

***Claim My Brain – Start My Heart
(To Consciously Connect)***

Of all the signs of ignorance,
That is anything but bliss.
Hidden from me, my addiction,
Mindless mind's seductive diss.
Sort out the bad guys from us good,
With closed heart complain.
Pushed out of Eden just seconds ago,
Now live in PFP¹ Brain.

PFP picks my side,
This silent voice a curse.
'In-groups' gainst 'outs',
Each demeans the other as worse.
Also part of the operating system,
Priming and Filters' software.
Masters of semiconscious me,
The cost of unaware.

"They know not what they do".
"The blind they cannot see".
What a joke, they may be running,
Uphill and harder than me.
So they got a slower start,
Seldom heard love proclaim.
Don't confuse me with the facts,
Corrupted by PFP Brain.

Must 'judge' those others,
Proving I'm so wise.
Critical and self-righteous,
Heart's biggest compromise.
Blessed to be so perfect,
In my mind at least.
Safe in the delusion,
No need to tame my beast.

¹ Primitive Predispositions (Nature) + Filters (Nurture) + Brain Primes (Neuro)

To look at me you'll never know,
What makes up my mind.
Even I can't really say,
The source of my unkind.
Then first light of mindfulness,
Learn PFP writes the song.
Riffs played by driven B-FIT²,
Endless binge off brain's bong.

Facts don't really matter much.
It's feel that steals the dance.
Mindless minds, ole shuffle and jive,
Manipulates all circumstance.
And the con goes deeper,
The fix is so complete,
The moment when I break the code,
PFP hits delete.

As B-FIT practice awakens more,
With passion fight evil ways,
While also loving enemies.
Their life, my work to raise.
Truth forged in fires,
Heat from life's pain.
Dark made light by flames,
Of burning PFP Brain.

Very slowly, see more each year,
Illuminates my prison.
Equanimity unlocks the doors,
Some rightly claim 'arisen'.
See other's troubled Tribal Heart,
Evolved only to survive.
Consciousness deep asleep,
Seldom present, barely alive.

² **B**ody Sensations + **F**eelings + **I**mage Thoughts + **T**alk Thoughts – Unified Mindfulness

Now compassion for sad life,
Had by that babe and teen.
Scars from mindless ma or pa,
Who knows where others' life has been!
Too few days of loving sun,
Drowns many a child in rain.
Never to find a safe shore
Cept in PFP Brain.

As words transform to wisdom,
I ponder the plight of birth.
If I had their genes and home,
Would I not have their worth?
But what to do with those who harm,
To stop them before they start?
We must do what we must do,
But now they never leave our heart.

B-FIT ice transforms to steam,
Revealed in **conscious connect**.
No good or bad guys on the field,
For all others, never neglect.
Even the words 'all others',
Lose meaning and resolve,
As 'I am' morphs to 'there is',
'Here', ego self dissolves.

Mind transforms to consciousness,
Through the stillness of mindful breath.
This tortured prisoner is released,
Back to Eden at PFP's death.
Kindness 'emerges', beyond mere feel,
Conditional love depart.
See **all** in the game, as my own name,
The way of awakened heart.
The way of awakened heart.

*Peter and Joanne
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