

## **WHEN THE SUN RISE**

to Servers' Society, and participants of the 10th international seminar, with love

*You will find joy  
In the mid morning glory  
When the path of light  
Un-blind its eyes  
Of the darkened gory*

*You will find rhythm  
In the holy sieve  
When the weary heart  
Finds the anthem of peace  
Beyond the oceans of stars*

*You will find cleansing  
In the purest sea  
When the dreadful stink  
Charm thy godly body  
Of past,  
To healing of dance,  
in the whispers now*

*You will find love  
In the comfort bosom  
When the silent air  
Bore delight  
In the groovy night  
And magical spice  
Of rainbow colors*

*You will find hope  
Someday;  
Somehow,  
You will find rest  
In the brightest sun.*

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Omilos Eksipiretiton annual summer seminar.  
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