

KNOWING

Tell you a story of great concern,
Here is my true confess.
Worldwide suffering would not have to be,
If not you, I do possess.

Let me introduce myself,
Your owner, pimp and boss.
Always there when you hurt others,
No concern for heart's loss.

I have you fighting with one and millions,
So, you need to know my name.
When asleep you are, so unknowing,
Makes you a pawn in my game.

What is it that closes so many hearts,
Forcing friend to foe?
In my disguise, you do my work,
As I make your anger grow.

I am your nasty, not nice nature,
Drugs for you to survive.
For a million years, I've fed your habits
Keeps junkie's prejudice alive.

I am those faulty filters you,
Nurtured needs to impress,
Be in control, right and entitled
Causing you and nations' aggress.

I keep you Primed with cognitive bias,
My hammer drives your nail.
You think you are free, to make a choice,
Not knowing you sleep, in my jail.

I am your fuel for power trips,
As you 'lose it' again today.
With nations and neighbours, my cruelty shared,
I so control the games you play.

Just change what should and can be changed,
To correct the terrible wrongs.
Instead, I make you dance with anger,
Singing your bad guy songs.

I make it look, like them doing you harm,
A place to lay the blame.
Little do you know, it's me in them,
Another win, I do proclaim.

So clever of me, you do not know,
Source of hatred's feel.
Awareness of my greedy presence,
From you, I do, conceal.

Asleep you blame others, for your pain,
That they appear to cause.
Forgetting like you, they not yet have say,
As they too must follow my laws.

Religions, colour, orientations and flags,
Hearts' armour so often used.
When I have you believe, 'yours is best',
Then many tragically abused.

**And how do I have this sweeping power,
To control what you will do.
Because you don't know, even your next thought,
I fill the space; you think is you.**

Your self that knows not, that you are 'here',
Is fueled by my unknown sores.
Primitive brain, Filters and Primers,
Takes good people off to wars.

But also, part of your operating system,
That can stop the fight.
As you awake to here and now,
You can change my dark to light.

In your potential is a hidden wholeness,
Healing power for life's game.
You can become more, than the sum of your parts,
Never again in anger blame.

However the deck, is stacked in my favour,
For my dark comes 'o'naturel'.
Light must be both, learned and earned,
Truth seekers through the ages tell.

Sages' wisdom to still the mind,
In the Present moment – Grace.
Healing social and emotional pain,
Now light fills, my dark space.

Like as you drive, life's many roads,
Not knowing you are there.
When 'police' arrive – now know you're 'here'
To live your conscious care.

To be clear about, this deeper truth,
It's not accepting your lot.
You always change, what must be changed,
But with mindful heart, peace is bought.

For wholeness has, a hidden just right,
In what appears to be wrong.
As you Awake-Aware and Ahh-llow,
You'll sing The Sacred Song.

'Now' from my dark, can come this light,
A calm and caring you.
Even in conflict, no anger found,
Leonard says it well, in Hallelu.

As you Awaken to this deeper truth,
And birth the Holy Dove.
The enemy who still, must be fought,
You give a special love.

Not passion's feel – for **this** love,
Known only by a few.
With must battle, comes true forgiveness,
'For they know not what they do'.

'Imagine' nothing to kill or die for,
It's easy if you try.
The world can truly be as one,
Just to me, say your good-bye.

Now as you live this Awakened Presence,
You'll stop your mistaken whine.
For you know the hate, is all about me,
Not Israel, not Palestine.

In believing the illusion, the problem is others,
You miss doing your part.
Change what you can, to relieve the suffering,
Stop making it worse, with blind heart.

As the conscious you, enters 'must' battles,
Go as to funeral of dear friend.
Shuts off my power, the source of suffering,
Now wars come to end.

It's me yelling, across kitchen tables,
And on that battlefield.
Awake, awake from deep sleep,
Time for closed hearts, to the Light yield.

Until you remember, my real name,
Wars I will create.
A hundred ways I'll bring more pain,
Never 'the' peace to make.

When you know – beyond thinking know,
That and When you're 'Here'.
Dividing boundaries of them and you.
Seems, so not, as clear.

As I enter your mindless space,
To create hate of enemy.
Catch yourself having 'my' angry thought,
Watch awareness set you free.

Then I can no longer direct your path,
For as you awake – I die.
Because you now know – there never has been,
A bad or good guy.

Thanks for Listening – PFP

Peter and Joanne