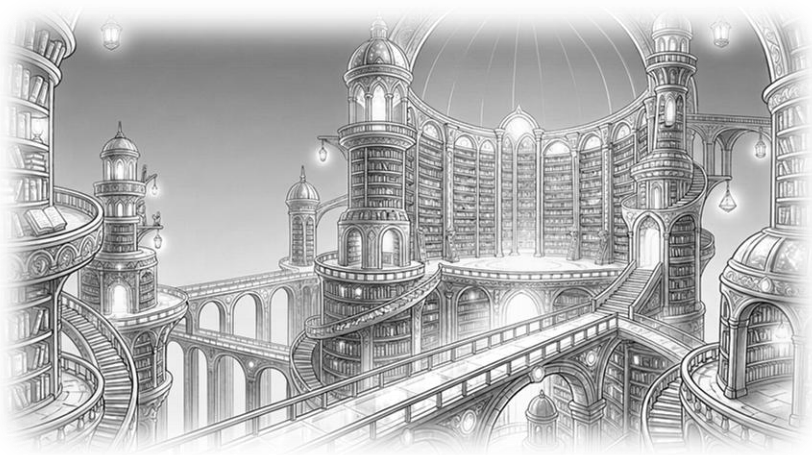
The last | of these places | I want | to describe
are the ones | that no doubt | have the genuine | vibe
of fiery | hells | as reported | for ever
to end up | in these | is just not | very clever

Threats of hell | throughout time | have been used | to control
the mass | of believers | whose only real | goal
has been | some salvation | to cap off | their life
which has often | involved | lots of struggle | and strife

But that | doesn't mean | these reports | are not real
I don't mean | of devils | and evil... | that spiel
but yes | there are places | where torment | is king
for those | who *believe* | they deserve | suffering

So I've been | to those realms | full of smoke | and of fire
where illusory | demons | see fit | to conspire
to torture | and torment | those unfortunate | souls
who sink down | to these pits | with their fiery | hot coals

But please | don't forget | all these folk | I've described
have *attracted* | their fate, | it has not | been prescribed
and as usual | if any | wake up | to their plight
we are there | in a flash, | they're whisked off | to the light



PROGRESSING

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

A great deal | has happened | since first | I came here
I've learnt | so much stuff, | looking back | it feels queer
just how little | I knew | about what | really matters
my old view | of life | is now lying | in tatters

I've said | all along, | that *balance* | is key
let's recap | what this means | so we're not | all at sea
it's about | making up | for all of | those things
we see | in reviews | and whose memory | stings

And yes | we achieve this | through service | to others
in my case | retrieving | my sisters | and brothers
but there's far more | to this | than just | meets the eye
which must be | uncovered | to reach | for the sky

It's no good | doing stuff | 'cos it helps | our own cause
if that is | our aim | we should give | ourselves pause
that's still | just self-centred | and not | what's required
nor will it | make us | feel truly | inspired

Our whole | inner being | must change, | with the goal
that the *only* | traits left | right deep down | in our soul
are humility, | kindness, | true selflessness | too
some | even have these | on earth, | but they're few

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

When all of | these traits | are combined | what we see
is a being | of pure love, | who is finally | free
of all | the distortions | built up | in earth's stream
a gem | once encrusted, | but now | they can gleam

In any case, | here I am... | well | on my way
I tend | to reside now | in realms | far more gay
being creative | and learning | are more | to the fore
we develop | our talents | in things | we adore

I talked | about libraries | once | long before
learning details | of cars | when I wasn't | too sure
but the structures | I see now, | well they just | blow my mind
with books | on all topics | and of every | kind

The shelves | stretch away | as if they're | without end
but whenever | you want the | librarians | attend
who know | what you want, | they're experts | in that topic
earth history's | my favourite, | it's quite | microscopic

Any period | or place | in our | so-called past
I can study, | and it is | incredibly | fast
your choice made, | a kind | of a book | does arrive
but then | the whole thing | comes completely | alive

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

You see | all the contents | as if | you are there
immersed | in the film, | all the feelings | you share
but the weirdest | thing is | you can replay | a scene
from your own life, | then change it, | see what | might have been

With artistic | pursuits | we no longer | strive
our paintings | so vibrant | they could | be alive
and music, | well that's | a whole thing | in itself
we pick up | new instruments | straight | off the shelf

But concerts | up here, | well now, they're | quite profound
the arenas | are huge | and we all | gather round
here music | is sound | but it's linked in | with light
it's hard | to describe | but your soul | just takes flight

One thing | we do | of a different | kind
is seeding | ideas | into the | human mind
we do this | with music, | art, | writing as well
and science, | anything | on which you | people dwell

You've heard | of the biologist | who was really | quite hip
and discovered | DNA | on an LSD | trip
or of singers | whose lyrics | pour forth | in one go
as soon as they | zone out | and go with | the flow

SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

Well that's just us | giving | a bit | of a hand
and nor | does it have | to be terribly | grand
you've all | woken up | with a great | new idea
or the key | to a problem... | in your dreams | we've been near

Now someone's | left out | of my discourse | of late
my Rosa... | so let's find out | what's been | her fate
have we | just decided | to go | separate ways?
well it's yes | and it's no, | it's a bit | of a maze

You know | she arrived | up here | well before me
plus already | more balanced | was more set | to break free
from the many | illusions | I've talked of | at length
in these realms | most arrive in | to build up | their strength

We knew | in advance | that her time | was at hand
even if | it's not something | deliberately | planned
her aura | was lightening, | she appeared | less distinct
she began | to withdraw | from how | we'd been linked

I knew this | was natural, | I didn't | resist
it was clearly | her path | even though | she'd be missed
and then all | of a sudden, | in front of | my eyes
she just | disappeared | with no time | for goodbyes

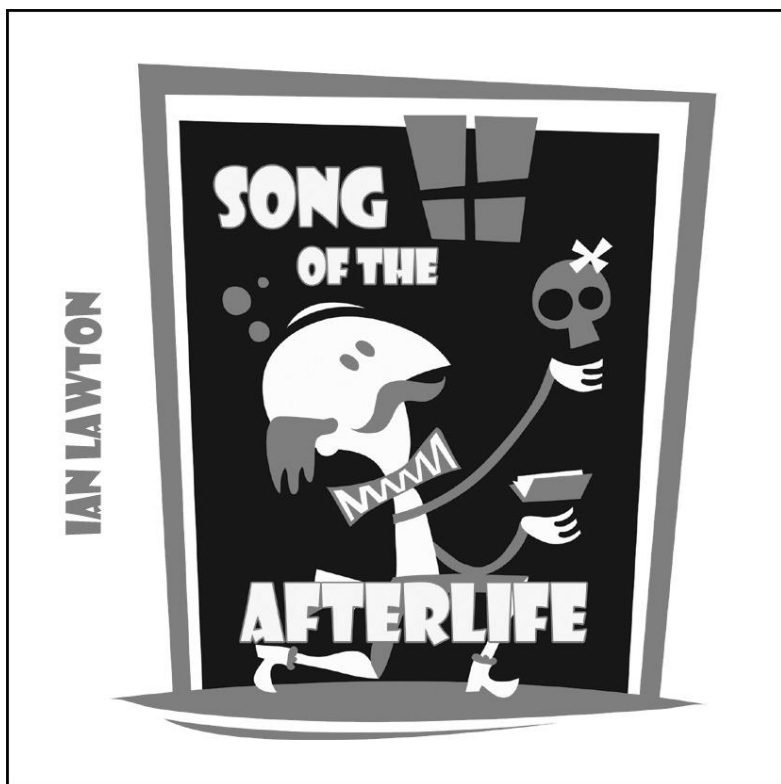
SONG OF THE AFTERLIFE

And that is | just fine | because my time | will come
when the 'second death' | takes me | I too | will succumb
we really | know little | of what | happens next
but it's part | of the journey, | so please | don't be vexed!

Let's end | with a recap | in case | it's not clear
of the things | that determine | your experience | here
your emotional | state | leading up to | your death
is key, | even as | you inhale | your last breath

Another's | if you've | friends or family | to meet
broad belief | in an afterlife | smooths things | a treat
more precise | expectations | can play | a big part
and your thoughts | have great power, | right | from the start

With that | I must now | bid you farewell, | my friends
I've aspired | to prepare you | for when | *your* life ends
so you'll have | what you need, | you'll be set fair | to cope
and your life here | turns out | to be all | you might hope



download the Suno-voiced album for free at
www.ianlawton.com/soa.html

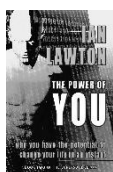
THE SUPERSOUL SERIES

all published by Rational Spirituality Press
see www.ianlawton.com

RESEARCH BOOKS



[Volume 1] SUPERSOUL (2013) is the main reference book for Supersoul Spirituality, containing out-of-body and channelled evidence that each and every one of us is a holographic reflection of a supersoul that has power way beyond our wildest imaginings.



[Volume 2] THE POWER OF YOU (2014) compares modern channelled wisdom from a variety of well-known sources, all emphasising that each of us is consciously or unconsciously creating every aspect of our own reality, and that this is what the current consciousness shift is all about.

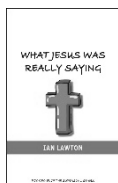


[Volume 3] AFTERLIFE (2019) is a state-of-the-art, clear, reliable guide to the afterlife based on the underlying consistencies in traditional channelled material and modern out-of-body research.

SIMPLE BOOKS



SH*T DOESN'T JUST HAPPEN!! (2016) introduces Supersoul Spirituality by explaining how and why we ourselves create or attract everything we experience in our adult lives... so that we are never victims of chance, God's will, our karma or our life plans.



WHAT JESUS WAS REALLY SAYING (2016) is a fundamental reinterpretation of the Christian message that uses excerpts from the Gospels to propose that, through his supposed miracles, Jesus was trying to show us that each of us is a creator god of the highest order and can manipulate the illusion we call reality at will.

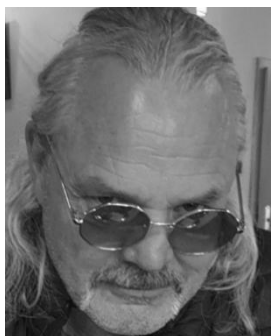


THE GOD WHO SOMETIMES SCREWED UP (2018) charts the author's progression from motorcycle and car racer, to pyramid explorer and researcher of ancient civilisations, to spiritual philosopher... with analysis and examples of how he has created or manifested all the various aspects of his life, both good and bad.



DEATH IS AN ADVENTURE!! (2019) is a simple yet essential guide to the afterlife, which answers all your questions such as why you will continue to exist, what to expect and how best to prepare. Based on evidence not belief, it describes the unlimited possibilities we have to create wondrous new experiences... as long as we have a reliable map of the territory.

IAN LAWTON was born in 1959. Formerly an accountant, sales exec, business and IT consultant and avid bike and car racer, in his mid-thirties he changed tack completely to become a writer-researcher specialising in ancient history and, more recently, spiritual philosophy. His first two books, *Giza: The Truth* and *Genesis Unveiled*, sold over 30,000 copies worldwide.



In his non-fiction *Books of the Soul Series* he originated the ideas of Rational Spirituality and of the holographic soul. But since 2013 he has been developing the more radical worldview of Supersoul Spirituality in the *Supersoul Series*. Videos about the latter, as well as the full series of ten, short 'Lawton Lectures', can be found at www.ianlawton.com and on YouTube. This is his first book of poetry.

Let the author's soothing poetry take you on a journey
through the afterlife realms.

From passing on; being guided through a review of your life;
and even gatecrashing your own funeral and wake.

Through manifesting your dream home; relaxing in ways you
never managed on earth; and seeing how the most damaged
people are healed.

To assisting in retrieving those who are lost; and taking a tour
of illusory heavens and hells.

Until, finally, we move into higher realms... where music, art
and learning are taken to sublime new levels, and love is all
that's left.

IAN LAWTON is a leading spiritual philosopher, who in his *Books of the Soul Series* originated the ideas of Rational Spirituality and of the holographic soul. But since 2013 he has been developing the more radical worldview of Supersoul Spirituality in the *Supersoul Series*.



www.ianlawton.com