

SPIRIT VISIONS

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LOOK AT IT NATURALLY

Your Life can be seen as a Waterfall...

In Winter its magnificence is frozen
In Spring its magnificence is in flood
In Summer its magnificence is flowing evenly
In Fall its magnificence is diminished

It goes through Changes...

Sometimes your Life is still
Sometimes your Life is released into excess
Sometimes your Life is balanced
Sometimes your life is introspective

VISION

It takes courage to see a Vision, but it takes much more than courage to learn how to live that Vision...Everybody at sometime in their life sees before them The Way life could be if only...And some have done it...Yet for each someone, a special bridge must be built so that the precious dream can be realized.

I have passed into my Vision a couple of times, only to see that those whom I deeply loved weren't there. I looked for them, then I called to them, and I heard their voices, and when I found them they were not in the Vision, but still on the other side of the bridge...

So I crossed back, and told them of all the treasures and freedoms to be had by coming with me into the New Land. I thought that they didn't want to come...so I left them again with regret. I reentered my dream where many new some ones were, and these beautiful souls took me back into their lives with love and joy.

I married there, and had children there, and was happy...Except my life from the other side of the bridge wouldn't vanish. In the quiet moments I would hear the Old Ones calling my name. In the clear sky I could see them standing just across the bridge beseeching me to return.

I told my family of these things...slowly the calls got more persistent, and I couldn't put them out of my mind...One day I took loved ones to the bridge, and we passed from our Paradise to the land on the other side.

"Here I am," I called, and this is my family, family...The two Families, the old and the new...The Old Ones greeted me with joy but not so for my loved ones who came with me from the other side. They were treated as Aliens, not to be trusted. So much resistance from the Old, yet only open arms from the New...So sad. And for years, this gulf...the Old wouldn't open their arms and it is lonely for us with no one to respond to our hugs...

And of the Vision here? At first our heads were always turned to the Bridge, and beyond to the Horizon, where the soft music of Peace could be felt. Then like the setting sun, after its suspended moment of brilliance, it turns a darker shade and begins to fade through the spectrum of deepening hues of light. And as night descended it was a coldness that we felt and so we turned inward, ever inward.

Oh, the pain it caused my loved ones to live in this violent land of greed and ambition. Why couldn't I have stayed in Paradise? Ah, yes, the Old Ones were not able to walk with us into the New Land. Still we were being drawn back to the Vision, yet living in the absence of it. Each day the hold of the old seemed to evaporate some of the reality of the new.

The Vision? It was so easy to live in the Spirit across the Bridge where Love and Trust was the Way. Here the Life is hard and often cruel. People are afraid of each other and when they do

group together it is for safety and for competing against others. It is so much harder to live on this side of the Bridge.

How much longer? What of the Old? They get older and must die. The New must come into fullness...this is how life goes on. But the Old Ones don't let go and to keep on growing and so they have to spread their limbs ever further. And below them, their children who stayed close, those whose seeds were not blown away, grow up under the spreading shadow. These children live in seeming futility, desperately climbing to reach the Light.

Into this I was called. I knew when I first left that there was only death here. And my Being froze at the hopelessness of this life and I angered at myself for having forgotten. "Come my sweet ones, let's run, and cross forever back into the land beyond before the darkness shuts out our lives."

We raced to the Bridge. We fled out onto it fleeing from the hideous mask of our death, seeing in each other's eyes the reflection of our wilted forms lying impotently among the roots of the Old. Yet, hadn't the Old given Birth to the Newborn, and the Two, weren't we tied Together? Suddenly paralyzed in our flight, standing in trepidation, swaying in the middle of the Bridge as the winds of reality whistled through the canyon walls, we were like silhouettes, not knowing what to do.

Suspended in that moment, between worlds, we felt a warmth beginning to surround us and in our Hearts we could hear the Harmony of Life melding the past and the Future into One. The Old was fixed and rooted. Nothing could change that. The New, the Future was open, free, floating on the clouds of dreams. The Old were ending their lives, and the Children, only the Children could bring the endless Tomorrows into Today.

The Vision filled us and drove the fear from us. Our Hearts were light and our Spirits buoyant and as we looked across the Bridge toward the land of our intended flight we could see the Sun rising and as though riding its rays we turned back and again entered the land of the Old.

It was a Supreme Gift to be touched by this Vision of the Ultimate. It was a Sacred Gift to us from the Mother of Life. She entrusted us with Her Child, the fruit of the past and the hope of the future. It is Magnificent and so Precious.

We chose to remain and to bring into this land the scent of Spring in our Love, to bring the music of laughter and good cheer, and to offer our future to the past so that Grandchildren could live in a world of cooperation and compassion. The Child, the Vision entered our lives and enriched our days.

And the Old, growing ever larger, filled the skies. But their children living in the shadows could feel the Spirit filling the Earth and so were warmed. And as the Spirit infused the Young Ones, their years of darkness caused them little pain for they were filled with understanding patience. In time, when the Old did finally fall back to Earth, and once again opened the land to the sun, All knew that it wasn't an ending but a continuing of the Way.

It took so much more than courage to learn how to live the Vision...It took Faith...and Grace.

ALL MY RELATIONS

An Owl flies high ahead of me
The Sun drifts into the Sea
As Morning dawns I am on the Road
And there lies Owl.

I pick my Brother up
The warmth leaving his body
I stroke his soft feathers
And tuck him close to my chest.

I carry Owl to the Mountain
I offer him to the Wind Spirit
Casting him high
A feather whirls free and to my
Upstretched hand it Lands.

I wear it forever as a memory
In the Hatband of my Heart.

II

And I want to say I stood high
On a cliff overlooking the Ocean
And a line I dropped into it
Far below out of sight.

As soon as the hook hit the water
Something strong grabbed it and
Tugged hard.

I strained to reel it in, ever higher,
Never seen. I tried to look below to see this giant,
But it pulled with a mighty desire to be free
And I was afraid that I would plunge into the sea.
The Spirit suspended, and I, balanced there for I
Could not bring it up and it could not get free.
What could it be? It might be more than a fish,
It could be myself hang there. The Line separated,
It vanished, not a sound but the wind.

III

And I want to say that down to the
 Rock at the edge of the sea I climbed.
Again I cast my line and with the
 Ocean lapping at my feet
I pulled a fish, a Sister, from her
 Cool home. She looked with bulging
Eyes asking me if she had to die and
 I lowered her back to our Watery
Mother to play and live some more.

IV

And now I want to say I stood on
 The cliff, and down below where I
Had left my Sister, a Circle of Stones
 Revealed as the Tide sunk away.
And as the waves crashed over the outer wall,
 Inside I could feel a call. So I took
From my hip my Hunting Knife and holding it
 First toward the face of my Father, the Sun
I threw it out into the Sky. As it sank into
 The circle below, I raised a Prayer
Never to kill and to never fear any of my
 Relations that swam, or walked
Or flew above my Head.

 This is what I have come to say.

SWEAT LODGE...I come knowing the Earth is Alive

Medicine Wheel Gathering

Mountains and Pines

Sweat Lodges...Four for the Directions
Next to the Pond.

Below Rocks Burning Red...A Single Glow of the Fire
Sparks Flying High...Above the Stars.

Around the Fire Some of the People are Courage Building
Others Worry Talk about the Coming Heat.

The Time is Now...Kneeling We Enter Tight Against Each Other
Spirit Family...Brothers & Sisters.

Prayers...Drum...Singing and Now the Rocks...

1st. Door...The Heat Enters and Soothes

2nd. Door...The Spirit Enters

3rd. Door...Sitting so Long, Humped Forward
No Room to Move...My Butt is Killing Me...
More Rocks, Water Falling Turning to Steam
Rising Upward Again...

Drum Pounding, My Heart Rhythm...It Feels
As Though the Drum is Inside,
I Panic.

Red Glow as the Heat Enters My Mind
Searing Away the Walls...
My Skin Raining Upon the Earth
The Fear is Dispelled.

Red Glow...Then I See in the Pit
An Old and Ancient Face...
Eyes, Nose, Ears and Mouth...
All Sloping...Black Against the Red.

Again the Fear, Then I Remember That I Have
Always Survived...I Relax, Grin and
My Heart Opens In Love Greeting To This
Presence of the Old One...I Expect a
Message in Words, But None Come...The
Face is the Vision But The Quiet is Deep.

4th. Door...Steam...the Bodies in Either Side Hot and Wet,
The Rocks...The Face Reappears...A Profile,
A Silhouette, Sharp Lines Define the Face but
Now It Doesn't Fill the Pit, but is Etched in
One Burning Stone.

Now I Remember the Stone I Placed Within The Medicine Wheel.

MEDICINE PERSON STANDING...

Cry With Tears...

The Old Ones Say it Cleanses The Earth With Rain
Scream Into the Night...The Wind Howls.

Withdraw Within

The Caves in the Mountains are Deep
Clouds Cover the Sky
Trees Dance as the Tall Grass Shivers in Waves...

And The Son is Told But Doesn't Learn...

There are No Medicine People Anymore and He Hears
Only the Spirit Voices Calling Him to Be With Them.

Mother Wailing Tearing Hair, Cutting Skin...

Father Fasts Deep in the Earth But No Medicine People
Are Left Anywhere

All is lost in the Open Sky.

The Spirits Call the Son to Them

And He Heeds the Lights, the Sounds, the Mysteries
Of Life Within and There are No Medicine People
Anywhere.

Ever Inward

Inward Into the Fire that Doesn't Burn

Mother Wailing...Father Fasting

And the Son, His Body Lying Suspended
Spirit Free...Planets, then Stars,

Then Cosmic Visions...

Mother Wailing, Father Faint, and the Son, His Body

Lying Exposed and There are No Medicine People
Anymore.

He Who Runs Toward the Stars is Greeted with the

Ancient Signs. His Naked Mind is Clothed in the
Ritual Way of The Beginning...

His Hands Caress the Skin of Love

His Ears Hear the Heartbeat of Creation

His Nose Smells the Scent of Birth

His Tongue Tastes the Flavors of Life

His Eyes See Endlessly.

Father Standing, Mother Slumped Crying and

Her Tears Fall Onto His Face and

His Body Shudders.

The Clouds Part and a Shaft of Light Beams Down

Engulfing this Sacred Moment and the Son

Sits Up, Raising His Arms Into the Warmth

Calling Out in a Way that Fills the Heavens...

There A Medicine Person Stands
The Son and The Sun Are One.

AT PALOMAR

I was lying on the Forest Floor
The only Human Sound was the Humming of my Mind.

While the sounds of the Birds and the Squirrel
Tripped through the forest heights,
Underneath, all was the constant hum of the Insects.

The Ants crawling...I have heard the
Winged beat of a Butterfly, but not yet, until now,
The many steps of the Ant.

This morning the Deer prints were so fresh,
That even though I didn't see them,
I could feel their warmth yet fresh
In the still morning air.

The green of the Forest Floor is so dull,
Until a shaft of Light beams its way
Through the tight canopy above.

As I write, the Fly sits inches away,
Seemingly absorbed in all I have to say.
What news he will have to tell his Family.

A Pine Cone, an Acorn, suspended up high...
Suddenly they drop...Open Space before they land...
It was their time.

A Pine Cone, an Acorn suspended up high in the
Aviary of the Tree...Suddenly they drop...
Open Space, but this time the Fertile Womb
Of the Forest Floor, the Fertile Lining
Of the Forest Womb, receives the seeds and
Draws them deep inside.

The First Breeze of the Morning and the
Light seems to penetrate Everywhere.

THE FRONTIER

The wind creasing the tops of the mountains,
Is cast high...and clouds forming, just poised so,
As the cool air from the Ocean and the hot air of
The Desert mix...

The vapor condensing...puffs of white fixing the sky...
Emerging Magically, only to dissolve as the Wind
Balances a bit further to the East into the
Heat of the Desert wind.

I stand below, the Mountains rising on both sides,
And again the Heavenly Cotton spots the Blue.
And throughout the afternoon I am transfixed
As I witness this exact point of an
Earthly Fulcrum...Balancing the Creation
And the Dissolution of the Clouds.

ANZA

From the Mountain Peeks

Surrounded by Pine Trees and High Grassy Meadows,
To the Desert Floor...Flowers on sprigs of life,
Protected by Spiny Hordes...
Only the time to wind down that Spiral Road,
One half an hour from High to Low

As I write this in Anza Borrego,

Taking a crap in this \$120/night bungalow...
Outside the window, baby birds chirp madly in
Their nest that Mama built under the Eaves
To shade them from the burning of the Sun

Nature is Something...

How many times has it been written that
In the City we are so oblivious to Everything
Except for the Cacophony dimming our minds....
One break in concentration, at worst we step in
the hot slime of some dog's Squat.

But when walking in the Desert, One slip, and I am
Impaled on a cactus no larger than my thumb...the Sharp
Pain...explodes my mind, shatters it, and spreads
It like hot butter across the endless Horizons...
Vague and blurry under the shimmering Mirage.

Out here, there is no way to gather the pieces again,
Nor do I want to, for with the Explosion, the Pristine
Wonder of Nature, Soothing in Her extremes,
Fills the Void with the Precious Treasures to be
Found only in the Here and Now.

The Vague say the Desert is a Wasteland...

Just waiting for the Hand of Man
To bring Water to make it into a Paradise...

The Vague say the Desert is a Motherless Hell Hole

Just waiting for the Golf Courses.
The Retirement Communities.

The Vague say the Desert is a Forgotten Corner,
And here, where Plants and Animal have adapted
To such deprivation, and have survived, and thrived,
And above all have Exemplified the Power
of the Will of Life,
The Earth is forced to tremble as the
Bulldozers of Progress crush the Cactus
Into the Sand.

But not for the first time,
For in Time , the Sands must rise up like demons,
And gather together to move like Waves,
For when the balance of Nature is Upset, All is
Crushed by this Tide.

Needing more than just what
He can have,
Always needing more than he has even when he
Has too much...
He lets it all go to go back to when he
Had nothing but what was at hand...
Going back to when he
Had nothing at all, but desire
For what the monkeys always seemed to find so easily, so
Easily...

THE EIGHT STEP...BACK ONCE AGAIN

Seeking to tear the Heart out of the Earth, to rip out
The Power that accelerates it through Time...
Toward the Destination
Of Lifetimes... To do what?

Out in space, free at last from the Creation...
Seeking out new Civilizations even when the ones on the
Planet Earth have yet to learn to live harmoniously.

Seeking out other Planets to civilize, again, as in the
Distant past, having learned nothing from previous failures...
Not being content to live peacefully with the Ones who
Were there before they came.

Seeking to fling themselves out into the Void, failing
To understand that the Planet Earth was the Ultimate
Space vehicle providing everything: providing Warmth,
Shelter, and Food.

There now, out in the Universe, in a pencil-thin ship,
Alone except for a wave of thought beaming back to the
Mother who only can call these wayward children to come
Home, is Man, who has lost something Sacred...
His love for the green of Spring,
The rushing waters,
The towering trees,
The hypnotic aroma of flowers...

And then the line is cut, malfunction of a two-dollar part,
Can't get back, losing hope, and with the power lost, being
Pulled into the gravitation of another Sun, desperately
Trying to guide the ship toward a fast approaching planet,
And then passing out, only to awaken,

To stumble out of
The shell, and into the night
With morning just about to break...
In a land of...
Unknown images, silent flying and Crawling
Things, stalking and creeping things...Wishing
Now only to hear the harmonies and choruses of
Flutes, and familiar voices, Family Voices...

CLOUD OF LOVE

The Edge of Reality Fades
into the Enveloping Cloud of Love
From which we walk, Formless...
Our only Existence is this Warm Feeling
Drawing our Souls into an ever
Intertwining Flow.

Ever by the Moment, our Hearts are Beating
In concert, filling our Being with an
elastic bond of Love.

Blissful Sheath, Souls ever Bound,
Bonded Forever in the Cosmic Choir
Calling for all Lost Ones to come Closer
To our Soul.

The Heart beats in all Living Beings,
The Rhythm...some fast while others are slow,
Yet all beat in Time to the Melody of Life.

I Praise the Lord of any Name or Form,
Timeless, Changeless, or Whatever pleases the Soul.

It matters not at all in what direction I pray,
Nor how many times a day,
For we all are God's, and All part of the One.

DOES IT HAVE TO BE GOODBYE?

What kindness is there when you can't play?

A woman cares for the babies all day, but not by herself, for her husband helps everywhere he can, and still he earns the money.

At night she is awakened by their infant son, to nurse, and for months her sleeps is interrupted...yet at night, occasionally, her husband wants to make love...not to the secretaries, or to the girls that strut along the pier, but with his wife who is too tired to do anything but fall back to sleep...and when he does finally get his turn, you know, to make love, she is not really awake, and though she is soft, she is far from warm...and very rarely, when there is a brief interlude between the children being asleep and his wife's falling asleep...she is too sensitive to be touched in any erotic ways; her nipples, her swelling breasts, her sweet softness along her thighs, the deep warmth between...and his penis is not of great attraction to her even though she sings her heart out to Siva's lingam...And what can he do?

He walks on eggshells, when all he wants to do is to lose himself in her, not intellectually or spiritually, but with the burning passion of love flaming wildly...for who does he love, but her? But will she allow the flood of life to explode in all its grandeur through celestial or just funky orgasm? No, she holds him back, and he an artist who lives to explore the depths of all things, and remember, he helps her through her day, and yet still earns the money so she can stay home, and be the Mother she always dreamed she could be.

God's gift, the body, not to abuse, but to enjoy fully, for the body can carry him to God like meditation never could...like life in its every pulse pushing the sperm into her, and she, not at all sure since there are to be no more children, that she should receive this gift.

Passion, I hate to see you die. You've been my friend my whole life...giving to me what nothing else can...relief just for a few moments...and then I'm totally relaxed, and ready soon after to continue on with the challenges, and stress, as well as the surprising joys of life. Is this Goodbye, Dear Friend?

I REACHED OUT MY HAND

I reached out my hand...
he was caught, trapped, lost to die.

Our hands clasped,
I pulled mightily but he sank lower,
pulling me in as he sank...afraid to die alone.

I cried out to him, "Free me while at least
I have a chance," but his head was already too far
below...he could not hear me and holding onto
me made it easier for him to let go of his life, but not mine.

I tried to tame a wild thing
and it bit me. When I was young
I cried and ran away.

I tried to tame a wild thing
and it bit me but I fed it anyway.
I was older and I held back the
pain and the next day
it came to me unafraid...Now we are friends and the scar
on my hand reminds us of when we were both alone.

FATHER

I look at the pictures of Seth, Hannah, Naomi, and Micah and I am blessed beyond all my dreams. These four children that have come from my loins extend my life beyond my death into the infinite. As I look at the picture of my father and my grandfather and his father, I look into the past and through them, again I look into the infinite. By traveling into the future and into the past, I come full circle to my Self and in my Self, I know Existence Absolute.

The time has come, the waves of life are moving through my wife. Where are we? In the Birthing Room of where are we are; an open field, a hut, a house, a hospital, somewhere where life abides. My sweet woman squats, kneels, lies on her back and the head crowns from her body and I see my son bobbing out, then back within, then out once more, and this time his beautiful body is drawn from the womb fully opening like a bud, a flower in the fullness of the moment. I am a father again, and have been since the cosmic moment that we felt his presence hovering, looking for a body, a home from our Love.

I am sweating. The climb down into the canyon was exciting at first, but now it has turned into something else. It has become terrifying. I am half way down the hillside that has wickedly turned into a cliff and I am clinging and the drop is imminent. I cry for help, weeping silently in fear and in disgust at myself for having lost control like this. In the silence of my suffering I feel a presence above, and as I raise my eyes I see the comforting face of my father and his hand extending down. Now safely above, he places his arms around my shoulder and hugs me to him. "It's all right, just one of those many things that we all have to work on." He encourages me to try again when I am rested. He'll be there to cheer me on. How great it is to have a father.

"There Seth is, on the changing table. What a kid. Another poop in the old diaper. What would you do, son, if it wasn't for your Dad? You'd have to learn to change yourself, and only six months at that. Let's see now, where are those Handy Wipes? Oh, there they are. I can't imagine where all this poop comes from. Such a sweet kid and just look at your self. Well, we'll get this taken care of one, two, three. Yep, clean as a whistle. Now for the fresh diapers, the liner, and now the pins. Whoops, dropped it. Hold still now Seth, got it. Hey, hey what did you do you little imp? Peed on me as I was coming back up. I can't believe it. You peed on me, ha, ha, ha. That was too much Seth. Too much. My own son. The nerve! Peeing on your own Father."

There are so many things I am doing and want to do. Many of the things I used to do I don't do any longer and probably for good reason. Still, I miss my old playthings, like getting high, or just

having a relationship with someone without all this responsibility. Maybe the old feeling jumped out at me from a dream, or maybe something I saw on the tube. There it is, the soft music of desire filling me ever so gently, hardly even aware that it's there at first. Then, as I am driving down the street there is this fabulous body standing at a bus stoop. Why don't I stop and ask her if she wants a ride. No, not now, not any more; that person is real, not just some thing from my imagination. I certainly would be mad if some man looked at my daughter that way. Yeh, now I remember all the pain after the pleasure. Worse, what would happen if I did lose it? Everything I have worked for would be wiped out. I couldn't bear losing my wife, and especially the children. They mean the whole world to me. I wouldn't have any reason for getting up without them to hang out with. Sure, without them, I'd have blown myself away long ago. God sure knows what I need to stay on the path of Love.

I awaken in the morning. I am not alone. Not only am I lying in the warmth of my dearest wife, I am lying by a small body that wasn't here when I fell asleep. Sometime during the night, this little one also needed to be near someone, and she came to our bed, my bed; my child finds comfort being near us, near me...her father, how wonderful.

"THE CALL OF THE LOST CHILDREN"

Mother, Mother...

Where are you? We need You
and you're nowhere around.

Mother, Mother...

We're lost and alone...Danger
is all around...Come on Home.

Mother, Mother...

Why did you ever leave us?
We loved you and you
left and closed the door.

Mother, Mother...why can't you hear
the anguish in our Cry?

Now it's almost too late, and yet we
still call out to you. Please
Hear us, Please Mother!

But it was no good...she had
died long ago and not even
her bones in the Earth Remained.

My Children...I hear, but I
couldn't come...I had done
all I could by giving human
forms to your wayward Souls...

It's all up to you if you're
going to survive. Stop calling
me, I can't do anything at all.

You're going to have to
look to each other...work as
a team, and maybe you'll Survive...

Remember, I gave you all I had, and I love
you no matter what befalls
you in the end...Stick together...

You are your own Family!

OH MOTHER

Oh Mother, Oh Mother, Mother Divine,
There is nothing alive that is a stranger to Thee,
there is nothing alive that doesn't know Thee...

Oh Mother Divine, Oh Mother Divine,
Wherever You go all that Live Love You,
Wherever You go, everything alive thrives on Thee...

Oh Mother Divine, Oh Mother Divine,
All over Your World, in the sky above
in the water below
in the Earth itself,
All has been born
from Your Womb...Mother of Love,
Mother in Life Divine...

Oh Mother, Oh Mother, Oh Mother Divine,
There is nothing alive that is a stranger in Thee
Oh Mother Divine.

WHEN A CHILD...

When a child gets sick
a bit of the future
is threatened.

When a child dies
a bit of the future vanishes...
and the long wailing of a
grief stricken Mother sends
shock waves through
all eternity.

and the Father stands...sullen,
against the fading sun...
the echo of the receding wave,
now only a slip, a film of water
filtering down through the Sand.

BLESSED CHILD

Blessed Child laying here,
I adore your sweet smelling tiny form...

Blessed child laying so snug,
so safe from anything wild and...

Blessed Child laying here,
so enchanted with your toys and Songs of Love.

Blessed Child laying here, while outside
the hungry and those cold are ever suffering more...

Blessed Child, so too, Blessed are They.

THE LAUGHTER OF CHILDREN

The Laughter of Children
playing together...

Veritably the gurgling sounds of
The Fountain of Youth...

and the Spanish Conquistadores,
hardened men, sharp as stilettos...
flashing dangerously through the night...
striking down the soft people of the Earth.

Gold, Riches beyond belief...to pay for the Great Wars
of Nations...more death, disease, gangrene of a
culture poisoning all that is beautiful and clean...
and in the endless seasons...rain works slowly
and all the weapons rot from rust and in the End...
again the laughter of Children.

GRATEFUL, IS THAT ENOUGH?

You say that we are grateful, is that enough?

To give praise, everyone likes to hear praise...except from a liar.

To show respect shows that we have proper virtue...

Gathering Clouds bring promises of rain...the Planet is thirsty, but to others, gathering clouds portend War and Destruction...

Life is not one faced nor is truth...To live fully, to find

Truth is to know the one behind the faces...Can you know each one in a Lifetime? How bizarre have you been, yet there was a limit...if one wanted to remain in the body.

Suddenly, I knew myself through what I would not do...and I was pleased at the time to live within my boundaries...To take form that corresponded with the ages under my feet...To realize Oneness with the Self through choosing to Live as all my Father's Fathers & Mother's Mothers did in order to survive through to me, and through me to our children and their children never ending...until the Coming of the Messiah.

To merge with the Past and the future at once...how blissful.

Ever expanding variations of the original theme. The same before the Earth, and after it goes...To know that the waters takes three forms, in its forms...so too, do all things exist in threes, which phase are we in that accounts for our state of Being?

Fear and Bravery are connected by that very thing that threatens, in both. Does response mean survival? Two paths of the same Truth. Courage to be a Coward...To say I don't care to participate in this event...I quit...I run...I hide. I escape...All to survive...How many lives have the Cowards taken? How man the Courageous? Who sits higher in the eyes of the Lord? The taker of or the giver of Life?

To smile and to spread joy, to frown; is it such a feeling?

And to hold hands, to embrace, to rejoin the two to one... Any day of the year is surrounded by the comrades of the year and each year is interspacing for the events of 365 days.

Raindrops keep falling from the clouds. What else? Year in and out, but does the ocean care? Villages grow from the seed of hope and plenty, and the man and woman become the nucleus of the eventual grand gathering of the tribes. Larger somehow than the sum of their parts. Think about this and lose your mind.

THE VILLAGE IDIOT...

The Village Idiot...

What he knows only the Saints Know,
Yet who praises the Idiot?

A Man spends years at the feet of his Guru

shedding layers of Intellect in Search
of the Self... Who would dream of Spending
Years at the Master teacher... The Idiot, a Man who Knows
Better than to Try?

The Village Idiot, the Crazy Man, walking always alone, a source
of laughter during the day, and sometimes the cause of abuse...
Nothing like the helpless to bring out the strong... in the
weak, and the shame that is felt is hidden behind the strut, a
bravado that castrates.

The Crazy Man, what right does he have to exist, but to make us
feel that we are better than he, who has failed to hold
himself up under his load? What a pitiful creature, shattered
and broken. So we walk under our load, that much prouder... Fools that we are
for doesn't Death always win in the end? The Crazy Ones Know.

The Crazy Ones have let go and walk without their load, yet they
walk alone; their empty hands flapping aimlessly in the
breeze, their winged feet touching the clouds, their heads
brushing the tops of the mysterious mountains.

Running through the Valleys of Life are the Load carriers, many
of whom spend their lives trying to pass their loads to the
next one... Free-loaders of the Body and Mind.

Crawling through the caves are the ones who in their desperate
need for light climb the backs of their fellow, pressing them
down further as they reach higher... Then at the moment of
success, they collide with the heads brushing the mysterious
mountains, looking into the bizarre eyes at the bottom and the
mouth above, and the mouth frowning in a crazy smile.

Tilling the land, under the sky and above the Earth are the
Middles Ones. These are those who still carry a load but share
its weight so that though in body they grow old and Death of
course still always carries the day...they can have spirits
that never break and there is laughter to break the gloom.

And it's all in not being so proud that one has to be alone, then
the only escape doesn't have to be in breaking...or hiding, or
trampling the fellow nearby.

Can you come on home from the hidden walls that keep you so
still?

WHAT'S INSIDE?

You know...There's nowhere else to go...I've had all the chances
and I Can't go back through it all again.

Kept forgetting how to keep it together...THE PLEASURES KEPT
CALLING AND I KEPT ON COMING...That's all there was to it!

When I fall, I Lose everything I worked for...Ahh, the release.
All the reasons for waking up gone...All the pressure of
having to Keep those reasons going gone!

Ever since the beginning of right and wrong, I've never been
able to resolve what's wrong with wrong when being right has
made me so uptight. that I felt I was going to burst unless I
did something wrong...to keep sane, you know what I mean?
But what relief doing the wrong thing brought me. Then I would
begin to resent those who called me to do the things that
were right, when I didn't want to get back into that pressure
pot of being right, and after a while I got so I wouldn't even
hear them.

I just want not to feel that pressure. The more the pleasure
the greater the relief until even the pleasures become a
pressure...a need for relief and then I would hear the calls
to do what's right...taking me away from the pleasures of
need. What a relief until the pressures of doing right...a
need for relief...such endless rides on the pendulum swing,
You know there's nowhere else to go!

You know, I can only lie there so long, then my back and my
butt ache so that I just got to get up and take a drink
from a higher elevation...Not those mountains just yet, I
like to save them for special occasions when the promise
of the night exceed the effort of the climb...except I
get so hot from that climb it makes it all worth it to have
carried this bottle...to such height. OH, HERE, I am...
People walking by with scorn, sympathy, or compassion.
But it's just for them to feel better than me, without
even stopping here long enough, with drink and all--to
see if there's anything of worth in carrying this jug.

Oh, I suppose if I sat here with a begging bowl, instead of
this jug, and I was wearing rags of saffron instead of

this smelly three piece suit, and my beard would be respected, and my hair just as long--but in a Buddhist City, I might even become venerated and students might sit at my feet to learn such detachment from everything that calls!

But, I'm not in the East, I sit here in the alleys of the West and the people do walk by with that look, and anything they think is not touched with a taste of what they truly feel...Afraid of the Fear of falling from that ladder which gets so narrow at the top. But not all...some do stop where there is still room enough for friends and family and then their looks are of real concern, except that they don't understand that I wouldn't be here at all unless I truly had this call. Can you get a feeling for all this?

Well, this could be the night that the reward of having that last drink from a perch up high far excels the effort of necessity due to being a man and not a bird with wings. You See, when I get this feeling to do as I please, I don't have to be concerned with what other people think. No boss to clock me in, no family to please, no friends to meet. Really there is nothing that can hold me to any time or place or even this life...except I like it here. Can you dig what has just been said?

How many times have the Fathers wanted to just walk away, or the Mother just to walk out the door, or the Boss so tired of playing the All Mighty, unable to risk a moments rest, seeking to sleep in late on say a Monday or Wednesday? But none of them can, perhaps out of true love or duty or fear of what people might think? You see, they have contracted their lives to doing time for some period...and many an hour is spent convincing themselves to stay with their contract. There are many penalties, significant penalties to an early withdrawal, Fighting the Law, judges on the Bench, decrees for increasing the weight...You see, so many...walking around bent down. Once in, never out, unless you can say, "Take it All!" And it's this trying to hold onto the weight that takes a drowning man down to his doom. Even on the way to the bottom he can't let go of the stones. In fact he wants to do it all over again...but he can't really, for now he has to carry the new ones along with the old--two fold the effort to get to base one...aging

him fast...he gets desperate and so speeds up...bringing
on the end that much sooner when all he wants is to have
enough time to get back where he was. A dream that can
never be fulfilled unless he was...a dream that can
never be fulfilled...unless he can let it al go?

So we're not birds and have to exert to get high...better
carry a bottle so we can at least quench our thirst...
Unless of course we have mastered that sense of needing
something wet...then, though, we could be so confused as
to think that even on a beautiful night we wouldn't
have to climb high to see what is inside!

HOW I WENT TO THE DOOR, OPENED IT AND
FOUND THE JEWISH SOLUTION

I

I went to knock on the door...
But it was missing...To my relatives it went...
The old ones and theirs.

For a man who never left his home
It wouldn't make a difference
This Door.

For a man who had everything
There would be no meaning to the loss of
This Door.

Such a man this is about!

II

This Door...What a Door...Held the fate of the Past
All History was on the other side of
This Door.

Can you Imagine, like in a dream, you pursue your Fate
Having good reason to do so.

You pack your bag, and kiss everyone goodbye...You see...
Intending to gain something that wasn't to be had here.

Of course, of course, if things didn't turn out to be gold
You could always come back...
Everything would be as it was...

But things did work our and you lived and died
And for the children...it was even better.

III

Yet, for one Grandchild, not so and he felt that he wanted
To go back to the Country of his Grandfathers...

But everyone told him he couldn't, The Door to the Old Country
couldn't be found...No, this couldn't be done.

He wouldn't listen to the old ones
He tore free from their hands
That would hold him back from
 This Door.

IV

The Door, which held closed all the secrets
That no one would talk about.

He found the Door...He knocked and no one answered
He knocked again. Still no answer.
He tried the handle...it moved, it turned...
When it opened for him to pass through...
To go back, from where his Grandfather had come...
He saw that there was nothing there...
Absolutely Nothing...Nothing at all
Nothing at all into which to pass.

There was no other side to
 This Door.

He looked into an abyss...a darkness that deepened
No one...no children playing, no mothers suckling their babies, no
Fathers smiling with joy...no relatives running
Toward him with foreign greetings...but something was there in
The emptiness
Like the endless wailing of
Lost Souls crying to a God that couldn't hear.

And so he closed this Door
Standing back in anguish at the emptiness
Wondering if he had the courage to be seen
When so many were calling him
With voices he was afraid to hear.

OLYMPIC FLAME

The ship, whale of the quiet waters, steals its way across the sea. The lookouts scan the horizon, the radar whirls atop the mast, and sonar rings out seeking the balls of metal that would rip its hull.

Jets shriek into the morning sun, phantoms seeking their bloody meal of screaming and dying men, charred marshmallows, afloat in the hell of flaming oil, the black smoke spreading inland from the sea.

Boys, fervor burning in their eyes, hearts pounding, a drumbeat driving each of them on toward their enemy. The sun stands still in the clear sky, a silent witness to the carnage below. Mortar shells pop from their tubes, aimed at the charging hordes of mother's children, milk still dripping from their lips. And the boys, many with guns without bullets, explode as the shells land at their feet. The desert sands cast high like a gray sheet, floats back down to the earth burying the lost ...

The flame, burning quietly as it has done for ages, awaits the disciples of humanly love to come worship. The days spread out, but soon the four years will pass and again the footsteps will approach and a part of its life will be carried forth into the world...a torch aflame with hope.

The torch carried by many hands passes across the lands toward the destination. Rolling pins are left in the dough, the faucets run unclosed, the pots boil over as the people rush outside to catch a glimpse of the sacred light passing through their suddenly reverent streets.

The hay is left in the fields, the ax lays buried in the log, the people can be seen making their way to the road as the tip of the flame seemingly grows out of the earth as the runner crests the hill.

Across the lands it is the same, a tiny spark lights the hope in millions that the days ahead may be more than a dream. Now, at the holy shrine, which moves from land to land, thousands gather to herald the joyous moment when among people of the Earth love may reign.

Into the holy temple runs the woman, who passes the torch to the man, who floats up the stairs to the waiting shrine. At the top he turns and holds the flame up high and as he raises its heat to the heavens in prayer, a greater light ignites and above all beings of this land burns brilliantly the flame of life.

Below the people raise their hands, each reaching out to take a hold of this moment. Now bringing their hand to their bosom as if cradling a precious newborn one, this ceremony of love is brought into the full light of life. This instant is a marriage of all mankind's dreams of hope and faith and love.

In the distant lands where instead of children's kites flying in the breeze is the smoky stench of destruction, where instead of the sound of song birds is the scream of death, where instead of the waves of the wind blowing across the undisturbed grass lies the heaving earth being ripped open by falling bombs...here too the prayers of the Flame can be heard in the eternal silence which follows for an instant at the moment of destruction of a loved one.

And the rolling pins are left in the dough, the faucets are unclosed, the pots boil over as the people rush outside to catch a glimpse of the sacred light passing through the land.

IN THE 60'S

In the 60's I cried out, "For sure it's not All Right."
I delved into the Mystery of the Degeneration of the Generation
over Thirty and so too did thousands of others.

I traveled through space and time seeking out Teachers to show me
the Way through the Maze...ever seeking the Center of this
deteriorating Cosmic Scene.

"It has been found...the Steering Wheel...Can't believe my eyes...
it is being held by a Baby
who won't let go...and calls itself God."

So when I found this Babe, as did many others, the poor
Infant was really dying from neglect.

We walked to its side and layed our warmth on the Being and
gently loosened the hold on the Wheel of our Fate.

We nurtured the Child and showered Love through Its Life and now
It no longer feels all alone...
No, the Being no longer feels all alone.

YESTERDAY'S DREAM
OR
PARTICIPATE IN AMERICA, NOW
OR

Ask Not What America can give to you
Ask what you can give to America

or

Take a Loan and,
"16 Tons, and what do you get...another day older and
deeper in debt...St. Peter, don't you call me for I can't
go, I owe my soul to the U.S.A. Company Store..."

What does it mean, their Soul owed to the Company's Store?
Ever hear of Easy Credit? Every Bank & S./L., Dept. Store
issuing 20% due and payables for ever more.

Ever hear of Monopoly...Try driving your car, or heating
your house on oil that costs the same whether it was
drilled abroad or at home.

You had a job, on your way to the top, except when you
got near, they fired you...You had a job, two years to
retirement except the Company laid you off...permanently.

You had a job, and they wanted to transfer you to a new
area where you wouldn't be able to afford to live. So you
were given a choice.

You had a job, except no one had any money to buy what
you produced, and they cut back, but you held on at the
cost of your medical benefits, pension plan, sick days,
holidays, and other days that you were required to work
overtime without compensation.

Why be pessimistic? Things are always getting better. So you have
to lose your home, go on welfare, sleep out with your parents in
their basement with your wife and three kids, and you, being 50
years old.

Tomorrow is coming and the President has promised that the future
will trickle down. Just have the faith...Just have the faith.
Just have the faith that those in Power think of you and really
love you, except that they have their jobs, and their benefits,

and still get raises.

What about just Coming of Age, and you get married and have your first child and are told that you have to move out of your apartment because its for Adults Only? And the thrill of graduation begins to dim rapidly when you find out that you trained for a position that has been phased out by exploding technology. What about Coming of Age and you can't buy a house because the interest rates are too high, and when you do finally qualify to buy one it was because the builder put two bedrooms into 750 sq.ft., and when you were a kid, your closet at home was bigger.

What about your children and those who made it already voted out property taxes, and now your children go to school, and they never have the chance to hear music played on a violin or a flute, or to see how paint creates worlds of beauty, and nor do they learn how ballets are danced, but in the streets they learn.

Yes, they do learn how to move their bodies to the sounds of ghetto blasters drowning out the sounds of the wail of the hungry baby as the mother looks out the window of despair. Yes they learn how to lie on their backs and spin and grate and undulate insanely about on a four by four piece of plastic. Yes they learn how to paint...with spray cans; look at the building and buses, and look at their bodies with purple, and black, and bleached hair, and their faces white as death, and their clothes...shrouds preparing them for a life of what?

"Morals" the Mighty Ones cry out. Look to the Country's religious strength. Down with abortion, yet they cut welfare to the bone of the ribs pushing through the tight skin of the hungry. Prayer in school, banners of white, and the red cross, as if it isn't really in the home already. Hate in the name of Love, and the old South rises except it is no longer using the name of the Klan. That went out of fashion.

The Moral Majority, the righteous preachers of Jesus, and Jesus as poor, living with the poor, feeding the poor, and the Moral Majority closing their eyes to world hunger as the President pays the farmers not to grow food. Who are these wolves in Lamb Skins? Is there really no hunger in America or anywhere else in the world?

Who is this government that holds the battle flag of Capitalism high, strutting around the world, while they lambaste Communism,

and at the same time pour billions of dollars of the People's money into Private Industry through the funnels of the defense budget? Is this not Socialism? Would not American industry crumble without their government contracts? Would not Depression result if the government did not make the payoff.

And the Unions, fighting for their members' rights for job security while selling their children's rights to the devil of automation. Struck down by the fear that all blue collar jobs are moving to Asia and to regions where people work only to eat, and not to have the privileges to ride around on the weekends in R.V.'s and to watch the Raiders beat the Skins, and so on and the so forth of this American Dream.

And the Democrats, the People's Party bought off by the same Power Brokers that put the Trickle Down President into office. They are afraid to speak the truth about the sickness of greed, and lust for power that dominates this land. They forget their heritage of being from the ranks of the people that make this land great. They are overwhelmed by the Power Brokers control of the vote through the hype of the media. They are frightened that a life of fighting for Ideals is Unamerican, so badly are they brainwashed by the storm clouds of self doubt.

Where in this great land is a Man or a Woman in Power who holds the Love of the People foremost and above all else? The land is empty of such sounds...no echoes yet resounding. No, it has all been dimmed into a memory that has sunk down low.

THE AVERAGE PERSON

The Average Person lives life as well as one can...

Constantly building and then preserving their home;
a preserve of comfort and safety from what,
not only for what...
Surrounding this home,
a haven from a hostile world...

It's crazy this life...building and being afraid that it won't last.
What are we that is afraid? Have we done something wrong and only
the guilty have anything to fear? Maybe the enemy are the
wronged, coming to us, after us for redress and we are the enemy
of the Righteous...Oh, that would be something wouldn't it? Yet,
that's how most of the people in the world feel about it, about
what's out there, what's coming after us...and what they're going
after.

It's crazy, this life, living it...with the feeling that life
outside the home is unsafe...closing in...borders guarded against
the roaming whatever...wolves, bandits...the hordes that would
sweep in, to take everything on has...

It's crazy, this life...living it as if they're out to get one's
precious Self...when really there is nothing out there except
what we've created...that part of ourselves that we cannot accept
and what else can it do but come after us...to join with us?

THIS IS AMERICA

This is America...

It's still the best Country in the World...The greatest freedom to become what you want...the greatest opportunity to make mistakes and to move from place to place...The greatest resources have yet to be uncovered, hidden with the People, yet to come...

America is as beautiful as any star in the Heavens...
America is as courageous as a lion in its pride...
America is as creative as the infinite variety of life...
America holds the future of all mankind coming together...
America is the banner held high, a beacon for all
struggling for freedom
for freedom
all struggling for freedom...

Are they really? So that their sweat can be heard as the wet beads drop from their brow...Do some still know how to sweat for their goal...Does sweat still form on anyone you know...Never giving in until the goal is reached...Sweat and the goal...Does either come without the other...Bedfellows in the fold?

Listen, What do you hear from this new generation of the electronic 80's...Video 80's...Punk 80's? I don't hear even an echo of their footsteps in the valley below...No one on the stairs; nor even anyone slipping back...Where is our future without even a sound from the past?

What happened to the Back to Earth Children of the 70's? Did they become one with the crops after harvest...Canned and lying on some dark shelf? What happened to the Love Children and the Revolutionaries of the 60's? Where is the Beat Generation of the 50's? Where are the So and So's of the 40's, the Organizers of the 30's...Where are these of Those who called for Humanity to Walk the Land and not just to stand frozen with a Flame held high?

Did the Natural home-grown Prophets of America, the Jazz Greats, stretching out into the stars: Bird, Dizzy, Coltrane, Holiday, and Smith to name a very few not mean anything at all? Didn't anyone understand the transition of Malcolm and Martin before they were taken out, abruptly leaving this world? What about the desperate rhythms heard from the Last Poets as they tried to encourage

their Brothers & Sisters to escape from the prison surrounded by the technological walls of hype and destruction?

And to the White kids with long hair now cut, and beards trimmed, and their ladies walking around with legs shaved and hair permed. What about Joplin? Didn't she mean anything either? "Ball and Chain" screaming through the paisley backdrop of all of us dancing as one in the Fillmore.

America is the banner held high...look at the Statue of Liberty, now encased in a face-lift; She also was an immigrant from another land. And that was for all people to know about liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness unless it comes from the underbelly of America, slipping across the Border, lined with fences and wire to keep our Brown Brothers down South.

America the great has fallen back asleep. Poor child, afraid to wake. Sleeping on a bed of coals, a volcano waiting to ignite...so quick has memory slipped, has memory slipped. The Bureau of Labor Statistics, as reported in the Wall Street Journal, outlined how Blacks are economically worse off compared to Whites than they were twenty years ago.

The footsteps of discontent are muffled, and now it's not just the poor home folk, but the whole world that is beginning to get uncomfortable with being in debt to the Man.

"Say, what is he talking about now? What is he talking about?"

"What is it now? Can't understand a word he's saying. Do you know?"

"Shit, I don't know. Does anyone have a quarter? I've got a date with Ms. Pacman. Ha ha!"

THE CROSSROADS

THE CROSSROAD... You think that at last you've made the decision--that it's good. You know at the time that no decision is permanent, but soon after you forget.

How long is it until the path runs out, begins to disintegrate under the weight that it can't possibly sustain? And you, attempting repairs... Listen, Really, When are you going to learn? I know that you don't want to let go after all the work you've done... No one does, but if you were to be on that path for Life, it wouldn't have "petered-out."

OK, I ACCEPT THAT... I KNOW THAT NO DECISION IS PERMANENT, BUT THE RESULTS OFTEN ARE. YOU SAY LOGICAL THINGS, AND WHEN I LOOK AT THEM THEY ARE VERY SEDUCTIVE... I WANT TO BELIEVE... STILL A MAN MUST NOT DENY WHAT HE HAS CREATED.

Let's try it again. Look around you, and everything that you see is a creation of God, and His creations. Does it look as though God has kept a close eye on what's going on? War, Famine, Disease... These are the permanent creations that that are always present in every generation, and you don't have to do anything to maintain their ever-present existence. But Peace, Plenty, and Health... these are Man's creations, the result of his Science, and look at how long these last... only for moments. And Man, running frantically to shore up his creations. Yet what else could Man do? He is limited by how he was Created.

SAY, DON'T LAY IT ALL ON GOD. THE EARTH WAS CREATED WITH EVERYTHING AVAILABLE FOR ANY TYPE OF LIFE MAN WANTED, AND IT'S THE WORK OF MAN THAT HAS MADE WHAT YOU SAY TRUE. THERE IS NO USE DENYING THE DUALITY APPARENT ALL AROUND... I JUST DENY IT IN MYSELF. I DON'T WANT TO BE DRIVEN BETWEEN ACCEPTING THE POSITIVE OR NEGATIVE... I JUST WANT A BALANCE BETWEEN THE TWO.

SO IT'S NOT TRYING TO REPAIR A ROAD, OR TO LEAVE A ROAD FOR SOMETHING ELSE... IT'S CARING FOR THE ROAD AS IT FALLS BACK TO WHERE IT CAME. NOW, APPLY THE ANALOGY IN MY CASE. LIKE A TREE, MY LIFE, I HAVE CREATED A ROAD, A PATH WHICH HAS A MAIN TRUNK AND MANY BRANCHES.

LOOK CLOSELY AT A GROWING TREE OVER THE LIFETIME OF ITS FORM. AS

IT GROWS UPWARD IT IS ALSO GROWING OUTWARD. THESE SIDE PATHS, THE BRANCHES ARE FILLED WITH CONSCIOUSNESS, AND THEIR CONTINUED EXISTENCE ARE INTEGRAL TO THE LIFE OF THE WHOLE. SO, THE LIFE FORCE MUST ALSO BE SPENT MAINTAINING THE PAST PATHS OF GROWTH.

SOMETIMES, WHEN THE CONSCIOUSNESS IS DIRECTING ITS ENERGY INTO ONE OF THE BRANCHES...IT FEELS AS THOUGH THE BRANCH CAN BE THE WHOLE...BUT NOT FOR LONG. THE BRANCH HAS A LIMIT IN HOW IT CAN TAKE FORM AND CONSCIOUSNESS CAN'T BE SATISFIED IN REMAINING THERE. BUT I AM NOT A TREE, BUT A HUMAN...AND I AM FORGETFUL, AND OFTEN UNCLEAR ABOUT MY OWN LIMITLESS SELF.

AT TIMES, A BRANCH HAS FULFILLED ITS PURPOSE AND IT BREAKS OFF FROM THE TREE. BUT IT IS NOT A LOSS, BECAUSE AS IT DECOMPOSES IT ADDS THE BUILDING BLOCKS OF LIFE BACK TO THE SOIL INTO WHICH THE TREE IS ROOTED.

OK. so when a branch breaks off, the Tree lives on! You know, that even viewing your analogy of the tree, you make no comment as to where its roots dig deep, nor into what it's branches climb.

Even a forest can be like a sea of lost souls unless it is firmly linked into the below and above. What solace to the tree to be one of thousands on their way to a lumber mill? Where is its consciousness then? In what it is about to become, or in the shoots that creep up after next Spring's Rain, growing from the stump? The timber cut off from its source dies quickly...so too people.

COME ON, LOOK AT MAN, FIRMLY ROOTED IN SOCIETY, OR EVER ON THE MOVE LIKE THE OUTLAW...EACH HAS ITS ADVANTAGES. THE MAN ROOTED HAS STABILITY; THEIR ROOTS DIG DEEPLY INTO FROM WHICH THEY CAME...KNOWING THAT WHICH IS STEADY FROM THAT WHICH IS TRANSIENT.

YET THE MAN WANDERING IS AT ONE WITH THE TRANSIENT NATURE OF LIFE; THEY GO WITH THE FLOW AND ENTER INTO EVER NEWER FORMS FOREVER FULFILLING THE LAWS OF NATURE...EACH MISSES WHAT THE OTHER GAINS AND LOSES WHAT EACH HAS BY DOING SO.

THERE IS NO RIGHT AND WRONG IN THIS. TWO ROADS, FOREVER CROSSING THE OTHER, FOREVER INTERTWINED IN TIME, IN THE END TWIST TIGHTER AND ARE NOW TWO STRANDS WOVEN INTO ONE.

TO BE FIRMLY ROOTED,BUT NOT TOO RIGIDLY SO AS TO NOT LET GO SO THAT THE FUTURE GENERATIONS CAN LIVE. TO BE FREE FROM BOUNDARIES YET NOT FORGETFUL TO DROP THE SEED INTO THE EARTH SO THAT

TOMORROW DOESN'T REMAIN A DREAM...BRINGING THE TWO ENERGIES INTO HARMONY. THAT IS MY IDEAL. I AM GLAD WE TWO ARE COMING TO UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER. I THINK WE CAN BE ONE HELL OF A TEAM.

I don't know anything about being a team. You always are trying to do the impossible; fighting against the Natural Laws of Life. Always you are exhausting yourself burning your brains out trying to overcome the dual State of Life.

Seemingly, you are uncaring that when you do so you destroy the power of the extremes to make this life as it is. I don't understand what motivates you. Is it your fear of change, of transition, of Time itself?

You think that hunger and disease are somehow the enemy, but in Truth they are the manifestation of Change. You are so limited in your view of the One that you are always crying for. Be honest. The One that you seek is like your body. The body is whole, yet is made up of individual cells, and none of them are permanent. They live and die, but the body lives longer because as the cells die they are replaced by their own kind. Each cell has its place, and its time to live, and its time to be replaced, and that replacement is both, at the moment, death and birth. In the Name of Love, if you had the power, you would destroy the Sacred Design that governs Existence.

BUT IT CAN'T BE THE SACRED DESIGN OF GOD FOR THERE TO BE SO MUCH PAIN AND SORROW AND AGONY. IT JUST CAN'T BE. I CAN'T BELIEVE IT IS POSSIBLE. IT'S MAN THAT HAS MADE IT THAT WAY WITH ALL HIS KILLING AND GREED AND HATRED.

Yes, that's true, for Man, in that small frame of Life. But Man is just one small tiny aspect of life, and the more he fights, the more he adds to his misery that is the manifestation of Life going through the changes.

It's a deep immaturity that plagues you. The animals, and the fish, and the birds live and die at each other's claws, talons, teeth, and yet without that process nothing could live on Earth. Everything would die of starvation. Why should Man not be the same? Has he not eaten out of existence many species?

Man's whole push for technology is to strengthen what he feels to be his power over the life forms that exist on Earth. He seeks to rid himself of any threat that might take his life, and ultimately he seeks to change the basic design of life itself to serve the ends of making himself permanent.

He is so foolish, because when Man changes that basic design he alters the gravitation that holds all forms to the Earth; that mystical power that gives form. He is confident in his pride that each push of technology has been instrumental in greater and greater powers to destroy his enemies, and isn't his greatest enemy himself in disguise as the foe.

STOP IT. I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU'RE SAYING. MEDICINE TO HEAL THE ILLS, HOUSING TO PROTECT FROM THE ELEMENTS, CONTROLLING THE RIVERS TO THAT THERE IS ALWAYS WATER AVAILABLE TO GROW CROPS, TO QUENCH THE THIRST...THESE ARE GOOD THINGS.

Is that so? All you are doing is preventing the Natural Order from moving onto its destination. You weaken the Body by extending the life of the dying cells. They are weak, they have served their purpose, they are ready to transition back into the Infinite, into the Absolute, and instead you fill the Body with decomposing matter which poisons the rest of the system.

Where do you think Cancer comes from? It has always been there, but as you extend the weakened life of the cells you create a large group of cells whose weakened state reduces the ability of the immune system to function. Instead of new, energetic cells to fight off the foreign bodies that are constantly invading the Body, you render the Body incapable of surviving the attack. The soldiers have to be strong, not old and decrepit.

HOW INHUMANE! WHAT KIND OF MONSTER ARE YOU? DON'T YOU WANT YOUR LOVED ONES TO LIVE LONGER. IT COULD BE YOUR CHILD EVEN, NOT JUST YOUR ELDERLY RELATIVES THAT WE ARE TALKING ABOUT.

Of course. The young and the old want to live. Do you know of anything that doesn't want to live? Do you think that the animals you consume don't want to live? It's just where you draw the line. It's OK to blow up your enemy, but the enemy have loved ones just like you. Do you care about the fact that your foe's children are crying because their Daddy is littered across the battlefield? Yes, it's where you draw the line that counts.

But that doesn't change Reality. Life is permanent if you can expand your concept beyond the time frame of birth and death. If you could see that life stretches out infinitely into the past and into the future and somewhere beyond comprehension joins together.

YOU'RE CRAZY. MAN IS GREAT. WE'RE NOT JUST CELLS OF A GREATER BODY. MAN IS THE HIGHEST CREATION OF GOD. MAN IS THE ULTIMATE. IT IS THROUGH MAN THAT GOD REALIZES HIS GREATNESS. MAN IS MAKING RAPID LEAPS FORWARD. LOOK AT ALL THE DEVELOPMENTS IN COMMUNICATION. NOW WE CAN TALK AS ONE PEOPLE FOR THE FIRST TIME...INSTANTLY, ANYWHERE ON EARTH. WE CAN RESOLVE CONFLICT BEFORE IT GETS OUT OF HAND.

Really? Did you ever study the Bible, the Old Testament? Do you remember reading about Babel? Is it not happening again? Any why did God do what he did in order to keep people from reaching the Heavens? Think about it from what ever angle you want. It's all happened before, except you choose to forget.

You think that this is the first time in history of Mankind that he has approached the Lord in pride. You think that this is the first time in history that man has developed the technology to approach the stars? Do you think that this is the first time in history that Mankind has projected himself in the image of God? Do you think that this is the first time in history that Mankind has developed the tools of domination over the minions of Creation? No. You choose to forget, and in forgetting you are getting very close to having to remember.

Yes, and forget after the Flood, God promised that if God forbid, It should happen again...That Mankind should forget who He was, It would be the Fire next time. The Fire Next Time!

Yes, Remembering, suddenly, who God is, in a Flash of Light, burning through the prison of forgetfulness, Pride, burning through the old and decaying cells of your body, your mind, igniting memory in a way that will haunt you for a long time. For a long time, it won't be easy to forget that Mankind is just one insignificant part of the Whole, a creation, not the Creator.

The Crossroads...You thing that at last you've made the decision--that it's good. You knew at the time that no decision was permanent, but soon after you forgot.

THE DIVINE WILL

I

We have Heard of Harness the Nation,
Well, What about Harness the World!
But Beware of the Energy

It's Time to move beyond
the emotional ties that
are dead weights to the
buoyancy of the Spirit.

As long as the Spirit demands to hold
onto its parental role, it prevents
itself from entering the future
as a child...

The Child is the leader
into the future...and the
parent is free to be with
the child in that future
should the relationship
develop into friendship.

II

WHAT GOD IS, is Everything and Our Consciousness Totaled
is The Consciousness of God...and not to be but
Courageous.

The

VICTIM AND THE
VICTIMIZER
ARE ONE...
TOGETHER THEY
EXCHANGE...
WHAT ONE HAD, IS TAKEN

THE HOLY MAN AND THE
HUNGRY MAN
ARE ONE...THEY
COME TOGETHER AND
EXCHANGE

A SAINT GIVES EVERYTHING
FREELY and so
MAKES SURE THAT
(S)HE ALWAYS
HAS, IN ORDER

TO GIVE...

WHAT ONE HAS IS GIVEN
WHAT ONE HASN'T
IS
SATISFIED

NO ONE CAN MURDER ME WHEN
I GIVE MY LIFE UP FREELY.
NO ONE CAN STEAL FROM ME
WHEN EVERYTHING I HAVE IS FOR
THE TAKING...

NO ONE CAN ATTACK ME WHEN I
AM NOT THERE...

SAINTS DON'T HAVE
FAMILIES
THAT THEY SUPPORT
THE FAMILY SUPPORTS
THE SAINT.

III

AS A COLLECTIVE CONSCIOUSNESS means that God is Exactly
what is Perceived as the Results of REALITY,
and Not just the Good, but Both the EVIL
and the GOOD!
IT TAKES COURAGE TO ACCEPT THIS.

The Organism is Alive...

The planet Earth is literally living,
and it is just One Cell of the total Organism
called the Universe.

I can't see the Organism's form,
but I can sense its Consciousness...
It's what people call God...and it's
just waking up!

The Organism feeds on itself...

what it defecates also nourishes it...
It is totally self-sustaining...
It creates its needs to entertain itself.
There is total equilibrium, yet it
disrupts itself with cataclysms
in order to entertain itself.

The Organism is a child...
and it has to begin to allow itself
to be more responsible to the
units that comprise its form.

IV

NEXT WE ARE CONSCIOUS that We are Collectively God, and only
Collectively do We have the Power
to be Potent in our Willfulness.
That Willfulness once Collected can Achieve
any Goal...Good or Bad...
It's that Powerful!

What happens when the
mind finally reaches its
fullest potential and
it's still short of the
Goal?

It combines with like
minds hoping that the
group learns to work
cohesively that the goal
can be reached...

What if that still isn't enough, and there is no more???
Then the energy of the group can be turned to Realize
reachable goals...
and the
bigger Goal is Passed onto the Next Generation!

V

BE GRANDIOSE IN OUR THINKING so that We can Explore
the Possibilities Infinitely,
Yet apply
the Lessons Immediately to Our SELVES and Expand
OUTWARD through Family, Friends, Community,
and larger and Larger Ever OUTWARD from the
CENTER, Always Waiting for the Reverse Effect from the
INFINITE, IMPLODING to the CENTER...

and once this Exchange
Commences the INFINITE

ACTUATES INTO AND THROUGH
THE FINITE.

When the Mind
exhausts itself
it finds Faith,
and in that way
it affirms Life.

It seems as though...it
feels like it must
constantly convince itself
of its worth by never solving
the puzzle, always discovering
another level, yet it really
succeeded long ago, it just
doesn't want to give up being
the center of Attention.

The mind cannot grasp
that existence has neither a
beginning nor an ending because
it was designed to function linearly.

Once it was set upon the
task of discovering the Source and the
conclusion to Life, it was
determined, that it would spin
uselessly...endlessly. But it cannot
let go of the task because it
its confident that it can solve
any problem set to it, even though
its progress has been nil.

FAITH PRAYER...

to have Faith one must let the
mind take a vacation from trying
to do it all...
one must allow the Mind to
share the load with Consciousness.

DON'T

There is no Right and Wrong...

But we'll go to war over it, and in the end
millions of people are killed...but so what? And
babies die before they have loved, and Fathers can't
find their arms...but so what?

There is no Right and Wrong...

Don't all the killers
pray to their God, and didn't Jesus turn his cheek, and
allow himself to be Crucified rather than cause a Miracle
that would have changed the course of history? Didn't
Moses stand before Pharaoh with the staff in his hand and
all he did was to turn it into a snake, and then God had
to finally kill the first born Egyptian males?

There is no Right or Wrong...

Do you think that just this page is in black & white?
Or is all life at the extremes of the poles? That's the way
history has been lived...and some fools think that the
past doesn't have to repeat itself. It would be nice if
they had some say, but that would require a Miracle, and
there hasn't been one of those for thousands of years.

There is no Right or Wrong...

Who would be so bold as to perform a Miracle
knowing that there would be a nine in ten chance that
one would end up hanging high with one's head turned
higher, alone with God
having to ask...Why me Lord?"

PRO-LIFE

You say you're pro-life...and against abortions?

You say you're pro-life...but against welfare?

You say you're pro-life...but call your daughter a whore and
throw her out into the
streets when you find out that she is
no longer a virgin?

You say you're pro-life...but bitch about the way the Blacks,
Browns, and Yellows reproduce.

You say you're pro-life...but complain when you see a hungry man
go begging on the street?

You say you're pro-life...but vote against taxation to educate
our children?

You say you're pro-life...but want us to increase spending on
nuclear armament?

You say you're pro-life...and send your Mother and Father to a
nursing home so they won't change your lives?

You say you're pro-life... You say you're pro-life... You say you're?

YOU SAY YOU'RE PRO-LIFE...and against abortion?

YOU SAY YOU'RE LIBERATED...and for abortion?

YOU SAY YOU'RE PRO-LIFE...but against welfare?

YOU SAY YOU'RE LIBERATED...and for welfare?

YOU SAY YOU'RE PRO-LIFE...but when you find out that your
daughter is pregnant do you call her a whore, and throw her into
the streets, or do you encourage her to have the baby, and do you
promise her to help raise it even when she doesn't tell you who
the father is?

YOU SAY YOU'RE LIBERATED...but do you smile, encourage your

daughter to experiment with her body and when the diaphragm that you got for her thirteenth birthday doesn't work, because she got too hot, do you teach her how to go the clinic, and not to cry when they take the tiny body from her young body, suffocated in the answer-all, the Saline Solution?

YOU SAY YOU'RE PRO-LIFE...and wear the red, white and blue of our country, thinking that it is the sole right of your Party, and you think that it is honorable to wear these colors as proof that you love America better than your neighbor, but that it is a desecration to wear a suit made out of the flag, unless of course it is Uncle Sam, and you think that you are American, and not European in mentality when you scream out when someone disagrees with you, "Love it or Leave it.," and you feel proud to be an American and a believer in the Constitution, and have pictures of the Presidents and the Heroes of the Wars of our Great Country on the wall of your den, yet you bitch under your breath about the way the Blacks and the Browns are reproducing themselves into a majority, and feel ugly when you see all the Asians moving into the community from lands we sent our Sons to die for, but none of you thought that the fight and the sacrifice of loved ones was to have these people whom we saved from Communism living next door to you, or competing for you very jobs.

YOU SAY YOU'RE LIBERATED...taking a leave of absence, a vacation, dropping out so that you can get high on the dope of the affluent, and walking through the ghettos of New York, Bombay, or Hong Kong during daylight, digging the moves of the Brothers and Sisters, or getting off on the small Brown and Yellow people, as they live their simple lives, weaving their own clothes, silently, bones protruding, with long beards, and no clothes, teaching the multitudes of the Way, yet secretly, after the sun sets, and darkness engulfs their world, when you are stoned, or repeating some secret Mantra so you can learn where to find God, or you are just taking a moment to have a twenty course meal that costs a dollar...these same people are mysteriously being wasted away by the poverty of being the bottom supplier of a technological world, and in the end you take a jet back home, much enriched, certainly much more appreciative of the world, and you land at the International Airport of your home city, walking freely off the plane, feeling at one with the people of the Third World, wearing their colorful shirts, baggy pants, and sandals...And of the people you just left, what did they learn of you and your freedom to come and go by whim?

YOU SAY YOU'RE PRO-LIFE...but complain when you see a hungry man

go begging on the street, because in America there is no reason that any one willing to work can't get ahead, and because there is no reason, you pass him by, cursing his presence as a blight on the neighborhood.

YOU SAY YOU'RE LIBERATED...and send money to all the causes, march in the streets against hunger, adopt an African foster child, and send twenty-five dollars a month, but when was the last time you brought a hungry man home, and actually fed him?

YOU SAY YOU'RE PRO-LIFE...but vote against taxation because there is too much governmental intervention in our lives, and as you do so you take the money for education away from the children that you wanted, but couldn't have.

YOU SAY YOU'RE LIBERATED...and can see, and appreciate the need for taxes, and send letters to your Senators and Congressman supporting the increase of spending for Social Services, but when it comes time to pay your taxes do you not run to an accountant, and scheme as hard as the rich do, to plot, and plan the ways that you can exempt your income from taxation...So?

YOU SAY YOU'RE PRO-LIFE...but want us to increase spending on Defense, and further Nuclear Armament because the Russians are going to get us if we're not strong, and if need be we should be prepared for a First Strike, and "Better Dead than Red," and when the bombs drop, ten thousand or so, strong enough to make the craters on the Moon look like gopher holes, you really think that when you crawl out of your bomb shelter fifty years from the turning of the hour glass and detonation, the radiation that coats the Earth will not fry you the moment you show your head, and if not that, the roaches, the new Masters of the Earth, and as large as elephants, won't be there waiting to consume you?

YOU SAY YOU'RE LIBERATED...and against War, and the terrible weapons of destruction should be buried, and that all men can live in peace, and yet when the burglar comes to your home do you throw down your arms and greet him in non-violence, with Brotherly love, offering him all that you have worked for, just for the taking, or do you not race to the phone to dial 911? "Hello Police..." It's nice to have the boys in blue when you need them isn't it?

YOU SAY YOU'RE PRO-LIFE...but you don't want children living in your complex because they destroy property, and lower values, and you don't want low cost housing next door because the poor are somehow less human than you are, and besides they don't know how

to bathe or to brush their teeth, and when they are on the streets, they don't know how to go anywhere, but just linger around and create a bad atmosphere, and you want Urban Renewal to step in, and to knock down the slums, and where are the people supposed to go to when their neighborhood is flattened to make way for the high-rise office tower that is going to generate tax dollars that you want as long as the taxes aren't yours.

YOU SAY YOU'RE LIBERATED...and yet when it is time for you to have children, and to settle down how many of you choose to live in the inner city, or at first, when you are young and you do stay, for how long, how long do you stay and not run away with the others in Urban Flight when the children of the poor steal the lunch money from your little one's hands? There in the suburbs, you choose to work hard, save a few dollars, and then when you get ready to put your money to work, how many of you pass up high earning Interest Accounts, or pass up the opportunity to buy a second home in foreclosure for an investment, and isn't the shortage of affordable houses due in a large part to the continuation of high interest rates and because the ownership of one-third of all houses is in the hands of the speculators.

YOU SAY YOU'RE PRO-LIFE...YOU SAY YOU'RE LIBERATED, and because your life is ahead of you and theirs is behind them, don't you send your Mother and Father to a nursing home so they won't change your lives? And, when your parents are ready to die, you put them in the hospital on life support systems, prolonging their agony because you can't let go...and your love for life is really a fear of dying, and when you get the bill for keeping them alive you begin to understand why it would be better to have Euthanasia.

Being for abortion or against it, how many of you stand quietly by as your daughter gives birth from someone of another color, or from rape, or from your own incest, and how many of you stand by while the life of a living soul dies for a moment's pleasure and a thought forgotten?

Being for Armament or against Defense, but how many of you over thirty rush to enlist when the fight gets down and dirty, and when you might be drafted, which of you as an adult doesn't fight against it, looking for all the loopholes? And all of you are ready to stand up for what you believe in until your body is actually being promoted to the front lines...now you really have something to lose for being who you think you are, and now it might be easier to change a bit and talk about it some more.

YOU SAY YOU'RE PRO-LIFE...YOU SAY YOU'RE LIBERATED...YOU SAY
WHAT?

LAUGHTER

Can you laugh when

The Earthquake hits, when the car crashes, when you hear
the cry of a baby in the night and it's your turn?

Can you laugh when

You bite your tongue, break a leg, go blind looking into
the Sun?

Can you laugh when

your dog is lost, when you've lost your job, when your
bed is cold from being all alone?

Can you laugh when

You're caught in the rain, when your car isn't there,
when you hear the burglar coming up the stairs?

Can you laugh when

Your candidate loses, when you fail the test, when you
slip and fall through the ice?

Can you laugh when

You miss your plane, when you wake up late, or can you
laugh only when it's funny, or a relief from the absurd,
or to cover up how embarrassed you are...OR,

Can you laugh only when you hear a joke, or when a friend tickles
you, or a prank is being played?

Can you laugh? Really?

THE PRECIOUS PRESENCE

The Precious Presence

Circle Closed and Confined
Atoms drawing closer yet...

Achievement, Acclaimed, Astute...

Many goals...Many Arms...
Kali
Mother...

Who Can Understand the Call

Of These Writings?

NO END

There is No End
Because there was No Beginning
We don't even know if
what we believe is true...
But not everyone doubts...