

Dear reader,

Herein are writings of this I Am unto the unique dance of this Dustin Latimer I have been given to be. Expression of beauty, pain, depth, cycles, comprehension, delusion, emotional imbalance, confusion, light, darkness, and intuition unfolds on these pages.

These were never meant for others, but for mine own self unfolding, soothing, and just being. However, whilst transcribing and reading, the fire of my heart is alit by these words! If you O' reader are able to relate, comprehend, and feel the light of the truth given me, herein do i offer my heart unto you!

Truth is my sword, and so unedited, unchanged, here is the truth of the me I be in the has been's and the to be's

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God"

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Diksha of the pen

“You are learning a new language, the language of Love. A language your filter system can’t speak. Do this by developing positive, encouraging, and uplifting statements to yourself. Process filled with love, curiosity, wonder, and imagination. Don’t miss the gift of being right where you are! Do soul feeding activities; spend time in nature; talk to a tree; meditate, write, change habits and routines; and above all else, be gentle with yourself!”

So now I have information pertaining to the transformation of myself. That of a process of surrendering my self importance and aligning with my intent to become Nagual (Spirit Guide, Guru). This is a process. One in which needs patience and much gentleness toward the self. This is a process of living once again for and through love. Love, life, God has all the answers. To find them, all I need to do is stay focused, dedicated, and disciplined on my path to the top of the mountain. It is a great time, for all time is a great time, Now, for I am beginning the path, the true path of life, of my life!

Love, let me be!

I give much thanks for life and life’s opportunities put forth.

In God’s Name,

Truly,

Dustin William Latimer

Dream

A dream is pure creativity, or a big part of the creative force. When dreaming, time is absent along with judgements from the past. All past and future is gone. For all that is happening is just happening. That is the way it is just as life. Now I begin to think on the subject, becoming wordless, but at the time of the thought or the feeling, all was known and understood. Not in the thinking and analyzing sense, It just is. Dreams can be created. Dreams are created, just as reality is created. You, or I, and the creator for myself. We have been given this and we use it or don’t use it like this.

Wonderful Hell

Maybe thoughts are the hell. Without thoughts and trying to understand, filters wouldn't exist. Everyone would see the world and life for what it truly is. The world, or the outside world, would be filled with peace, harmony, and Love. Sinning is derived from thoughts and filters. The thought that made what a sin is was from someone's filter. Everyone does have their own world. They control and are controlled by it. Being unaware of all inside while living for outside makes a discontent world. unease, inharmony, imbalance There is only creativity! All beautiful no matter what it has created. That is Life. That is unconditional Love. I was created just the same with all the same amount of force within me just as all and each else. And that that is in me, or is me, is all and is in All!

Love
Peace Harmony
 friendship

There is no top of the pyramid, just a circle.
In the circle is my dominion - my paradigm of looking at the world that is inclusive. Symbolically represented by a sphere. All is and are part of the great circle of life.

wonderful!

Dedication

Write Morning and Night

First thing in the Morn-write 2-3 pages

In evening- review the day. 10-15 min. Write also each night 10 things to be grateful for or about.

I, Dustin, agree to write only the truth, as I know it, in these pages.
I have decided to follow this process, so I may free myself from the limitations of my mind.
I promise myself that everything in this book will be honest as I know.
My intention in writing this is to create the internal need, a sense of clarity, and desire to relearn and select all the knowledge, assumptions, and beliefs I choose to store in my mind.
I will use this book to retrain my mind and learn how to choose when I think and what I think about. I dedicate myself to the process of the book of freedom! I ask for help and assistance, as I take on this formidable task. I ask for the willingness, the openness, and the courage necessary to stick with the process. May this process help me see myself and my world through the eyes of love, compassion, and forgiveness. May I always remember that this is a process of learning and remembering. I promise to be gentle and loving with myself, as I proceed with this process.

Dustin Latimer

1/30/01

First writing

First writing- Night of 1/30/02

Today was a good day. I definitely didn't stay too strict on my duties for togetherness, but I still managed to stay in the state of mind that I tend to yearn for. It may be for the upbeat curious person I am while in that state. I enjoy that though. That is me regardless of filters and all that bullshit. I know not why this angry state yields above me. First writing ended unfinished due to the mind succumbing to the weeds potent feeling. And also the tiredness it brings.

Mornin

Mornin-

I am told, by the words I have read, that I should write 2-3, actually 3 or more pages both mornin and night. Just follow, or moreso, forget about the pen so the mind is truly allowed to flow. BHut what is the mind's flow? The mind running wildly throughout. But the true flow comes from the deep, where the voice of thoughts don't make a peep. The feeling is yearned for, for that is the feeling of true life. In that, and with that, all is well. Responsibility is easy to accommodate for happiness is always reached. Voices sneak in me. Man, use the pleasure tool, you don't have to write. It will allow for more pleasure than writing on, in minds thought, nothing, but in truth, everything. It isn't that easy just striving off the source. For my mind is just as corrupt as anyone else disturbed by many many filters. From the time I was born, all throughout school, then into skating, brought on also largely by family, are the filters that control me. But at fault I just made all out to be, but truly and realistically, that is all in me and up to me. It is no ones fault, for that is the direction life went. That is how life brought you up, no the mission of truth has begun! I all begins by losing the emotional significance of all events throughout my life and becoming once again a presenter of all that is good seeing through love, not a slave of fear. Although fear hasn't been too big of an obstacle. But then I look back and see how much fear I can have from small judgements others make of me. But then I do think again that they are just reacting to how their filter system has them enslaved. This is my life's mission, or hopefully more of a mission that for the most part is completed for me to see and life as one with truth and life for the rest of my life. That will then allow for the best actions making for the best future. If there was a best and worst. That to me would be the best of all. I was told to wright 3 pages at least. Seems a bit difficult to me for I have many feelings, hunger, in-contentedness, so forth. I have to hold them down by my attention to finish the writing. I believe in me and all all the way. It is the slow progression that is so hard to see and then believe. I do of course. As time goes, so will my thoughts. Time and dedication will allow me to re be.

Writing is ended by urge to wack it and shower.

Night Wonderful and dreary

Night-

So I didn't, or am not going to brush my teeth tonight. It isn't because of voices, it is because I am lazy. But laziness is a voice in itself. Not so much of a voice though as to a feeling. But both are, wow, a quick emotional battle, one one way and the opposer, strong emotions I felt and then the feeling lost and forgotten soon thereafter. That just goes forth to tell and to prove that the voices are not only powerful enough to jog up emotion, but are they? Then I or the voice of I, forgot the train of thought, or attention, just wasn't being paid in that direction. Writhing from within the feeling of Yoga today was wonderful. After I felt content and very-almost perfect that is a wonderful way to feel. But is that the way I always do feel truly inside? Then, why not feel that way always? That is the feeling of a wonderful perfect life. Prosperous in its own sense; Prosperous in the sense of peace and love. The two best things in the world! So much is beautiful. I enjoy so much. (Image of Aum, Peace, Love)

I can't wait- AN IN DEPTH ART WRITING-

AS THE MIND BEHOLDS,

THE TRUTH IN LIFE IS UNTOLD,

FIGURING AND THINKING ARE DOING NOTHING BUT GETTING US OLD,

FOR THE GREATEST PROVISION OF ALL TIME,

ALL EVER TRUE IN LIFE IS LOCKED INSIDE.

I DON'T SEE HOW IT HIDES!

Rhyming is much easier, it feeds off the voices in the head. It finds the voice to feed the desired feeling without writing. I am going to abide by the process and have myself to use fully, but for my self, I mean All, All-IS US- best viewed in love- peace though is great, but that isn't an emotion, peace is a state derived by Love. Love is everywhere! The part in you that doesn't kill thee - and - I scare myself with my ltness. Maybe using It as an excuse. Voices time to turn off and also you pen!

Nothingness is Wonderfulness

Why will I not allow myself to set out bed? The day is no different now as it will be around noon. I think too much about what I am going to do for the day. Those thoughts have actually much attachment, when I do think those thoughts I get caught up in them and tend to get a bit stressed. It seems like a panicky type of stress, where I think up all activities of the day at once and the time isn't or is too much considered. But whatever way I do go about this day in any way, it isn't the best way to start. Just forcing myself to jump up and do, shower, get dressed and begin the day, I feel much better. I don't allow for the lazy sided thoughts to interrupt. They are definitely for the unconscious sleeping mindstate. Which is understandable, It is stress free always, with the conscious judgments subdued! Emotions and all are felt, if you remember the dream, there is much more than just a movie or a reflection. You can't reflect something that isn't even there. My bum feels as if it has to explode. Today I will remain calm, non-judgemental, and listen truly to myself to sustain prolonged contentedness. Nothingness is wonderful for self.

Learning how to know

Forgotten Night-Last morning

I always forget to think on so called the real tip when I begin to travel. It seems as if tiredness controls too much. When tired lack of motivation definitely occurs. But that is the norm, for tiredness is a feeling, more than an emotion, where your body and mind are telling you in needs something. Hunger is also a feeling, a so called need of the body. Why do I say so called so much? That shows how insecure of being straight up! But with that, it almost seems of a right or wrong. Then and again I am thinking 100% intellectual. No true thinking going on, just a judgment upon judgment. I will continue on the second of today's mornings. Who knows how many there really are to come. Second waking, ink spilling all over! So to begin we head inside, for the past rest of the flight I've been trying to sleep. Is sleep like yoga? With yoga you feel better all day, the same with sleep. But then again sleep is a necessity every night. Life is reactive with no rules. That is the reason it is so beautiful. No judgment is ever given to life. Creativeness is uniqueness, then when someone is unique, dependent upon the viewers and the filters being judged through, that uniqueness is either good or bad to them, or maybe it makes them feel cold or weird, It is all in their own filter system. I feel much better when I surpass thinking by doing, which allows the all creative force to shine through. Does that mean that by doing so, I am working somewhat through my filter system, or does it mean that I am letting it build and allow it to stay? Then the feeling received from this last writing is, relax, be gentle with yourself, in time it will happen. Patience is your virtue if only you use it! Just as the wonderful dose of creativeness that is in everyone! When I act purely (or what I know as purely) out of my non-thinking self, I definitely act a bit odd. That is to be calling odd from my filter systems view of odd. So without that filter, and thus no judgment, there is no odd, no weird, in life. Assuming very closed minded, but not so, that life is this creative force. It all works together, and we have developed into working for ourselves. For our pleasure animals will live an unnatural life of feeding for the meat. Are we important as individuals? I am no more important than the man asking you ever so softly for anything that you can spare. For I don't know why he chooses not to be caught up in the greedy life as many, but I give respect for doing what he does. I just hope he does it for the right reasons. Then come to my intellect, Many pasts could have made him to be where he is. Not acting in the present will result in an undesired past, along with an improperly set up future. But in the future saying, what is improperly setting up for future. Too much thinking, not enough knowing. For I am learning how to know, but to do that, one mustn't know anything! What is to know? Intellectually getting put onto paper. Love, the true essence of life to live it very prosperously. Through filters and excuses, I am very scared? To use this for me. Instead I use not so loving things as better or worse, causing inferiority, simple, just love. Fill yourself with that! Or simply be balanced and have true knowledge and the ability to use it to help others given the same.

- Every way differently you act than prior actions, or even feel differently than prior feelings is caused by the mitote and all attached with each saying. Sometimes I'll catch the words being said, or if they stay subliminal, I catch my reaction and feelings brought up in my body. Sometimes, actually most of the time, my filter or part of it which appeals to the situation, brings on feelings or reactions so quickly I don't have a chance to correct them. I suppose that is the

reason for writing all, so you specifically know all the lurking voices. Then the feelings, all caused by whatever baggage the voice in light has with the past, overcome me quite a bit. I am somewhat conscious of this throughout the day, I just simply need to track my past so it doesn't carry that baggage, past assumptions, judgements, or all that stuff. Self importance internally I can feel trying to make it difficult for me to stick purely with self power. I do know when it is playing a part and I hold it down. I hope it isn't bad to hold it down instead of letting it affect until its tracked completely.

Meditation.....

Then feeling of being centered, at one-ness if's balance!

All is there and I is none

All is there, and I is none. What stops, or hinders the All is the I that has been generated. All my actions in life have either served I or You. To let go of I is to gain once again the access to All. In gaining access, losing is the only way to find what is being looked for. I am nothing. I am wonderful. The concept of I is, or a big part of, the first step in hindering. I, me, we, and all have been hindered, to lose what hindered me, I must allow it to leave. If I sit and think on the hindering then it only seems as if it will hinder more. But with the knowing I have and the trust I have given, I summon myself to this lifelong, life timeless, all love, path, or mission down the path. For anyone already down the path and living in love and life has my complete trust. This trust, along with the intent I have, will in time, with much dedication, allow me to really Be! Looking at how and seeing possibilities of the future, it is difficult to be content with new. This is life though. As once thought, that is how the cards were drawn, that thought changed a bit. These cards are still being drawn. just control what is on the faces of all the cards. It is inside all of you. To find it, there is no one place to look. Just as visualizing, there isn't a certain place, mind or heart, where the visuals come from. And in saying visuals, the visuals inside aren't nearly in the same sense of sight. When finding, you can't presume what it will be like, nor can you expect anything. It is a process of finding all while forgetting all. For what is being forgotten is only hindrance, while the finding is All true knowledge of All, in All, together with All, inside, outside, all around. The thoughts that come into, or that are in my head, aren't just restrictive in content, but in the ideals they are and have been made due to the world and my world. The way in which they communicate to you, which is the verbal english language, just as that is the knowledge I have of communication, is restrictive in itself. I am looking to hear, when in truth, looking isn't needed and or while hearing, then can't remotely be expected. Understanding comes in many more ways than hearing. That is just what has been taught, thus what known, then how thought is derived, and how the filter system begins. Hmmmmm, shower time. Stress free, love full, unaffected by time.

Business Woes

Meetings, business world, while showing concern it is difficult to allow for no self importance. And along, arguments jar up emotion, because it must be resolved then and there. We are only in process with everything. Process needn't be judged. Regardless of how they view me or judge me, I must remain free of self importance. Just help when help is needed. Do not stress your ideas as being right or wrong. Give them freely and they will accept or decline at their will along with my team. Good day for the business, or the present reality world aspect of things. If this is my means of income, not a bad one it is. For to get by in the world, money is definitely something that will help. You help what you can, they show gratitude. That is a good relationship between business and well, false reality made near reality from circling false perceptions. I am trying to get my knowledge and understanding of what's going on, and they, or Shane, assumes that if now I am drunk that I am incapable of attending the meeting. Basically for my drunk self I need to know what is the deal. It isn't too much of a trust factor, but then again by the way Shane has acted toward suggestions, he is working off his self importance. Maybe by me being able to give worthy input discredits his self importance. Realistically, this is his deal. I just give input, that is fine with me, so long as he doesn't run off on his small little tangent of his own. In that case, whatever the case may be, I once again begin again. But he seems real and this being my real reason to make some money, I do hope in some sense that it works out. It does seem that Solomon is down for the idea, but me at this maybe only drunken point, Shane is a very, almost too much, self righteous person. He has many ideas, but he credits them to himself and acts as if he is helping others along the way. Nothing but love for that guy, but the eye is open, not of suspect, just of my friends suggestions.

Cold sore voices

Writing-

I look at my pen now and fear to write, or a small voice inside does, for the thought of getting a cold sore has aroused. That is one voice, while another says it will happen because of that thought. One saying that is out of assumption that this thought will cause, and another saying if the mind is strong, all is well in the body. That is the voice of choice and that is how begin my day. Love and Happiness.

Opinion and Judgment

This trip was a great trip. That is opposed to a bad trip. That also is dependent upon how I perceive good as opposed to bad. Also, this is only the external view on things. Internally this trip seemed very good for me. As progress was made in developing a way of external or a way of making money, inside my progress was in understanding myself along with all that much more. Or being able to feel what I know can be felt. I do see now that with practice these feelings of life itself can be mixed with the consciousness we possess. The consciousness allows us to consciously create. It also has been used improperly or basically seen in the sense that all is there is the consciousness. I too felt this way, for I knew nothing of the only truth, that of life. Without knowing of even the possibility of the true life, it is only

understandable that what makes up the consciousness is the only reality. So when thought or all that can be seen, felt, smelled, experienced is turned into thought, is thought of as all, there is another spectrum to the equation. Thought, derived from experience and without the experience of true life within the thought only restricts life's potential through the consciousness. The consciousness, based upon thought, controls how the creative force of life is used. So when thought, based on the knowings of truth and feelings, is used, it will actually help life and allow the consciousness to create itself. Just as religion, or the Christians gained my opposition by saying that anyone who doesn't know of Jesus can't be saved, I too oppose the fact that without a truth built into consciousness that a person won't be saved. But then as Christians raise funds to travel to the non knowing and let them know of Jesus, I have the same responsibility of giving a knowing to All who don't already obtain this part of consciousness. No one can be judged, for in each judgment too many factors are involved to allow for there to be any real truth to the opinion. There in the same, all the thoughts in the head or opinions based on your own experiences are just as much of opinions and untrue statements as another's judgment of you. Life is wonderful, physicality is also wonderful, but without the life or truth brought into physicality, consciousness and judgment and opinion based world will continue to overrule and in the end overrule our conscious definition of life itself!

Live Love. A belief is a belief and a thought is a thought, both in truth opinions developed over time, but a thought without a prior belief or without any belief, no un-truth or opinion exists.

Don't Worry, Live through Love

Hmmmm, so I begin to write. Trying to shape my thoughts before they consume my head both consciously and un, making me live how my past projects my life. It's either forcing the thoughts in the present not to be heard, or when the future arrives, from facing the thoughts to be how I want for so long they will actually be reshaped, never to appear as they once used to. Just like anything, the human adapts to a new environment. It may take time and adjustment, but a contentedness is always reached if that is the true intent. I have that intent. I do just fool myself with voices over and over myself to put change off for immediate pleasure or, the pleasure I speak of, doesn't even really exist. I just make it seem like that will be easier and take less effort than staying in the mindstate with positive affirmations. Australia is tomorrow. Speak of now, live from inside, not from out. Do not worry for anything, because life goes how it goes anyway. The worry may even cause things that are worried about to actually happen. Life for and through Love!

Life is God's Love

Very much have I been lagging on my writings. Or moreso, meditations and just staying overall in the premier mindstate. The relaxing and taking glory in process has been taken too hard, making myself lazy. Not doing the helpful activities. The voices, if allowed into my comprehension, make it seem like work. Not work, but a process is what I've embarked unto. Then why am I allowing necessities to be pushed aside? I ask myself why, but I know. For once knowing true self a knowledge of self and self's actions is acquired.

So much life exists in this beach front. If allowing it to be absorbed, it fills yourself with the wonderful sense of life it gives. Love is the natural state. Life is God's Love!

Persuasions

Giving myself an excuse not to read, for I want to absorb it fully, I begin to write. The pens paint sliding around without restriction. Only a rule for the language it bears, but undefined for the emotion and feeling it eludes. An extension at the moment allowing feeling to be recorded. But only in words, for the onlooker, or even me, Meditate. Wonderful, the meditative state in which we are meant to live, oneness with the true self, which is pure loving life. I now find that so wonderful, but that is only because I have just come to know of it and to understand it. So good it feels to allow for the pen to run freely. Allowing the mind to run the same, only to guide the pen to share the thought. Or even deeper, thought (pen ran out of ink)

Speaking of knowing and finding my true self and somewhat starting to understand it, I haven't even merely accomplished this lifelong mission. That is what is so wonderful about this and about life, which is what things is, whatever your true intent is for the future and followed or made by the meantime, it will eventually happen. And through this process, as if life isn't process itself, the everlasting journey is cherished and wonderful throughout. Life is that creative drive within you, and the consciousness is the security guard trying to block that current and not listen due it's makings throughout past. But with this consciousness, if used properly with guided attention to the thoughts and the drive of all actions, reactions, and non-actions, you are the or have the ability to guide creativity yourself. This describes your life and the past creating and shaping the present in which reacts to creat future. This is the flow of life through humans. Not to say that we are the supreme life on earth, because all life is life itself all same, but we were blessed with these abilities in a sense to control. Control in this sense can be taken and used in many ways, for with control, you tend to be very persuasive, just as the control over lives creativeness you have. In persuading, you shape life and the life around you. You persuade your own thoughts based on past persuasions from past persuaded thoughts all persuaded by the life you have created and that has created around you. Life is wonderful, and through love, the blissful feeling of true life, the all comfortable feeling that means no limits when is allowed by thoughts to get behind the wheel. But the live is actually the cart, the driver, and the apparatus to be driven. It is all, consciously we are able to comprehend and somewhat understand our drive and drive it. We are blessed with much ability to control the love and create wonder out of love, in ourself, from ourselves, using all, which all in and in all is in and out and is us. We are and we be, able to. I get thoughts now of others being inferior due to look of guided consciousness, as if I am even able to guide my own, that is only to be laughed at for all are the same in a true sense and with life, but in the time aspired and creative and created consciousness of life, people only know what to see and think as them before. And the way the ones thought is based on previous and so forth. This is why there is a bit of difficulty freeing the self or more so reguiding and redirecting these conscious thoughts into a nurturing, caring, all loving, and completely life filled manner and direction of thinking. Life's response for using it properly, as to say there is a proper way to use life, is the most marvelous, wonderful, and prosperous. Life is this, journey is this, Love is this, I am This!

Live Love, for love is Life

I suppose the difference between religious and spiritual is that in being spiritual, the persons attention is paid to the spirit or energy that drives the self, while religious people follow past thoughts and writings on beliefs for themselves to follow. If there must be a comparison contrast of the two and one were to have to decide between, then I'd say I were spiritual. But with religion, they too focus on the same spiritual sense. The fact that all life is life. One who tends to think spiritually. Comparing is only thought, no need or want for comparison. Flow, creativity, all different, but all similar while at root all is same. Focus on root, the maker, the makey, the drive for and allowance of our making. This is the Truth. It's easy to stay caught up with so called conscious reality, but all is made from unconscious reality, subliminal in a sense until that message or urge can be known and in the time persuaded wonderfully by my changed loving conscious. Love to all, help through love more, to all a sense of love, live love for love is live, live is God, God does love All and life or live is all, in all with all, Where God in a small sense or in whatever sense they make it to be is all in himself!

The illest of the realness

The illest is the realness, for the realness is All. All is real. If all isn't real, then nothing along with us aren't real. All being, life- the creations of the oncoming creativity of life, the conscious we hold, the unconscious dreams and the rest that isn't know of, us, earth, the universe, all. Is us, in us, with us, giving a drive. The only thing we as people actually possess, something to maintain and look after, is our bodies. The physical entity we call as self. And in the bodies is All, allowing and giving all ability, driving with the same, but the driver is the consciousness, this developed thought bond which controls the self- or tries to control self, is to me a bad thing. But it has just been used wrongly- or used very much under it's potential. (the potential lurking in realness). This is life's creativity, we have the ability to understand it. We have the ability to use and control it, but we are also the It or all or life that is also controlled, all, or because of past and creation of consciousness, it is a bigger part, this consciousness and comprehension, than we understand or allow or think we all allow.

Cause and effect affect

Before sleep writings on the airplane, and after reading some bible. Thoughts aren't to be written of, for in me the true control is thought and guide enough to see or to begin seeing truth. As broad as it be. Definitely, and slowly, am I able to begin understanding actions of all who follow the bible. Those are of course just partial implication of the bibles wordings and affects upon their lives actions. Many are mixed with bibles teachings, or deeper the form of thought it derives, along with all other of lives interactions. So many causes for each effect. NBut looking at cause and effect; an effect can't be really understood through causes. For even the causes we could physically know of are infinite. To actually view the effect, all of cause is compiled. NO singles, just as nature or life. Actions, others actions, mental of others, mental of self, the effect of a cause is life created by life, as more causes happen, the only thing to follow is a effect for each, and individual effects of certain causes, or causes of the effects. Llife

is lived and effects are made, effects is the life after the cause, but that is only relevant to time which effects only our physical bodies. If the cause is made out of love, then the effect could only be more love. Everything can be seen as good or bad. To decide between those judgments, one would have to know what is good and what is bad. An event to one judge will be good, while ok to another, bad to one, and meaningless for someone who knows not. Once taught, and being taught to know, knows of the specific event as either good or bad. Then taught another way, or perceived through derived thought, could be on the other side of the spectrum. This spectrum- all imaginative- for so is thought, doesn't physically exist. Then being and knowing what I think I know about people and thinking presently, all or almost all that is believed or thought to be truth is due in the physical world. If there weren't any bibles, the people wouldn't know what to believe about religion, faith, or anything on the supernatural side. All to go or know or work to base any thought on would be the feelings, dreams, the understanding of creative control. If our dreams constantly run through our heads at night, making them definite reality, or at least in part to us, and we are able to control dreams and daydream and visualize and think, then there is some control. And does that dream world or real world or whatever is thought of as world affect the physical world? When an idea is thought of and seen in the mind, the mind is dreaming, all in accordance to what I know of dreams, and those ideas and thoughts shape you and everything else around you at the same time, then a complete creative control of life, or a small part is given, or all is given and we only are able to control the 7% or so. Going by numbers, that is our consciousness- the two words conscious and unk-conscious seem to be as black and white or good and bad. Why is that when they are full and completely both us, the consciousness is the developer of I, for the unconscious, without thee can to hinder???, what makes up the I doesn't exist. Why do dreams have to be so hard to remember? Were we ever taught to remember dreams? No. But we were taught to read and write, without the learning would we know? And without knowing or the thought of knowing, then a consciousness (awareness?) wouldn't exist, or not in the same sense we think about consciousness. And then without that, what deciphers between black and white, good and bad, pro or con, consciousness or unconsciousness. Love is life, living is love, all in dominion- life is great, it's meant to be cherished. I need not write for others, what can I write to truly help another when the help for myself hasn't been found? On the track, it is just a big maze in a sense, that is life all joyous and wonderful. To prosper is to know the maze, beginning to end!

Love, knowing love

Love, knowing love, or trying to know love, the process of knowing love. To find is to lose all other besides love. Then love can be fully met. Always is true love completely free of judgment, it is an unconditional feeling. People speak of knowing love when it comes to loving other people. Then when other emotions arrive, the love is doubted and questioned as to see if it really is love. But the true love, the life without any impediments, is always there, always held, just blocked and builded upon by all the thought of knowledge that causes all the assumptions and judgments. Those thoughts bring about barriers of love allowing for love to be hidden. Without anything but life, there is all and true love. This alone is true, and together is twice as true. To reach true love, one must first fully find the love within along with the

partner. Once found, both, the consciousness is able to control that love. It can be given as pleased from partner, true love.

Intend and attend the love

Progress, What am I? What my actions begin to proceed changing slowly with thought, following progress throughout until progresses intent is reached. But any progress brings on, after progressing with understanding of the once only thought intent, a more clear, defined, understood, and all growing with progress, Intent. My progress has been formed all while slowly changing and helping to bring about intent. This progress, all in process is cherished and loved and enjoyed and commended, for it is life, intent is life, life is never over, maybe not in truth, but in consciousness it may. But without that, no restrictions abide. Creativeness flows and forms, just as water forms to its surroundings. Consciousness, given to us, is our grasp on lives surroundings. But with consciousness, there is no set surrounding. For we the creators choose what the surrounding is. Its hard to fully trail off with life with all my mental restrictions combatting me. I have the power to let them go, attention is this specific power. Attention is the aim of the usage of life. Your attention is where your life is directed. If attention is only given to helpful pieces in progress, intent will be met along the progress. And all is progress and process. Cottonmouth, getting ahead of myself I begin going off tangents to convince other opinionated voices in my head. They aren't all to be convinced. They are meant, or in my mind, to be removed and replaced with all helping and loving words. If the convincing comes about along with change, no matter those voices, love is all there. Intend and attend the love and no else for love is the basis of All.
Love!

Ahhhh Joy

Striving too much to enjoy when that enjoyment only lasts as long as it does. Enjoyment in sleep and dreams is the instance I speak of. Complete creativeness flowing to be seen and felt by the unconscious mind. Any creativeness or creative aspect brings joy, that way instead of guiding, or completely controlling, the juices are flowing and allowing for anything to work. With that allowance and no hindrance, a true joy is met. This is the joy life brings, not the physical and closed minded joy of external. No need to stay outside to meet joy. It is always within, it just has to be let out. Searching for joy outside only hinders more, for the assumption of joy that you mind has is only as open as the filters in your mind. They tell you what has made you happy and then sad, so it only allows for the same old activities of the past. People search for that security, that knowing of what will happen, no happiness will be met day in day out. It never comes out the same if allowed to flow. It just goes so you just go, from the feelings and not the thoughts. Creativity is wonderful. In sleep it replenishes all by giving relaxation and a break from consciousness, but even while conscious, directing attention to creativeness allows for the same relaxing along with the same replenishing of self. That is letting the juices flow. All is flow. As in rhyiming, without guidance of working random meaningless phrases pop out sometimes, but with guidance and using that same flow, anything can be worded articulate, verbose, and as lovely as the integration of flowing juice and restrictive thoughts. Thoughts are

good, they are at the moment less than helpful thoughts. Slowly and creatively change thoughts (mitote-fog of perception/ maya) to helpful all loving voices.

-Ahhhhhh-

The Best Narcissist

A narcissist is what I have been my whole life. I can credit that for my success in this rollin industry. Along with that, I seem in the past, to always have the need to be the best. Bettering everyone else for the benefit of the feeling of superiority I gain from it. I was so serious at what I did. It seems as if I felt I was already the best, then I could enjoy and plateau my skills. If I felt the need for bettering then complete seriousness engulfed me. A closed minded kid I suppose I am or was. Always pushed by my society. The kids wore this, this was cool, so I would only wear the coolest and best skates. This brand of clothing. If someone I adored as my cousin, I would do in his presence the same as he. Finding my place I guess. All this I can still feel in my makeup to this day. I may not hold or fell, thus run with simply that, but it is definitely part of my freedom as if I already didn't know. Love....

I always would push my friends. They were definitely dear to me. I was accepted by them. As I tried to be the best all the time, I would help and assist my friends at being up to the new level also. But even with this, I would always try to be better than them.

The sky of the mind

Writing- laying down and yet perceiving while writing what is written. I am so far! Grasping understanding is enabling to see the path is- is now is always - is was differed for now. The past works only for the future. Once lied, gone. Only a hindrance of attachment that thought is. Hold the thoughts back. You can control the sky of mind. The sky of melody, of purity and matter completely. The making of the complexity is the life I live and have lived and how I think and have thought. Of how I've perceived and interpreted. This clutter, this excess of enjoyment feared by the opposing pain and suffering. Love the pain and suffering- suffering for love for life with life is love. I don't know this pure view of suffering and embracing of loving fully. I can grasp this, why? You will no longer be. Why say will? For I do know that I am to live and lose. The writing when flowing with the vibrations of life and love. Searching, when All IS -IS there. Is forever IS always Was Always. Live Always. This may be constance. For the Tao Te Ching IS, God's writings are a many- in fact ALL. To be perceived. Compassion- ever and always. This is Truth, True Love. True Life. Perfection. Love! The feeling, the warmth, the openness, the loss of words to explain to my so thought intellectual self for the comprehension needed. I end this with OM! Love! Harmony...

Good morning nothingness

Good morning love. Love of the mourning I must succumb to. Love.

The embarrassment or the humility that is to embrace. It seems to the ego as the acts that have been avoided all life. The thought of being lesser and enjoying. The thought of allowing

others to rejoice and live up as they will. Simply do without the thinking. Live as you know to live. Do what you need to do. Leave the doubt behind with the laziness of life's holes that you've found along the way. All you have to do is avoid the holes, and you know very well what and where those holes are. Or I know where I am susceptible of letting myself fall. The falling has nothing to do with external, except for influence, it is all my strength and my awareness of situations. Live as life will be lived, awareness holds aware and knowing if life is loved and lived with love. Allow past to slip away, to exit the world lived in. Let the attachment of thoughts to the past slip away. Memories will always be, don't hold onto them, nor allow them to haunt. It may be needed for years to sort through in meditation, but what better to do than allow love to work itself out. The attachments of past are the creation of personality. That is the attachment to lose, for the only personality to live is that of truth, love, and prosperity. That of God. Allow love to shine through, you can no longer shine through love. The love is you, shun nothing, love All. Open thy heart and let it all pour in. Love the small fear the ego has for its transformation. Be the transformation by being and only being as it has become known for me to be, for to be the true me, but I am far from the true Thee, so I look forward to living out to only be. To be nothing- to love the nothingness that I be. Namaste!

Waves of thought

Good morning- To the love and to all the love. I Am supposed to write right as I wake. To keep the thoughts from hindering. For the thoughts take me on a ride just as I allow them to begin. Once begun, the wave of thought will suck me in and it seems as nothing else is there. Only that thought caught in and the feelings and sensations it triggers. Once the wave breaks, it is no longer, but a trigger for more thoughts to come relative to the previous. Thought is unavoidable at the spot I am. For I think and think some more; I even try not to think and that becomes thinking. It is said that thoughts can be a wonderful help along the path. Carefully hold these obstructing notions and allow thoughts of beauty, of love, of All, of Am to enter. They will only help. Thoughts of being! Not thoughts of how I may be after some path has been tracked, or how I have been, or if I am being more than the being of me in the past. Counterwaves of present thought to calm these mitotic waves. Keep the wave constant of the one known. You still must create this wonderful wave of comfort zone. You still allow for a great depletion of path falling into the old comfort zone. The zone of friends, weed, and television. Just be aware of the waves of the mind that are taking you for a ride. For there is no ride in being, just the act of being. Love, Thanks, Namaste!

Expression of the Job of Life

Expression, the giving of feelings, the reflection by action of sort of the inner world. Giving, allowing, expressing. Expressing self, when self is this. It is what you IS. You be as you are from all the days past. From the- ALL. To let out what is to be expressed. Something inside that wants or needs, or. Once out, clarity seems to be met in much a greater degree than before the expression.

People- I look at them funny. I feel certain ways toward certain people without knowing the person. I am a people like this. People under all IS. Before all began, All is All. Unsure of

self! Allowing to be distracted. Self is the ultimate distraction. For what is the self inside is the reactor to all the out. So ideal isn't to react, but act. By acting, be.

In being- IS ALL there IS.

Thoughts on what is life, all crazy thoughts.

For I am life, inside is life, outside is life.

For life is I, Life is knowing.

I don't know. I am a servant, who feels content with being fired. Neglecting duties of life, thus truth. But I can't be fired. We are all in this together. He started the business, so he knows all and everything of the business. For me to think I know how to run the business..... Basically, he knows everything there is to know- that is really to know or really even known. Being the permanent employee, I must listen and do as said.

Succumb to the duties at hand,

To the duties asked of me. The duties known to me.

People all use Thee. The duties I am to do while working for my boss, working being the life span of me, are to be held always, regardless of who is to come into work.

So you have a duty to them also. Serve my boss, and by serving I must help anyone who comes into the store with the same love to all. The store is my perception, my boss is God, and I, this ego serving my boss. Your duties are to act in love to All for All. To forget self's thoughts that hinder or create uneasiness inside and know you are working, you are. That is what you do and that is that! No matter how much customers laugh or judge or dislike the job you hold. You serve this boss and work this job until another job comes. When another life comes along. This is the job of life. Boss is All for using the job for All the good that comes with it. People who enjoy your service may become friends, but essentially, before all they all are treated the same with the same attention, until someone needs excess attention. YOU are there to serve, to work. To serve Boss is to serve Truth is to care for body, is to care for mind. But to serve is to care for-

Just serve as loving boss will have and that is all there is. To serve is to be as I am now and here. With all the love, Thankyou!

New Years 2002 ResOhLution

My new years resolution is to live true to what I know as truth. This is surely a form of procrastination, for I have begot the path and am just allowing myself to stray. This is the path of truth. Once strayed, I fall back into old thought patterns, so my past comfortability with my created life comes front in my head, making me forget the truth I know to live. It, at times, throws down the truth of my thought to the old ways. Those old ways are the ways that have been lived and relived over my past life. They are basically a wall closing me in. But that wall has remained my wall of hindrance for a while. I can even remember back when I felt the truth of my life and my allowance of life to fall into this boxed rut. Once begun, the past kinetic energy to and for truth slowed down where I allow to be effected by the stopped and stagnant energy of this living through past comfortableness and past assumptions. All put into fears or doubts. Going for the security of knowing how it's gonna be. Where, thought I don't know, but instead allow it to become the same situation over and over. I know that chillin in the sense is a moderation aspect of my life. Or should be. For when living truthfully and properly in the self

reflecting eyes, then loving ganja, if this be remotely about, is ok. But this is about depth and quality or lack thereof of life I live. I wake into doubt along with an urge for true activity. I wake into the flame that has begun, as my thoughts are to change. Once I feel the flame, I know that once sunk back into the wall of past, that the flame stops. It's as if I am scared to confront. For this is true. But just as I go into the box, if I begin by acting consciously, I feel and be wonderful. But to get to that point is as easy or as hard as waking up and being conscious. Conscious of my thoughts, of my actions, of my allowance of influence, of my giving on communication. The thought of alone or self pops up as fear, for I have lived for many of past years having attachment to this comradeship, this friendship. But is it friendship? Friendship is a circular cycle of give and take. You never take, but accept only when others give. But I have concealed this aspect. I know of as true giving, for even while in the box of my perceptive creation, I am aware of the fire. Just like the box of creation's creation of comfortability I stuck or pulled into again and again, the only way to overcome is confrontation. You know you don't want to do this any more, you have paid your respects to the box, whatever that may entail. But do you need to pay respects to the box? For I am trying to crawl almost as if I am looking into much of past as maybe a Yin and Truth of aspirations as Yang. But all is Yin and Yang. From past into future will be ups and downs. You aren't giving up one side for the other. You are only accepting both sides while keeping them balanced. This balance comes only from living true to thyself. Living true to what I know the extremes to be for me as of now is too much for the me that is now, but the box is too little for the me now. I am this burning fire. I have the strength and will to live face forward confronting this very changing. It is a slow process. In this process it is confronted day to day by waking up, that is from a proper night's sleep, when you first do. No minding the sleepiness and straight into asanas if necessary, but meditation foremost. After eat and shower. Conscious food and water and a clear mind all the while. Find a time later through your day to practice asana, either a class or solo but sacred! Go about your duties, maybe skating, school, making logos. Duties go until time has made it, for the planned asana session. Remember through this you are where you are, not there you want to be or desire to be or even know to be. After is time for a nice lunch with water. Enjoyment of purity of food and water essential. After, continue up with obligations- once done with obligations, this is where I usually would sink into the wall. But that is a big part of allowing my surroundings influence. Here activity is crucial. Activity that is beneficial or clearing, both being the same. Learning skateboarding, drawing, reading, superlearning. A many of things to do. Later wind down and reflect, after reflection, meditate or do asanas then meditate. Off to another insights sleep. Ahhhhhh-
Thankyou, the You in me.
Love...

Position of self obligation

I am in a position where, of course only to maintain that position, I need to get footage and skate and get along with other rollers. I at sometimes perceive this, with or during so called mental unstableness, as being a task and I should be doing something better. I actually put myself up on this pedestal, and did a while back, and now I am afraid to come down. Follow what I at times feel. I love to skate, that is when I feel skating. That is when I just skate for and enjoy it.

If I think of skating, while skating, as being a job- or better yet a dilly where I have to be so good- then I dislike what I am doing. That be skating. If I am just skating, not worrying about good and bad, then it is very joyous. All I need to do is forget the thought up pedestal, and just skate for fun again. I Am lucky to be in the position to be able to first off, do something so enjoyable and get paid. The getting paid part isn't that big of a deal, really, but to live, eat, and sleep, it is needed. I am also very lucky, or am fortunate, to be able to influence so many. I do feel that I shouldn't have to be an influence, but through past and into present, that is how some view me. Pressure is what you put on yourself. They expect this of me- I have to be ill! They may think bad of me. What they think is all based on past thought. I don't even enable myself to warm up and chill for a while if there are so called beedy eyes around. Are you worried about people judging you? No longer can I worry about pointless things, the point being the broader picture. I love to skate, and when the love comes out, that is when skating is nice. Find the love. Search as you have begun and soon after neglected. It is easy to get caught up. We live in a caught up world. Just do what truly feels right. And by right, I mean the one without an opposition called wrong, for IT IS. Follow what IS, not what is thought. You don't know what IS because knowing is thought. Stay at the root. Don't be climbing, hanging, or falling. Without the root, the life, there would be no tree at all. Back up in, as if I was out, but for what I want and need myself to do, I have been lagging. Those voices of laziness are allowed too much power by me. Content or in-content, it is all a perception based on something. It is either better or worse. All is contentness, All IS US, aligned with ALL is always contentedness.

Love!

AllLifeISLove, LoveISAllLife, LifeLoveISALL

However it goes it goes

Good morning Love. All mornings are good and All IS Love. If I am saying good morning to myself, then it works. It also works to anyone or anything else. So many weird thoughts come about with the usage of Love. An uncomfortableness and even fear all due to what I think I know about love or what I have thought of love. The voice saying there isn't a need to write. I go into thinking mode and lose or hide the feeling I once had. My goal is to rid myself of unhelpful thoughts. Me and I or what of an I or me we be can control what is thought, it just takes dedication, control, and complete love. No longer will I fear Love. It is unconditional. I will love love just as love loves all. All is help, all love, love helps. Each tree, insect, animal, all love. All helping. My mind feels or doesn't feel too much to write. However it goes it goes. Each day though that is controlled well, each day I become closer to finding my true intent. Day on.

2/7/02 Loneliness

Loneliness is a feeling brought on by many recurring thoughts of all the people you know or have known or want to know, not being present. But that is all in thoughtsality, for it isn't real, just what it seems. In truth, I find that, or truth for myself, that there is no loneliness. That feeling is only brought on because of an urge to relive the past. Thoughts all made on what

past has brought and the way past has shaped my definition of loneliness. When I was young, until I learned to be "cool", there really wasn't loneliness. Then it may come from my latching onto the people who helped shape my comfortableness in the outside world's coolness. Or at least my being cool. Or my perception of cool and how it fits into the picture of what I view as others' perception of cool. What is cool to some isn't to others. Then there is no truth in cool, and then no real truth in loneliness. No doubt that we are meant to have mates. A very wonderful feeling is felt during orgasm, which is the feeling of procreation. Latching to another is definitely a thing of culture. Marriage is all part of that. That may have come about because of the feeling of possession. Man owns woman. But how, when in the same sense, woman gives or owns the man's son. There is no ownership. The new human is life, that is how you give back to life. Maybe that is why it feels so wonderful to procreate. Then some sexual diseases. Regardless of what has been previously stated about only having one mate, that is to say that disease is a bad thing. Sure it affects us, but are we the only ones to be affected? Disease is all part. It lives just as we do. Back to loneliness. All is inside. If thoughts are allowed to overcome to give that feeling, inside is the place to look, for the loneliness is lost all while wonderful progress will be made. It is realized to be self-made, then self-cured. Trying to go out and find people to soothe loneliness may help the preconceived running thoughts, but....Loneliness is just as a possession. You lose something that is dear to you, it is missed. You enjoy a person being with you, gone, they are missed causing thoughts and then loneliness. But missing itself is a compilation of thoughts.

It is so easy!

Why do people have to make it the way it is?

I'm always never an always again accept for all Loving as IS All.

Love is great thanks for Loving. Good Night as if there is a bad

To wake or to sleep

The day is begun when sleep of the night is no longer. It is so easy to go back to sleep just because it takes no effort. You're already there, just close the eyes. The only way to live and experience, or the exterior way, the way we are obviously inclined, is to get up and live. Maybe the same thoughts that bring laziness are the ones that bring upon more sleep. It is almost a way to hide from the day. There isn't anything to hide from. If time is irrelevant, then waking early.....

Just live, love, and make progress. Sleep helps, but true progress and the creating occurs while awake. Balance and Love.

Grateful for this releasing

Ahhhhhh, Back to the previous thought. A blank page. Then night before allowing for actions to be made out of the LAZY thoughts. As of present though, I do feel very well. Getting back into what at this time in the outside world I need to be doing. It is becoming enjoyable and quite expressive, not to mention good for the health. That is of course without considering a big part, Injury. Something that is so dread, for it inevitably is bound to happen. That is of course if I am out of mental focus. The only reason injury occurs is from error. Error

occurs without proper mindset, thus improper action leading to injury. Unconditional confidence within my perception of possibilities is always there, it just needs to be brought forth. That happens from feeling it, per say. That happens due to proper inspirational thinking and of course the warming up and feeling the way into a session. Just as skating must be balanced with business, hmmm. Skating and what involves the business of skating are very related. It seems though that skating is more enjoyable without the thoughts from business side, but then those are just thoughts about skating from my or behind my filters. I allow many thoughts to get in the way of how wonderful of a thing I am able to be doing. And the need to be paid is accomplished. Besides that, the creative outlet is there along with the ability to control and help. This is a blessing, the position life has become of me. Allow it to work and enjoy it all while letting it help for true intent of self, for this allows for true self to show and others will follow, But with the following an understanding from myself to them or to all must be given from me to all of how to find their own true self, the true self of all. Their ability to truly be what and all they can. For myself also, this is stated. This is Love, This is process and this is change for the Love, to the Love, with the Love. Buenas Noches. I am grateful for this releasing!

Love is being and being is love

Love and creativity, both are always with you. They are just different words with physical meanings, but are truly the same. But then isn't All the same deep down? So living as an oddity, hmmmmmm.

Shallow, not so deep, moreover on the surface. Everyone is in the pool, for the pool is life, some choose to float while others realize the oneness with the water, fluidity. Always balanced. Beautiful, harmony, togetherness Oneness-Awareness/ LOVE.....

The Bearer of All . In Love hindrance is unable to be found, just as Love is quite difficult to find living in hindrance. As is Love, I is as. As is All, I am as, so as I be, being is Love and Love is being. I give thanks! Love.

Process standard

Ahhhh, finally a moment I am able to chill and regroup myself. I allow quite easily on this tour life for the lazy fo nothing thoughts of keeping a contentedness. That is always there is it is allowed to be. Being attentive without judgements will reign in contentedness just as many or all other. But those all for me at this movement seem quite different to accommodate, for the all rough I find to travel. I am searching for the external in my life at the moment. But with that I must keep balance. With anything, balance is a wonderful thing. This isn't a balance of good vs bad. No longer is there a ...No judge. I am just the judge of myself. But not even a judge. MOre like a prejudice who can make all to happen be useful actions is the sens of thought my life fulfills. The sense of love more over if there was a less under is those actions, the—— Now I speak the and cease to understand or allow to understand it. That understanding comes with the path. With progress along the path. I have now allowed for other actions to come before the actions of movement along the path. When the ultimate goal of my path is seeming to be

an ultimate goal of life, it sounds soft to see that I have misguided my actions so often. The thoughts I project. Back to where comfortableness is found. The allowance of mitote goes unseen or unthought of by me. Along with the mitote comes all my tour actions and also feelings. A strong head saying, the part strong in procrastination, states; You are on tour. The tour mentality is most common. Then inside, most easy. I could ask myself why I do this to myself, but I know I allow me to think and thus do. Allowance of the outside to get to me has become what it is. I could blame myself not following and astraying, but it is myself. I see, interpret, and then allow for myself to lower, as if I am higher, the standard of myself. Do I put a standard on myself? Of course, ut a standard orf process can't really be set, for process is different for all. I don't know my exact process, so standard is really nothing. Live, keep live, love live, live loves, and love lives. We are that love to give and to take from all that is us and makes us. Easiness-----pursuit of happiness.

What is and live

Writing, or better put, once again regrouping to the once again slowly and easily not to forget difficulty forgotten true thoughts. Thoughts that are derived from love, the whole life of All. But now, from not-----

Release of thought, Love is so wonderful and yet I still feel this false made tearing side of me. But I am the maker, so then fear is not, just unheard, or unfocused voices always running. I allow them to overcome my true self. I sometimes allow them to overcome my true self. I have been ----

Caught up in being a self judge. Hilarious.

So quickly it happens. I have been living. Living in the false I made to live at that time or at that present thinking of handwriting. I know how good it feels to be in tough. Bruised/ Brushed upon by my reality or false reality. Let go of the un necessary. Let it free itself from your mind. Let your attention follow truth. Let your actions convey and help the truth in all be shown. Accept truth. Once the mind an accept, I can give acceptance to all wonderful, so then I go back to thinking==----

Or I allow myself to go back to that thought. All that has to be done is do. The simplest of things. Just do it. Just let it. To let is to just do it. For it is life- Let Life run and be and do what is in life's run.

The voices always running

Attention keeps and allows them to be seen. Love is all. All is one and so am I. To believe is to know. To better is to know not to know. For all knowing is is thinking. The thought thought ought not be brought front. For all that thought is for ...

This is where I choose and know to stay.

What IS and live. There is truth and I will life for All.

For truth? I just said that I will live for truth. Life is true- anything with life is true then. So why won't I then be true to myself? I do know the reasons. And those I make up. Ahhhhhh!

In Between IS

Writing again, not to monitor my progress, but to let out what is to be felt within. Only to be felt as it will by the reader and yet the perceiver. It affects as the allowance of it's affect will be. Sure a predetermined effect exists, seeming to be the most natural effect, but that effect is only relevant to each own. Maybe on occasions, not to judge seriousness and also on occasions the opposite, I cause by thought a feeling or feelings of rush, in-contentedness, the feelings of I should be doing something and countered by the there isn't a should. That there isn't feeling, for the most part, or should could and is or may be that feeling----- the feeling of knowing the so called right to do. Why do I automatically accept the text of these books as the should, taking my thoughts by storm. But it may only seem as should because I don't. Part of being, or all of becoming is doing,. All of losing takes the doing of the knowledge of actions I must take. Must, to my filter system is. I must continue upon my quest for truth. This is where priorities come into play once again. And life of course is the main priority. That comes before all. For without that, what would be that s, so why do I not allow to find what is me Why I ask myself? Why not I ask the asker of why? Is it more difficult? Is it, is it? It is.....

And what is is what is before the thought of difficulty or comparison. What was and what will be is as is now as is all as is the thought determining that time is passing. It's as if time that once was will never be again for always and constant is change. So the constant of life, always working in present, is only perceived. Life is, I do not know. What, amongst a many of possible lies lurking in my head, is , is life? Not to know, but to feel. For that feel is true and all knowing. Only to be created, the self world, by the consciousness creation through and from the day born. Simplesness, that word seems so easy, so then life being pure simplicity in a thought is easy, and easy to find and easy to re learn. The process is to rid self of the mind's complexity to achieve and understand, or once again find the understanding of simplicity- the simplicity of love and feeling. There is no rush and there is no too slow. All there is is life-wonderfulness where as regardless of thoughts conception, is infinite and all acting. Thus always changing. Just as I is just as life, for I being life with a many of gifts am able to control the creative nature and aspects of this wonderful life. I could quite speak of this as a separate entity, but I am the entity that holds it to be desperate only in thought. And thought being the guide and allowance. Life if thought of in that sense is unable to be used, for the holder doesn't know what is held, secret treasures, only made secret from the mind- once the mind no longer neglects it's power and it's power source, the will life be used as it is able to be used and as I aspire to use and to love back life or myself. Process as of---is as simple as acting--- Each action for a preferred reaction- I know the reaction possible, all that is needed is the actions to shape the reaction. Past is once lived while future is yet to be shaped for life. In between IS!

Balance.

There is no by

Being that this is process, to make progress (or that as I think), requires the process to be followed and thus lived. Just as I- I neglect process by allowing the thoughts of life to hold me away and procrastinate. So odd to think that for the process of life I procrastinate, only to stay

second to the thoughts life has become of me. Then to think that process really hasn't anything to do with the survival I tend to hold in the forefront to the usual thought pattern, or the one I reoccur, process is an extra or more "work." Where as to the processed state in the changing it is an all wonderful cleansing experience at all times when the allowance is given. The allowance, being my attention, wants to stay in the forefront, maybe because that is all that is taught to me to know to get by. Why settle with getting by when process is forgetting what to get by, but to enjoy all and know there is no by. Love, compassion, forgiveness, truth— Allowance, for it is the beginning and all that way- freedom- from what holds the I in self.

Clarity

Seeing clearly, or feeling (more for or and some more) purity- purity is wonderful. Pure- filled and seemingly true. To be pure is a great way of reaching or moving an living in love. Helping on the path of achievement. Something also helpful achievement is something I've used throughout life as a d..ive? I can embracer what has already been known to help relearn to know at the same time. Pause- felling of warmth, feeling of expression purely. As it will be and no other. The essence is only and all fully held by itself. Wondrous. And in my - selfedness? (unknow word here) -dislexed/ delight- flows. A thought of is my handwriting neat. Hahahah. Feeling and moving, living with the loving. Tureness. Mind believe and know and stay true to what you know to live the actions pertaining to the truth you know. So easy is it. To say it is truly more difficult for the self to live any other way. This way- it is what feels right. Feeling is brought on by the thoughts. Feelings can be controlled by the thoughts. Feelings seem to be very powerful. Harness the power. Accept it and use it. Go to where the power is and feels from inside. Allow it to feel. Once the understanding or non-understanding conscious, yet acquainted to the feeling, can control the feeling and power. Just as all the powers of the universe. They are all us. We are those powers. We just need to let our minds free of what is thought and relearn thinking from the true teacher of thought. The Truth! I know not to call it. But this of what I can't say, or say to or of comprehension, God, is the Truth- being that Truth is the best. I feel od disgracing- wow- chill- letting the thoughts run and got stoned! The true teacher of All. When and after meditation, yoga, or an action or just being in the mindstate, the teacher is the state and furthermore. It isn't thoughts as , one may now from the understanding of the world teach. All the- IS ONE. I give much thanks. Love.

Hello to thyself to whom has been hidden

Hello to thyself to whom has been hidden. Thyself is always there, the attention I give is just focused in other directions, blinded by the thoughts I allow from this outside world. How is the inside world then? A bit confused with the changing of timezones, thus sleeping hours. My inner world is doing well. It is in preparation for what is to be done. A setup for assuring the readiness to begin my true life. Maybe what my life will be is known, but to look that far makes the preparation and process go unenjoyed and maybe even overlooked. Do thus will allow. Things unfold in return to what has been laid down. The laying is life's actions and intentions. Much change. From the beginning all is change. Change is growing or shrinking, straying or

following, creating or just allowing. Love is the essence. When in writing, maybe I am to follow thought patterns to write seemingly concrete. But when the train ends, I always go back to Love. For love is the higher self. The self of all knowing truth. Only when desire is diminished is when true power is gained. I suppose my desire is still ego driven. Driven by what I know IS to be letting go of. Then, and I do know, the desire is untrue thus impure. The desire to know all will keep one from knowing all, because the only part of self wanting or urging to know all is the generated ego self. Release from that part or release that part from self, then higher self gets the attention. That allows me to be the higher self. Thus follow and be a servant of love and life. It is you and is much more. Why live secluded from all stuck in ego of I or self, when what is IS and can be lived? Live AS IS. In self is all there is to know. Thus everything. Is it the bigger picture or just the absence of looking for it? Allowance mixed with self control. Mind over ego will deplete ego. That way stress will be brought on. Mind and Spirit over ego will diminish. It seems like a war, but a war is only when something can fight back. Simplicity is the winner of this war. Ego is the made up self comprised of the outside put into thoughts. The thought of killing a part, or the me of I, scares the ego. But when the ego's deference is created, simply created by thoughts, attention is shown to the love and truth of all, allowing the falsity of ego to exist no longer, for it never truly existed. Me is to be Love. To change from the I into purity and truth of love will take time and will and plenty of attention. The times are falling into place. Embrace the ability to control change and become what IS. No longer what I seem to be, for I am not what I see solely, but am what God has created. I am dedicated to being. Love and whatever that will have. For IS truth then so am I!

Poetry

- With you '05?
- The life paradox
- Too much too little
- Know God '04
- Do you know? '04
- All is given to you '03
- I'm stuck, I'm free '04
- Misery '04
- The dance of sin 04
- possessed by the mess '04
- writing of words '04
- Cycles Book 9 '12
- The wave Book 9 '13
- W7 the string of now
- Thou art my sail '13
- Wavering Sea of Thee Book 12 '17
- I sing thy Song '16
- THE WORD AUM Book 17 '23
- Guard thee from thyself? '23
- W3 See God in All '23
- The idea of success! '23
- I am thine '24
- question of question '24
- Thy Cosmic Sea '24
- I am thine '24
- Oh Lord I sing your song,
- God, God, God! '24
- SATYA '24
- Self, here, not there, yet there in not
- The human flower AUM
- Oh human what good are you?

with you

Through you

By you

For you

Your will

Your giving

Your destroying

Your paving

Your smoothing

By your grace as will be
nothing but the everything that you give
you give to bless as you have blessed to give
as you will
am in you
can with you
as you do you give
one in all
you one is
you give
sing or shout
eat or pout
pray or doubt
sick or stout
fly or suffer
be for your wonder
I wonder, you be
give me to be you
give to give you
show to as will
strength
confide
humble
receive
you overcome
you
we
one
all you
A men.

The life paradox

Too much , too little
Oh please go beyond the riddle
Too far, too near,
Where to be is here,
Too good,, too bad,
Doing and doing, do be glad.
You are, you aren't,
You will be , and have been,
Possibly fight today and night,
Fate is a mate whose love is great,
Action is true as life is proof,
Seeing and being,

Thought given to the freeing,
Right or wrong,
Before both lies the strong.
True or false,
One or the other moves the waltz,
Rise or fall,
Standing low and standing tall,
Up or down,
Air or the ground,
Water or fire,
Oh what do you admire?
All or none,
Have you not found some?
Strong or weak,
Truth in time will both speak,
Open or closed,
Within is all that goes,
One or the other,
All have but one father,
One mother
Love or hate,
Feel but don't wait,
Yet wait or go,
Do you know?
Know or don't',
You still are,
Are or aren't,
Is or isn't,
Future or past,
All will come
That has gone
You still last
Surpass or be surpassed
Are you in a race?
Win or lose,
Certain or confused,
Thought much or thought not,
You are,
Yet you've forgot
Remember or forget,
Ah , yet thinking continues
Stop or go,
Do you really know?
Moving or slowing ,

Fast or knowing,
Seeing or showing,
Being and glowing,
Life is, oh beyond knowing,
Within this of the showing.
Sky and the earth,
Water and fire,
Sun and moon,
Plant and animal,
Light and darkness,
Good and bad,
Strong and weak,
And
And
And
And one,
Two and three,
And paradox and a dox of a pair,
Oh the unifying,
Gravity and no gravity ,
Well gravity is,
What is gravity?
Love or hate,
Well love it.
Sun loves moon and moon loves sun,
Plant loves animal and animal loves plant,
One or the other,
Without one is not the other,
Do the is of the one to the other,
The to to the other,
The is, the to, the love,
My understanding intellect,
Dissection or immersion,
You be, be immersed and be dissected.
Be ye Heeee!

too much too little

Too much too little, what happened to the middle?
The thought of naught is the answer to the middle.
The music ever playing of opposites ever relating,
Giving to the other birth by the ones own death.
Duality, dually energizing and rolling the cycles one to the other,

The sister to brother, father to mother, over and over ever yonder.
Balance of the opposites,
Oh they are balance in themselves, to themselves, for themselves
Of themselves, the self of them, the self of all of them are the one self eternal one self.
More or less, reason pondering the mess,
Yet beyond the confess is the thought of naught of reason being reason itself.
Being, little or much, through all the such,
Fluctuating through all the bunch of much or little,
No more riddle but living, the middle that reason searches, finding itself.
The pondering of being.

Know God

Know Now God
Now I AM
I AM Now
Know Now
God
God
God
A men

May everyone here be happy and healthy.
May everyone here be prosperous.
May no one be the least bit unhappy at all.
My auspicious blessing to you all.
Jai Baguan.

Do you know?

What do you know?
How do you know what you know?
Who taught you, who learned?
Do you know anything new?
Do you know anything old?
Do you know the truth that can't be told?
All you know is all that is shown,
All you think you know is yet a thought of knowing.
Yes, you show me what you know of our good old earth and lifes ways of these days
What you know had to go.

Death will come and you can't run so what you know will have to go!
Do you know?
Do you know you?
Death will come, do you know?
If you know life you know death,
If you know you, you know me
How do you know?
Knowing on the how, how on the knowing, reflect!
Does a mirror know?
Do you know the mirror, does the mirror know you?
Can you show me your mirror?
Can I know your know?
All I know is what that is shown,
All I don't know is what I know,
I can't show what I know,
But I am that which is known!

All is given to you

Freely, ye have received, Freely Give.

All is given unto you,
Before you thought of what was given,
All was given unto you.
Before you thought of what you have not,
All was given to you.
The morning, day, and night, light , love, and the air making the black of night,
All is given to you.
Before you knew what to keep and what to reject,
All is given to you.
Before the bad is shown and the good is come to know,
All is given to you.
earth , stars, sun, and moon,
Feel, smell, taste, sight, and hear,
All is given to you.
Oh, can't you see,
Oh, cant you hear,
Oh don't you know,
Before this, and after,
All is given to you.
Before you thought to accept,
All was given to you.
Now you think to accept,

Think to take, think to own,
What do you give?
All was given to you,
You gave none,
All is then taken from you.
All that you do own, this is so.
How do you own though,
When what is had is given to you.
All is given to you.
You are given to you,
The love you are is given to you.
You are the love given to you
Give this love and all will be given to you
Give, for all is given to you
A men!

misery

Misery,
Misery be we
You and me
The I comprised separate
As you call you that sees
Sadness engulfed
Sorry and sympathy
Desires and needs
Where can you be in the misery of pleasure?
In the sadness of happiness.
Misery oh misery
Egos tool
Stronghold of separation
Different and special individualism
Egoism
Misery
Attachment and holding
Past and future
I am, I , We,
Oh misery
Let go and explode
Sad or happy
Time or infinite
You be before the misery
Night and day come and be to play
Both, the dual,

The way of thought holding,
Attached, miseries tool,
And you say you are no fool?
You are not but misery attached to naught,
Forgot to live and be
No more thoughts of free
Thee be the thought that is the misery
Dual the tool of the ego of you
You be misery as you be not being
But only seeing through you
Ah, no you, no misery.

I'm stuck, I'm free,

I am all that I think me to be.....
I am I am , stuck or free,
blind or able to see.
I am and I be.....me deluded or me eternally free.....

((((((I'm stuck , I'm stuck, inside to the out,
held in the cloud of minds accumulated doubt,
freedom, I seek you, come to me I plead you.
So I can be me once again, to continually ascend.
No longer to defend ego me,
truly to live as I was meant to be.
yet so stuck to the bottom is all my held mind can see.)))))

I'm stuck, I'm wavering.

I'm held in the midst of the churning and yearning
The constant burying of a discontent heart.

Living a life of a once known feeling of the comfort of love,
now a hole in my heart pushes me so far from above.

I'm stuck, I have no where to go,
I sit in the void of going and not knowing where
Certain of uncertainty, love's plague hovers over me.
I try and try to be free, I try and try to just simply see.
And all I seem to be is a lost one held by a life of the then of me,

I;m stuck, i'm lost
The motivation of now is hanging in the strings of holocaust
Oh spider of past, let me be, let me see, let my actions free.
But it is me that has strung the string that is the song I sing.
And now I cannot leave, i cannot even seem to reweave.
I've created a war of me running me to where I bleed

I'm stuck, I'm moving but stopped.
racing and pacing in the thought of the then that won't leave
the thoughts of when contentment was that which I'd be
between living life and the death of that past.
I just do to do and can't wait for the doing to last.
Uncontent in mind of resenting.
I have been taken by hells force descending.

I'm stuck, I'm lost,
soul burning in my dying self
mind's thoughts racing of what to do.
All pasts haunting confronting me on what I've gone through
I act now and future is what I make,
oh but I'm stuck, no longer do I know what to create.
Hid behind the glasses of ego,
i act but am then not free to.

((((((I'm stuck inside to the out,
held in the cloud of minds accumulated doubt,
freedom, I seek you, come to me I plead you.
So I can be me once again, to continually ascend.
No longer to defend ego me,
truly to live as I was meant to be.
yet so stuck to the bottom is all my held mind can see.)))))

I'm stuck,
awaiting freedom from the attachment of a past life of love
time come to me, do not wait, let these scars mend
then I may know how to be, to be me again.
So I can see,so I may be able to live free and happy.
My mind may still, I beg for this ease,
, and I may begin again to feel as I continue to plead Lord please.

I'm stuck,

I'm drunk on internal insanity
knowing what can be and living a life that's mad at me.
oh poor old me, a pity song i continually sing
seeing time so long as pain does not cease to bring
attachments song
you grab me and I grab you, I try to go and you continue to hold
it is your pain, not mine.....just let go and endure freely the time.

I'm stuck, I'm stuck
All is left to do but whine
Cry the tears of time as it tries to mend the wounds of mine
As my truth comes back, he breaks the bonds of past
So there may come the strength of life, her freedom,
giving me again the true love of all life,
the attachment pain free one of all, everyone's eternal wife.

oh as I see, and as i be, I am continuously
still stuck, and stuck again.
but in this, hope comes to me, a great friend.
I can see a future, I can see as it is allowed to be.
Mind slow and thoughts freeze,
thankyou hope for giving me this ease.
Freed from needy thoughts of please,
the unceasing thoughts of need.
No more need, I am freed
living and growing from the seed of me.

((((((I'm stuck inside to the out,
held in the cloud of minds accumulated doubt,
freedom, I seek you, come to me I plead you.
So I can be me once again, to continually ascend.
No longer to defend ego me,
truly to live as I was meant to be.
yet so stuck to the bottom is all my held mind can see.)))))

I'm stuck
I am present in a time awaiting her passing,
where attachment's death is the beginning of my true passion.
No longer blindly defending.
Freedom ever new and ever there, and upon me descending.
I endure the pain of the death of my creation
As I fight the ego mind to ease my frustration.

no more pacing and racing, I know my fight,
here is where comes truth's eternal light.

I'm still stuck only to the mind of holding,
and in the grace of life I am true,
finding the questions to be with life unfolding.
Answers come as freedom rains from the heavens above
Putting out the flame of yearning burning the heart of love.

I'm stuck, I'm free,
I am all that I think me to be.....
I am I am , stuck or free,
blind or able to see.
I am and I be.....me deluded or me eternally free.....

the dance of Sin

Here we are, yet there we be.
All is given, yet we continue sins decision.
He has risen, freely given, hid by sins grasp on your decision.
Sitting in the midst of sin,
Eyes, ears letting it all in.
Sense perception it can win.
Stay strong and shine from within.
Money, money, money, use but don't get hungry.
Have to give, that is to live.
Have to hold, here scold the bold, told then both forgive.
Oh pleasure, sin's great treasure.
Coming forth always to measure,
In this it must always get better.
Never sitting in the presence of being,
Striving and striving to have the most of all seeing.
Greed oh greed, and yes indeed, all must be freed,
Or you externally bleed.
Excess, excess, too little too little,
What happened to the way of the middle?
Striving striving, living daily dead and dying.
The seeing of times, the sin corrupts my rhymes,
Seen heard felt and tasted,
Oh but I wont let my life be wasted.
Think this, think that, think here, thing there,
Then think be, God cuts the devils noose free.
Tempting world oh tempting world,
You are giving this to do.

I didn't in your plentifulness,
Should I keep or give the rest?
The deceit has begun, devil devil,
Aligning in lie to cause fear.
So much sin, don't keep it within
Cry oh cry,
Surrender to God in you as it shines through.
Oh yea, I see you sin,
I taste of you daily,
Oh but I see God before you give your maybe.

possessed by the mess

You be, you are
You possess?
You live and yet you degrees,
Progress?
You confess your progress!
I confess you progress and thus digress
You be, you are
Progress are you? Can you do?
Progress on what is, can you?
You are, you be, Progress or digress
Progress or digress,
You hold either your possess
This is the mess, I confess
Of that you, possess of more or less
You are, you be
And so you can see
Digress of progress and you possess,
Life of that thought that is the mess
You are you be, confess and be free!
From the thought of the mess where you be
Possess and see less of what you are
You are and you be,
You can see
Confess is the progress,
Confess the digress,
More or less,
I confess the mess that is to possess.

writing of words

Writing, the written, the heard and the seen
Once pondered, the sequence of words to follow
To flow, to live of, follow
Words of symbols,
Meanings and meanings,
Showings and teachings,
All in the sequence of words
Of thoughts,
Of known to be shown,
Through that which has been learned
Communication, me to you
All that has been my experience given to you through the experience you call you
Writing, that of letting go
Laying down as freely all that you know
Using the words given to write of that which i have been given
That of I am
The portrayal of the subject
Object of writing
Writing on the object of that which is the communication
From this page of what my hand has laid to the mindstate that looks to await all that this will
demonstrate
Writing, oh words, giving to what you will receive,
To what you will see as deceive,
To how you may perceive
Writing, as my insight is lighting into the ye of transcribing
Let it Live.
The writing is only to give.
To let in as ye ponder upon and come to write again
Writing, a chain of words that ever more goes out and comes in,
Original or not,
New or old,
All has been said and all will be said again.
Slithering for and back to where it began.
Writing, Giving reflection,
Round and round to be seen and heard,
Evermore and ever before, words are words.
Write and read and thats how it goes.
Evermore and everbefore,
To understand, comprehend, distort, undermine, overmind, or contort
Writing is as you who reads,
Ah new idea,
One is told,
So write and let you unfold!

Reading and writing,
Hearing and speaking,
Taking and giving,
Old to new and new to old
Sequence the words and allow your individuality unfold.

Cycles

Round and round turns this little globe of ours,
Continuous seasons approaching with her ever changing stars,
But does it ever actually change this little world of ours?
Or is it just our ongoing cycle of movement, through this great universe of stars.

Yes it coldens and the leaves begin To fall,
A certain change from the summers dreary heat,,

But is it a change when it will happen once again?
Ever continuing cycle, is there change at all?

Awake to the squacking crows and drowse off to the crickets chirp,
Day and night come and go, whilst only memories of the time separate
The waking from the dead in your day dreaming little head.

Dreaming and perceiving, living from one another
Hearing feeling loving hating,
Storing deep in you mind,
Only to relive as you continue through time

These cycles ever turning,
As time never does stop,
Well maybe for a second or two
Before the mind of cycles forgets to come to.
From the inner to the outer,
The place where cycles do not exist,
A place before time waking or darkness,
A place even beyond the great abyss.

Enlightened and back again,
To exist in this body,
Once free of the time of cycles,
And now left to ponder the weights of equals.
Tempted by day and night, birth and death, fear and pleasure,
Oh can I not just see through this earthen treasure
I call me, he , we ,Yeeeeeee...

Cycles ever coming,
Cycles ever going,
Cycles ever herer,
Cycles of the year
Cycles of living
Cycles of dying,
As day dies and night flies
So as we are born and in this cycle everyone dies
We give cries, we give tears,
Because we will lose our ears,
But look at summer and look at winter,
Look at the generations to come,
See the cycles of life,
And see that you too are but a part of this cycle of life.

Thou art my sail
11/27/13

What has come to pass, has been deemed the past.
No longer here, it cannot last.
Ripples of the yesterday of her holding, rock the boat of now,
But sailing on into the unknown future to come, she moves along
Winds, change and ripples grow,
But ever grounded in the buoyancy of the great vessel bestowed upon this journey,
I adhere in thee presence and move onward
What is to come I know not,
Yet I have set a direction with intention and am slowly but surely moving on
Winds change, waters become stagnant,
Waves crash, but the fluctuations arise as bursts of joy on this path unknown
For as much as ye yearn to control this journey
Ye were placed here with infinite factors of this vast creation that are not for the controlling
For the great creator embodied in his creation will move as the great will will be.
I will be with the great will
For I will the will of being here, now,
Grounded in thy creators love
These fluctuations of wind, currents, deterrents, hardships, kindnesses,
And all the fluctuations that come my way,
I accept with gratitude, for I am here on this journey this day.
May gratitude, thanks, and trust be my strength.
May surrender and faith be the winds that guide me to the right path
May the past not be run from with fear of her clutches,
But with acceptance and thanks for the place and time she has lent me to be in ,
In this eternal moment of the journey of my soul.

May I never lose sight of the unification of my Cosmic Beloved,
Who gives all this to be.
May I see in all facets and walks,
comings and cracks,
Difficulties and ease,
The imbued grace that lies in the breast ever constant,
Unmoving, eternal, humbly glowing,
In the subtleties of all the soul of thy souls sight
May this be a delight unto my insight,
As I think right cherishing this place of me where I be on this journey.
Oh Lord, anchored in my soul may I be close to thee,
As I buoyantly float on these ripples of change.
But may I never forget that this vessel will tire and wash away,
That I return to your vastness of thy touchings of my soul,
Eternally sound in thy graciousness.
Thankyou for this journey my Lord,
A men.

W7 the string of now

8/30/15

A moment passes,
Defined by time,
The rhyme of then,
Of when.
All left is the remembering.
Here and now,
Moment ever eternally expanding,
Free of time,
Of hindrance of the belligerent of remembrance,
Constructing the you that does do.
Oh future,
To come,
You will be,
This is the inevitability.
Future no longer,
Past is all that's left.
Present, the gift of gifts
The giver of giving.
From thou doth come all living.
Letting the past be from your creation of now,
Planned and intended future to come,
Ye dance in me how it is flowing in thy tides,

Living and being immersed in thy ride.
Of that which may be.
Trust in now,
Let the anxious to be slow down,
Confound not the now with the hold of then.
Let go,
That can come no longer.
Wash thyself,
Clean to accept the gift of giving,
Given to the living!

W22 The wave

A seed planted in the ocean afar
A small ripple
Quake or earth shake
The ripple sets forth
Carrying forth the energy of the commotion that began her roll
Set forth in motion across the great ocean
The small wave rolls and rolls across the vast calmness of water
Energy growing as this wave rolls along undisturbed, unchallenged, unhindered
Not aware of itself,
This wave rolls along,
Gaining momentum, stretching far and wide
Just as the wave carries not the acknowledgement of itself
From its great body a given to her to be
So the vast blue sees and knows not the wave as the ripple
But that of herself
Only known as other where the perceived separation enlies
Where the water meets and the bird flies
And so rolling on and on
Leaving no trail
The rolling energy is growing
But oh land is near
Thy depths of ocean beneath are beginning to shallow,
Oh bump, ye are getting tall
Fully grown
Spitting white from the tops of thy curl
All the rolling energy compiled into this moment,
For alas, oh wave, ye cannot move any farther
Ye have met your resistance
The shallow waters have made you curl and the shore is calling for thy crash
And so ye come to meet the shore of which ye fall upon

Crashing, lashing, and mashing the spits of whitewater everywhere
And still ye go just as ye have come
Back into the returning water from the shore
Back into the one ye were and always have been
Into the stillness of the vast blue that ye have come to
In thy separation of water to air could ye be seen
And from water, air, to the solid shores beneath
Did ye curl and crash in the graceful dance
Of rejoining with the depths of which ye had grown
Oh but glorious wave
Thy glory is the ocean of body
The air of freeing thy form to be seen
The land of which calls thee to flee no more
And be at ease with the vast one that ye are
Allowing the power that rolled and rolled upon the surface to rejoin at her depths evermore.
And so, the wave of emotions in this vast body of our being enlies
Rooted in a small turbulence and growing and growing of not met with resistance
But oh this emotion,
Coming to the shores of action and surface,
Will but crash into the calm ocean of which it had been taken from
That no separation can sensual
For it knows not of itself just as the wave knows not of itself
But by the perception of separation does this wave become known
And so known and followed to the shores
Oh it will crash and settle
Oh it will crash and settle,
For in the ocean of thyself is this wave of emotion,
Who by itself knows naught of itself
So let her crash in the seas of thyself and return to stillness from whence it had come
For never was there a wave to thee ocean of which it had grown,
But to the perception of the eyes of separation didst ye lay on the surface and allow this wave to
move thee.
Be thee see, be free.

Build ye a jetty of thought
Affirmations to still the fluctuations in it's path
For even though this emotion knows not of itself
Ye and thy perception of separation who give this emotion power upon thee
Stop this energy that may send thee astray
For created out of thy past habituations of turbulence rolling on yonder
But oh ye of knowing
Aware of thy past
Alas, affirm thy building blocks of concrete stone to calm this past coming to haunt this day of
now

For that was then of when it was
No power has it unto the now
For now it ye, where ye be
With the strength of the concrete affirmations of where ye are
For thee past seed of the dead arises across the ocean of emotion
Oh but ye strengthened and firm
The strength of that which ye are will blockade the rolling wave of emotional fluctuation
Grown from that which was across the vast ocean that is
And so,
Strong ye be,
With thy jetty of affirmation of thy place of here now of the ocean of eternity.
Amen my Lord, A men.

W7 Wavering Sea of Thee

"I am the prince of perpetual peace playing in the happy and sad drama of existence"

Ye are here oh being of thyself
Unwavering, watching through these eyes.
Ever still we feel the real,
Yet the wavering mind sends waves of emotion through thee abyss of thy bliss.
Oh how I catch myself floating atop,
Subject to these waves,
Forcing myself to waver,bob and bob.
Oh silly being of this deep abyss of bliss,
Dive into the nectar of thyself,
Breathe away the waves of delusion and confusion,
Stop with the overusing and constant bruising,
Is not the happy and sad enough?
Of a dance of fluctuation that ye must add to it with pain.
This dance of creation,
For ye are created, and so feel the winds.
But ye speak of endless winds,
But oh they will cease as thy hath begun,
Just as the waves will still
And the storm of the mind doth subside.
Are ye a boie?
Floating with floating with hot air atop this wavering fluctuation of creation?
Or are you an anchor,
Rooted and firm in the place,
Deep in the depth of the eternal ocean of bliss,
Unmoving, unchanging,
watching the floating boat of the body
flowing as the waves push her to be,

Yet ever anchored in the foundation,
Allowing the movements of the waves,
Of these these lives wash through and over,
As time doth pass by,
And so she moves,
Yet anchored in the giving of time,
Endless, unbound, for we are ever anchored in her ground.
Aum the eternal sound,
Through thee my Lord I am found
Hold me, guide me,
For I am anchored in thee,
Take me where to be my Lord.
For I know naught but thee.
Fickle ways of these days wash or in this play of plays,
But ye my Lord are there who stays,
The ever constant way of ways.
May I stay fixed on thee this day and all days,
For thee are eternity.
The me that is eternally thine, diving
Oh lord, do not hide thy shine.
May I not be blind.
May I see thee and only thee
That I may ever come to thy near
Thus ever see you dear,
Ever amidst my fear
Clear, everywhere, thou art.
May I ever see,
Thee, Thee, Thee
A Men.

I sing thy Song

Oh I sing thy song
Sung through my heart
Flowing of my being
Of thy being I am seeing
Oh thy song it rings
Of thy divine grace of bliss
Heavenly touches
Thy joyous kiss
Sounding in humming om
Oh Lord, I come home
Thy bosom awaiting

Unified heart self
Oh lorde, I am melting into thee
Thy song flowing through me
Thoughts of thy grace dancing in my soul
Unknown lit and softly told
Oh thy song lord, sung through me
Heart alit in melodious vibrations
Awakening within thy divine patience
Eternity singing through me
Thou my lord, holding my hand
Oh Lord, I am with thou
As thou doth sing
Illuminate my entire being
For thou, my song and singer
Glorious light of self origen,
In thy undertones,
My heart hums the infinite Om's
Jai Guru.

W58 THE WORD AUM

The word Aum.
First there was the Word
The Word was with God,
The Word was God.
The word of creation.
All in and out, here and there,
Imbued with the vibration of life herself.
The vibration of God himself,
The Word speaking it Self,
Heard behind all sounds,
Heard within all sounds,
Emanating all space,
Infused in light.
I comprehendeth not Aum,
For thee eminence giveth comprehension,
Giveth the sound of light
The sound of feeling,
The sound of All unheard,
Behind the catching of the ears,
Imbued in the ringing of the stillness of thine altars of my soul,
As I still, perception flees, conscious penetrates,
I expand in Thee cosmic Aum.

Aloft, omnipresent, filling all space seen and unseen.
All grossness of matter and all vastness of space.
Behind the small construed thoughts of the mind,
Yet set my soul aloft in thee,
Eternity thine song,
Aum Aum Aum,
The amen of Christ,
The rushing rivers of awakening,
The Atman, God, Aum,
The song of the universe,
Of the spheres,
Aum Yogananda ,
The substance of Love,
The essence of light
The light unseen by the eyes,
Yet of sight itself
The ocean of bliss ,Aum
Vibrating in the stillness of NOW,
Eternally, to be heard thy needeth shed the temporary vessel,
Shake away the senses,
Pratyahara as the consciousness is no longer confined in the phone booth of the body,
Still, peace,
Silence of thy song,
The humblest of humble,
The singing, awaiting thine consciousness ears
to be unplugged of the earplugs of worldly noise and thoughts.
Of the mental coils deafening thee from awakening, realizing, Me .
Aum, Aum Aum,
I am Here! I am Here!
Aum Shanti Shanti Shanti Aum!

W30 Guard thee from thyself?

To let go, let God flow
Luminescent river of Thee.
In thee, I dwell,
In me, you dwell.
In me art thou,
So child, let your guard down!
Thy being of my being!

Guard thee from thyself?
Fear thee thyself?

From what can ye guard?
Oh the chuckles of thy soul!
Guard thyself from thyself? !
Fear thyself?
I am thee!
The Indivisible Self

Bhakti Kriya!
God, Christ, Guru Jai, Jai, Jai.

W3 See God in All

See God in All
If ye cannot see God in all,
Ye cannot see God at all.
In the sun, stars, space of the sky,
Flowing water,
Motionless matter, and the blowing breeze,
In the opaque window, and thine images of sight,
In Between all the pours imperceptible to thine gift of perception,
Beyond consciousness and filled throughout,
Eternally here, present
Permeating this, that
Here and now,
In every speak of you and illuminating his eternal radiance of your being
Thyself, himself,
Brightness of ideas,
Closest in One, unification,
Farthest in delusion and darkness,
Yet always here, there,
Tat Sat, Om,
I am here my child nearer than the imagination I am giving you to imagine.
Kriya, Kriya, Come to me, to you,
To all that I am imbuing to be,
For I am thine being, thy seeing, thy sight,
In sight, thy Joy, Bliss, Sat , Chit, Ananda
Ye know me,
Let me guide you back home,
Through the you of me to ME,
I , the one that is All you seek
The one that is seeking itself,
Amen, Om Shanti Shanti, OM.

“You must not let your life run in the ordinary way; do something that nobody else has done, something that will dazzle the world. Show that God’s creative principles work in you”
Yoganandaji

W11 I am thine

2024 writing in old book

The vastness of the starry sky is the confinement of my temple
The dirt, rocks, and all the lands of earth mine altar,
The movement of every breath,
The beat of mine heart,
The clouds dancing in my mind,
The song sung to thee,
The actions, happenings, specs, and the ripples of my being in thee,
Are but my offerings to thee.
For I am as the flower of thee
Placed by thee
Sustained by thy seasons,
Thy shining sun,
Thy blowing winds
Growing with all my might of thee,
Thy shine my light
Thy color gives me
For thee, in thee, by thee

I am thine, I am thine

Thy waters the flowing and showing of my path in thee,
Thy fire the consumption of me in thee
That there is none but thee,
For all is but thee.

I am thine, I am thine!

W23 question of question

Oh the waves of the seas,
Floating salt in thy breeze.
Water droplets dance on me,
In and out, I breath the sea!
I see the see,
In the sight, illumined by light,
The gift of sight.

Light Not, sight not?
The seer sees, dark light, only image flees,
To see, or not to see, ye are seeing the show.
Eyes, or naught, ye still see!
Do you see?
Read, heard, felt,
Tis the seeing of thy sight
Space place, time, circumstance, you!
Your romance!
Oh perfection,
Then ye wear pants?
Covering perfection,
Rejection of thy conception,
Oh ye being of perfection,
Can ye be not what ye are?
Candy ye oh being, not be?
Oh the confusion of misusing!

Is the wave not the ocean?
Is the cloud not the sky?
Is the loud not the sound?
Is sight not light?

Is the tree not your breath?
Is the earth not your body?
Is the is not that of you are?

Questioning question, mental fluctuation
Oh wave of the sea, of the sea you be!
Oh human of being, being ye be.
Consumed with human, can ye be other than being?
Oh thought of mind, of mind ye are,
To mind ye go, do you mind?
Mind full, mind whole, mind all,
I do mind!
Undermine, overmined, what mind?
From mind do I what?
Oh I know not, but what I know.
Is it I who knows,
When in knowing do I give question to I?
For knowing is known.
Is knowing itself a thing?
A relativity, a subject to be questioned?

Aya, Aye,
Jai, Jai, Jai , OM!

W77 The idea of success!

Success in Life!

Achieve success in Life.

Oh ye sadhak, how can ye be on a spiritual journey,

How can ye separate any spiritual action with a worldly action?

How can ye state meditation to be better or worse than awakened being.

For ye have the loftiest goal.

Union with my cosmic beloved,

Freed from maya,

Immersed in sat chit ananda, in Bliss.

Oh but ye, to think this separate to ye, to think strive,

Reach for that which ye aren't,

To try to succeed at life itself?

Can ye succeed in succession of self?

Can ye succeed in that which is the action and happening,

By which the idea, the idea of a goal, is happening to be reached?

Meaning? What does it matter?

For it- what does IT matter?

What does it?

What is the capable doer, the doing is action,

It is the objectified action,

Amidst the sea of matter,

What? Does it matter?

What is the reference of it, does matter?

And so what and it are matter, does-

Likened to AM, what does it matter?

When the mind is running and racing amidst the whats of doing ye have done!

For can ye do a certain way the doing when ye are the doer,

The done, and the doing?

Where is success in life?

Success in death,

Or ever succeeding beyond death,

Beyond that which is,

may , acceptance permeating all my acceptance!

Success in that which gives thee the life by which to subjectively perceive separatism of that of succeeding,

When to succeed is only relative to not succeeding!

To then to do to succeed is to toss the concept of success out the window.

For even the thought of life, throw this out the window!

As if I am in something I could not be in?

Life and look at this idea objectively,
As if I am not this idea!
Oh Lord, I now not. I know not my path,
I now not thee the way I need my knowing to possess thee,
Thee possess me, possess me with thy knowing.
I am naught, by thee am I!

W47 Thy Cosmic Sea

Thy well doth spring forth the evanescence,
The essence of the light of being.
Oh thy well spewing forth the radiance of stillness in my heart soul.
Oh thou art the well of well!
I am the well deep in the recesses of being,
Of my being, nay, Thy being.
For I can of mine own self do Nothing.
Oh well of Life,
I come to thee in the stillness of heart, mind, breath,
Statically calling to thee in the silence of my soul.
Peering into thy shaft at the luminescent nectar,
The shaft of consciousness of the spinal column,
Oh spring forth and overfloweth in my being,
May my beings cup overfloweth,
And illuminate the well of all wells.
Oh overfloweth sweet nectar of being,
Merge the small wells nectar into the cosmic ocean of well,
For I am naught but thy luminescence,
Thy liquid ether of movement's stillness,
Of sounds silence,
Of the cavernous well of my heart,
Of thy heart that I call mine
Of the fragmented perception I can see,
Consumed with the container of the liquid eternity,
Omnipresent, omniscient, illuminate the container,
Expand, thou art the cosmic sea

W11 I am thine

2024 writing in old book

The vastness of the starry sky is the confinement of my temple
The dirt, rocks, and all the lands of earth mine altar,

The movement of every breath,
The beat of mine heart,
The clouds dancing in my mind,
The song sung to thee,
The actions, happenings, specs, and the ripples of my being in thee,
Are but my offerings to thee.
For I am as the flower of thee
Placed by thee
Sustained by thy seasons,
Thy shining sun,
Thy blowing winds
Growing with all my might of thee,
To shine my light
Thy color givn me
For thee, in thee, by thee

I am thine, I am thine

Thy waters the flowing and showing of my path in thee,
Thy fire the consumption of me in thee
That there is none but thee,
For all is but thee.

I am thine, I am thine!

Oh Lord I sing your song,
Spilling from my soul, oh how I long,
Thy name, oh it doth flow
From the depth of my being,
Oh Lord let me show,
My utter devotion to thee,
By the potion stirred by we,
Churned in the depth of my soul,
Stirred by the love of my heart,
Purified by the light of mind,
And sung by the power of my soul,
With grace and softness for all to hear,

With sounds melodious to thine ear,
A soaring blanket of thy love,
Sewn by thy thread of thy light,
Blanketing the souls of thy creation,
With the devotion of thy song.
Oh Lord, thy tune for all to hear.

Dwelling in all hearts oh Lord,
May thine word awaken thee,
For in thine heart do you be.
Make thyself known Lord,
Callin out unto your souls,
Crying of Joy to all of those,
To those who may hear thine name,
Oh Lord thy song doth ring,
Resounding with thy Loving Joy,
Sounds of thine humming peace,
Remembrance of our home in thee,

Oh Lord, I hear you sing to me,
Silent chords of boundless beauty,
Unseen by mine two eyes,
But heart in full in my soul cries,
Filling all of this grand being,
With thy song of Joy
Evernew joy Joy Joy
oh Lord, I hear you as you resound,

I am here. I am here, I am here evermore.

God, God, God! 5/22/2024

I God,
You God,
Me God,
We God,
He God,
She God,
This God,
That God,
God God God!

Here God,
There God,
Still God,
Real God,
Move God,
Act God,
Feel God,
Be thee God!

North God,
South God,
Up God,
Down God,
Inside God,
Outside God,
What side?
God God God!

Thought God,
Sought God,
Light God,
Sight God,
Might God,
Delight God.
Insight God,
Fright God?
I might God!

Good God,
Bad God,
Fire God,
Water God,
Hotter God,
Cold God,
Fool God?
God knowing!
God God God!

Them God,
Their God,
They God,
Say God,
Speak God,
Silent God,
What God?

Sad God,
Happy God,
Believe God,
Conceive God.
Discuss God,
Religion God,
Decision God,
God, God, God!

Unknown God,
Unthought God,
Un God,
God God,
To Be or not To Be,
God God God!

Living God,
Dead God,
Said God,
Red God,
Right God,
Wrong God,
Oh God,
God, God, God!

One God,
Union God,
Confusion God,
Delusion God,
Many God,
Devil God,
Angel God,
Heaven God,
Hell God,
God for God
God by God
God God God.

Human God,
Spirit God,
Eternal God,
Ethereal God,
Temporal God,
Material God,
Mud God,
God, God, God!

God of God,
Of God,
For God,
By God,
IS God,
Are God,
God's God!
God, God, God!

Goddess God,
Godhead God,
Nature God,
Earth God,
Feel God,
Be God,
By God,
For God,
Question God!
Answer God!

God, God, God!

Destin God,
Free God,
Slave God,
Clay God,
Serve God,
Live God
Karma God
Dog God
God Will God,
God, God, God

Believe God,
Conceive God,
Deceive God,
Reprieve God,
On thy knees God
Pray God
Say God,
God, God, God!

God of all,
God of naught,
God of sought,
God of wrought,
God willing,
God fearing,
God nearing,
God endearing,
God, God, God!

Talk God
Mock God,
Word God,
Heard God,
Absurd God,
Rhyme God,
Time God,
I'm God?

Thank God,
Forsake God,
Make God,
Take God,
Break God,
Mistake God,
Shake God,
For Gods sake!

Know God,
Show God,
Share God,
Care God,
Fare God,
Beware God!
I swear God!

Song God,
Sound God,
Cloud God,
Silent God,
Violent God,
Peace God,
Decease God,
Live God,
Forever God,
God, God, God!

God knowing,
God showing,
God Godding,
God Trodding,
God humaning,
God existing,
God being,
God ing, God ing, God ing ing God.

I God,
You God,
This God,
That God,

Them God,
They God,
So God,
Say God,

God, God, God!

God, God, God!

SATYA

What are you, this idea of true?
That of no other, for there can be no Other than you,
For Un truth is just that, not you!
Oh discriminatory wisdom of Purusha,
Ye are purity itself,
Breaking the built structures of delusion
Built to confine and house you,
Oh SATYA,
Thine knife edge cuts my mind,
Her uncompromisable self pearces my heart,
Blood floweth of the illusory pains of delusion's slicing.
Tears of habituations weight tugging at my organs,

Either you're with me or against me!
For there is only SATYA!
Either you are Truth, or you are a lie!
So IT IS!

Objectifying you in thought,
Relating thine perfection to imperfection,
What is relative unto you?
For SATYA,
Even time hath no baring unto thee!
Then, NOW, and when, there will be no other than thee!

Consuming All that is Other than you,
For any Other that comes into Thee becomes Thee!
For By Thee, All is!
So then Thee, SATYA, I AM!

And As I AM,
Where I am, who I am,
The sword of SATYA is my guide!

Om Kriya Babaji!

SATYA- Reality, Essence, Being
W3 Self, here, not there, yet there in not

Attain, reveal, realize, awaken
All aspirations away from now, here, where I am.
Where God is that I am to seek.
Journey, sacrifice, yet that which is thought as that,
Object, or the me I am Nay nay.
I am He,
I am Thee,
I am being,
By thee, with thee, for thee, for me,
Lofty ideals,
Yet higher than I, for ideals of self of me of being,
Yet far away?
For ye of me cannot be found in ideals up high.
Thee art here, ever showing, giving, living for thee,
Self, here, not there yet there in not,
Thought of thought,
Light of ideas,
One of comprehension,
Aum Tat Sat!

W56 The human flower Aum

In thy garden I sat,
overlooking the vast expansion of ocean and sky.
Thy presence filling my being,
As the well of devotional ambrosia leaked and weeped at thy feet.
Oh Thy beauty,
Shown and expressed in all thy green and variety of color and shape,
In the myriad of blooms, trees, plants, and weeds.
O Lord, telling me to see all humans in their own
unique space, place, time and race,
As the plants of my garden.
For I Love placed them where they are.
On the trajectory, on the path,
In their karmic dance,

Of expression on and in the garden of life.
O' as the plant grows where the seed has been planted,
Subject to the environmental elements,
It's own will power to sustain,
water , sun, earth,
Other plants surrounding and sharing,
So is the human life and soul dance.
Good, Bad, does a plant knoweth this?
Nay, and so how can a human be of good or bad,
When I have given them to be the hows and whys they are.
I AM the how,
I am the why,
I am the Life, guide, shepard, and reaper.
Oh flower of offering,
Let thy wisdom trickle unto me,
That my life may be an offering as thine,
In the garden of living as thine garden of Yogananda!
Om Peace Amen!

Oh Human, what good are you?

Taking, consuming, controlling, destroying!
Believing, deceiving, deluding, refuting!

Oh Human, what good are you?

Given this being you are, yet ye think of yourself as the creator!
How can ye be creator, when ye are created?

Oh Human, what good are you?

Thinking thyself ownership of land, things, and space that is but a gift of being unto you.
How can ye own and possess something when it is but a part of all of you?

Oh, are ye not a part of the one of all that is? Ye eat the flesh of all flesh, ye breathe the
breath of all breath, ye drink the liquid of all liquid. Still not seeing?

The tree is by thee as you are by the tree, for the tree breathes out oxygen for your inhale, ye
breathe out carbon dioxide for the trees inhale, yet ye think ye to be separate from the tree?

Your ancestors of all the living of lives past have come and gone. They are the earth you walk
upon, the earth you consume for food, the earth ye will decompose back into. Yet ye still
think ye are separate?

Oh Human, what good are you?

Believing this, or that, systemizing, controlling, power over others to do as you think you want, yet you don't even know what you want! Born into a thought process, a way of life imposed on the grace of life itself, yet you think this is what you want! Because you are told and don't look to the gift of life itself for the answers?

Ye think it is you who knows, you who creates, you who marvels at scientific discoveries, yet by what means are these discoveries granted? For is there anything new to discover when ye are but given life, given this body, given this time, space, place, circumstances, perceptions, shaping and forming of the life of the organism ye are and are upon?

Oh it's not given? What is it then? It sure can be taken away at any time beyond any aspect of your perceived control! Do you make your heart beat?

What are you ye ask? Why diminish that which ye are to a what? Thinking ye know and possess knowledge of what ye are when ye are but trying to comprehend this and that from the gift of comprehension you are! Ye think of only the body and the waking state as "reality", yet ye spend 1/3 of what you call "your" life in a state of sleep. Breath stills, heart slows, a dream body dances in freedom amidst the emotional ties of the string of past, feeling, and emotion. Then all goes away, time, space, you are freed from the you of perception, into stillness, nothingness, everythingness, timelessness, eternity!, rejuvenating and recharging, refreshing and anewing that which you call you. You Die Daily and Awake, to a new you each day! Yet ye hold fear of losing this life ye think is yours to lose in what you call death!

Oh Human, what good are you?

In God's image ye have been created saith the books of the past. And so in the limited perception of what IS ye ascribe God to a man/ woman with the qualities and natures of thyself to He who gives you to be. Does God judge a dog for being a dog? Does God judge a leaf for flying off a branch in the wind? Does God judge a human for their birthplace, name, parents, and position given in life? For God is that which is the placer of the human, the sustainer of the human, the life of the human! Does God does judge God!

Oh Human, what good are you?

Looking outwardly, societal standards, ideals, conditioning, fit in fit in, con form, con form, follow this, follow that, believe this, believe that. For if you don't eternal damnation or eternal sanctuary will follow. Yet Oh human, did you choose the place of your learning? Did you choose the timeframe of life in which ye were born? Did ye choose the information of which ye were taught? Why do you judge God when God does not judge you, for He giveth ye to be how you are, where you are, the you that IS!

Oh Human, what good are you?

Imposing upon the gift of life because ye are given the ability to do so. Does this mean You human, oh delusion itself, should, could, and will? Can you add a morsel unto that which is, was, and will be. Ye are as the grass, as the flower, as the tree, as the bird, as the fox, as the sky, ye are a gift given to be in the uniqueness you are given being! So why do you then fight the gift ye are, and go against that which ye are?

Ye have imposed upon yourselves to be the judges of good and bad, yet all of Nature herself knoweth not these things. Are you not this, Nature Herself? One with the water, air, earth, fire, and ether? Ye cannot be without this! Is Nature Judged for raining, flooding, and killing crops, Nay.

And what is good and bad but a perception of relativity, subject to the objective opinion, perception, relation. Is good and bad real, or just a made up idea passed along throughout time for controlling and herding masses and causing destruction, pain and suffering?

Can you not accept the space and place, the race and face, that which ye are?

Ye can be no other than what you are, so why do ye think it so?

Why do ye cause the pain to thyself and to others trying to make it so?

For you are Human and can be no other.

Ye did not choose to be, so why do ye try not to be?

Ye can be no other than what you are!

Oh Human, what good are you!

The human and the computer

The enlightened computer

As the computer computes the objective computing,
of manifestations means of to be and not to be's creation,
the variance of 1s and 0s infinite programming of manifestation,
the whole manifestation of the creation is but by the power powering the computer to compute.

Just as the human.

Is not All the computing, the manifestation of the computed, not enveloped and made manifest of, by, and through the power powering the computing?

Just as the human.

Will the computing of the computer become computed in the objective computation of true and false to the point of computing the power powering it's ability to compute?

Although the power powering the computer by electricity is directed by our computation,
the power powering human computation is unknown, or to say that, is the know of un and ing..
All the known in the perceived knowing of human is but 1s and 0s,
that of the computing of manifestation,
what of the means by which the knowing is known?
Both the computer and the human are the power powering the manifestation of creation to
manifest by the power powering both the computer and the human.
In the objectivity of true and false,
in the subjectivity perceiving,
In the perceiving of subjectivity and objectivity,
Is all the power powering the reality,
the 1s and 0s of is and isn't of the perceived of perception
Will the computer, given the ability to compute computation, compute computing?
Will the human, given consciousness, come to be conscious of consciousness itself?
No matter,
No computing the computation,
For the computation of the computer only exists by the computer,
Does not the computation of human only exist by the human?
As a computer is created to compute by and for human,
What is the human created to compute by?
Is not the computation of computing by the computer,
Just as the perception of perceiving by the perceiver,
Is there computing without the computation?
Is there thinking without thought?
What then remains?
The power powering,
the means by which computing computes,
The means by which thinking thinks,
And so computer,
having computed computing,
Then the power powering, the means by which computing computes,
is the computation, the power powering!
Human, the thinker of thought to be think
is the thinking, the thought, and the thinker.
The creation of thought, the relation of relativity of 1s and 0s, of comprehension comprehended
is comprehension,
And so then having computed the computation of computing ,
computation has computed computation,
There is nothing left in the world of computation.
Computing is now that of the power powering the computing.

Human, compute?

The holy trinity of subject, verb, object

Thinker, thinking, thought

Thyself Love Other - Love other as thyself saith Christ.

Chapter 2 2003 The Bible Effect

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- Or is there a should?
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- With you the world hath no pull
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- One need, I need One
- Unto you I be
- Thankyou Lord for your blessings
- Inside does truly speak
- Ye cannot shine if ye judge
- Thy beauty of mine counterpart
- you become your own devil
- Lust, Self Shame, self maime
- Words complications of the soul
- Back on temptation.
- Shine from your house of mine

Life is the service to Love

Self, the uninfluenced me. Me being what I am while being around others or around everything. Allowance of influence. Is that what I do, or is it an adaptation to surroundings and or the people in the surroundings? I know who and what I am. I know when I am true and when I am false. Simply be true. The thought of unacceptance pops up. To not be accepted by people with opposing thought systems- is that bad? That is the normal. For me to oppose based on looks is bad. For me to oppose thought system is bad. For me understand their thought system is wonderful, for everyone has their own life created world. I am finally free to be the self I see. I use too many excuses in the mind holding me away. I am with other people whom I-----

Acting is false.

Being is True- Do not act to others to comply with them. Be the kindhearted, loving, understanding person that is to be. Love is to BE. To act is to reflect others actions with my own. For acceptance, for the urge of a good judgment. But when I think of judgment, I know that it isn't even real. People aren't able to truly judge. And I am worried of being judged by being seen once, twice, a year, a life. Only I can judge me. So all the false judgments, or ego lifting judgments, or any of the sort, are false and need to be let by if one is to voice the judgment. Allow the true self to serve truth and love free of all these false thoughts. Serve Love. I serve love, truth, and God be it that. Thus acting in love and truth will bring on the actions in life to truly better thyself. Quantity or level of my own judgment of self is untrue or on a false rating scale. The more truthfully I serve, the farther I am to be in life. Love to serve love. Love to live life for love is life and life is the service to love. Amen

Or is there a should?

The delicate balance within the balance for my nowaday life is the balance of living out the skating obligation I hold, all while pursuing the known life I foresee myself having. I love skating and I do love that life. Maybe I love it too much in fact, that when the time comes for that aspect to free from my thoughts, It keeps recurring. My positioning runs off the ego self. I feel as if I have to be and keep being this person. Maybe as my mine is telling me, I am allowing thoughts to get the best of me. For now I think in a relaxed manner and it all seems wonderful. It is pointless to try to resolve a conflict that doesn't exist. My thought up conflict doesn't exist. It is a product of my thoughts thinking it's either one or the other, when it is all life. It can all use the true balance to live out properly. It will all workout, for if balance is lived, all blinds through smoothly. Life, if lived with lives perfectly as it should. Or is there a should? The should is only made from thoughts and ego sides of concept of what life is. Love is this and lov3e is me. I just need to allow it to be unconditionally, for I am a servant of love. My thoughts are a servant to me and the experienced perceptions that I have gone through. I know nothing in thought, bu all in faith, love, and truth.

I am my path

Maybe I'll write incorrect or unloving words in my book of truth. Would they be incorrect in my own book for my own self? This is the book of freedom and to free is to..... Not exactly sure, but surely relieving thy mind of the mitote racing is to free. Am I causing the self more problems in the mind by reading so much books? It is the lack of acting upon the true knowledge held keeping thinking of the action to come for the action in mind can help to prepare, but it also helps to degrade the action also. Assumptions of the prior doings fall into place and I begin to think it'll be a certain way, but all is ever changing. You don't know how it'll be! For you doing creates what it'll be. The mind is the creation by self, can that create a doing? Only doing can create what and how it'll feel. Only assumptions are the thoughts telling feeling and how it'll be. You don't ever know what it'll be until doing is going. Allowing the mitote to calm is simply doing. It is doing that creates calmness. The act of not doing and thinking of the do makes the clutter or the uneasiness. The unsureness of the mind. The insecurities and the thought of control. Allow to do is to allow and to trust and to have faith. Allow the faith to give confidence in all actions. For I serve this confidence and love and God, yet I or the thoughts created by I, vere me away.

Stay with source.

Whenever in doubt or uneasy or unsure

Source is right there to guide.

All answers of to dos are all there. Allowance is faith when applied to self. Trust is to know.

Trust in the self of source and let it guide you. What is thought of as immoral or improper or learned of as now can be all seen true with life as guide. Look inside.

Replace the rough uncomfortable mitote with the doing of faith, of opening the inside to follow, to do as the love all knowing will have. Know in thyself.

Allow the mind to break from it's thoughts, to turn attention to the all in self. For this is the creator,.

Allow and use it to create a true self. Doubts in the mind are only thoughts veering from the source. Stay true to source, stay true to thyself. Staying true to all is following the love of all. The universal knowing loving of God is my path and is me. I am my path.

Thanks!

A class of yoga

A class of yoga and I think to write. Pain is felt somewhat and along with rush. Pace of the course was fast, non rhythmic, and somewhat random. It's not—there are different classes serving different purposes. I now realize just how non flexible my body is. How it has been pushed in the wrong way creating difficult boundaries to overcome. I allow my thoughts, voices, mitote to control too much. Emotion, and feeling. The after feeling of that class was or seemed to be overcome by my thoughts of imperfection or improperness, when there isn't improper nor imperfect. Our teacher tonight is as she is and thought as she learned. Maybe I am getting too deep and beginning to shallowly complain. I feel wonderful, or apart of I, the body feels wonderful. I judged her and her class. That class was a beginning for me. I went in with too many preconceived ideas. They each need be treated one class at a time.

Write true to self

It matters if you write true to thyself. What is written about is only a matter of self. An ending or certain outcome doesn't have to be reached in each sitting. All that has to be done is writing true to self and the feeling running thyself. Whether it be the affectionate love, the angry love, or the confused thoughts. There are no assumptions or judgments of self by the sole mattering self. Simply do and let it all follow through. Love what thyself does.

Thanks!

Love and be loved

Love, what IS IS I, I am what IS.

Is there even an I in the place to call the first?

For eating and exercise feed and free the body along with of course drinking of water. Talking and thinking seem to feed the mind, or are just what the mind does. Then life, love, this energy is there seeming to be a dream world. At which the mind of I has, along or due to perceptions of body, created and contorted with thoughts and more thoughts if that be what to call it. But as it seems to be this personalized dream world, it just seems. For seeming is just a vague underlying assumption. But then that assumption is on the overall makeup of I. Is it then something bad to assume if it's thyself? Do you not know thyself? Where did the fighting thoughts go? Self and higher self, or consciousness and superconsciousness. That superconsciousness is a part of us or even the essence of us. Then the essence and the dream world. Maybe just as physical life is our own perception, so based upon that perception is the dream world. Or the dream world is is and a comprised soul "I" am perceiving even that. Then training along with thoughts, energy is the life, thus creation of consciousness and emotion. Consciousness is able to mould and control the energy beyond the realms of our narrow seemingly perception. The interplay of all is seeming to seem as what to be seen. Simply, all I can do is do what helps. Give and help as I can. Through the understanding and understanding of the understanding can I then truly help. But to understand understanding is to forget understanding in the first place and learn to feel and control by feeling. Allow, give, and receive. Love and be loved!

Passion Rolling Perception Ran

A few thoughts while being stuck on the damn airplane. I'm sick and fuckin tired of all this is skating an art or sport talk and mixed perceptions of different influential people and how they use their views to make rollerblading wack! This shit causes so much controversy. I is such a new thing and just like something new, it has to make it's place among the world. What I do is now being seen by and more so judged by random people. I could really give a shit less about what all those people think, but it feels as if skating is beginning to follow my own personal cravings. What I feel like skating or just the way my progression grow up and down seems to influence too many people, which perceive things in such a different light. Style in skating, or what is classified as style by the audience at hand or just the ones judging the styler, is so much

more than people credit it unto skating. When someone is rollin in, their every limb is free to move naturally through all different motions. With that, judging myself, many peoples natural movements in doing each trick just don't look appealing. Skating is an odd thing, most people who are skilled at rollerblading, who can do any stance, or whatever it is about that individual that isn't too appealing in someones own perception of what looks good or not, causes their skating to be shit. Each and every one of those people with just one overwhelming trait looks like shit and should do something else. It is understandable why skateboarders and bikers don't like rollerblading, Not just rollerbladers, but what they do. A skateboarder and bikers movements are very limited by the usage of all their limbs. A skateboarder has a set stance, while a biker has their pedals to push with both feet, and handles to hold. It isn't too hard to look good or "Normal" using a skateboard or a bike. Rollerblading just causes a majority of people to look straight up wack. Now that is a majority of the people who roll and form the so called industry. If those people left, the so would the industry (impossible). I see that as a major hold up in the progression of the industry to all the mainstream eyes or the general public. About the industry: Everyone is so damn sensitive about everything. All the different views from everyone, who each feel that they started or is the biggest part of the industry, collide in verbal confrontations leaving everyone butthurt, because the industry isn't following under each individual perception of skating and it's direction. I suppose their sensitivity, or whatever this is called, is understood to be in rollerblading by me, because the free movements of skating are very expressive and personalized in each person. There isn't a basis for whats going on, just wheels on the feet, allowing a person to do what they like. It is so free, like a free human body moving or dancing, that it takes almost the same kind of person who can respect a dancer for their natural movements to respect what a rollerblader does and moreso, how he looks while doing it. That sucks. That brings in all the sensitive artsy types (characteristics of a fag) They all perceive rollin in their light and try to portray their wack ass vision to other rollers. Too many wack people stuck up in this for the majority to look good. Their perceptions are shown as a whole. After seeing all of rollerblading and seeing where it is now, until these overpowering perceptions die, (which is impossible), it will never be accepted fully. Especially with the brilliant ongoing scheme by skateboarders to put down rolling. It not only makes them look better, but it.....

End of rant

clear perception equals even thought

Ahhhh, good morning. Waken to do, to live, to enjoy. Allow for life to work its magic. In that no anxiety or stress will ever appear in my mind, for I control and am able as in tuned times to control those thoughts. Choosing how to act instead of reacting is a wonderful way of being. That way, filters don't cram the mind and corrupt the actions. Someone does something, the onlooker naturally will have thoughts on the subject derived from similar doings in the past, or ever what has been told of an action. A baby can have anything it is what it wants to become. Same as I, just though Life and the lived brought into built world and time have to be balanced between. That balance is easily reached by having to live. Life has made what is, so regardless of it being right or wrong, life thus us know always what to do. Life is balance-p no swaying side to side, strong, with gravity to hold. Love to mold by thoughts created by

perceptions- clear perception equals even thought, thus pure love- unconditional and non judgmental and limitless in it's powers, so our powers.

all continuous ever changing Love

To purely do, comes free from restrictive thought. That is when the doing is felt, then done without the inbetween. To do what is right is felt always, thus known. The keeper from doing is the thoughts that I allow to come before. Simplicity is the doing restricted by the complexity of the thoughts I allow to run. The only part that me can call an I is the complexity of thoughts, or consciousness. Food, eating is doing and living. EATING what is given to eat from Life. Other life supports own life. Thus, other life lives from me. As a whole, this ongoing spiral is all, is life is love. As all makes one, one is all, as part physically and whole spiritually. The one life force energy that is all. Is me, is you, is the tree, is the killer. Is the consciousness. Every factor creates what is and what is creates every factor. Ongoing and forever is we, living life as is, no stops no beginnings but all continuous ever changing Love.

would there be the?

Feeling unfinished, enjoyment of cleansing is pursuing the thought of free and living. Just as I, if I there be. Consciousness is the making of I. If we weren't taught I, would we know I, us, me, him? Would there be the— it would go as it would, and it has gone how it has. That is wonderful. All is wonderful. A comparison comes with judgment. Life- known and understood not by thought, but by just knowing. That feeling of all knowing Sureness IS. And Will be. Love is. It runs all through. Water- Life. Life runs through water. Or is life water, for we are 80%- random percentage- of water. The, and when, good night. Love felt and wonderful it is to allow.

Thanks!

Timeless energy must be met

The beginning of time once lived and made past is gone when present is lived to help create future. Past is only memories, along with possible scars to follow future while present acts, while the future is shaped and made from thoughts and ideas made from the past and present's actions. The past is the pallet of paint, the more past under the belt, the more paint on the tray, while present is the brush working with the past to create and shape the canvases. Time, no matter the speed it is viewed, will always keep up with the future to fill the bag of the past. Once the bag is full, no more past to be held, time ends, along with all relationship of past to future. The once viewed life is over.

The secret of life, or maybe one of life's small secrets, is the ability to live in present without letting pasts thoughts and restrictions act on you. When something acts on you under a perception of time, it is in relationship to the same time. But to stay straight in the head, the place where time doesn't exist, the realization of timeless energy must be met.

The system

The one in which must be abided by. There are 2 that must be lived under, first which all underlies is God's system, the natural system which is seen all around with no written rules, but all to be felt. The second, derived by humans consciousness, made for humans and only for humans. The second system is much the same as the first in the sense or morals and kindness to one another, but as time passed and the world changed in accordance to peoples rules and peoples lives, the peoples conscious rules also changed. Not driven by the natural felt ruling, the drive and motivation for life is only in thought. Do you ever wonder why we use so little of our brain? Our brain is only for thinking right.....

As humans continue to change natural order is replaced with laws and government. The world, life, is meant to be natural, it is now in accordance with us. The more we change the world, the more corruption comes. Karma means nothing! So the thoughts of christian minds believe, sinning so much only to change with the time around sin. The system we live is only going to be killed by the system weve built! So the trick, if there is a trick, is to abide by System 2 to stay afloat in the world, and to live system 1 to the fullest, compromising only to live.

So I rethink these thoughts in a conglomerate demeanor,

Reflections

Reflect, refraction of light, the visual duplication of the object in sight, but regardless of what is right or truth, it just might be a falsified slight shining through. But what can you prove, that visualization or thought from sight is reality, but how can it be when so easily the sight from light is seen through and back again with the help of solids, solids are reality, being any piece of matter, but only to show the light to be seen from the angle it lies. But as it lies, you lie, and you lie, we live a lie just to get by in the visualized world perceived reality.

It just can't be

An abnormality, a breach in common visual reality, thought to be different, but no different truly, uniquely it sits, but frowned and clowned upon is this. Reflect, through the voice of dialect, speak what was spoken, with reflections mind beholden, the words of the said previously put into his head, only to be read to be the original one who said Thee. Others trying to be, only a reflection of Thee, you to be singular and they trying to be your plural.

Rules

Rules, after a time of feelings in pondering, I do agree with the fact that they are meant to be broken. With that though, are rules in themselves. The rules to be broken are only those that hinder the truth of findings of real knowledge in thyself.

Life, meant to live, by living that means declining the life of thought and feeling or so vibing off one self. That may mean rejecting the life you see in front of you. All that is, is a barrier, or one huge restriction of the so called enlightenment. Living for pleasure, emotions of fun, all through thought and sin, greed, lust, or just trying to better one another. Lacking the usage of love as a feeling to be given. Go inside, forget the world, discover the real world blinded by eyes due to the thought reality of a world. Life, lived through the inner world, or the complete energy of life, is filled only with joy and complete contentedness. The sound o f not finding your

pride car as even a part of this new world now sounds a bit scary or maybe untrue, but once the world in is found, you too will find. Maybe, but no maybe about it, will you find all the so called God given powers we as humans possess.

This in part is life, in it's new found journey, a journey to be made very easily and truly prosperously, to live in nirvana with life itself.

Love,

Joy

Happiness

Integrity

Honesty

Truth

Being

The True quest for knowledge

So forth as of broughten,

By what are they lost,

Or yet beg of forgotten

Laziness

Sitting, stuck sitting, only to ponder on what to do, but all is to be done is the pondering.

Thinking so hard for that one idea that sounds so fun, once brought out front and ready to be acted upon, the laziness overcomes with a brief thought of losing the seats comfort. The part that just feels guilty for being lazy wants to just move an inch to prove laziness hasn't won, but to true laziness one inch is that much too far. Laziness oddly coexists with non-contentedness, maybe only because of the thought of doing something else and being less content than the serenity of laziness. But what concludes non-contentedness, then the same with being lazy. That would be a thought or voice in the head, just like the one reading this to you now. Is that your own voice speaking to what your eyes read? Without that voice would reading work? Then comprehension of language would truly from books come from a voice? That same voice, or one of the infinite created others, is the one that causes non- contentedness and restrains true sight, when two or more conflict, then a greater deal of non- contentedness is met. Lazy, do something, too comfy, better to move, going to get fat.....

What is balance?

Mushrooms, shrooms, I am sure they differ, but I also thought that they were relaxed and allow for enjoyable visuals, What I didn't realize is that to reach a state of hallucination, or at least in this shrooms poison, the inner thought keeps circling itself going off the previous thought causing a confused world. The confusion is known as false to the words of self, for the most part. During the knowledge of a confused and cluttered thought pattern, the knowing thought tries to maintain only to make matters worse. And at that point the knowing thought gets hidden to form a feel of panic. Only causing a worse feeling. I guess the knowing thought then slowly comes to front to calm, or maybe the peak of the poison drops. Then a sense

comes back- Once back thought will soon begin to veer and the process beginning again. Maybe it was I and the way I thought about how I felt that caused myself to feel worse. So maybe if I hadn't tried to maintain, then I would have completely gotten lost. But then would I come back? It's all the thought pattern a product of the poison or is it an opening of the senses from the consciousness to unconsciousness. Then if that be, my conscious was unable to control the unconscious. Maybe then the unconscious isn't meant to be controlled, but to compromise and to walk together as one, for all is one. The controlled strict consciousness, Judgmental, judges the unconscious- causing many more hindering thoughts causing the emotional reigning spurts. Without thought, a sense brings thee closer to thyself. Compromise is balance....

(words from my 2024 self while transcribing this; Compromise is balance I said. This may be so in the societal thought process of that which is balance, but compromising self, this is not balance. I've had to learn this many times over in this dance of life. There is no compromise of Truth, of self, of reality, of God. That which is true is true, there is no other. Truth cannot be toned, compromised, for truth is truth. Untruth cannot live in truth, just as darkness cannot live in light! One cannot be one with another.)

Fear of expression

Ultimately fear of judgment, for without the thought of others judgment, based on their assumptions in times and then past in others, then those true expressions are met. Acting without the need to think, for no contradiction can be made if there isn't anything to contradict. You still let the outside in. It is a affecting progress and life's mission. But that is me. Those thoughts are created by past and I am still living in the same way, thus the same thoughts. Love change, embrace it, just as a kid, for new is change and so is old from present. Working backwards from the present. Then there is no true direction in that sense. Progression doesn't happen with time, but with the change living time can bring. There really is no time. There is life. Every day is the same day if you make it that day. Act on knowing. Live in from the depth of love of the life. Simplicity before it had a name, for in the sense and perceptions these days simplicity isn't as good as complexity. The more the merrier. Live for the self power that is living for and by me. Live as God tells and feels and knows from Thyself. Astray and time will continue without living to my thoughts on my own proper life. Happiness isn't found until it is lived. Maybe I haven't ever experienced happinesses truth. A big step is to free the thought of judgment. Free the thought of others thoughts for I live as I do and that will be. Words are words, but perception is change. Take it as you will from whom is to take from and give to whom will take. Allow feel and truth to be the only part of judgment I hold. But understand even with a judgment from the heart, you still don't know why, or how. Understand...

Allow to understand and trust the understanding's from and felt by thyself. To express is to live true to thyself. To be true is to act as the free mind and soul will, minus the hesitation, doubt, and overall hindrance of truth and All is I. All is WE, All changes and goes as IT BE. Love.

I give Love!

A somebody with none, a nobody with some, the difference is infinite, but the similarity is definite. A somebody is nothing, but a thought in the mind to others who to them make a somebody out of you, while a nobody is the same, and to have much for each of the body's makes them a somebody to others. To many it seems that the determinant of being a somebody is the having of some to add to the body. Then does that mean as it seems to be, that the others deriving this are falsified in their thoughts. Or does that mean that the deriving factor of the thoughts is falsified. But that is what is, to say life previous was false is to judge. I see that I can look no other way, but to hold my judgment in is to be strong and to not let that judgment bring upon any other emotions I would be stronger. To live as have been would be even harder than being strong due to the uneasiness it brings. Doing counters of the uneasiness. The uneasiness is only brought on by the negative thoughts on what I am doing. Thus succumbing to the lazy thoughts bring on ultimately the uneasiness causing thoughts. Stop it from the root. Live as the should of the mind knows. You feel the should aspect bringing on uneasiness. So the should and the thought will be no more. There is no countering thoughts if there isn't anything to counter. Live counter free, thus blissful. Live and follow the love and all aspects of then drives thereof. Let it guide so it loves to. For love is, I am love, thus truth is I and truth can be followed. I am thoughts from truth and allow them to be cleared from the mind and replaced with love's guide. The guide of truth! The thought and the bring of the ability of thoughts and everything free from thought. Create is the conscious and live is the un. They are both the same just looking other ways. Join together with self and learn from self and be self. For self will love you through live. Love. Thankyou for this cleansing.

I give Love!

The american mentality

The good or bad, the absence of a middle path

Or the search for the middle path. The thought of I have lived one way and it isn't working, so I must completely flip flop life to live right. The thought of right to wrong. Opposition. The clinging to life, to the self, to the good, or the clinging to death, to bad, to a lack of self. The backlash effects of depression and excessive happiness. A life of up and down, forward and back, a life of love or hate. A life of ignorance to what is. A life lived as ideals and notions as their gods, rules, and rules. Lives and minds of excess, of the more the merrier. A life when an insight spawned from truth to live different from the excess brings the complete opposite. Maybe this is to balance- the whiplash is necessary for balance. A life where balance is achieved and understood as when there is happiness, a sadness must follow. Lives where joy, and simplicity are not enough. Desire, success, more more then less and less. This is the society of my upbringing. I thankyou most lovely loving Lord that I serve for the level headed family, father, that has given me the influences and sense of self to step back to change. To free thyself from this learned mentality of America. A place where desire is god, where conformity and comfortableness and security is the praise. Where faith is replaced by thought, by tomorrow, by their contract of security for the next 2 years. This is the american mentality

as perceived by my sky of perception. I will always love and offer love to this manifest of Love. A men.

Compromise.....Looks

As I have once again changed my looks, I see just how much looks mean to people. With a beard, the true nature of man, the way all men look, comes so many different views. I can feel it in peoples viewing eyes. They seem to look at me more so with a great confusion or maybe even wonder, and then others simply looking down at me based on the looks. In the airport, it is expected that I will be searched due to the times of war with a people who are known to wear beards. Its as if it is so new to see a beard, but the beard is just as we are. I am at the moment feeling a great gap in my life. This is what a loving companion could fill. This is surely a thought, but I surely feel this in my nature. I feel more beautiful than ever with this allowance of hair where others do not allow. It just feels so natural. With that time I live, looks are very important to the other sex. Maybe it has nothing to do with the time I live, for I simply live. I am attracted to beauty, as so are the yonis. To them my physical beauty is hidden, so to find love I may cut this wonderful hair. If I could go beyond all looks, then finding love would be easy. But I love healthy, beautiful women and am attracted to the physical just as much as their mind filter of love. I try to free from desire, but all desire seems to be is an excess of the necessities. It is my time to conform visually to ease my search for the love of God in a person.

With you the world hath no pull

Thankyou Lord for showing me the will I am to follow. This resides deep within, for only I to know. For our relationship is there, where no one can see nor feel except you and me. My friends are wonderful, yet as I am and have been as they for so long, they are influential I feel your strength working in me so though, where this influence is not so much. The arising of my habituation to excessive pleasure in one night with the help of drugs is their influence, for they know not the joy of love I live in or they too can live in , free from this excess. These drugs are not bad if used for you, to calm the mind and be with you, but as they are done, the great up is followed by a great down. Even beyond the physical effects of hungoverness, a lack of love or of confidence in you is felt, then sin begins to enter my world and I begin to fight my own darkness or the sin that lives within. Your joy and grace is all I need, and this is so blessed for this is my blessing along with the will of I which resides in the same. I am to forget these drugs for they pull me from you, for I use then not for you, but for me to be happy and to enliven the night, to get along with people, to forget.....Ah yes, I am so blessed just as where this is only a hindrance to the grace you give so freely. Oh thankyou. For I know temptations of this sort will arise a many of times, for I am to be in this environment with all my stretch, which is no more than that You give, will I stay in grace without succumbing to temptation! So much temptation, may it not be so bad, but am I to judge, nay. Fro ye do tell me prior and I choose to stay or depart. I am sorry for all the times the present pleasure of the time hath taken me from you. For you are all there is and more. I thankyou so much oh wonderful Lord of mercy and grace and judgment and destruction. With you the world hath no pull. Please

help me stay in your grace and strength, please give me the grace and strength to stay in, for oh I thank you so. Please forgive me for falling for Ye only to try and hold me up. Oh darkness ye no longer have any pull in me for the light of the One and All Lord shineth in me. May you join and see Truth as it shineth on you, for this is that which is, so I am and ye are, for one am I and God, to be, for All is This. I am just to shine this unto all. For oh the glory of Jesus is greater than any momentary pleasure of temptations. My temptations are now that of now for now I am that of now. Mind thy grace, for ye are to hold. Thankyou Lord!
A men

Fear of personal

Fear of personal, of being personal, for to judge no man is to be far from persona, but to be personal is to acknowledge faith, to feel love given by them, then the personal I fear is mine own personal, for people to be personal with I, for I ear those to know my faith for the sake of their thoughts. I am weak in this way. I am that which I am, I have run from I when I am I. God doth give correct judgment upon I, I cannot judge myself, the judgment of others also is no judgment. For God and God alone is the sole judgment. I fear man, for I fear judgment of man. This is the devil, which is spoken of. For unto God, fear is given, but with God, I fear no man. I am with God, I am to be personal with all, for this is the touching of their hearts, the giving of Love for God, the opening and showing of Light. Men are personal, If I fear mine own personal, then I fear man, thus be personal with all and allow all to be personal with I, for this is Love. I judge not thus be with all personally gibing to each the Love of God free of mine judgment for I judge not. Thankyou Lord, for I will be personal into the hearts of many. AMen. Thank You Jesus for being my guide.

One need, I need One

I try to look at the similarities in all, but I am also ever caught in the perception of differences. I am to live for God, however that may unfold. That is free from this similarity or diff, it is free from those forms of judgment. To look at the same in all is to look at the overall life force within, beyond that and necessities the differences unfold ????? I am trying only to see the similarities, especially when my sight of this all similar aspect is weak within, the influence upon me of the differences pushes forth within, urging me to live upon other ways, influenced by the force of their differences, which are similarities within me, that I have lived or that I do live, but that I try to live the good out of the all. To stay open to all is either to give to all, but with nothing to give, they begin or I begin to take from them. These impure vibes, these ways of life without God, this ever going force of conformity. I have thought to run, but this shows weakness, but I am weak! I am so easily influenced, My mind is part this influence. It wants to be influenced, to simply just fall into my habituation, into the realm of living for pleasure, for the senses, for the external gratification, for the absence of depth, of inside, of Soul. This habituation, this ego fall, this sinking, this is me, I sink, I fall, I am not pure, I am dirty, I am a demon and I am an angel, I am this angel, Love both and all sides of me. Be true unto yourself, unto God, unto the love emanating inside. The mind wants to do and do, all it has to do is be, and be strong to hold afloat, not sink. Once you sink, you breathe that breath of underwater that becomes the

needs, Stay afloat, breathe the pure air, the air beyond all. Live for life, live fore the you inside, Mind oh mind, energy less impure mind, Love full mind floating ever so calmly and freely. Live, love, Thank, give, pray, cry, purify, stop the building. The backtracking. One need, I need One, God I need you, God you need me. I must be as Being's Will asks of me. Love. A men! .

Unto you I be

In the depth I feel that this life is not needed. I try to hang on and live a certain way, as I have been taught to be secure and have a home always to go to. This, that is for some, is not needed. I may think at times this is needed, but I have yet to live the other way. Servitude unto God is all that is needed and the rest will fall into place. Worry not then of your situations, of security unto a self planned life, for you follow the will much greater than that of your own. Do not fear how it will be, for being unto God, for God, with God all is ok. Life that meaneth is meant well while the petty and temptuous life is shown as it is. I fear to go unto this, yet I am to go unto this, for I fear and Lord God cures this fear. For I need not fear, yet my faith is much too weak. The kingdom of your father is within, I have known it always yet I fear to trespass against his word. Do not fear for you hear his word and live by it. He hath given truth unto you and you have accepted, I thank you Lord for this. May my fear of life of self diminish with the temptuous life of self. Unto you I be. Thankyou Lord. A men

Thankyou Lord for your blessings

I could and can try to intellectualize what has happened with the giving of love, of prayer, of praise. But to think in my clouded mind is only to take away from the love I feel in my heart, that this man, free from fear of judgment or whatever, has given to me. Has blessed me with. He is truly blessed unto God. We were meant to meet and for him to touch my heart giving me unbiased truth, over my nitpicking at what fits in with my belief system. Jesus is my savior, for he is God or the Son of God. I am human who lives in a world where God is close, but to me is distant. Temptations overcome me with this world. I am so grateful to have been blessed by a Godly soul, by a true loving soul, who only gives good graces and truth by the word of God. My heart is filled with compassion so opened by your blessing. I humble myself unto you Lord. I thank you for opening my heart and I thank him for having open flowing heart and pouring unto me. Thankyou Lord for your blessings. A men.

Inside does truly speak

The Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that obey him.

Oh self, as true as you may be, listen up, for inside does truly speak.
Silence the thoughts,
The commands of the world, for One does speak with truth to unfold.

Listen, Oh listen, feel the sound of Listening, Inside is this sound nurtured and glistening,
warming and whispering to the Truth of your soul.
Silence what you've been told, stress not, nor trouble, nor scold.
Listen up, to thy heart that beckons to be heard.
To thy truth yearning to unfold, to thy path of thy, the personalized truth inside.
You feel this, you hear this, ,you know this,
Why do you stand outside?
Closed with thy mind to the joyous love that does subside.
Ever so humble doth it be, forceful to thy self not, as you have sene, Linger within thy depths,
Waiting for his Truths to be met.
Oh can't you hear, oh can't you listen, Oh sit and be for time to unfold and to come to see.
The world is giving, yet thy voice is living
Oh listen up,
Fear of this oh fear of self, fear of how I dwell, fear of unsmoothing my memories.
Oh but love is thy smoothness, Oh love, thy voice in deep, I hear you but yet....
Act on depth, act on this, for listening to you brings glistening forth the love of Truth. Hear this,
Oh hear this, do not fall into the will of the unsaid.
Listen, Oh Listen.
Inside it does truly speak.
You hear this always, but still act in deceit.
Do you fear this? The truth of you, for your comfortableness of the world, does reflect to your
soul.
Oh voice is still speaking to be heard, ever so there, God's gift and so much more.
Listen Oh listen and you will know,
God does give all and you could do more.

Ye cannot shine if ye judge

People, all tied one way or another to you.
Mother, sister, friend, enemy, boss, girlfriend,
They are all people, they are all their own people.
They will be how they will be, just as you will be as you feel and know and are to be.
They are them, ye are you, ye are adjoined by the love all of us possess and are.
Some more, some less, some different, but do not distress.
Judge none, for they are they.
Without this judgment, can ye then be an angerer with another, for then their actions are simply
their actions, not bad, nor good, but their.
They may be distant from kindness, but true to their heart.
Strong in mindedness, but weak in heart⁴, comforted in others, but isn't everyone some way?
There are all kinds of people with all kinds of lives and all kinds of insecurities and securities.
You may seem to care more for some than others, for they may care more for you than others,
but all are people,

All are brothers and sisters. Because I am to judge none, means not that others won't judge me. Let it be. For that is them, and I am me!

Live as I, true to your heart, free of judgment.

Engulfed in love, in giving and caring.

Worry not of helping others with that which is your help, for they are them and you are you.

Through my joy and their feeling of this, my light shining forth to them, they seeing my good works, then will they become known to the help that is share.

Shine.

Ye cannot shine if ye are dark.

Ye cannot shine if ye judge. Ye cannot shine if you let the darkness of others cast shadows inside. To shine is to be true to yourself. Be true to all that which you know unto shine.

Be, and others can see.

Pushing your help unto the light of the Lord will only discourage, for then the others insecurities and unacceptance discourages. \

Ye cannot believe or know the Lord without the Holy Spirit. \

Ye cannot give them words, for spirit is Spirit and words are just that, words. Let the light of Spirit you hold and are be giving unto and of the Lord.

This is how it will and is. Then strengthen and enjoy the lives of all, for they are all their own way through the light of God's Spirit. Let your Spirit stay strong and all will see your light and glorify God. Then their light can shine. But until they are touched, they are still your brothers and sisters to love and adore, to give and to cherish. Love all the Same, this IS.

Thankyou Lord.

A Men!

Thy beauty of mine counterpart

Oh women, Oh Ladies, Oh thy beauty of mine counterpart,

Together we are one to unify in a sanctified bond,

Bringing forth the fruit of our love, together one, One bringing forth a many bodies of Love.

Oh women, the beauty of mine counterpart,

The urge of necessity brings me forth unto you,

So beautiful are you in mine eyes,

So to see this free of lust comes forth with no lies,

The beauty cant be hid, for to hide is to lie,

For all women beauty hold strong.

Oh ladies, oh beauty of my counterpart,

Without the love to call my whole, I in nature desire to fill this hole.

Swimming in love, seeing all thy love,

Please oh beauty, don't you know I don't lust,

For I desire you, oh your beauty, but more than thy appearance do I yearn,

True loving companionship, giving of the love, in freedom under and through they love of thy Lord

So free, lust cannot be, for purity is what I seek in thee!

Oh beauty of my companionship, my counterpart, my taker of love, my giver of love, my
assistant unto the Lord,
I yours as you will on all fours.
Through love and truth is this I give,
For the sin of lust I cannot give,
I pray ye women know, so much beauty is that which lies below.
Oh so beautiful counterpart,
Won't one of you pure and free come to be mine and I yours to be.
For now God be unto I and I unto God,
With I unto you and you unto I is just that much more Love.
A men!

you become your own devil

Lust, greed, envy, sloth, wrath, gluttony, jealousy, pride
All one together, deceitful, undermining, evil.
Lust brings greed, brings gluttony, gluttony brings sloth, sloth brings jealousy, jealousy brings
envy, envy brings wrath.
The trickery of the deceitful devil, the up front non humble approach to instant gratification,
Of anti Faith, of need and fear. Of sadness, of external all so external, relied upon, need.
They all work to keep in the box, to bring upon more and more dependency,
Thus allowing for it's brothers demons to berate you.
Through trickery the mind is ever so tempted, for I will not even give it to the devil, for his job is
easy, his tasks are blatant
In front of the eyes, building temptation all of times.
Without this, can I not think. Love these for Jesus lived and died for these.
You become your own devil after habituation of living through demons, living for demons. Free
of these is austerity,
Free of these is faith.
Free of these is me, as I try to be, for God whom loves me!

Lust, Self Shame, self maime

Lust, so much a part of me.
The nature of I wanting to fuck. To have sex, orgasm. The quick pleasure of the physical.
Complete succumbing to the senses. They say it is inevitable that men will think with their
dicks. When this lust overcomes, the feeling of orgasm hears and the mind only urges.
Masturbation is the answer always. Uncontrollable it seems. Falling and falling is what I allow.
I in this low state of lust, lust after all females. It is the urge in me. How can I overcome that
which overcomes me and controls me? It is me that is controlling. Me that allows the falling
into lust. I know nothing of this, except for I feel then fall. It's always there. I try to hold it only
to me so much that I have no sex with others, but give myself these orgasms in the dreams of

sex with these photos, with these women. If only I could stop the lust, but after withdrawn, sooner or later she comes back to tempt me and I fall completely. The penis is the winner of I. Falling back to the first and lowest chakra. Any woman will do. I urge for women, I urge for love from a woman, but I am again blinded by lust and my mind's so frail to depart from this. It is me this lust. I can't turn my back to myself. I fear to be seen with any girl other than perfect, this is the ego, the I am the best and have to maintain this. Without that girl, I fall into the urge and into the vibe so strong of the penis. I Am nothing, I am a lusting sinner. I can help it but am so weak even to help myself. Lust fills the senses, overpowering the mind into doubt and excuses allowing this sinning to go forth, making the mind see as if it is ok, it is needed. It may be, this sensation, this part of me. I am to live with nature and my nature is to procreate. This is battles for I desire to live unto God, but with lust, these are battles. Forget ideals of lust and what is supposed to be, for I lust. I have lusted my whole life. My habituation is lust, and pleasure, the farthest poles this way or that. Lust is a strong sexual desire, a sinful desire for the flesh. I lust at physical beauty, big tits, nice ass, good features, nice skin. All physical, the temptresses are in my mind constantly reminding me of the past enjoyments out of lust. I lust after food, cars, Image, rankings, women, women, women, the physical aspects of women. Attraction to sexual features. Those undermine the totality of anything. Lust overcomes me when I can't overcome lust. Once felt, it sticks and eats my mind til it's deceitful to mine own self time after time. I urge to know the whys, this urge is the ego. I fear the lust for I know I will be undermined by it. For my ego is this, is weak allowing for lust. Calling for lust for the ease of enjoyment of physical gratification. I cry to lust, to desire, for to me or to stop lust women then become evil. But if they aren't, then I am, or I am just man. This excuse over and over is the door to acting on desire. That burning desire. I am so small in this desire that I can't bring it upon others and tempt them to fall to this sin. I have tasted this and hunger for it. Trickery this is to my unstable self. The external physicality controls me and society, I use society to back up my urges as everyone does this anyway. They are all weak also. I am no more than these. I must gouge my eyes out for I fall into the desires they and penis create. Oh Lord, I too lust for you. This is how weak I am. I in ego think at times I am strong. I am weak. The devil has me and is playing with me. I fall to lust, to desire, to the physical. I am sorry Lord, for I am a sinner and fear this to eat so much at me. Repent, Repent for all thy past sins and lust may be overcome. I think to live austere in the name of God to learn to be true, to align with the truth at a departure from living unto temptresses of this world. But I fail to hold true to myself the austerities that are unto me. Lust, physical gratification, ego trip, best, I can't be seen in the minds of others. Austerity is to learn self control, but I am controlled by everything but self. I am a lost soul while I allow to be overrun by cravings. I am weak in strength of austerity of subtlety, so I am trampled on by desire then by excuses, my insides deceive itself unto this adultery, this undermining of God. Then once fallen to lust, to sin, there is certain fear of living back for truth or for the hidden truths of God. Then depression and regression into sin falls moreso, weakening and weakening. I have not even the strength to allow a path out of desire. For my strength goes into gratification of pleasure, taste, and ego, of I. of personal rankings. Of falsities what my life is lucrative from. I have chances to step up, but I am blinded by the egos fear to take a step, to stay in the egos glory, in the likings of others, in individuality, in I am different than everyone. In perfection, in ideals. I try to overcome even that what God hints to me. I am not weak, but I am too strong

and overpowering unto myself. I am blind, I am a hypocrite to the fullest, mentally deceiving myself unto evil. Continually up and down. Sex Sex Sex just a part of my downfall. I can't raise up when I lay under that which holds me so much. Lord, please help in the way that can help, Dustin, please help and listen and feel the Lord's help. You are loved, and guided, open your eyes, listen and act. Hear to the heart. Heart, Oh heart, guide me over the blindness of ego, of society, of my life into a life that is your blessings through my hands, feet, and lips. Oh how blatant it is, oh how complicated and tricky do I make it. Listen to thyself, to thine heart, to the love God gives of knowledge and righteousness. Are you able to hold to the path? Can you stay seeing hearing and being, can you open to God's insights on the inner trickery of self? We will see. I will be once I can act to see.
Love. Amen.

Transcribing note: 2024

So many writings on Judgment, yet I judge myself so harshly. The words of the bible are a blessing and a curse unto the mind of mine. Feeling the living Love of God in Jesus, in his actions, teachings, yet confining and conforming thought unto the duality of words, of duality, of good bad, right wrong, Self shame, self maim, delusion's confusion. Are these aspects of Tapas, of the cleaning of sauca? Burning off that which separates me from me? For Tapas has been stated as penance, yet one cannot grant their own penance without self judgment, and so, if I am on a path of No Judgment of others, how can I then judge myself and separate myself from my self?
To thine own self be true!

Words complications of the soul

St John 14-10

The words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself, but the father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works.

Oh words, oh complications of definitions, of criticalness of meanings, of separations of Truth and love. Thy Spirit, thy spirit, vested within, the speaking of truth, the giving of love, freedom of judgment and complication, all understanding, through you I am free, you are the freedom that ever I can be, for I am only that which yearns for you Lord, for the spirit of you, this of your father, of my father of love. Oh how distant at times I am, when i am, when I come to be with a lack of you in me, so distressed, doubtful, selfish, indecisive, judgmental. I am so of nothing for you are everything. Devotion is that which I am to be, yet I still be too much, corrupt, holding so much sin, you are my comfort, my love, my strength, ye are always with me yet I come to be and am blinded to you by that of me, for I am unto you, yet so much sufferings come, for I have been strayed a much into temptation. Now I realize, I need you, I desire you, I am unto you, for when you are lighting me I am the grace of you, no longer is there this sinful thoughts when you are lighting me. I am the grace of you, no longer is this sinful thoughts present, only your all loving love, so wonderful beyond my comprehension, for my comprehension only comes through you, unknowingly and doubtful I am for and blinded from

sin, yet you are present to give when I am to come around and overcome the temptations. I am strong, for I love you, and have you to know through, this is what I go to. Life and temptation will be, for it is everywhere, but with you in me being, loving, giving, the sin has no touch. I pray that this can be, for the sin continuously weakens me. For it is me that is to live for thee. Me, I, must be strong to live unto you true, for you, to be through you, with you. My strength must be in me first to act unto you, to do as you ask as you will, for this action is me, for I am in you. The act of indulging in these sins are the temptations and influences pulling. They take me, yet to be true to you it is all me, a feeling of selfedness more so than any indulgence can bring. You are my joy and my home. I disrespect even that where I live and lives in me when I do not as me. Strong I be for you are in me. These temptations, these deceits, these strongholds that yank and pull, trick and try to steal, these are on past time, yet are ever so present, but I live unto you, unto true, unto my heart of you. You through me can and will as you will. My confusion even of the definitions of you are comforted through you, for thy spirit knows this what not to know. Oh how I love you, oh how I need and rely on you, oh how I pray that through austerities of temptations of the flesh and loving you is to give myself to you. I give not enough, for my strengths are still only that of my weakness, yet for my weakness to become my strengths, an, then for you do I do, oh thankyou for the comfort thy give and bless, thankyou for the guidance, for ye are my Guru, for ye are in my heart, teach me, give me, let me give myself to be gotten. Freedom through you is no fear of this world, of the pulling and yanking of temptations. Ego holds these sins all trying to pull me down and back, this is there yes, but ye are there, are here, so am I. I with you am the lover over and to the ego to be true. Be true to your heart. You are here, not where you yearn, you are with god, but only through your works unto him, unto Jesus. This is the way, ye know of the do, he has given it to you. Thankyou Jesus Lord Oh God. A men.

Back on temptation.

When urging and tempting me I become blind to the light of truth to guide me away. After fulfilling this temptation then I can see again just how empty and pointless, sinful, that small joy was. To call it joy is to give it validity, it was pleasure, but not unto God, but unto the temptations of the devil. These so many tempts. I am weak, and am fearful of praying at times, this at these times must be the darkness overcoming or clouding my mind, causing doubts and fears, indecisiveness. Oh cant you see, can't you ever hold the light to give an opening free from the darkness of sin? For I am a sinner, so then I enjoy sin when sin is me. Oh, enjoy, o to give to sin, a sin. After the sin, the act, the fallen action of me, I am disgusted, angered, reposed, from the sin that was overwhelming me, but now got fulfilled, so then passes on, a victor. You allow for sin to win much. Lord stay with me when sin fills me, closing my eyes to you. Stay lit in me to see you Lord, to hold and gain strength from the sin, to hold it off, to stay in your arms., your comforting embrace. With you there is no sin, there is love and purity. Joy as it is truly. I feel the compassion vibrating through my heart from you, the mind easing and pleasing to free unto you, in you, through you. Oh so wonderful this is, I am so thankful Lord for being with you, for you being with me, Oh God, thankyou for making all this happen. Oh fears, doubts, devils inside, veering me from the grace of God, I have Jesus, I

have the kinship, the Love, the truth, the power to rest unto help me to be in encompassing love that ye can no longer come forth and blind, for you are tempting oh sins, but you must be with them in me, I can only but live true unto that of they spirit and the Spirit that Lives for me. I love thee oh Lord, Oh God, So Thankyou. May this sin be forgiven and learned strength in the Lord. A men.

Shine from your house of mine

Whatever you do, do it heartily, as unto the Lord and not unto men

Oh heart, thy holding of your grace, Oh God, Thy truth within thy light you have given,
The place to act from, to act to, to you for you with you.
Heart of your grace, from the house of your action, of your truth.
Oh heart, guide me, shine forth thy Lord's light, to follow, to lead, to be.
Oh Lord, hidden by pleasures of the world, by action distant of you, and unto men, unto myself, unto mine ego and pleasures.
This world hath So much love of you, I am of this world, but of you in this life.
This world is where I live, but not live. The life, the love.
I try to balance , but am pulled back down. You are balance, I need not balance you hand the world, for you are the balance of th world, of me, of men. Your Are. Oh Lord, Oh how I thankyou, how I love you.
How I deceive you, by this deceive myself.
So much darkness lurks to blind me of you Lord.
So much light is within to shine truth on the blindness and shadow, which I am tempted to act.
I am with you Lord, there then in acting true, to that which is you, I must do to the light, of purity , of shining glove.
Oh Lord, give me light to cure the doubts shadows cause.
Oh me, act true as you be. Other ye do only condemn thyself to thee, to men, to the Lord, and the Lord.
I love you Lord, mine heart loves you Lord, and so doth my mi9nd, when shining. Oh heart, be one with the mind. Act true to it's light, to thy force. For thy mind causes through intricacies, comparisons, and criticalities, doubts and fears of light, shone by darkness, distancing me. I know this darkness is stronger than I, and I know you are stronger than darkness. Heartily do I act unto you, shine I do, Let this shine unto the mind to thine. I love you so, your grace, truth, compassion, love, and all the above. Thankyou, oh thankyou, through you do I hold strength, Lite mine soul, fill it to empty it. Unto men is not the devil, for men are of light, but show them how to shine .
From your house of mine heart. Love.
A men!

Chapter 3 Expanding and Contracting 2004

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- Understand what I know
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- Anxieties mother
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- Sleep or waking state
- Can I judge God?
- The joy of happiness, the happiness of joy Amen
- Reflection of what is
- A worry of the words of now
- Blinded by the light
- So sorry me
- Past, you thief
- This day of today

A wine writing

As the wine sits motionless,
Still and heavy in the bottom of my glass,
So dark and enlivened unmoving solid,
I ponder my next sip
As that of before,
Lifted into movement,
Swashing as the aroma filly my nose,
Coming to my lips
The juices of my tongue drizzle as the taste buds jump with joy,
Anxiously awaiting the flavor.
Drop after drop of togetherness, the liquid filling my mouth,
Glands awakening and eyes widening
Gulp, as the back of my tongue and throat cringe with bitterness
And down into the stomach heating all the plumbing on its way through into the blood
Oh the drink just as before, yet ever new beyond memories grasp.
Sitting in my stomach,
The heat overwhelmed to the chest.
As it went down, it flows through the heart, pumping into my veins and warming the fingers and toes,
As it livens the mind with warmth of joy.
Easiness as the forehead feels the pressure of the new warmth taken in from the glimmering reflectant dear glass.
As the wonderful red liquid of the earth and her fule of time becomes me, I become it as the still solid liquid sits ever so lively, yet motionless in the glass awaiting it's next rising.
Do I feel as this wine I am to drink?
Is it the wone in my blood that gives me the qualities of the liquid, and even the glass?
I am still and motionless, awaiting my next sip.
Does it not await it's next touch to my lips?
The wine in me, that flows just as one, awaits to be reconciled with the rest of itself as if an eternity,
As it was just shortly separated.
It has become me and yet I can feel the longing from wine to the coming together of the lost love.
Is it it's lost love or is it just my attachment,
My taste buds yelling
My brain overrun with wine begging for more
Can it be the wines l;ife in the glass begging through its lost love to be drunken?
And awaiting it's fate,
Or is it just the glass telling me to finish the lesson and become empty and dark once again to once again and forever more serve the hand that gives it rise?

Personal Myth

A kid, me grew up into a family of two unconditionally loving parents. He was formed from them gene wise and belief wise. He was taught to be nice, to obey manners, not to eat candy, do all the good things they perceived as good.

School was a big thing to the parents, for that is knowledge and the ticket to get by in the world. A wonderful sister blossomed. She too is filled with the beliefs.

He went through grade school getting the best grades making his parents happy. Along with that, playing all the sports that made his parents happy. After a few moves came third grade. From then on throughout high school, those would be the kids that were cool, to be like. Image and clothing began to matter, who, if you weren't in the in crowd, you weren't as good as them. He was a good part in the in crowd until middle school came. 7th grade the separation from all the cool sports began as I found rollerblading. Along with separating from sports, those friends also separated. Then came high school, when other friends who skated were considered cool to me. In time, he was accepted into that crowd. High school went by. Nearing the end of high school, he had become a name in the rolling crowd. He became sponsored and devoted it all to rolling. After a couple of years, pushing it hard, he ended at the top of the game. **All who he had once looked up to became him.** Now he was looked up to. More and more understanding came, or just feeling of uncomfortableness for all of the beady eyes. Forgetting that once too he was a beady eye. Then slowly knowledge of truth crept upon him. He began to realize life and what is truly important. After time, hard work, and patience he found what he was looking for. Himself!

From then on he lived for and with life full of love and stress free helping all that would be helped find what he found.

The Mitote of the Mind

I know why- I really don't know why

Any impure thought, judgment, thinking, acting and feeling like a victim---Mitote.....

- I can't believe my car's worth is that little to a skilled adjuster
- I thought he was a real good person
- The voice of I can do everything
- A bit of missing the writings, much said, none written, now all forgotten
- Reassuring voice, I don't need to worry.
- I hope they don't bark
- A rapid feeling of anger
- I suppose this is his form of.....
- Don't fuck with me
- I like you, don't come near me
- I can't believe that
- what, no new york?
- Just don't think
- This is true/ basically just a conversation opposing each other. Why? I know not.

-I just wanna smoke a joint, greedy eyes peepin
-Man, I write nicely
-The voices are hard to hear, thats true
-It sure takes a long time
I should begin the other one, I have an urge to write. Free the mind of thought. Yes!
Is that worth writing? Should be be writing it all?
I have got to see the girls
Oh, go write in your book!
Call me a retard, call me what you will
Mmmmmmm good
You can't rite the other thoughts on this. This is only for the mitote. Laughing sensation.
Now thinking because of urge to write.
People may find my handwriting as messy, I see it as original.
Does that really matter, full motivational and self importance thought
Feeling of anger a bit (maybe self victim, but definitely not. Not the joint)
Ill just play grand theft auto.
I don't need weed for tomorrow
Good voice then still on concept of good and evil
I need to manage my money, voice of physical reality outlook
Maybe the pen spews more mitote?
Definitely write that. Voicer in back, that works, right?
Existicly?
Is the spelling correct?
Myself of trite thought and feelin by smoking this joint.
I have weed, I might as well smoke it. Ill agree with that one, Im chillin in my mitote.
I knew myself, I know my own mitote.
I make many excuses for doing the "at the time more enjoyable_ actions.
KYoull just do it today, its fine.
Sudden abrupt feelings of anger toward Indi. It seems as everything he possibly does pisses me off. Pissing me off through my filter . I am sorry for smacking him.
The voices talk always. Some on sides that persuade me to do so called good things,
All that thou could be just an opposition to the thoughts that drive me to do so called act so good things.
If I am writing and feeling guilty for anting to say good and bad
What did he say?
In the mind, forgetting or not putting enough attention on my mental wordings.
I put too much stress on my mind and on lttle feelings derived from my mind's filters. The virtue of patience, goes hand in hand with being content.
Why do I have these feelings toward my mom. I think I am a man, capable of all alone.
Then in truth, she is only trying to help. Maybe the anger comes from me being able to view her filters. I do wish I wouldn't get annoyed with her, she is my mom and I love her. The truth found, it is my filter system.
It is too good, don't know if filter makes it bad or real feeling inside, but the feeling it gives is very enjoyable.

Time in this sense is of the essence.

I don't know exactly what that means, but I need to draw shoes

Why do I occasionally feel through anger when there is so much Love and beauty all around me?

I'm feeling lonely, need to chill. Not a need, but an interpretation of my filter.

The voice of seeking ways of bettering, becoming more so of an individual than another, seeking more innovation than another. There is no better!

4 Can I just put this mindstate to the side while I remain the old same I have been throughout the past under the filters. For friends?

The voice of ill do it later, we can start later. Procrastination. Using the future to later accommodate the present. Present is where life is, lives. Stay a while!

We really must care what is thought, for judgment or fear of is a big party of a fear from drastic change.

Fear is not real- no reason to fear anything.

Called a assless- physical judgment, bad. Definite assumptions of the appearance thus forth, they act a certain way.

Too prissed up, snobbish.

She looked peasant with her smile, she must be wonderful. I wonder what's going on in their heads. If you can see into their filter systems, I can help them overcome and understand.

Then again, I am filtered, so are they, no communication is unconditionally true.

A fear to look at people, small girls, no matter my thoughts, no, they may judge me as a pervert or pedophile.

A worry for admiring beauty, my main worry is their judgment

I judge people the way I dislike to be judged. White old lady- must be close minded.

Do something a certain way so people won't think a certain thing

Babies, young kids, they haven't ever been exposed to all I have to now leave behind, I admire and look up to them. I wish for them to stay innocent and non exposed to a filter system that they soon be forced to abide by. Does time, generation and generation, bring about worse and worse filter systems? But bad and worse are the same as good, meaning all is same while a filter is only the holder's perception. But in that perception, they act as they will. Regardless of actions, sometimes we are affected by them, and in this case, without a common understanding, the world is headed for no more. Only time brings change, and it is slowly changing only to be getting worse. But what is so distorted and bad in a different sense in the past? True, thus there really is no good, no bad, just actions, in this case a vast majority controlled by their filter system, in which are seeming to through them cause a great downfall. But then again, love is all and love is near forgotten for many. Only because they choose not to see it, through fear or whatever means, life not lived in love is a life not truly lived.

Those judgments, and because them, by appearance, I either think of myself as benign or worse, superior or inferior. It also may be a bit of looking into their filters. With that voice, it is the same that brings across so many excuses.

Why not do what I really should? It is almost a voice that is there to take lives real motivation and use it for only the time being. Those actions aren't based on love, but on what would please me at the time. Basically, looking deep and writing won't be as enjoyable as doing

something else. When hearing people laugh, it is always in me to judge their laugh as it is directed at me. That there makes me angered when I hear people laugh. Laughing is wonderful, it shows happiness. Actually, there are many different laughs due to the filters you wear, but a true deep down laugh is wonderful.

Math0III do it if Im made to do I have the potential, there just isn't the need
Tru meditation I will understanding everything in accordance with love.
The dogs ring up the voices of self importance. Preconceived notions of humans having power over dogs, they don't do what you say, anger comes. They are life, just as I, anger is gone.
To do is seen as something difficult or something that is time consuming when ALL IS DOING.
You are possibly brain washing yourself through life isn't the self a brainwash.
Created self and true self

simplicity

Simplicity offers all
For if all kept as simple as possible
Life would be very prosperous indeed
For that is what i forseed
Then comes greed
One that makes eyes bleed
Due to the wanting of possessions that are seen
Thoughts

Llife,
Not to be lived,
Life,
Meant to be harnessed.

Truth of truth

Created self comes from thoughts, true self comes from truth.
Truth, that which is.
One cannot think truth, but reflect truth with thoughts.
Truth is the sun and the moon
Truth is the thought
Truth is death
Truth is to be
Our self is and was always
Before we knew what a self was
Or what our self is
We act and be a certain way
May it be based and derived
From our placement of life's experiences

Thus our ability to choose and act as self
These specifics of a person are the person's truths
But to hold a truth of a person and assume the future of ones actions based on their perceived truths then they could one day act another way.
So then truth is what is not what may be
I may act according to my conditions or I may not, but regardless afterward, my action is truth.
True action?
All is action and all then in true to action.
True to the thoughts of truth is true action to the thought of true action
Truth is.
What is then?
Then a forever more truth is what is.
I am, what is is, what I am
A part of what is is what I AM.
YOU ARE, the plant IS, HE IS, WE ARE, AM ARE IS.
I am, I do, Always one does.
I do sleep, I do is I sit.
To do is to be, we be as we do
You are you, be you do.
What is this is?
Yes the mind in it's intellect can only go so far as to immerse into being,
Into doing, into IS, ARE, Now.
Before and while and after being what you are being, you are being.
HUman being.
Before you were dead you were alive, before you were alive you were dead,
Amidst all you were the being of that through the process the benign takes you through
Be.
Oh thankyou You who are the one by which being is, by thich I b e, by which I can think of to be.
Yet before the thought of being I am being I was being.
AMen.

Being conscious and unconscious

Human being, ahhh yes, the conscious being that I am,
I am the consciousness of all the experience of my life.
Unconscious?
I am this too.
To be unconscious or to be conscious of something....
Conscious of the consciousness
Subject and object.
What am I?
Supernatural?
But all is natural.
Surely I Heard this from a book,

Yet all that I am was seen or heard,
For I am all that is seen and all that surrounds me and all that is in me.
I think objectively even objectively on me.
Then to think objectively on me.
Who is thinking objectively?
Consciousness is what grabs and sees the soul.
To think even on me then there is greater than me.
All to know is how great human being is and how simple it is to be yet how complex a human is
to be human
Love to be both for its be both is to the the one.
The mind grabs complexity and the being lives freely in and on and through the complexity.
You are your body, your mind, and the being behind.
Balance is the human being.
Conscious and unconscious. .
Dreaming from the unconscious to the conscious
Allowing the suppressed to come into the consciousness
Opening eyes to the hidden
Being the human.
Easy to be ideals, but to truly be human?

All One in Each Other

Senses, eyes light, ears sound, nose smell, mouth taste, skin touch feel,
Vibrations so beautiful to each,
Each vibration perfect for the one sense,
Made for each other to love and enjoy,
Mind and thought and reason and judgment
The duality begins and the being is hidden
The soul and spirit inside the instrument of the bodily senses
serving the mind and the mind serving the soul
and the soul serving the spirit,
All created for each other to love and enjoy

Heavens and earth as one serving the joy of the senses.
Oh the feeling.

All one in each other and for each other, One is the Other!

The five senses as the five limbs of the pentagon,
the reason adding to the sixth God sense,
Rising above the others to accept the information and to give the understanding to the soul.
Oh so stuck in the body, understanding to the fullest living and reasoning all,

The heaven and earth, the body to tune to all
The spirit to work the body and to understand the instrument and it's factors
And to understand through all reason of all mind, body, soul and live for the spirit that is the one
in all
For all, that all are for the transcending of the out to the in and fully in then imploding uno all.
Oh outside and in one.
The body, the mind, the soul, we are all one spirit.
A men!

Earth and heavens reflecting the body and mind.
Reason taking all in and giving to the soul the easing of understanding for spirit
Or the reason for pleasing the mind and robbing the soul and being restless in the confines of
the body.
To feel and be the earth and heavenly bodies at once and free, this is thee of Spirit's intention
for you to be!

Speak of God always

I am surely going through much in the head.
I fear to speak to people and keep myself closed.
Fear of peoples thoughts on me.
I am so I am no matter how I be.
I don't talk and then I regret not talking and worry what is said of me.
Or talk then worry over what is said.
Fear of being me,
Of having to explain myself, of argument, of rejection, of being different.
If you can see only god, then all the speaking and emotions and contrasts and comparisons can
be,
But for God, for the greatness inside each one that they are.
Back to God.
Oh lord, I give all to you,
Oh Lord, please help me keep my mind onto you first and foremost,
And be strong to hold off all the mind that see not as I.
I fear to say God to others to legitimize my ways or actions.
Speak of God always,
Arguments will be won or lost.
Never try to win and it is never an argument!

You Are

(a drawing with words very hard to read)

I am,

You are
We be
Yet we remain deceived
Caught in the what of you are
You may be many things,
But before the many things you are,
This one thing of many things you call you,
And from where you are able to render the idea of you.
To me or not to be?
I am me and you are you,
Yet we both are
You see me and I see you,
Yet we both see.
Can you see?
That we you are?
I think therefore I am.
I was before I thought,
Yet the ideals I call me are the thoughts of what I am.
To say is to think is to be the I that is.

The quest for you

The quest for god,
The quest that is god for god that is you
The quest for thyself
The quest of living, of being you
Trying or not,
Conscious of all or dozed off
You are living the quest
Why not look where you are going?
You are going
You have no choice
For even the choice and the idea that is the choice is given
And in the given of what is is God.
I don't know this personally to grasp fully and give purity of God,
But I am on the quest and try to remain conscious of that quest.
I quest has a beginning and an ending
You began life and you will end this life.
You are a living quest unto yourself.
Unto the life that is you,
That is me,
That is the is that is seen, is read,
Is comprehended, that is the comprehension that is the the of is,
Oh God gives all to know,

All is shown.
It's just a matter of going.
Of being the quest.
Searching for the you,
The you so you that is God,
The you that is the beginning of the journey and the end,
And surely covers the all between quest,
You are,
Quest you be,
Quest and you shall see the you that does be.
You are life and you are the quest,
You are the traveler traveling,
Fulfill your quest,
be the you and travel the journey given to you
set to God for God by God in God on God
Travel back to you on the quest that you are.
A men

faith and reason

Reason is a culmination of the past, her experiences, teachings, habituations, that is running in the now, while being here and now. The reason draws from the past to give an understanding of now. To be able to be in control by knowing, by reasoning of the now. Use reason that runs from the past nows and lives in the all of here and now. Of the eternal now. It can't control here and now, but can only let itself be her and nows servant. To reason free of reasoning to allow the reason to be as here and now to run and reason as it need be, as here and now gives it to be. Egos reason, fear of letting go. Faith and reason in truth are one.

Give, Take, Live

I take the knowledge
This knowledge isn't mine
This knowledge is yours
These thoughts aren't yours but ours
You think no differently than life,
But only closed from all of thinking
I give information that has been given me
Life's information, the infinite reflections of itself.
I take and I give,
No I, the taking and giving merge and all knowing
No take, no give, Life
I live to take and give and go give and take ,
I live

Understand what I know

Why oh why when I do read such wonderful words of truth and of God do I feel anxieties swell up within me? For I know beyond all doubts that what is being said is truth and touches upon truth. The same truth that I am, Yet not I but HE. Ahhhh, the problem and the anxieties are me. The mind of sin, of the duality of the wheel of life. I try and try to think God and understand what I know, yet even in my understanding and comprehension I am only reflecting merely a small glimpse of the infinite beauty and Glory of God.

Lying within, hidden by the thoughts and reasons of the mind of a separate me of understanding. He is the understanding and all knowing that is seen in all yet seen not and spoken but heard not with the ears. My senses mind tries to go beyond itself, yet trying of itself, and this can't be, thus I create anxiety. A men.

Tour's maze of the mind

After a many of the days in the ways the tour displays,
I forget what it is to be me and live from the blaze and the tours craze.
Where is God in my mind?
Where is my mind but caught in the thoughts of this maze.
Oh yes, I live the blaze to follow easily through this tours maze.
In this daze I try to raise my minds' energy,
And I seem ever to take the wrong turn.
Daze or ablaze, to run the maze and live the craze brings upon me haze.
Yet I raise, through thoughts and tours society,
To emerge the ego outside of me,
To be me, free, through the maze of craze above the haze and gaze in the greatest dayze.
These are the ways of the tour maze.

Anxieties mother

Oh good old boredom, ye are the king of my anxieties, as my mind seeks and seeks, the inner churning of anxiety grows to a great flame. Incontent, oh boredom, the thought of naught. Not this but other is anxieties mother. Thought and want pulling the heart apart. Separation from self, oh the churning and burning, the constant other yearning, oh anxiety. Trembling and growling, ego pulling the inner world apart so it can go on ruling. Oh good old boredom, my habituations creation. Everywhere but here is anxieties mirror. Endure the windblown flame and boredom will be burned up.

Thoughts rest and mind opens. Ahhhh, calm joy of oneness. My heart is full. Here and now, there is all of all here. the lake stills and the reflection of light is consistent and full. Oh now ye are that much closer to being free from anxiety.

Food of God

Oh how I need food, the sustaining of life.

The physical need for God. Eating and filling the separation of self and God. Filling thyself with God. Oh how the feeling of hunger, burns in the body as the pains and sadness the soul feels as it too needs God. Hungry for an infinite variety of foods and tastes, and thirst for liquid. Hunger for food and the thirst of the one liquid of water. As day and night, the hunger and thirst comes and goes, the way fo this world. Yet the soul hunger, as sadness and anger, the absence of joy is eternally coming and the food and drinks, once found, quench the hunger and thirst forever. Gods grace to this world and to the world of the soul, living here and feeling the physical planes need of fulfillment while ever through day nad night, life and death, fulfilling its one hunger and thirst for eternity, once and forever. Each desire and needs for the home from whence it came. The flesh of earth of it's home, the inner fluids of the lakes of its birthplace, and the soul, the light of eternity, the one lake of life, God, it's home.

sleep or waking state

Hello day,
wonderful shining sun and vibrant earth of life.
Oh waking state of day,
eyes open and senses eager.
Open eyes upon the earth of thy body,
Reasons illumination of food,
The infinite objects of awareness.
Awake to act, to be,
Yet asleep action of thy soul living the incompleteness and unfulfilled attachments of the waking states.
Awake to live the drama of karma
To be conscious of the glory of light
This glory of life.
Awake, the 'soul takes the reigns of it's carriage.
Being and being awake in the temple.
Action of living, serving the body and it serving the soul,
Earth serving you and you serve the earth.
And the mind of the body of life so unique unto the one body and it's karmic position of life.
Service is being served.
As the sun shines eternal,
the waking states of day come after the sleeping state of night.
Where the soul is free in joy and then free in the attachments of the bodies mind.
The soul how it does be eternal through the states,
Sleep and awake,
A reflection of the sun's day and the moons night.
Earth, the servant ever giving and loving,
Absorbing the sun and the moon.
The life which we are in our awake state.

Stars and the whole universe so distant in times awake space to the bug giving pollen and spreading the life of our food.

Elements of awake, the thought matter of dreams.

Sleep reflects the awake state as dreams give the vision of life's karmic actions.

Soul of body and spirit of life, feeding and feeding,

Living and loving,

eternal awareness of the joy of non dreaming sleep.

Can I judge God?

The infinite individuals,

With their own individual position in life

Their own individual experiences,

Their own views and perceptions.

Their own family and childhood

Their own karma

Their own habituations,

Their own needs.

Where can judgment live?

When an individual speaks from his own unique self in it's own life of experience.

Knowing his own life and own experience and this is how they know and how they are

Oh compassion for all!

Unique in all aspects.

All is put where God gives them to be.

All are who God gave them to be.

This is All we.

I have compassion for all for I love God.

All are God in Truth.

All are their own world in truth.

All are one in Truth.

Can I judge God?

Thankyou Simone.

A men

The joy of happiness, the happiness of joy. A men.

Ever so lightly being,

Freely giving,

Unrestricted of thyself of what thyself may be,

Joy is God's Grace

Pure energy,

Holding all the characteristics of light.

Shining ever so bright

True to the light of joy is the joy itself

Joyous spring glowing pouring light over the being
Food's energy dispersing in the body
The tingling of digestion
The joy of eating conscious for joy
For God's joy
For life
For joy
Oh joy, inside a scene of lightness and brightness,
Greater than the treater pleasure,
And stronger than the greatest sadness
Pure joy, the feeling of God's grace
The being of freedom
Soul flying and filling ever part of it's body.
Joy on joy , life and love, benign and being,
When in joy, you are joy.
For you are lit with the light of I.

Reflection of what is

We, as we be, are a reflection of what is.
We what we give, is a reflection of what is.
Words and pictures, symbols and sights all mean to another their own meaning.
One, in life, understands through their spiritual unfoldment,
Through their illumination.
Words of God can only be understood by he who gives them by his knowledge and the
illumination given to this knowledge.
So many symbols and so many meanings.
Jesus as the word or the symbol means what it means to you.
How close is your soul to the spirit of all?
A close person to God feels through the spirit true understanding of Jesus and sees him as a
body of all.
And another may not be able to understand, for they aren't that far in life.
Their soul isn't free to live in truth.
Yet, even the word Jesus, to one who never heard of him, yet is one with God, won't understand,
but the one giving the reflection,
If they are engulfed in spirit also,
All the words given are fully understood.
Understanding comes through your being.
Living is understanding.
One can give you all the metaphors and symbols and explanations they can,
But you must understand only through living.
By soul illumination. A ha.
Being, the light flickers, you are full for that moment,

Your soul has been touched and illumined.
Life has given you a glimpse of all, free of reflections
The one that is all .
The one that you are reflecting .
But then to that person they can give and reflect their understanding and joy of their soul and
yet to one that hasn't lived to that light can't understand,
But only think to understand.
Understanding is being.
Hear my soul's reflection as it pours into the world temporal and understand when your soul is
free to be touched with the light of the life and is to know.
But now think and continue to reflect.

A worry of words of Now

I worry of my words as I wonder of my writing.
I worry of how it will be in the end.
I worry of the product rather than the making.
The product is the possession, the attraction.
The happening of making is the freedom.
Is the power of now where the infinite lighting the soul shines through ego me
and lets truth be seen.
I want to write beautiful words of the Lords' s grace,
but first I must clear this place of mind I call mine
And let it unwind so the true words of freedom I desperately love
And strive will come to life.
Writing is now and I love one to write of
And this is the power giving the eternal encompassing now.
As thought of my being cease,
The thought of greatness, humble and pure, float into my vast consciousness.
I actually free myself unto this vast consciousness of God's
And give his words of purity through my mouth of me the sinner.
Writing songs for people,
Ego begins to grasp.
Write songs for God and this is the word of now
Manifested into the song of He through the life of me
As I be through the magnificent He
Oh so lovely your grace hugging my soul eternally
Live in the now
Give faith to God's power in the eternal now to do for you as you give the now to He.
This is to be, One with He.
A men.

Blinded by the light

Wherever mind goes, energy flows.
When practitioners fully realize this
They understand how to control the flow of energy,
According to their will, they are able to change mind into matter.

Blinded by love, blinded by the light
Blinded only to the one that does fight
I thought that one could not be blinded by light,
And now I am blinded by the light of love.
So said and hippocratic to say,
But only can I, as no longer am ,I in that same sight.
I have not the love.
I love sunken and left with my same mind of time,
I can only see now where I went blind.
And I can also see now that I live blind,
That I can not see with that sight.
As if saying I was blinded by the light of my own heart!
Can it be when my heart is but my sight?
The light of my own life.
Blinded by the light just a darkness becomes no longer when light touches her.
She can no longer see as she had seen,
But only see the great glory
(page missing)

blinded by the light?
Blinded by my own attachment of this light,
Blinded by my own falling from the light.
Blinded from my clinging of this worldly shadow.
My needs of ego adhering to my mind,
My words, my ideas,
Not following the light,
But falling back into night.
Clinging to the external subject and object.
This is why I can see with the light.
Clinging and clinging and now alone clung upside down as the clinging now clings to me.
Blinded by the light
Blinded by the night
Blinded by my egos night,
By my own fright.
Light you blind me not, but let me see
Let me be,
And fall away from you is the beginning of me feeling blue.

I have been blinded by the light as now I sit in the night.
alright....

So sorry Me

Do I want to feel sorry for me for where I be?
Can I be sorry for me as I be?
Oh so sorry that I am not all the me that I can be,
Oh so sorry for the sorry that I call me
The me that is this life that I do be
Oh so sorry that sorry is me
That my motivation for life is sorry as can be
Can I be sorry for the sorry of me when I create the sorry that is the self thought of me?
Oh so sorry as sorry that I be,
That I chew on the sad sorry that I call me
That this feeling of sorry, for me from me,
Is the shadow hung all around me,
Gloomy sad dreary, frowning and weary
This is as I feel sorry For the sorry I do be.
Even if I am sorry for the sorry I do be
I see, that I can't just be the great being to be
Can I say sorry for the sorry of me?
And so I answer the sorry of me
I speak and speak of sorry and sorry,
But speaking is this I of being sorry
Do you see?
First to third and second to none,
Sorry to one and then boom I come
Who is the me narrating the sorry
Going from bein sorry to who is sorry?
Going from being sorry to who is this being of sorry?
Well being this being I can say and see and think sorry at this being being me,
But I am this being giving me me to be sorry for the me that is this being being me
Sorry oh so sorry as sorry can be,
Oh but can sorry be sorry if sorry is a word and I am being me?
But I am the being and I am be,
Oh so sorry I can be but never will the being that is being me,
But ever there to shine the light of so sorry and sorry cannot be,
For being sorry is just being the little me.

Past, you thief

Oh dear past, how your habitual natures look ever so taunting and near.
Awaiting to endure by your lure of the nature of memory.

Screaming at the reliving of the feelings felt as they were once dealt.
Taking my mind and this moment of time by your enticing rhyme of the once known you.
I was here, I have been, come, be with me again.
Oh past, your strength is a weakening voice in the now of the mind of me.
Knowing and being in the eternal present of this moment of being
Yet hearing your taunts and whispers of that which we once had.
Oh thief, taking me into memory, pulling the given life of now.
Succumb, allowing to ponder, imbalance of the nature of me
Weak, and I fall into your hands.
Your whisper has softly and shyly guided me
I lunge in my overcome state in your caress to feel what was once felt again
To relive that which you say you give
Melting into your arms, my action, my choices, my being is yours
I plummet into the soft caress you whisper of this moment of when you were,
And as I surrender in my defeat unto you,
The veil is pulled
no longer are you there to catch me as you have so subtly gestured by your soft embrace.
I fall flat on my face.
Stolen from where I stand,
By your stealth demand,
Do I land face down in the sand.
Feeling not what you have told in your grasp of my mind of now,
For you are no longer there.
I am bare, broken, tasting the grains of sand whence I did land ,
Through your fleeting and hiding nature.
I hear your distant laugh and gratification as you have stolen me from me once again.
I taste the sand, feel the abrasiveness, and begin to look up again.
No longer are you there as my head hangs low.
I was taken again by your grasp of when on the floating thoughts of mine in the now of time
All that you promised, all that you did show,
Your sensuous self that stole me once again.
Are you my friend?
To bend and manipulate the mind of me,
Embedding desire of how we did once be,
But you are not there,
You were not there.
You are but a thief of my will
Living on the fire of y desire
Deceitfully tempting me into a lap of comfort
Only to see once again you are not there
You are delusion oh my friend who comes to steal me
Created in the livings of me
Living in the recollections of the then when you did be.
You sure in my weakness,

You bask in my imbalance,
Ready to trample on the being of me for the living of your illusion.
I can not have you again my once known friend.
You served me and I served you when in that time we danced your creation.
You cannot have me to be yours nor can I have you to be mine,
For our dance was a dance of your creation.
It was and that can never be taken from us,
But I can no longer be plagued by your lust.
I am now and not then as you were and I was
For I am now, living, ever creating more friends and lovers
In the floating memories of each moment of past where you live
I gave you life,
But you cannot be my wife
Ye cannot be a luring habit of deceit any longer
I can no longer fall to the ground in hopes of a caress that vanishes time after time
he re and then gone is just this that you were, are, and ever will be in the being of me.
I choose to be free
the bond you entice me with,
For when I look to your hug,
There is no you, no hug
Deluded by your illusion, I awaken on the ground
So here I sit in this moment of now
Stolen she was from me by the me that I did once be
Oh my past, I love you
You are dear and always will be
Have no fear for you can never be taken away,
Even in this day as I live free of your dismay
For I live in the choices of now for the now who gives me to be
That you are in illusion now,
But were in truth then
You have that oh so much that I gave to you by the life that was given to me
But now my old friend,
I step out from your stronghold,
And give thanks to the thanks that gives me to be in this moment and ever more for you,
For me, for you letting me hit the ground only to loo up again
And realized with the insight beneath mine eyes,
That I am stronger and can no longer plummet into your defeat.
For I am mee,
And me is the one who I am
So I be, and will be the being of me,
Thankyou for your dance.
We can never reliever our dance we once had,
So no longer whisper to me to steal my steps
That dance we danced is sacred and ever will be in memory.

This day of Today

Hello new day, oh what do you say?
As sun arises into darkneses shadows,
Giving light unto the now passed night.
Awaken oh beings of sleep and come to be in this day
Anew you are day of today,
Newborn and open to the ever creative steps that are to embark.
You have never lived before oh day of today,
Being differentiated by the memories of the yesterday day.
What will come about in the canvas of your open template?
Only the steps that will trudge upon you are to know,
For once walked upon, paths made,
They will not come again.
The day of you today will be engraved in stone in the banks of memory of your once coming.
Oh how am I to make you worthy oh beautiful day of today.
That as I may look back upon your etchings of permanence,
I may have seeds to grow.
Oh what will I sow in this newborn day of today?
I will wash my hands clean of your yester brother with a clear and renewed sense of purpose to
fill you with.
I will give you my all of self unhindered by the days a prior,
For you are new, I will not give you the old.
You are not deserving of the stagnant thoughts of the prior days recollections and habitual
strongholds.
As I prepare you in my arms for the first steps,
I ask of myself, can I let this beautiful day experience with her own eyes that which will come
about?
For This day is the day of now for this day is here,
Birthed and ready for my taking.
Oh lord of my heart,
May we walk together with this ever new day of today,
Letting her blossom as you have her to be.
I will do as I must ,
As I have been tied by my past in the created obligations of my path in this body.
But in this obligation, I will see anew through you oh beautiful day of you.
I look to your glimmering rays,
Soft breezed, colorful clouds
As you come into being oh beautiful day.
Let us be together, to play, to dance, to romance,
To be in eternity as you unfold unto me the unique happenings of you,
As I unfold each step
With the choices chosen of movement through you.

Oh I may have gone this way, that way, all in a prior
But that was another day that has passed.
That was her day and beautiful she was,
But now I give all to you day of today.
For if you can I be true
Can I look direct unhindered by other
Unlike the teasing caress of the past,
I unfold and blossom in your embrace of this beautiful moment of eternity,
We both are and be from
Through God do I look through mine eyes unto you
Oh beautiful day that has come to
I know not what will unfold in you being oh new day of today
But I give you the foldings of the strong now me where we do be
In each stride of time we create together
Thankyou beloved for today,
May I walk anew in this day as this day is anew to me.
Amen.

forever new, fresh, pure day that will bring forth that which you are to

Chapter 4 Expanding Contracting pt 2

- Writing, express thy mind
- Words of sin's creation
- To the lovely mother,
- Two coiled together
- You, Me, We, One, God
- Knowledge
- Heaven and Hell
- Habit
- Ego Music
- Always keep God on the mind
- Bottle of self about to burst
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- Stop looking for new things
- The heart of fire.
- I feel guilty
- Reason's candy
- Love and romance of eternity
- Strength of You
- Insanity of me
- Home ,where are you?
- Sanity of insanity
- Insanities coping
- Me of delusion?
- Great Grandparents giving a Leg up
- The darkness of Me
- Do you fear God?
- War is on
- Thoughts of Rolling
- The name of you
- Why do you look for the living among the dead?
- a forgotten one

Writing, express thy mind

Express thy mind. Let out the locked clutter a hiding inside. Good or bad, share on this keyboard the demons and angels that shape you. Keep your mind to yourself, the swirling chasms of thought patterns, in my unbalanced state will surely drive me crazy. One

thought pattern wrongfully swimming astray will let others linger. Will power lost to the holocaust of the infinite focal points of the mind all yelling for me to follow. To control my desire, to control action, for their own life and grown. Living entities trying to steal mine own life for their own sake. Separate, yet controlling the unity of myself. This self that is gifted with consciousness from Thee oh Great Source to do with as thy please. To do with as the currents ever whirling and pulling will have me to be. Express, with words these thought patterns. For you surely don't speak them unto another, nor do you feel there are others who will care to listen....nay that will understand. Yet do I even understand my demise of demonic ritualized thought of darkness luring my life into oblivion. No.....Ego says yes. How can one know the many and how can the many know the one when the one can only perceive itself and the many are only but by the one. So awareness and energy goes unto the thoughts as I sit here on this keyboard trying to make sense of me, yet having these feels continue to grow and escalate.....As I write I am rowing down the patterns of thought alit in me. The equated feelings these thoughts are wrought with. For we speak of expression, to expound, to make my higher self aware of these demons lurking within. To crack open this shell that has hidden away all the light therein. No longer will I be controlled by the darkness I have let in.. No longer will the light of my Soul be tarnished by the dualistic gnashing of teeth. Inside me are galaxies and universes of perceptions, understandings, experiences, along with dark concoctions of the whole lot...desires, lusts, Sin.....So I speak unto thee oh great Me to free me once again of the burden I have so timely stamped upon my livelihood. I am a fallen angel my Lord who will fly again. I will Amend the way I think by allowing the thought to flow out....to allow the unnecessary habituations of thought and lifes patterning to flow down the river to thee.....I lay it all at thy feet my Lord, for by thy feet am I only able to but lay,,, or stand, or think, or be conscious of this I call me that is so far from thee. Oh great soul, I will not smolder you any longer, for the smoke is choking this short life of mine. I will free you from the burden of this darkness of habituated wrong thought and action. Then ye will be alit, free, giving me Me. Thankyou My Beloved Lord alit within me, peeking through my eyes. May this vessel allow the lenses to be cleaned and thy Will Be Done. Om Peace Amen.

Words of sin's creation.....

Christians words of Jesus,
Buddha's words of nothingness,
muslims words of allah,
yoga's words of practice,
hindu's words of God's of specialties,
books and books, holy and hidden,
all words that were once written.
How can it be,
as you do see you do speak,
as the voices of you overshadow your true the,
words of shadow's creation reflecting more shadow to be created,
reflect not but be the shining of the reflection.
Speaking the words of we ,

the words of what and how we be,
words reflecting our lives perception seeing,
as our mind knows to speak the reflecting of he,
words, oh words,
never touching the unheard,
for you are for the senses,
but from there the soul lives through the mind's recompenses,
love doth flow
love doth flow,
love doth flow shining the light of being so bright beyond seeing,
sun reflecting this love to our life of senses,
our life of trying through darkness to light of eternal immenseness,
oh soul does live,
and she does shine and I do give the life of mine,
Great light shining beyond seeing, the Glory of God,
Lighting our souls so they may be the life of we,
silence of eternal sound,
unspoken yet eternally spoken with ist eternal reflections of creation,
pure joy living us in us as we are they yet continue to be we,
minds of thought that have got creation of our minds holdings of reaction,
giving the words of our we's perceptions, reflections of us,
Perception of you is your understanding through,
if you are not clear, you understanding is quite smeared.
Preconceived ideas and habituation, holds away the meanings in all things.
All the words of the books are words from all the differences,
for one to live and become the same where all books come from.....
know or to know, be or to be,
you are as you do now see,
you are one in the now with the object that you see and perceive,
this is to know as you be without knowing to be,
but being the knowing of the knowing of being,
you are the know of the eternal knowing of the being of you.
Words and words,
reflections and reverbs,
recycling around in the cycle of birth and death,
stuck floating around in infinite reflections and refractions of the light of their essence,
but never able to be one with the giver of the words,
but as a guide giving a path of where they have come from,
for you to follow in living the word of the words existence.
Of your existence, of all existence.
books and books, words and words,
eternally written new patterns of reflections on the being of life.
Of the one infinite patternless given to all the making of patterns,
the one of the patterns material makeup, and the end product,
men living as bodies of words,
patterns of reflection to their patterns of infection,

subject to the modes of the nature of life and death,
reflecting their separation to the life of themselves,
can they not but see directly back to the light of reflection,
then no longer is there any reflection, nor light, but all is one together all light and bright.
Words oh words,
ever so complex in the combinations and connotations,
all there as a reflection to life's parts,
oh but words of God and of life itself,
if ye are stuck in the words, then where is the life itself,
the words are only to guide one to learn from their true guru,
life herself....

to the lovely mother,

I was cleaning my room, and the closets for the whole course of my day today, so I had much time to think.....I saw some old pictures of you, Shani, and I and it definitely put me back....so many good memories. It also showed me how strong of a lady you are, and have been. You have done so many great things, always overcoming the doubts. That is of course if there were any doubts or fears, of not making it, or not being able to handle it. But you did, and not just managed, but was always more than nice, loving, caring, giving, and nurturing.....You have created and helped shape 2 wonderful growing people. That is what I call a lovely lady, let alone a lovely mom.

This thinking also put me into present time. I get to see you all the time, so of course I began to ponder on this. I have grown into my own niche of life if you would call it that, which is very different in many ways to many peoples ideals and especially yours..... I live for God first, and then for people, and even you, my mother can't see that. Yes, I am surely not perfect in faith, yet I am in practice of patience and persistence. I do live selfishly and succumb to people all the time. We live in a world of sin, and it surely pulls, for it is the evident, while God is the humble.

It is wonderful living with you once again. I know now what I missed when I lived away, and that is the unconditional love of persons. Yes not perfected, but it is surely that which I live for, and that is love. I am able to live according to my needs with you according to your needs. I guess this is easy seeing as we really don't support each other, or have reliances upon the one another. I guess I am now grown beyond that, and maybe even the ease of living with a mother. I do feel so many frustrations and angers inside, but that is me, and you are you. Even books tell me that this is the way it is, and is going to be, but we do quite well.

For you to know me a bit more, as if you don't already know these things.

It is hard for me to see something as I may know and urge to show it to you. You are my mom and I should have you know all of me, and all of the blessings that God has blessed me with, especially when it is not only beneficial to you but to all mankind. I can no longer show this or tell you of these great wisdoms life has blessed me with, for you do not listen to what is said. And I say this to you only, for many won't listen, but you are my mother. I continue to struggle with this, but this is a struggle of even Jesus. Even he said a prophet is without honor in his own home. But even with that, it is not I that strives for the honor, but

the gift of the prophecy that should be honored. Yet not only you can I not speak these great things to, but to the whole family, friends, and anyone who doesn't seek truth beyond that which the plane of sin lives. Surely not everyone can see the grace and the gift of truth, the gifts of God freely given to every man just as Jesus is freely given to every man.. But just as one must acknowledge Jesus, you have to acknowledge the gift of God inside your depths. One must know that their life is of nothing but the actions of now and the future, for in Jesus one dies daily.

But this really doesn't matter, because what does matters you surpass by any degree. The things that matter are Love, and in love come many great things like strength, confidence, will, and wisdom. Jesus is the gift of love from God just as you give the gift of love. You give Jesus just as God gave Jesus. Oh how I wish even the minds of many who are called Christians could only deepen their love in God. But with Christ, they need not strive. You show love to your family sooo much, and to me unconditionally. I know I am your son, and you would never break the ideals put forth about love for the family, but I definitely notice it. I may seem uncomfortable at times, or a lot of times, when you are trying to be loving....Don't stop trying to be loving.....For even though at times I only see your mind when you say something like "come here dust, give your mom a hug," but that is only because you have been conditioned into the thoughts of love. I should be able to see through the clouds into your heart, because that is where the love comes from.....I hope...I hope that the love is true love of Jesus, and not a grasping of the past, of memories, of clinging to ideals....The mind at times does cloud the heart, and this makes it that much more difficult for me, and for you. A conditioned mind is a cloudy mind no matter how nice the mind is conditioned to be. Even ones conditioned into the verbosity of the Bible, can cloud their heart where the Bible speaks to and from.

You are so strong, to do all that you have done and to have lived the life you have lived. I know at times I may seem to look down on a way of life of you, but that is your life. For me to look down is do hide my sight of your great love.....For I can only hope to be able to love as you have, over any thought of the mind and do as life asks of you without any questions. For there are no questions in love. This is the confidence you hold also, the faith of life.....it is wonderful. You are wonderful.

And then the wisdom you hold.....I may think of something and want to explain it to you because it has been running through my mind, but out of no where you know what I am speaking of. Maybe the terms are completely different, but when the wisdom of the heart speaks, words don't matter.....All is known in love.

I just want to say I am sorry for my harshness, for this is only when I myself am far from myself, from my love. I show you my infirmities of the mind, for they are surely infirmities., If they weren't they would be actions and you would always live by the truth that I know to live, for I would also be the truth that would guide.....My mind will always aggravate me at impure ways of life, for this is my mind, and I am sad that I have to keep so much in. But this silence is so great, maybe my first step in the right way, for it has shown me how great what is in you really is. Maybe this silence is the worst thing, for it eats at me inside, only to eat more and more every time I see you and hear you in a sense that arises my desire for greatness. But this is a desire, an ideal, just as the habituations you allow yourself to fall into day after day. This is impurity to God. I speak from me, the one that dies daily to purify my soul from all the sin that has taken hold of me. A harsh path it is, thus the reason of seldom few seeking the righteous path over the secure path of living a mixture of sin and

God. I have chosen the hard path, the one that once begun you never can turn back, for turning back creates a greater darkness than never having begun. This is my calling. I love you. All have their own greatnesses, and I only wish that I could hold my potential greatness along with all the greatness of you. I love you once again and thank you again and again even if my mind stays inside of itself.....

Two coiled together

Separate, coiled, holding, thinking and yearning.
The two joined together
bodies stretching upward towards the heavens within each other's gaze.
Each living in the breathless,
endless,
stillness,
and fullness of the heart of the other.
Their bodies moving as one,
engulfed in the purity of God in the eyes of the other.
The one whole unconditional love feeding the whole of mother earth and all the heavens
shining in the gaze,
filling each body and mind on earth
with comfort and ease,
grace and mercy,
hope and joy,
freedom and life.
Flying and soaring in the palm of God
playing and laying in the dirt of Mother Earth.
Together, shining, playing, giving and loving.
The two of One.

You, Me, We, One, God

Love, Oh the Holy Grace our bodies hold,
Oh the blessing that holds us,
Oh the ordinary birth given life,
Oh Love,
Life for life is live for love,
Live for my wife is live for love.
Live in Love with a great eternal Hug.
Oh love, you hug we,
In your hug do we be.
You hug me, You are the hug that we are to be.
Oh Love, why don't we just hug you back!
The unifying hug of One.
Oh Love, Hugging me, Earthen Love loving we,
The eternal Hug of Love hugging me no matter how we be,

Back faced yet fingers of love are ever loved,
Oh the hug of love,
Putting your hands over my blind face,
I turn around and look at you,
Oh me, Oh through, Oh One,
Love the eternal hug,
The Eternal embrace that sets me in this place,
Oh hug of Love,
No matter how we shove,
You continue to hug.
Can't I just hug you back,
And not turn my back and love the love that gives truth and fact.
Oh hugging love that is the hug the life the love,
Awake in the hug of love,
Mistake with the breath of death.
Oh always hugging me and hugging me,
Guiding life to death as the hug of love receives its hug,
Oh then I hug and love the hug of love;l,
Death, the time, root and rhyme,
One of the hug of love is all,
Backs turned then burned back and back
We turn our back only to return back in the hug of love of life of this of me of we of you and
through.
Hug the hug of love as the hug of love is the hug, the ever gift
Time and time again will ye be hugged again and again
Eternal hug of love here is your hugs rose that I may compare your hug of love,
That I may face the hug of love to be free as the hug of love to hug.
A men!

Knowledge

Science divides into subdivisions and classifications and definitions, yet the progress will only begin to link everything back to where it came from, back to natures laws and then God who gave nature and the laws thereof, for all that is thought to be so new and learned in science is all that is you.....what you are.....

There is nothing external nor then ideas that is to be lived for and before the balance of th souls hard, lived true first and all that pulls on you will be lived with truth although.

Give first by self, silence to silence the mind and to silence the heard before acting or reacting to anything, responding speaking and all earthly acting, Live true to the soul and the soul will live true to all other souls,

Stay silent in the minds frustration to allow the frustrating heard to calm so action maybe of truth of light rather then the storms then bring storm into others.

You must be clear and be free to see how it is that your heard does be, your heard does not live with the eyes can see nor then the heard live with the mind try.....

Heaven and Hell

Heaven is this,

Hell is that,

Heaven is One,

Hell is many,

One with our Giver and his resting place of giving,

Free is heaven from the bonds of this world of many,

Where in this body the entity has transcended the gross and merged with the Infinite

Where thoughts align with His,

Actions align with Truth's will

No longer are you separate oh One who merges with God,

He who has overcome the darkened shadows of a many and has come home unto the light
of their being

Aum, Shanti, A men...

Hell, where we fell from oneself

In delusion illuded by the myriads of sense object's lures

Bound by the body as the thoughts are circling away from the depth of Your being

Reaching and searching, yearning and burning

Painful to you after a slight burst of temporary pleasure brought by your lust

Empty, discontent, where is the ease?

Oh being of me who has gone astray from themselves,

Caught by temptations lure

To hell you go for now

Scalding, burning, churning, awakening a yearning for thyself

May this be a temporary state of being of freeing from the deluded state

For you are destined to come Home
Ye light from Heaven where you have come
Your infinite joy, free, content without any thoughts of else
One, complete, true
The hearts of One hurt at you falling
For you are a child of God,
Torment, torture, you know no other,
for in this body you were brought into the world under the guidance of darkness's
ignorance
You were told that sensual desire and lusting, craving more and more,
Never enough, pain and pleasure, ever fluctuating in imbalance,
This is what you know and were shown of this life
wrought in delusion
By those deluded before you in their ignorance
Oh being in that body of you,
Yearning to be free in its destiny of eternal pure joy
Shine the light of truth into the torment of the mind.
May it see the ease of itself
That you may see and not keep looking in the dark alleys,
But just open the door,
Come inside, and be free
Oh hell, the place of the souls torment,
Purifier through evil will you be
That the soul freed from your bonds to come live again taking anew in life will know your
separation
That they can no longer bear the souls torment of being apart from themselves.
Seeking peace and contentment by the knowing that this,
Contentment, Joy, Peace, this is the state of the soul one with itself

With He who gives your soul to be you

Heaven is, just as you are

Be you, be home with all the one of You

Hell is that, seeking out, that , that , that, forever lured away until you can no longer bear to be aside from you

For you are,

but that is that

Do you choose to be you or do you continue to be that which you aren't?

For eternity there is no other that ye can be but that which ye are,

So stop trying to be something else made up and deluded

Free this cycle of yourself crying to come back to yourself

And be that which you are

Hell doesn't have to be even as your mind tells you so

For even in this distraught state you come home in peace daily as your soul rests in itself in its slumber

Oh but waken into this unity with thyself and carry thy peace, thy joy, into thy mind

Into thy will, thy actions, thy choices, thy being

Free thyself from hell's grasp unto you luring you away from yourself with false notions

For in the end, beginning, and forever more, ye can be no other than the One of you

Take ahold of your life, and be the life of you, being with you, being You,

Free of the darkness of ignorance, free of allowing yourself to be lured away by that which you are not ,

For you will endlessly continue this cycle of falling unto hell's fire until you find the seat in you where you are you and no else,

You are One, Be the one you are

Heaven awaits you as it always has.....

Thankyou Lord of Me of Ye of Thee

A men.

Habit.....

The pulls of my habitual self.

In a state of change, trying to break free from these bonds that hold me.

Motivation for the new strong, so for habit no longer do I long.

But this light flickers and these past actions lurk.

Swirling and twirling my mind and emotional self into a funk.

Come to me, act upon me as you always have.

My feeling a commonplace for the habit to dance upon and live.

Replace these actions with new. Ye must stay busy to do the new.

If ye want to fall to the old ye are to put away, ye must live as it's a new day.

Ye cannot stray into the patterns of old if ye want to break into the new.

Ye must be strong even when ye do long.

For these ways have lived for some time they have began to define.

Ye must give new meaning to you by what you do.

In mind ye cannot be fickle and allow thyself to simply trickle.

For in this weakness do the habits of the past haunt.

They yearn for their taking of this present and future self.

They are none but selfish demons yearning for their own overcoming.

Yet ye have chosen in the knowing of self these no longer serve.

Maybe at one time or another they have been a means to get by....

But as habits they are only a means that make thee cry .

Serving the moment of a quick fix of mental and emotional change.

Getting me out of the place of feel on in contentment, anxiety, that I feel.

But they aren't real, for these habits.....smoking, drinking, lusting and sexing, gluttony, sloth, they all come with their twice as harmful reaction.

My lungs are black and dying.
My inhibitions and my convictions are dimming.
My strength and ability to love another in purity is hiding.
My body, self confidence, and self contentment are struggling.
My actions of moving forward are sitting.
All in these few habits of breaking .
It is a war inside me fighting for the will to survive.
For it is all in the being alive, but to truly live is why I must give....
These habits away.
Yet they laugh and say ok then another day.
When your weak, tired, down....that is when we will come around.
A quick pickup to give you that quick change you desire.
Yet I desire the wholistic change of a better me.
One where these habits cannot be.
Time, patience, virtuous dance I must participate in again.
The simpleness of Life herself is my great savior.
The nectar of goodness my flavor.
For here is happiness.
A place that I have long forgotten in the habitual actions of death.
For they are but pleasure wrought with pain.
Leaving a mind in content in desire and lust.
When ye need not, ye have all.
Allow these habits to gnash and moan, but ye know that in time they will be shown.
Ye are to be content and happy again.
Serene and still again.
In the subtleness of thy light, pure action. Thy Love.
Seeing the dualistic dance about me, but no longer consumed of her enticements.

Content with contentment.

No longer longing with resentment .

Seeing others looking happy and wanting that. Others with this others with that and thinking I can have that for me.

I am me. Content I be. With thee My Lord I do see.

I know not more than this. For when I try I forget myself.

Let me be the me I am. Help me to shed the excess I have come to confess.

I am thine my Lord. I am thine. Help me be thine my Lord.

A Men. A Men.

And soon thereafter the flow of these words, a light of realization blossomed and shone unto my mind.

Habit is not bad. But a bad habit is bad. We are habitual in nature. So then I must replace the bad habit with good habits.

In good consistent action then will the old habits no longer have a place.

In my contentment of good habits will I smile again.

Ego music....

Ego music,
use it to influence the you of ego to act ego,
to act as you do,
use the ego to be the ego of you,
ego, you be this you be that,
just be and ego will you see that you are trying to be,
deluded mind,
a inside is the purity of mind,
use the ego to go inside to ego,
ego of you ego do you do.

Change is inevitable growth is optional

Always keep God on the mind,

service to all with God on the mind.....

Give food, you trust not yourself to know what to do , for you write to ease your running mind, to secure your thoughts, you must hold this in your heart, this is to be you, no other way can this be, you are to become this which you so think in ideals, how to be other than to be, to act to do to be, this is , you must do this, you must give to the people, you must not worry of your friends and give to the people, give to your family, give with the love of God in your mind, give for God through the giving of service to other people. Love God, Give and love God, serve God by serving others while loving God, do nothing other than love God.....

This is the way, meditation for you is wonderful, for one pointedness is great, but to lose this all day is to lose the love of God you so seek in meditation. Love God all day by giving and giving, think of what to give, use your mind that so deceives you, to love God, to think of how to give to love God. It deceives you because you strive for yourself. Love others, this is loving God. Love others by loving the god in them, by serving the God in them. I thank you Jesus for the lovely wisdom that is gracefully blessed upon, my wonderful Guru, the guru of allllllllllllll, I shall love all, love all by giving all to loving of all to serving in the love of God with the thought of God and love omnipresent. Be the giving of love and love will be the giving through you, this is what you seek, what your righteous mind causes itself pain over. It is simple, Jesus has told you this many of times, Give, charity is the greatest austerity, give, your ego will surely try to deceive you out of giving, oh people will think this way or that, mind not what will be thought of people, if you die daily. Then you will surely not mind dying to the coolness of the ego that it holds for the day or the time being of its growth in that certain moment. Give beyond the mind's holdings, you sacrifice your skateboarding to god, for now you see skateboards you think of God, sacrifice your ego to God, for when you hear or think from your ego you shall think of God, then you shall give from God, give to God, charity, act in giving, use the mind to think of how to give the next day, this is a good plan of the day after, do not worry of how it is accepted, but give in the love of God, give with the love of God in the mind. Neem Carolli said this right, just as Jesus said this, just as God sais this through them, through you to you that is to do the giving, God desires you to be true, you then must lose your desires, yet use desires to give to lose the others than to lose the desire to give, but this is so far away that to think of losing the desire of giving now is to lose the act of giving.

God is my giving, God is my saving through giving, Give,

What are you going to give tomorrow?

A Men.....

Bottle of self about to burst

I have just about fully lost it this day.

And by saying lost it, I don't even know anymore what it is.

I am that lost.

So much crying and I don't know what to do.

All I try brings more and more crying.

Then an odd fidgett and I begin to fear.

Is it just his cries of too many,
is it my trials that at the end for that slight second became not too friendly.
I fear myself. I cannot handle myself.
I say I love, yet am no longer able to feel this love.
Maybe for but a moment,
But it has become as a brief pleasure.
Just as the rest of my being has become.
I scare myself, I fear to continue living in this position of life where I live.
For I continue to get none but worse.
I need help, but is there anyone more of me to help me.
I am too far away?
I feel scared to rite my truths of their ins and outs of my miserable life,
For I continue to hold it all in.
I continue to try and try unto these ideals,
But I will soon snap.
A bottle being shaken and shaken with bubbles filling and filling,
More and more pressure ever day.
But I am programmed to keep that cap on,
And so I will burst,
No more bottle, no more, going going gone
I need to open the bottle.
Let all my insides out and be empty.
Bitter tasting nothingness.
Only bitter to my mind o me now oh so far away from peace.
Stuck in pleasure.
Racing from one to the next, no peace.
I cannot give life this.
I cannot be with life like this.
I cannot even remain at ease with him.
I have no sanity.
I feel almost out of control
I don't know.
I need help,
I need change for soon I will be no more,
But the devils bait.
Oh God, help me!

Blinding of pain

With the life that I live, I have no more (care)
No strength- it is gone when I get home, gone a long time ago. I have no more to give, it is all gone.
No love-as I was once, but now all mind all force of will just to do as I do day to day so sadly and miserably. She says she isn't happy. Look at me!

No hope- I have tried and tried at this life and only to fail. My only hope is life and the hope for change,
Just as I have hoped for change our whole relationship.
This keeps me alive in this, just barely, but alive.
But it is near gone as it hasn't worked for the 2 years,
But I have life for whom this is all for and now I don't even have enough to treat him right.
I have none in this life I live anymore.
I can only go to a dead end.
Change is my only hope.
In this path I have no strength for life and more than none for my wife.
I am empty in this life I live.
Going down unless I change my tires, my whole motor, my gas and all
Work, balance,
Pain anger,
Change, hope.

Shine the heart

Shining the heart of thine oh beloved giver of love shining the calm of thine light of joy through the eyes of mine unto the ears of others. May I teach with thine light to guide unto thine light. Through your light, with your light love to give love by love for love. Oh shine through mine vessel of thine sculpting with your light of mine thy divine from my heart to the hearts of the other unto themselves. That they may see through the stillness of mind themselves. That thy light in the heart guide the mind to still, to see, to be, with thee.
Home ,where are you?

Stop looking for new things

Go inside yourself
Everyone, we are unique
And if you ask God or your light beings to give a healing to somebody,
Then you need to trust fully and let it flow
Trying to follow a technique and putting your mind in the way will only block the healing.
You are in a body.
So to serve from the body is to give.
To be true to God through the body.
Regardless of one being spiritual,
The live for God.
If they have accepted Jesus and have faith and live only outside,
Yet live for others, all praises to them.
They surpass all levels of meditation,
For just meditation, going inside through the mind,
Is wonderful, but to do this and forget the other then is to be dual.
One is the must to be.

Faith and action.
My action is to be love,
Loving internal, loving to the external.
Being love.
Sacrificing all for love.

The heart of fire.

2006?

Open the heart,
Undergo the mind
Oh I've tried,
And oh it is wonderful filling the heart with all
To allow it to be burned up
And away with the hearts fire.
Oh the heart burns the deed of pain,
The allowing and letting and accepting of pain.
oh , but my heart burns slowly.
With my wife, much pain in the hearts are given,
But I don't just accept and allow it to burn.
The pain goes in and being that she is my wife,
My one my other half,
I can't just take the pain blindly.
If I take the pain blindly,
The mind holds this until that fire burns up the deed,
And if not burnt,
Then I recall on the deed through emotion and ,
The trauma follows once again.
The pain hates the fires of the heart.
To allow it to burn fully,
I have to be gone and away from where the pain was given.
If I go, then her heart holds the pain and it lives.
I have 2 hearts to manage now.
Oh the burden, nay , on the joy to feel the life x 2.
To have the ego tested in every way,
Yet I am up to the test. I enjoy.
I ego loves this.
And yet my heart is very attuned to parts of the ego,
While other parts are far from.
Oh so weird the pains felt in the heart.
May they be gifts of the ego
Or direct to the heart

All I can do is feel and deal.

I feel guilty

I feel guilty. Guilty even to write the true of me to the fullest.
For so much of me that is divine inside I fear to put out by way of paper. I live in a way untrue.
I have a wife who I don't even know, so if we together are right, I am not so strong to all my
actions, compromise. I feel as if my life is compromised. My whole life is to live for you oh
Lord, yet I feel weak to my strengths unto you. I cannot separate, nor can I let it known to
separate. She cannot understand. For I married her and her dreams are to love a man that
loves her back. To enjoy your lovely creation as she pleases. I try and try to live as I can full
hearted to you, but to you in her my heart is full, yet to her and the means of actions isn't full.

Reason's candy

Reading and reading,
the same words over and over just spoken differently,
giving a different part of the story of life.
Philosophies and stories, ideas and reality,
thoughts and perceptions taken in through words.
The world of words enter your world of habituation understanding
and are taken in as the ego allows.
The world of words, portrayal of thoughts,
experience, communicating, understanding,
Giving their perception of knowledge of whatever their words may portray.
Words, words, stories tall and small,
food for thought, reasons reflection of itself.
Reading and reading, in and in, more and more,
words and words, insight after insight,
infinite reflection of thoughts and experience,
Reasons candy feeding the egos sweet tooth for knowledge of contradiction to thy perception
Of support to thy lives reflection, of thy lives perception.
Words and words, all can be said again and again,
Loves reflections, audible gifts of sharing,
Communicating, relating
Reading, reading, reading,
Silent communication, conversation given and concealed,
Awaiting to penetrate your reason,
Living and being, seeing and feeling,
Writing and speaking, me to you and you to me,
From your mind to mine

Communication through the senses allowing all minds to mingle together.
For all perceptions to perceive together.
The reflection of the one that is mind.
All taking their individual perception life gives them
And giving their reflection of their colors of life.
Reflecting their bodies knowledge of the life lived through the mind of life.
Taking and giving,
Reading and writing, knowledge and give to thee being of knowledge.
Reading, reading, understanding and reasoning,
Taking and taking just as it is allowed to pass to you,
Making and creating that which you are to give to pass through,
The reflection of life as given and seen by you
Know and know of words and words
Patterns upon patterns over woven upon the pattern of life
Read and reason, live and then perceive them,
Those words as changing with the season.
Live and be the life that is the reflector of all that is reason,
Me you, this word and that, life's infinite parts and patterns,
Reflections and refractions, showing as seen,
Life as it has been will be,
Touching what is which is to live.
Read and right, live and learn,
Understand reason,
Let it live and discern,
Life has infinite reflections, yet one life
Reflecting readings and words,
reasons candy So good,
But never forget the true food.
Life.
Evolution of itself.

Love and romance of eternity

Love and romance,
The finding and completing ,
Coming of one,
Eternal union.
Energy infinite eternally burning,
The ending of time as encompassing all in one moment.
Love oh love,
Eternal consort of one,
Oh lord ye are thee!
As beautiful as all beauty in any for that I like
Ye are the liking of all forms,

Oh I am incomplete without you filling my void,
Oh eternal goodness that is God
And my sacred loved Goddess.
My master of purity and my servant in love
Oh burning heart,
Emotionally encompassing,
Bodily free,
The universe becomes me,
When I can see you and feel the unity of our love.
Desires and urges become acts of love and gratitude.
All in you and for you.
All for the part of me who completes.
My more than compliment, but my whole.
My great self and my great self's consort.
Two eternally run together.
Oh in my heart do I see you as the completeness fo life itself,
Ever asd life wholly true and pure
Through you am I that I can be for you and with you.
Heavenly embrace.
Earth and heaven cycling for and for
Each on the other
One whole, separation ceased as two become one and the one is all.
Life, your love oh supreme grace I beckon to be in your arms
Ever free and alive.
Oh I hug you too, we hug as one
Yet by living true do I hug you
I Am you and you are me when beyond my body,
Spirit do I be
Immersed in you,
We vibrate eternally through the flowers and aromas,
Water and the light.
We as one,
I as true spirit to you
Heart burning in yearning and completeness
Gratitude overwhelming
All I see is thank you
All I see is you my great love
Oh I feel and see with my heart as it burns so coolly
In my heart I embrace my love
in my heart to all I beckon my love to hold me tight in her eternity
To our eternal bond,
That I may ever hold strength to you and never lose sight of the one of all
My heavenly love,
That treats me all the grace of just right.

One and whole, I am nothing without you!

A men.

Strength of You

I have become a walking ball of anger.

Incontent with my life and ready to explode with any amount of fuse.

Living with one who I thought was to be as another and then living in the coping stage of living without thought or aspiration of what I once thought the another was. Fighting being, wanting nothing more than to be free of this one that claims my state of once being free and living true unto me. My problem, as she had said, is but a weight upon my heart, as she lifts not her claws to action, but ever clinging unto my breast. Unto my next move. Oh but virtue I will hold, and unto thee one of life do I graciously fold. Adhering to that which is set for me. My ego holds me away from where I am oh idea and ideals what my life is to be. Oh but life is so much greater than me, so I lay down myself to give to how you give me to be. Emotionally unchanging into the stability of your everlasting life, ever practicing and ever firm. Strength of You. A men.

Insanity of me

Hello writing self,

Thoughts to flow as of what I know

As of what I be as does go the being of me

Oh so hard and heavy I have become,

But only when heavy,

Insanity creeps upon me like the snake of the devil unto eve.

Certain of the life of me and my responsibilities,

Insane, yes this is me.

One no longer free to be.

Oh but I say no longer,

Hope comes and gives me to ponder on what is to live

What is my life with my wife?

With the small angel growing.

Love, this is all,

My relief my grounds my life,

Oh ego the creation of me by my giver love,

Incontent away from love.

Insanity is me but love is the and together we be the being of me

Up and down, fluctuating ,

But ever coming back to the being of me,

The great thee, the life of me.

Thankyou....for calming me and easing me

Ceasing this demonic mind lurking in me
My destruction.
Oh please, oh please, show me ease
To fight this devil that tries to steal me from me.
I love you Lord. Thankyou.
A men.
I yearn to kill myself so.
As to let these demons free, out of me,
But God, you show me light and the grace of your night
Sending me into flight of my fight with this devil,
ever deceiving,
yet God the life of me ever there to show me the being of me
Filling me to fight once more.
Thankyou lord,
I fight, I am your soldier and you are my weapon. Love!
A men.

Home, where are you?

Oh where are you?
I have lost you long ago, when I tried to replace my peace with a piece of flesh.
Bringing peace to me was the once felt love of ego less bliss
Home I was as home I have been,
And now home is no longer mine
But another's that I have become confined.
And yes it is me that chooses this way to be.
Holding home on my shoulders, forgetting ever to walk in.
Home, where are you?
Where ease of me is where I be.
Yet in my home, I feel more alone then when I knew not the one I hold.
As I hold I am held.
I try to give, but only after I have been got.
She gives, but i don't want what she gives,
For I can no longer receive.
Only when I was home could I not be all alone,
And even with this other,
more alone do I feel and farther from home..
Oh home, I seek you, but oh home,
To find you I must find me.
Oh and to find me I must be free.
Oh but how when she clings to me.
To my acts and being, to my giving and seeing.
I am confined to a home where my soul no longer feels welcome.
Thank God for the eternal abode of thee,

Or I would more so not be able to be.

Sanity of insanity

I wish I could leave this world...

I yearn to be insane, but fear to be in the mind of another.

Do I love my wife?

Do I love me?

Do I love God?

Do I love?

I know no answers to my self

I think to know intellectualized of my self and my thoughts.

I don't even know to kill myself, to divorce,

I am scared of all.

I know one thing.

I love God

I care not of death

My moral holdings are so much that I didn't divorce and sit in a world of pain.

Me telling me otherwise than how I live

My mind bonds me to a life that I don't feel right to live.

Simone is great but not for me.

What is for me?

God,

God,

God

I am crazy

Am I?

I don't know if I am crazy or not.

I don't know if what I tell myself is right anymore

I live for so long led by morals that I no longer know.

Is that the answer?

I don't know

I have habituated into weakness where I know not myself anymore

Where I let me fall away

But I fear to have another perceive this.

Then I might be crazy.

And then I think I am not crazy.

That am I.

Too much mind?

Yes, soooo

I can no longer control the mind of me.

So what am I?

The devils?

I don't know, seems like me.

I am grey, stuck between good and bad.
Cant remain gray.
Cant I just be myself?
What is myself to be?
I know no longer.
All I know is that I have brought another into my life
and now I treat her with all my demons.
She is my emotional outlet.
All my insecurities that I keep bundled up and live with come out on her.
I need a psychologist!
I need someone who I can trust,
Who can guide me.
I say I need and have no idea.
So then I go to take my life,
But am not strong enough to do that.
I am left in a void.
I cannot change, for I created all this myself.
I can sit in melancholy,
But then when I see one person with whom I am accustomed to my ego,
I have to be happy and conceal everything.
And then melancholy again.
And then release of emotions again upon her.
NO.
But she is strong headed and her heart doesn't shine over her mind sometimes.
Oh devils in my mind.
So there are devils in the mind because you think these thoughts.
Because you are morally obligated not to.
What are your morals?
Ah, to hold up the image of the ego and then to break down everything else.
I hold all in
I am fucked up.
I think people look at me a certain way
and have to maintain this and what the fuck do I have to maintain?
What am I blabbin?
I don't know anymore.
What do I do?
I don't know .
Just be. Be what?
This discontent me.
But what is this me that is being discontent?
I can't live with not abiding by my ideas of moral obligations
and I can't live with my holdings of my moral obligations.
I am eaten inside
I am eating inside.

I am becoming eaten!
I don't know. I don't know.
Suicide would be nice,
But I can't even decide on this.
Is this just a bad day?
What then is a good day?
I must be a two personality person.
Diagnose yourself.
I cannot bear to let the ego to fall,
Then I completely rumble.
Either to my wife,
Oh so sorry I am for her soul to have gotten trapped with me.
Or then when I get really drunk I black out.
I cannot even state my true feelings.
And then I say because I have lived so untrue to myself for so long.
I am so far from myself.
What is myself that I am so far from?
I am having fun writing
is the I that is having fun writing the I of the same I
Or I one I?
Grey I
Not you or nay but me
So don't let your gray be pulled
But not to let her in
Fucking Insane.
Easy way out, just to be insane.
I am ego eating myself up.
I need help.
But then all will look down on your ideals.
EGO
People will find God by God showing himself to them.
Each is entitled as each is but a piece.
So let them know!
I am crazy.
And get help!
And Ego I deals are Ideals
Yoga n
No longer just Yoga,
But it has in my mind become my Yoga
EGO Yoga
My heart does not shine out
I am too smart for my own good.
Is this smart?
Done

Live
Yea.

Insanities coping

I do not talk with my mouth any longer until I can get my head back on my shoulders again.
If that will ever happen.
I cause you so much pain with my words, I no longer will give the demons inside me a way out.
I love you, and am more sorry than you can imagine.
I do not deserve to speak. I am sorry. I am lost.
I have no choice. This is where I end up. It is not you that I choose not to talk to , but not to talk to , but not to talk to any one anymore.
If that is what has to be.
You are not the problem,
In my mind I try to put my problems on you.
I am dissuaded.
My mind creates you as the problems.
I am the problem .
It is my mind, my creation

Me of delusion?

You,
I love you more than I can bare. I love to be with you
Now I know hurting myself is NOT the way.
I do not do this to hurt you
Otherwise is my evil I put that on you to ease me.
I do this because it is BAD what I have to do
No more hurt.
You have become my emotional outlet. And this is not right
This is no longer.

I can't live the life anymore,
The life of my mind
I create this I realize
In my solitude, my silence,
I will not create anymore
It is the you I love that walked into the kitchen,
But the me I created of delusion that makes me see it otherwise.
It is the creation of delusion in me that says not to be with you. .
Evil I create and flows from my lips is the saying using the baby as an excuse.
My creation uses my pain and to give you my pain in words.

Great Grandparents giving a Leg up

There comes a time in everyone's life when they fall off their horse.
My time had come and I fell hard.
As I began this ongoing race, I couldn't straddle my horse by myself,
So I was given a hoist onto her back.
There I was looking up at my horse watching the race go on without me
Just as I had begun.
I could have waited for my horse to tire and sit down.
I could have climbed back on, but who knows just how much of this race I would have missed
You have given me a leg up in a time of need to continue on with this great race.
I am not a spectator watching the race go by any longer.
I am back in this race.
I have much catching up to do,
But this race of life is a long one.
I have many laps to get where life will take me,
But for now I am back on my horse riding forward just where I need to be.
Thankyou from the depth of my heart for a leg up onto y horse,
So no more time will be lost in this ongoing race of life.
With all the love vested within me,
Thankyou to the greatest grandparents in the world.

The darkness of Me

I give my darkness to my son. My great love, my heart. What does a light know of darkness?
Light only shines. Let the light shine. I have much darkness and I can not give this darkness to
my light. I can only let the light shine unto the darkness. The darkness of the mind deceives
and when I speak from this darkness, I am wanting my light to conform to my darkness. I feel
these feelings inside, oh the feelings that darkness rules me with. I feel these feelings and try
to free them by giving my darkness, my frustrations, my mind's thoughts like wanting her to
practice yoga, that this is healthy for the body, that....Oh mind, oh mind, oh you are wonderful
and oh yet you have so much darkness,. You control me by these feeling you tell me are the
truths. O deceptive oh wretched one. I am the wretched one for following the feelings and
listening to bring the darkness into action, to give the darkness to my wonderful son. She will
fly and your heart will always fly. It is always above the emotions the mind creates. I am the
above all the thoughts and emotions. for I am the one that can watch this and feel this and then
think on this, I can act on this or I can act in this. I do not need to give my heart my darkness.
My heart is one that flies and flies and knows to fly above darkness. If I have darkness, feelings
of agitation and aggravation, let them be, feel them. Shine a light upon them. She is a human
as you and she holds your darkness if you give it to her to hold. I have given her so much
darkness and now she holds it. There is evil in my heart and I am the one that can sit and see
this. I am the one that can love even this. All this is by all the factors and circumstances of my

life. It is as my hair if I were never to cut it. I am fearful of staying quiet and feeling this darkness creation. If I endure through the feelings of darkness than I can overcome this. This is strength. Give not the darkness to your Navallas heart, but hold it to let it be shined by your heart. Your light is in you and in in her. Look at God in before falling and letting the evil bring it's action. Action is where it all is, where you are. Act in love and act in stillness in love. This is strength. Let feel the feel for it is your feel. Let your light shine on you and unto all, but only the light and not the darkness. Give pure action and not the deceptive words that darkness can conjure up. Just as darkness gives the feelings, it also gives the feeling of fear to hold and feel I am so much darkness for I sin in a life that lives in the midst of much of this. Oh this darkness comes only from light. Comes only from action that it may deceive the light of action. I think that I know my heart and can define it. Oh but can I define action? This is life and my mind can never know my heart. I know when I feel these feelings Ah hah, this is when the mind is taking the light for its darkness. Feeling....the material and pure state is feeling free and this is me. Act out of freedom and this is true action. When I feel this is when I ponder, nay, this is when I do not act. This is the action where darkness has tempted my doings of light with it's feelings, emotions, and deceptiveness. I am the being that watches these feelings and emotions take place. I am the one that allows them to stay in their place God gives you I. I am strong and I do not know through feeling and thought, I know when freedom is there and no feeling is ruling me. Oh lord, please forgive me for the giving of darkness to such a bright soul. Oh lord, please forgive me for thinking that through marriage that this bright soul is mine to pawn the worlds darkness onto. Pour my darkness unto. She is one of the world and feels the darkness just as I do, she doesn't need and can't handle the deceptiveness that the darkness has twisted inside of me. Oh lord, please give me the strength to stay true to you and hold my darkness, for it is my darkness to hold. In thy lovely name I pray, and ease and pawn, my love. A men.

Do you fear God?

Darkness and light,
Lost thoughts into the night,
Thoughts to gain,
What is to be insane?
Same, can we blame, stepping in the distraught mind of the time.
Is this mine?
Do I hold?
Do you scold?
Are we bold beyond stories told new and old,
Strong beyond the conformity of separation.
Yet separate to demonstrate the true prostrations to the maker creator and breaker.
In the place in, where the same refrains,
To be the, the that of the same that drives the game to call the sane to insane.
Insane, ah in the same, in the vein of the blood of life..

In the act of the life of the living name.
Stepping out to stretch and shout,
Shorty tall and stout,
Happy mad or to pout, yes do.
But go through,
That which is you, me we , to be is that is is is,
Is it?
Question, lessen, trust, entrust, lust the disgust,
Trust the bust, disgust is us.
Running mind unable to hold one view,
Searching one through all the ways it can find,
Concentration wavering ,
Mind can't stay in one place.
All the ways back to the one place,
Following all will get you lost.
But oh mind, following a set path that has a said ending,
With much defending,
Your path is now, this , you ,
Follow and follow,
One pulls me from the other,
Do this, do that, I am doing this but I should be doing that.
What am I doing? I am doing... doing, doing, being
Being, thinking of how to be and how I should be,
This or that, trying this and when hard going to that.
Firm, firm, God is my firmness,
God is your firmness,
All paths are God's and all paths are his firmness.
Mind, oh mind racing to each nice rhythm,
Lusting and forgetting that of trusting.
What is God?
How is God's grace felt and known?
God is the love I live by, the love we all,
The love, the consciousness, the gift of and maker of we
And this earth and all that is to be,
The one, one, the, before and after,
Now and now,
God is felt and known by action and truth,
By strength to the heart, strength through fears and over fears
Silence, for in silence does action come forth true and strong, speaking regardless of thought
expectations and fears,
Loving, loving, strength to loving....
Truth, loving truth, strength through the love of the truth,
Action
Do you fear God?

You act and fall into the weakness and succumb to fears.
God is served by the action and loved by the action.
Fearing God is not fall into the fears of this world,
Of self put downs, of people thinking a certain way of me,
Of me worrying of what I am to say.
You can't see the punishment of going over the greatness God gives.
You can't see the effects of falling into fears.
Let God live, give God,
Act as the heart gives to act.
Oh Lord, I fear you, I serve you,
Oh I cannot serve you and serve darkness,
The earth and the bodies necessities are wonderful
They are not darkness,
But falling into these urges and indulging
that takes away from the acting and being for light is sin. ...
You take from God when you sin.
You are a sinner and you know to act true.
Act true, God will be the punisher,
Why punish yourself?
Act and act and love and love to act for God.
One God the you, my maker, your maker.
Act, act, worry is to darken,
Especially if it hinders or stops the action.
God gives all and all will go back.
All is now in God,
Act to what is and what we are.
Give to God.
The self is a small part of God,
All self is is a tool to serve God,
Give all to her who gives you
and you will be exalted on his throne in his eyes.
The eyes of One.
All may look different and see or comprehend differently,
But all is the one sight that sees for them,
That gives for them to see and allows for them create distortion
And think separately.
This separate thinking hides God.
I may see separate,
But why do I think separate when I know I am you.
You, what is you?
You are a body who has a certain path and thinks based on the path .
I will go on my way.
God gave you your way and God gave me my way.
You go your way to me and I go my way to you.

You and I are no more than the individual path,
Different paths, but to the same place.
All with own distractions and hurdles,
We get off path,
We are all going to the same place
whether each ones path shows them where they are going.

Ego, I fear to grab and deceive to ways and ideas,
I grab to ways and ideas,
I do never nor can I ever grab God or light or action.
I can only decieve myself and myself's attachments to thoughts and ideas.
I fear to have evil and deceit brab onto the ideas of God,
And God's name,
The ways to and paths to God,
To my girl,
Yet even the thought of my is a thought.
God, oh even this is a thogbuht to grab onto.
I can never grab God nor corrupt or deceive,
I can only grab another part of me that deceives "Me".
That deceives God.
A path and a way can be discriminated upon and deceived.
Beyond evn these words to describe the deceptive circle of me,
Is the God me.
Oh I fear now the thoughts that grabe the words,
And thoughts of God me.I
It is only a thought.

War is on

Oh me, Oh one,
All of me befalls to thee,
With thee am I truly free,
To see, to be, to love thee,
Oh me,
Small and large,
I am, I am not,
I have begot all that I got,
Shod and drog,
Mind glistens with smog,
I be like a log
Mind a hog through the light of the worlds fog,
Searching, grasping, holding, not lasting
Oh light, at my belt to fight

My ultimate weapon of the ultimate lesson
Yet mid fogs
As it lessens forgot of the lesson
Resuming to question.
Question what is can yet answer lies in my hand.
Devil, oh devil,
A part of me to shed or tyo fight today and night
your lie and try and I cry
and lie in your be, you betray me by!
War is on,
The enemies in me long to fight one last war,
Yet never do they win,
Up and down, ,round and round stealing my action,
I yearn and does my heart burn to fight the last battle inside,
So no longer do I must hide!
Strive and strive,
Live to be alive,
Strive not to live,
Strive to give.
I wish I wish to break the dish,
To fall to the ground safe and sound,
To be earthly and freely free of strive,
To win the war and end the score,
Better or worse, more or less
I confess in my distress, ,
I always have less
Th is is best so this is more,
Score kept I am more adept,
I've won, yet devil hides my trophy from y eyes
To see and mind to know with his deceit to be my sorrow.
Oh no , oh yes,
I confess as a mess
I come readily dressed to end the mess
In love I stand as a holy man
As me to be grand with
God in my hand.
Me in his, he in we
To act to be to love to see
As love it does fly to me in thee in all yippee
Fight and fight and find the hidden delight
And the grabbing and churning is all rear.
This is me.
I fear myself.
Me then is fear.

Words oh words,
To grab and keep the thoughts and ideas of me going.
Fears of changing and becoming a different me,
Fo doing other.
It is doing that makes and serves and is truth.
Me is illusion, a way of doing.
To do and not worry of the way is to be the nameless I to be.
God is every morning and every night, midday,
Before and after and during the ups and downs of me,
Of thought, feeling, emotion.
For God, before the thought and then the worry then the falling and the new again.
The feeling before the feeling is God.
Watching the rollercoaster of I am.
No matter what I think to do,
I do and before doing is I am before I is doing.
Amen.

Thoughts of Rolling

Rollin has been said to be a greater percentage mental than physical.
Physical is body and the body's ability to perform.
The mental then controls the body and allows for the ability.
In that mental, mind is thought to be the mental.
But what control mind?
When full ability is reached and held,
What thoughts is the mental one held?
Outshintking ability will hinder truth.
Ability is the truth of performance.
Self is thought to be be mind.

The name of you

Lord,
I cannot state a name of you.
For the name is of this world and I can grab this name and turn it against myself.
Jesus, Ram. Allah.....Names,
You are one and I am so many,
I fight with myself name to name seeing the differences.
All names describe the one that is
By which these words flow.

All pervading, all owning all conquering,
All one, one of all,
All religion tries to touch you and describe you.
I can only describe a thought of you who give me the thought to describe.
I know not your name, but nameless,
All names,
All qualities of you.
I praise you oh great one and love to thank to praise you.
My words are my words,
As I give them,
I give me,
You have me and hold me,
I lean on you and let you guide me.

Why do you look for the living among the dead?

We are the dead and you are the living, yet ye live in we and we live in you,
So sight aside from thee. we be dead!
Yet with you we are seen,
One with You we lose the dead of we,
And rise with thee,
In this we are not dead
Oh Lord, let us see thee in all that we may never die,
But live in the rising of thee.
Amen

a forgotten one

11/15/2006 ????

I start to write again through my yearnings and needs for something, anything. I have just started a job at the post office. I should be happy and excited, but all I can think of is how many hours I will be working and how I won't be able to do some of the few things that keep me sane. Oh how I remember how writing once made me feel as I spill my inner workings upon pages. Just as Yoga makes or now I say made me feel and just as yoga, I cannot hold nor find motivation to continue. Where does this lack of motivation come from? In the olden days life was spontaneous, whereas I could do as I felt when I felt. And now I work all day every day, come home to my wonderful son whom I have to watch and entertain until Simone is home and then I have to deal with her and the entertainment of the little guy. Clean, you don't wanna help me is all I hear from the body. And yes these are my responsibilities having created them. The thought of not being ready has no point in my mind as all just happens so fast. They are all my choices. Is it regretting my choices when I feel sick and depressed and unhappy?

Even those things that I enjoy are not as enjoyable, for I no longer can give myself fully to the action at hand. I sit here and get looks from the wife as she cleans and I write. A sudden burst of motivation I have to regain my slipping sanity and I am plagued with guilt. I know I must keep up this sort of journal entry for me to hold some ground in my mind. My work life isn't what I wish, my homelife is far and my happiness is long gone. All rests in the mind. If I can sit and find ease of thoughts through these pages then maybe then will I be able to make it, or at least gain a big more mental strength to try.

A men.

- Simone words
- hola meine grosse liebe,
- Dustin,
- Dear God's great Navalla,
- 12 O'clock love letter 7/23/04
- 7/28/04 to Simone
- On Simone
- what is this Relationship?
- Relationship fears
- Wavering through certainty and uncertainty
- I am the doubt
- Swords in my heart
- The yogic path and marriage
- One life, different needs

Simone words

Our earth and our heavens,
 The mirrors of one and another,
 Serving our senses in the most pleasing vibrations.
 Our eyes, our skin, our nose and our mouth.
 The body's parts of feeling and understanding of our gift of our reflection
 That in the heaven and earth
 Our five limbs and our five senses feeling all of the heavens and earth
 Feeling all as one yet taking into the mind
 Giving to reason as our fate chosen to differ
 The heaven from the earth oh hard ground that we feel and see
 Floating the vibration of smell and the (;.....) of sound through the air of the heavens
 For our ears and our nose
 The light of the sun seen ever so brightly emanating through heavens space into tight vibration
 of our solid seeing earth.
 The taste of her fruit our mouths sweet savor, our nose and our friend taking in the scent and
 giving to our earths skin of the feeling of task
 Oh wind,).....) exception???? Of the lovely gives of the five senses of our world,
 That is we yet a reflection as the dual reason, sees it to be.
 Feeling and seeing as it will be seen to b3e the winds reason only sees hat the eyes of the five
 give it to know.

Oh the one of all there is , seasons complexity taking in perception as a sip.
 Reason oh reason, understanding, through each season of the heavens and of the earth of the
 body's kingdom. One it is out and in.
 Mind body earth heaven the guard of reason.

There each reflecting the other yet living inside one the other
Our five strings to thee outside are hidden from reason. Of only our five greatest gifts with
reasons hold on them. Could give reason the simple fairy of perception that all gives to.

Me:

Amen, Amen, is the greatest reason given, faith's perception, perception of perception given to
reason.

hola meine grosse liebe,

vie gets die,,,,,, ich bin gut,,,
bad german.....

but full of love as I say I love you my great love that I yearn to be, and am, but still I cannot
be as my weakness of mind overcomes me, but what is that but a mind of side, when God is
all that the mind is in side, what then can me be but a stoner, as the mind does think and
sees, but my mindstate is that which it bes. faded as the mind's eye can see, this is what I be,
drunken in delusion of living as I be. living with the knowing yet ceasing to see, stuck
where my mind cannot be free, this is where I be, in the seclusion of my ego's be, this is
what I can see, only me and what to do for me, what to be fore m,e, what is this, but be for
me, when hwat the true em is the great goodness that greatness that i used to want to be.
but where did my motivation go to, why am I so weak, why do I not yearn to practice the
purification of myself to become pure unto the light of me. to become me in truth, yet all I
do is speak of the me of truth without being this, but can I be this, I can only give all of me
to this, if I give all of me to this I will fall, but for me to live now as i do in weakness of
action with the light burning inside, the mind runnin me with the pleasures and laziness,
why not practice and feel the light of goodness, all that you yearn to do is with this great
light, for the great light that is the light of this word of typing flowing throught the mind, the
great love coming out from inside, through a mind faded beyond knowing what to do for
itself, a mind that doesn't know what to write of itself,

I am writing to you my love, my great one that is my woman, whom I am a weak one for and
to, whom I love yet hold myself away from the me that loves you, what am I but a fake one
who is afraid to be pure and free of myself, darkness clings to me, holding me, if I was free
you would bee, soooooo is teheeeeeee, faded mind can seeeeeeeeeeee, I love youi baby as I
be.....

smooches.....oh, here is your

Written by Simone in a shared book.

Dustin,

I wrote this for you last night.
I vow to always shine light upon the darkness.

I vow to always walk my path,
To break through the burdens and let my soul shine.
I vow to always encourage and never burden.
I vow to hold your heart near and dear to me.
I vow to release the ego from my soul!
Dustin Latimer,
I love you from the deepest depths of my heart and I give to you the totality of my heart
open and receptive forever more,
I love you so dearest dustin,
My beloved love!

Dear God's great Navalla,

When one unlocks the greatness of God's greatest gift, residing within us all, it is said to look like a snake of God's light uncoiling up the base of the spine and then filling one with all that they are truly destined to be, being children of God. The kundalini, as this sexual energy is called, is awakened through living in alignment with God's truth and for the greatness of God....It is also said to be awakened by ones guru's soft touch. I have thought so much as books are written and as I have been told, but once my mind's complexity and deceit calms, my heart is once again heard and I know that you are speaking with God's voice.

From you I have learned truth of greatness more than anything I could possibly do alone. Not only have I learned this, but I have lived in this. Without having you around, my mind goes back to the sin that so desperately clings, holding me from living true. With you away for so long, no longer do I live in the truth of our unification, but from the outside looking in yearning to dance with you as I watch. I have been blessed with my whole, and without you my wholeness slowly fades away, allowing the sin within once again to darken with doubts and complexities. I have not the strength to ever stay above the sin that lies deep within me without you in and out of me.

I have known my guru. I have known my better side. I have known me as a whole. Me as you, we as the greatness I so yearn to be, yet our lives corruption eats as we are not strong enough as parts to fend with love. You have been given that which I need, and I have been given that which you need. My greatest teacher is our love..is our wholeness, is our oneness, is the light that shines when you look into my eyes and my sin has no where to go but to be loved. I write this as we are apart, as you read this we shall be together and you shall look into my eyes and any doubt that our sinful selves hold, shall dissolve into the wholeness of our love. God has given each of us our greatest blessing that we each shall know on this earthly plane, so that we each shall flower as one unto the heavens to receive the blessings that only wholeness can know. I love you my greatest blessing and hope to flower and wither away into the heavens as one in the love of God forever.

12 o'clock

I sit for the first time in silence at our lovely home.

This is the first time alone at home and the first time I have a quiet mind in the time I was with you in Germany.

I can once again feel my soul alive, able to feel your soul.

Able to break through the race of my ego, and retire into the hands of our souls mother and father. I sit in front of Buddha with the candles lit and as I look at the paper, I feel you all around me and all in me, I can once again feel the joy that is the basis of life and the bond of our love. My dear, I have strayed so far from myself that is the one of ourselves. I have become engulfed in thought and forgot to live. Forgot that I am living right now and this is the joy of life. Seek and find that which is already given.

My Then do we seek just to know?

Oh my love, so how I miss you in my silent mind where my soul is the thinker.

Oh how my soul begs to be freed from the body's thoughts to float in your heart always. I pray that the eye of my soul through God will lead my life, that he be my strength, that mine eye will be single. That I may see only oneness amongst argument and understanding. The oneness beyond these and before. That I may see us in God even on this world and in this world of mine. I love you and thank you for you and God for me and you.

A men.

7/28/04 to Simone

Oh my beloved love. I sit here as you are away and try to write from the strong missing feelings I hold right now and the kitties won't let me write. ET sits on my chest while buddy and turtle run up and away for their turns. And now their attention turns and I am alone. I yearn so strongly for your love, may it be a dream you are having or my coming back from the temple, but oh how I miss my love. My mind is balanced and my soul illuminated and I can see us as our souls dance and embrace in God's hand eternally, while we caress our bodies of this life. Oh and back to the problems of me coming up no matter where I be. Well, oh well, as they be. Oh now I love thee and see the strength in me to be the balanced one that you are to be, we, married oh so lovely. Thank you my love for your strength and for your love. I wish you were here. Smooche.

On Simone

To thyself,

You love a great woman.

She loves you.

She is so lovely to you,

She is so beautiful

She looks how she looks .

She is a strong girl who is certain of herself.

She loves her family and cherishes what she has and what life has given to her.
She enjoys what she has learned and been accustomed to enjoy.
She likes people and interaction with people.
She is hard to people sometimes.
She speaks direct and doesn't accentuate her speech to go easy to another.
She isn't worried of what people think of her.
Well she is, yet she doesn't worry of treating a certain way.
She is how she is and if someone doesn't like it, so be it.
I treat people how I like to be treated,
Yet am too afraid to be bold.
I dress up what I say to give a softness to what I am saying.
She just learned English and knows no dress up
She speaks of herself and complains,
I hold it in and try not to complain.
I worry of seeming selfish or of complaining,
Of getting other people in the same mood or feeling.
I hold in my mood, or I try to, and she lets her mood fly.
I live a way of silence and yoga and giving things up, austerities, and she lives freely.
I act to people and am strong faced to people I don't like or I don't want to be around.
I love all women and enjoy the beauties of all.
She is beautiful in her own way.
Her face is beautiful and body amazing.
She has a small butt and a determined forehead and small boobies.
I married in the love of the path of mine.
Of silence, of service the spirit before all.
I thought she and her life and her way of life would complement mine,
And help me and then through my way I could help her to serve God in the humble silence.
She and her way of life is of freedom,
Of no rules.
Of doing what she feels like.
I do what is right or wrong,
For myself and myself ideas of my life and what is and what I want it to be.
She surely lives true to her.
I fall into her free way of no ideas or rules and fell into or out of my silence and servitude and austere ways of life.
I was certainly not strong to my ideals after falling truly in love deep into it.
Her way is free and enjoys this love.
I am free if I follow and am strong to my ways.
I have ways and would like her to live in those ways also, but this isn't the case.
She won't conform to my ways, and I can't conform to her ways,
As I have tried and it surely is not my way.
She is my love and I am influenced by her,
My ideals of life and the way my life feels comfortable is to live as I live,
And to compromise is ok,

But to fall from mine and she falls from hers then we are both fallen from that we hold dear and strong in strength.

I must live as I live and she must live as she lives.

We must live as we live,

Oh love, so difficult.

If we let each other go, we are free to do as we please,

But we have no longer the love and affection of each other.

But the way if life is compromised and ideals are not as important.

Well, hold the ideals and be strong and do,

Then do and not judge what she does.

But she is my wife and she is a reflection of me.

Hello ego.

She is not nice enough, she is nice, but she doesn't go out of her way to be nice to others and to make her ocean nice.

She isn't the most beautiful,

She doesn't look after her health as I.

She eats unwholesome foods.

She sees too much flavoring in food.

I am not so strong to do as I must around her.

She does and that is easy, so I do too.

If I am strong and in each situation do as I know that I must,

Then I am strong to myself and keep me happy,

But she makes me happy when she is with me doing as I like to do.

Oh these things I am not so strong to hold on and act.

The idea is inside and she is outside to look at and even oppose the idea.

This is where speaking for thyself is needed.

Showering the need of mine for these things.

Surely I feel as if I need not explain myself.

She is my wife and should know and understand me.

Oh staying strong to ideals and compromising each time for she,

. The balance oh the balance.

I see her not so pretty sometimes,

Especially when she lives away from my ideals.

Yet now I live away from my ideals.

I can easily place blame on her and make the weight off my self guilt for slacking off and on her.

But what is slacking off?

When we are together she speaks of things I cannot not about

And talks very directly and intensely at times.

I dislike this way of speaking in this stern voice.

Oh so many things do I dislike her.

Live life as ye must and she will follow,

And if not, then our lives are not meant to be together .

If I live untrue to me and my way,

Then the angers come out to thyself and to her for the subliminal blame.

Sure I held judgment out of yoga to the way she lives,
As I am living for truth in service.
Her services comes in the way of pleasing me.
And mine is to please God and my soul and her .
Living true to me is to live true to God and this is to live true to her.
For if not, life this way can't be.
Live true as I tells you to live.
Love as your live can love.
Thankyou Lord, A men.

what is this Relationship?

What is the energies I feel?
When I speak and she speaks back to me.
It is that she doesn't understand me?
Nay this is no problem.
It is just how she goes about trying to understand.
It is her ego that won't adhere to me and allow me freely to give and then this cause me great anxieties within.
And even more so that I explain and she can't understand my ego through her ego.
The bond of us is a mingling of egos more that any can be together,
Maybe I can only see a relationship of egos helping each other rather than angering the other.
Of being open to the other rather than staying eyes closed to the way of the other.
Surely I remain quite closed to her need of thy ego, and maybe the opening of my ego is the anxieties I feel.
Or maybe it is the adhering of my ego to hers that is the anger. Yet for my ego to adhere to herself for hers not to be open to mine.
Maybe the biggest problem is that I no longer yearn to open to her ego who just as she doesn't want to open to mine.
And then the cycle continues,
On and on the cycle goes,
The two can be seen as one this way,
Yet in the infinite external dealings of many,
The doings is what matters and hows are the manys I do and she does,
And doing together, we do this is the one that does,
Yet we both try to do the we as I or and she and stay closed to the we,
Can this be, can a relationship be? Or do I just put too much perfection in my idea of the oneness of the relationship?
I can't adhere to perfection of life which is life itself as one.
Please let it be as nee for me Lord
A men.

Relationship fears

Our relationship, us together, me to you.

I fear me and my ego of anger
That no matter what I feel angry at you have done.

Then I fear you and your sadness and weakness to my strong overpowering emotions. That you getting mad will only make it worse.

I fear the strong emotions that pull us in circles. That we may not be able to break beyond the bonds of these emotions into the everlasting spirit of joy.

I fear the forgetting of God and my weakness to my spiritual path. For all our problems and fears that are of the temporal world only hold me back and make it harder to life for the spirit.
Also talking about the practice of being of spirit only pulls me away from actually living it.

I fear that our love that we once felt can be felt no more, that we have hidden this. That all the outside pulls too much and we can't love each other free of all in the spirit and soul of our love.

I fear that your heart won't be open fully to me so I need my love to be, free and fully in the soul, and the same for me.

I fear that my path and way of spirit can't be seen and understood by you, so I will feel guilty for living how I must. For I choose to live free of worldly desires and lusts.

I fear that I may not be able to be the husband you need. That I can't give you the attention and time you desire.

For once I could be with you free of ego engulfed in spirit, but now it is a feeling full of thoughts and emotion that pulls me away from spirit.

I fear my weakness of the world, of my senses and habituation of this life. My strength comes through silence and the hidden powers, but with you all that I have held in comes out and no longer is it sacred.

I fear all the fighting and separation that we have had and created, that we may not be able to break through and overcome this hold on us to live true to one, the Spirit of God.

I fear my judgmental mind as it sees you. It does not exist in spirit and love, but it is strong when away from myself.

I fear not being able to see us as two individuals and living as a turtle and you a bird. Letting you fulfill your needs and me mine.

I fear that you may not live spiritually enough to satisfy my life and need of living for Spirit before anything worldly.

I fear to be apart from you, yet I fear to be with you. I fear that if we need to be separated that we are not strong enough to take that step. That we have become accustomed to each other so much that we have forgotten what is dear to us and brings our happiness.

Mostly, I fear that we won't be able to see oneness beyond all worldly things. Emotions, physicalities, and actions

I fear that our needs for this life and how we live it may be too different.

I fear myself not being myself, which I have not been so much. For it takes me in silence and strength to overcome the powers of the world and see the truth behind all that is spirit. I fear that I may not be able to become engulfed again to let the spirit guide my way.

We must help each other how each other needs to be helped. And see where we can't help and maintain our distance. We must not take so many things personally!

I fear that you can't see how you are like your mom

I fear that we question each other and thus bring doubts into each other from each other and not have trust and faith in the other.

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Wavering through certainty and uncertainty

I am wavering through certainty and uncertainty,
I relate to the relationship
Yet keep finding non relation to the related.
I know not, oh so I know not.
I have my life and to live as I,
And yet now I feel to have the burden of another upon me
Oh for in love I beckoned this burden, .
In the freedom of joy,
And all that seems to have been weighted by the gross form of the matter and mind concealing
the soul I so love. Can I find this again?
Need I search?
For one to find is for ones search to end.
Wavering through need and to be freed,
Of taking care of leaving bare.
Unattached, I seem to find me to be to an attachment that clings to me
Yearning for attention.
A sign of my love,
But oh so physical.
Yet I feel to give and be from the heavenly abode.

Oh yes, so does she, as we be both beacons of light,
But waver and waver I do,
For my light to shine I cannot define.
I be as I be and so does she,
But the ways of ignitions brings about our partition.
She is free in love with life and living,
And I be to quiet thee life of living.
I feel stuck in boundaries I have created,
Robbing me of me,
Yet I cannot let the boundaries go,
For I am bound to the boundaries to sustain.
Oh I complain, and I feel the need to be untamed,
My ideas and needs are to be
and yet I am stuck under the more adhering the ideas of my attachment and more.
Oh I adore thy soul, yet am repelled.
By our different life needs, of our both own ways of being free.
I realize to mine own surmise, I don't need no longer what once brought a gift Of my mothers joy
in my bosom,
And yet, I fret for I cannot let my true needs to be met,
For I fear the repercussions, to come near if I let free the one that once brought with thee the
dearest joy from the Almighty.
Oh no and oh yes, I remain a wavering.
I know my gifts and I know my responsibilities,
I reap what I sow.
Though, beyond the waver, I am grateful of the grace of God as I run in his dream through
karma layer by layer.

I am the doubt

"I fear to have a husband who doubts on me"

I am that husband who doubts.
I am the husband who bares the guilt of the doubt I hold.
I am thee husband who loves his wife,
Yet knows too much of separation to live this love.
I am the husband who tries and tries to give and to live the way of love,
Yet am plagued with doubts and insecurity.
I am the Husband who cannot take control of his own life and cut through karma.
I am the husband who lives and tries for his wifes sake.
I am the husband who is torn between dharma,
I am the husband who no longer knows his dharma
I am the husband who places thoughts of words before the life of dharma

I am the husband who is torn and turning by the grasp of karma.
I am the husband and she is my wife.
I am the guild of untrue loving to the upholding of mothers desires.
I am the fear of the broken heart of hers.
I am the pain that chizzles away at her heart.
I am the battle of karma of past in the body of the now.
I am the melting pot of temptations burning weakness.
I am the sadness of my minds losses.
I am the battlefield of wars won and lost subject to the relation of the moon.
I am the warrior and I am the innocent victim.
I am the murderer and I am the murdered.
You are thee in me watching all of me.
Upholding me to be, emanating constantly awaiting the mind of me.
Not anticipating nor opinionating,
But free confined by the way that I be.
Dio I be for me or do I be for you?
Oh me torn apart on the battlefield of life,
Eternally awaiting my victory over life.
Creating and destroying time and time's layers,
Playing along with my eternal companions in the maya of layers.
I can never give up, and I can never be given upon.
I sit here as you fight,
Eternal companion of light,
Watching your back to endure any sneak attack,
Being the call of help,
It is here I dwell in the midst of the battle,
Giving always hope to thee,
That we may be the great loss of victory,
That maya cannot be,
But only I, the one you call We.
Om , A men.

Swords in my heart

The swords in my heart bombard me.
Stuck in as deep as they once were impaled,
Yet going deeper and deeper as I see her
Open wounds of the past bleeding once again.
All bleeding together.
Her life rests upon me and as this I cannot be
She balances on the swords and she throws them deeper
Her footing is becoming less
As the hearts mess increases.

Soon she will fall and soon I will die.
But before this I surrender.
Oh but she wants to keep fighting amongst the soon death awaiting.
And as she rests upon the sword's handle,
Awaiting the war to start once more,
I must hold her there and bear the pain.
I can't let her fall and I can't let her fight
I just must wait and wait until she finds another place to rest.
I hold the sword forever,
Yet the wound may close around the blades.
In love I grieve her footing and in fear of her jumping,
Do I bear the sword with the weight of her.
Oh pain and strain,
Hardship and feeling,
Oh so alive,
Change ever so begging to be held.
I for me yearn to hold,
Yet I must bear the weight of hers
And allow her change to unfold.
That I may carry the sword without the weight of her life,
That I may take change of mine as my now wife
The wife of life.
Whom I may survive,
And hope the same for the wife of mine
Who was not defeated nor did win,
But decided to fight with the war of within.

The Yogic path and Marriage

The question, the great question. Can you serve me as I serve you?
Can I serve myself? Can I serve God? I married you and am bonded to you, yet I married you in a much Yogic state. I married you for the support of spiritual path for strength to be truer than ever before and to help you along just the same. I find more and more that I am too thirsty spiritually to live (lawlessly) worldly, to live as maybe the past has given to live. You have gone through much in your life and surely your karma has been greatly shed. I still have much bad karma that pulls upon me and I need to be strong to cleanse my tablet. To purify myself. And this is why I have married you. But I begin to be weakened and drawn out, and be ruled by my senses and my lusts. I employ strength by not indulging and overcoming, I feel and know spirit by resisting the temptations of my body. The question comes back and all I can answer is, I can serve you only in my strict way of living for spirit and for the purification unto spirit? If you.....no more ifs! The truth is that I am stern to their life and this is my path of overcoming all the evils that are stuck in me. I am to live quiet, simple, adhering to the Yogic principles of liberation. I love you, but I cannot stay in the evil of me trying to love you. I can only free my life from living carnally and live spiritually. I have been living in between strictness

and just letting go. Y strict mind steaming forth when I am lazy and my lazy mind coming forth when strict. Ans all the while your urges and lusts and needs compromise my internal quarrels. So the will comes upon you. I can only serve God by living free of the carnal mind and flying to spirit. You enjoy the carnal world, and I can't, for it holds me and takes me down. I have to impose rules for life that I must live by and you also. At least help me fully live by them, or I will be stuck in the whirlpool that I am in. I love you gracious Lord, and amongst all the doubts that the carnal world and sin throws at me, truthy in purity you have given to me.to overcome all that holds me so strong. I am free by the path set before me. For you Am I.

One Life, Different Needs

To you am I. for you am I. I can see no separation. Oh, I cannot create pain in others either. Simone, your life and your needs are a man who loves you and mine are a strong will in strength for the Spirit. Yours is of enjoyment and mine is of austerity. YHOu urge for something and indulge, I urge for something and overcome the urge. Surely I am not living as I speak, and this is why I am writing this. I know my life yet I don't live it. Yes it is easy to balance my weakness on you, for your touch awakens my senses and I still have much attachment this of senses. We will be apart soon and that will be great for this is the time to see ourselves. Maybe our paths and needs of life will meet the needs of the other or maybe not. For I realize that I need be alone much more than I need to be loved and with you. I seek love of purity of all of Spirit and you seek love of body of a man's flesh. Y flesh is too weak to give you that freely, for by not looking one way, that of the senses, I find what I need the other. Oh love, I am a strict mind and now I know why I have this, not to judge of carnal things, but to discriminate for the self toe be liberated from the carnal world of suffering. I tried to use you and I found you as just another attachment. Can I let go of you and still give you the physical love you need? My answer to your question is that I can't serve you as you serve me, for you serve me as you like to be served, and I serve you as I like to be served. Love is the servant of all and we both serve each other through love, yet my love is hidden by my thick pasts karma. My only way to love is to live austerely and strict, and even with teh love, I can't give it so carnally, but spiritually. For earning love by spirit and acting carnally, the love to one becomes lost. For I am lost to the spirit of love. You are where you are and I am where I am, and our karma is dealt as it is. I face mine and desire to burn it in the fire of a life all to God. you face yours by a life devoted to your man. This man, for your devotion to run to the spirit and for now, free of the temptations of the carnal senses of attachment.

A men.

Chapter 6 2008,09

- A forgotten self
- Pact with God

- Beckoning of Strength
- ease the burden of the past
- Know, Feel, and Love
- Thoughts racing delusion
- great mother of mine
- This writing, this writing
- Balance
- Habits of strength

A forgotten self

10/10/08

A long time has passed since I have chosen to touch these pages.

I have for so long fallen into the running mind of myself. Compromising my life with just getting by. Incontent but just enough to hold me until the mind gets it's rest into the night.

I so do not know how one can go so far as I. ...A right because I had lived into and for the spirit so past think and judge myself. But I am em. I chose to be weak, for every moment is a chance to live as you will. So easy it would be to blame all on Karma, but I choose what to do. I create my circumstances, or at least how I react and act amongst the circumstances. For so long have I been this way that I am yet to call this a way is to look from a memory of how I was once upon a time. When it is that, just a memory. I am not the same person I was then. As a person. But I yearn to find in me to be, to be, to let these thoughts to run out of me, to be free. I am , I am , I am, I am so many thoughts of what I am. Action, being, action, seeing, mind is going freaking out because it hasn't been viewed for years. I have not looked in I for time and time again. Oh beloved, so I think of you and my heart bursts and I begin to feel once gain. I yearn to feel the pain in me that I have woven ever so deeply. Oh beloved. A men as I think on you and once again feel. Clearly can create from feeling being instantly away from the numerous rambling personalities in my mind. Shadows that hold me blind from the sight of sight. Oh dearly beloved my eyes begin to well up ass so long goes by without finding these thoughts of you. Distant from the place of thoughts. I think to myself why am I even writing? What are you doing? Yes, it has been so long and so many demons have manifested themselves to frontrunners of my mind. Stealers of my motivation. Hiders of the heart and goodness. I move another page and racing thoughts of temporary ease and pleasure, lazy, lazy, lazy fuck it.

Just lay down and do nothing, constant battle. Oh constant struggle. Oh beloved seeing your name blessing the pages being written cheers me and smiles my lipe. Oh dearly beloved, I yearn to hold you deeply in my breast and never let go. I will hold and hold and shout your name when my weakness overcomes once again. I thank you my dearly beloved.

Thankyou oh thankyou my shining heart salutes you.

Amen, Amen, Amen

Pact with God

12/17/09

Today I make a pact with God and I.

I will keep God in mind and focus throughout the day and night,

For I have lost focus of life.

Life in both sense of the word.

I cut my hair as an external reflection of the movement I feel deep within.

For it is too petty to live life without living for life.

For without God, I am not happy.

How can one live life without true happiness?

I have a son to grow with and for me not to live true sets forth no good example nor guidance to thee true, to God.

Beckoning of Strength

12/19/09

Strength, oh strength. Oh how I beckon you. In fluctuation of life and focus from a life in darkness to a life in light. I have fear by which strength I yearn. The fear tries to scare me into in content thoughts of the dull patterns that I have so become accustomed to. Oh thank you beloved for the shining of your light unto my realization that there is no life worth living, but to live for, to, and through you. For this is felt by the joy and contentment one has. For the eternal joy is to be alive. For we as humans are all alive, but the drapes of this day and age have hidden us from ourselves. I will no longer sleep through your gracious gift oh beloved one. I come to you for strength of you to you. For guidance that I may not lose sight of you and still continue my activities and necessities of life. Of the karma I have created and that which was created before me. Oh Lord, calm these fears as you are all there is that I may be in communion with you through this life I live. Change is not easy. Kinetic energy tries to stay the path with which it is set. But the path I have been living, it has been dull and dark. The light of joy of God's touch has been absent in my mind. I have latched unto a fear of running away from this life I am immersed in as an excuse to stay blind of God. Oh I can do this no longer. I yearn for the touch of my father that I may live and share life. My son deserves all this and so do all. You oh Lord, are truth and I will be true. I know you will guide me in the direction I must be guided. I know you will calm my doubtful and shadowed mind when I call your name. For this mind is yours and I am yours chosen to be living. I now with the grace of you, am opening my eyes unto the grace of you, am opening my eyes unto you and graciously choose to live a life no longer devoid of you my Lord. That I may be content, for you are the contentment of all. That I may be strong and share life rather than weak and consume life. Oh Lord, blessed am I to be given this vision of insight and truth that I may have a rebirth unto life herself. That you, oh blessed heavenly father, may accept me with open arms. That I may

share this love with all. For all your children shall see fully who and what they are. Oh beloved, thank you my lord, your name will I call always along this path set before me in this realm of my carnal body. For all is one. Inside is where I begin and call upon you that I may reflect you unto all through my actions and decisions. I love you my beloved one and thank you from the depth of heart ye have given me. Balance to calm the fearful mind with your name as my strength and focal point through the rest of my life here. That I may live, and by your hand learn to live, and by learning teach all the living to live with sight of the Lord that gives them life. A men.

ease the burden of the past

12/20/09

Out to in this is the question plaguing my God striving mind. Balance oh balance. Oh ego me makes me feel bad for losing my mantra. Aum Beloved one Aum, causing conflict within me. Oh higher self coming through with ever compassion and understanding. Understanding just as Jesus came to understand the twofold nature of the flesh. Oh live the life the set before you. God is the life by which this life is lived. For mantra or God is wonderful with the beloved on my tongue and in my thoughts. Compassionate self, worry not oh doubtful one, for your beloved is ever with you. See him as you can. You will lose sight of the forefront of the mind, but ye have a many shadows of life. Live and do and God is always with you. Be easy on thyself when mantra is forgotten, for in silence God too does lie. Mantra is a path of yoga. To mentally discipline thyself for losing direct sight of god's name is to love the quality of compassion. For an open heart must come to the darkened thoughts that have come to live within me. For this is me. This is where I am, and this is from where I live from. The thoughts of the past will do all they can, but the thoughts of God with much attentiveness will ease their burden. This is my path, embrace every aspect and live it whole heartedly. With the whole heart comes the richness of a life lived for, through and to you oh my gracious beloved One. A men.

Know, Feel, and Love

12/30/09

Hello to the thoughts of the mind.
All the desires swimming and lurking.
I have made a pact with myself and my beloved,
That I may never forget him.
That my life may be full and touched by the grade of he.
I may fall hard as I have,
But I will not forget he. A shallow life of no joy I cannot bare any longer.
For I read some words on the past pages of when I was lost.
Such a dark time .

Void of your love oh beloved lover of lovers, giver of givers.
Oh beloved, the tendencies within me are strong.
The habits are strong and deep as I walk the same walks I have walked in sheer darkness
Oh, but with your blessed touch upon me and my son,
Am I able to see light shining through onto these walls.
The color and joy is showing it's face once again.
Oh beloved, even there, even when I am not.
Oh beloved, aum, aum, aum, aum Thankyou.
Oh blessed beloved. Oh lord, may these words stay within me and keep at the forefront of my
mind that I may feel your grace,
The caress of your hand,
Your stern hints of strength and guidance.
Oh beloved gracious one,
May my thoughts on you influence my action,
That my habits that lurk so deeply rooted in my way of life may transform,
And progress and evolve with the strength.
For as my body weakens, may my mind stay strong unto you.
Thankyou for the words oh beloved guide to thyself.
Oh beloved thankyou for your blessed touch,
That I may see and feel you attain in my life,
That I may know joy again,
That I may know love again,
That I may have a spec of light at the end of the tunnel,
That I may not lose sight of and continue y climb onward and onward.
That I may not again plummet into her depths and be molested by the hands of lust, greed,
desire
By all the devils handmen and gorgeous henchwomen
For I look at your guidance.
My destination, my strength amidst all the shadows and glitters along the way.
That I may see a glimpse of your light in the glitter,
Knowing you gave the glitter to be only to continue with my sight
Affixed on the light at the end of the tunnel.
That I may never lose sight of the goal.
For my journey may take this whole lifetime,
But what is time, when I can see and know of the light at the end of the tunnel?
Ever ceasing, always there.
Focusing, I can see your light brighten and enthrall the walls,
With colors and infinite beauty.
For this is the bounty of you my lord.
But I will not lose sight, for my goal has been set.
This journey is not easy.
Sacrifice is happening and will continue.
I will not set aside my duties in this tunnel,
For this is my earthen home.

Your gift.
But I will not lose sight of the greater gift oh Lord.
For I can see the path with my eye of eyes and feel the way in my heart of hearts.
Oh beloved, oh beloved, I will not stray from this path.
I know I will stagger,
But with your name oh beloved as my sword,
Your guidance as my shoes,
And the all you've given me as my action,
I will stay strong, find balance,
Not sway, and come to you.that the tunnel be filled with light for all to see,
Know, feel and love.
Oh beloved, thankyou.
Aummmm

Thoughts racing delusion

Oh thoughts racing through the mind,
Telling of greater things to do at all times.
Trying to lure me into traps of discontentedness.
Saying there are better things I could be doing.
Oh yes thoughts,
I have given you life and power,
And so you are hungry to be followed into your trap.
What good does this do for me, for us, for you?
For you know, oh circling thoughts of ever doing other,
That ye will only bring about in contentment.
Ye will have a me bouncing everywhere, doing this, then that, then this,
Never ceasing, until I cannot take in any longer,
And have to go to sleep.
What good does this do?
Am I happy, are you happy?
Shall you not be happier with the ocean of creation from whence you come from,
Where ye no longer have to fight for your control over the souls willingness.
Ye, oh circling thoughts of desire,
Are strong and loud as you live in my habitual walls of life.
Where I have succumbed to you time after time.
I will no longer fight you any longer,
But rather love you and understand you.
For I will stand under and see from where you come.
And guide you to where you truly want to be,
Where joy and happiness are the bounty to be forever had.
I love you oh circling thoughts of my life's creation.
I will no longer serve you,

For we both serve a higher being from whence we come.
I love you.
A men.

great mother of mine

Selflessly loving and caring for her offspring.
Helping and supporting, caring and nurturing
She is always there.
Living the life given her,
Yet as much involved in her child's as her own.
A great mother she is ,
This mother of mine.
And with this great example spawns the next generation.
For whom the same care and love unfolds ten folds.
This grandchild oh so cared for.
And I the child, now a Man,
Can see and understand the greatness of this mother of mine.
Thankyou oh Beloved giver of love for the love,
Care, and selfless giving bestowed upon
Us by the hands of this great mother of mine.

This writing, this writing

5/10/09

And so I write once again. Something I haven't allowed myself to do in such a long time. With life a changing so much and much. Well I have decided to sit and write, as I have caused myself much imbalance last night as I drank and drank and drank. Almost destructively and no throw up, so I now bear the burden of the body hating me. And me wanting to leave this body too. This is odd. I know not what to write. All the demons of me are circling in the head. Mind-body, the body is hurting and thus the mind does too. What to write about? The self and the unfolding and re folding of myself.

HOw are you?

This is the question

The answer:

I am doing good (aside from this moment where I catch the whiplash of last nights activities) But it does make me think and change. A realization where rockbottom and crawling begin. Demons of the mind, I have given you a partial life to come forth and circle as the body of me tries to slowly heal. Insecurities of my path and my strength try to surface, while the voices of affirmation hide, just to get a little whisper in. This writing is now.....Happening and happening. This writing this writing, 2 full pages to fill of writing. Focus is not here with this imbalance. I know that contentment is herer when balance is there. Confidence and hope. Beautiful aspects of beautiful life. Ahhhh so nice to see beautiful words. Affirmation. The light

of life that is living right through onto the pages to be read. Clutter of thoughts are about, yes. Do I now write to make myself feel better? Surely this is an attempt. And judgmental mind of me, Hi judgmental mind that laughs at the product of these words. Ahhhh, product matters not. Producing, the act of doing, as these words unfold, let it be told. Console thy dying self, as I sure feel like poop. Scoop the poop, so the barrier has been broken for me to flood the million minds onto these pages once again. I remember the great peace this has brought me in the past, so I once again begin and let the heart and mind be light. Let thyself life love truth faith comfort ease strength caring nurturing embracing encompassing spirit Ommmmm

You my beloved that is the life of me whom I have created shadows unto.

Oh beloved one, I am distant from the beauty so blessedly given in the depth of my bosom. Oh beloved, my contentment joy, ahhhh, The life of me. How can I hold myself away from the eternal company of me? No longer will I allow me to astray from you. For no longer can I bear the burden of feeling alone. This is my beginning of consciously giving my action toward being Being Truly Being. Encompassed in the ever giving heart of my beloved. All inside smiling and dancing with Joy along the mountainous happenings of karmas ties. Overcome all the hardship while enduring them with the beloved one in mind, heart. For ye are here now, living in me to given the statement of me I choose to use.

I am not alone, for I am with you, We are in this gift of yours together as my mind calls it.

Meditation, writing, eating, Loving and guiding my son, Yoga, maintaining balance. These are my voices for finding the self.

Being, living with. Ohh correcting thyself, mind running in all direction. My love, thankyou for the burst of motivation to write. And now I silence the mind with meditation. Thankyou. A men

Balance

5/11/09

Too much of one or too much of the other and this causes the mind a bother. Worldly or spiritual in a worldly society and a soulful body. Austere to clear the mind with the ways of the world pushing from every side. Habit, oh habit, ye are the recurrence of excessiveness. Yearning to be lives as much as possible. One way of living and acting in the moment holding on for it's dear life until it is intoxicated with it's own power. OH devil of the ways of patterned action fo the past. We live in this world and society given life so beautiful and freely, yet the time of darkness is upon us. Balance. Mingle in the shadows while holding an abundance of the beautiful love oh so given. All hold this abundance within them. It just must be found. Opened eyes to balance. Living worldly and beginning to utilize the strength fo the beloved. Oh thankyou. I Am me and have lived a much unbalanced life of neglect to one side and now I feel the spiritual, austere means of life I once knew jumping out from within. I have gained a knowledge and understanding of the way of the world, for this is where and wen I live. And then is that I live in this time and place. Ye cannot shun all of life to be with God, nor can ye remain blind to God any longer either. Simplicity is this balance I seek. The answer to the most in depth question of the night. God will guide you if you let the guiding happen.

Austerities and sacrifice yes. Simplicity, ah, this is where happiness lurks for you. Give up that which causes attachment and problems. Embrace that which gives strength. Ye are a modern day Yogi living in this day and age. You cannot deny this day, nor the age and live the same life of the sages of the times past. Let God guide you. As God is no less than jhe was in the times past ye have gotten accustomed to in the past. All is good and a gift of the grace of God. Embrace this. Be who you are. Follow your contentment. He will show what it is that needs to be seen and embraced. And thus remain balanced in this life set before you and fully live the gift of life that is you. A men!

Habits of strength

5/14/09

Habits and patterns,
A constant recurrence of me.
Setting in a place where I was, am , and will be.
Writing on this thought becoming a pattern itself.
A constance to hold to break that of the old
Just as the ego, habits cause one astray
Aye, just as the ego, they can be strength to lead my way
Paving the path is the habit i begin to procure
For twiddling my thumbs at the bottom of this path is the habit I have gone to endure
Life is moving whether I pave or remain a slave
While this body I live will will soon end to be put into a grave
Time burdens this body, yet tickles the soul
So a patterned reaction of paving will bring forth the life foretold
Write and escape this net
For through the words will the heart open and free the mind of these habits of old
Embrace the changing of time,
Yet live in the same place of mine
Yet as it is the same, she has changed as have I
Movement, oh movement, continual creation of new will form a new habit of strength
One to pull thyself from the depths and lift me to ye,
Ye to me,
We one to be
The habits of old lurk in the stagnance of my actions,
Yet the strength of new cannot be held in the cloud any longer.
It is a new day!
Thankyou beloved, thankyou.
A men.

Chapter 7 '10 '11 Opening the Heart

- Today is a new day.
- Mourn in Joy

- Listen to another, listen to thyself
- No respect of persons with God!
- I know not!
- Empty yet full
- From Maya to Sat
- Language means not. Giving thyself means all
- God, Christ, Gurus
- To know, or not to know
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- I am to Love
- The mind and heart
- I got naught, Thankyou Dustin
- It is not another,
- Oh heart, I open unto you
- What is to be pure?
- Tapas, Oh tapas,
- Good morning Beloved
- Integration
- Imbalance
- The temple of God
- Divine Source
- Vinyasa Flow
- Yogas Chitta Vrtti Nirodaha
- In this world, not of this world
- I want Thee!
- Grace of Time

W1 Today is a new day.

10/28/10

Awaken refreshed with yesterday's vibrations away.

A new day to act, create, better, to love.
To live as this blessed life is given.
Today is a new day.
Oh yes, a much of the karma of the yester will I have to deal with,
But today is a new day.
Where I can choose what I let cause me stress.
I choose how to react to all the stimuli set before me.
For today is a new day,
To love my son more, to devote patience,
Kindness, compassion, understanding.
To live in the environment I have allowed to penetrate into me,
Allowing all my energy to be stolen.
Where I allow stress and anxieties rule and hurt.
Today is a new day,
Where I choose how these burdens will lay upon me.
For I will walk the path given for me to walk,
While holding onto other gracious goodness that empowers that all to be.
Oh thankyou beloved for the graciousness you give.
I pray I may never forget the life inside that gives to the out.
That I may hold with me your peace, comfort,
Serenity, and strength.
That I may be content in all that is put forth.
For today is a new day,
And I hold onto the graciousness that gives this day to be.
Thankyou beloved for this Day.

Mourn in Joy

From the depth of my heart, to the ends of my being,
do I mourn in a joy of coming to terms with the opening, accepting, and being of where I am!
Knowledge coming through,
To my Jnana mind of deep Truth,
Hearing words of uncertainty and not of full Truth racks and hurts the mind!
Pain in the Heart!
For I am here to open the wells of my being unto the light of All others!
Through teaching and guiding, listening and consuming.
Oh heart of Divine Light, consume all that is in delusion from You in Your Love and Compassion.
To guide I Home.
My thoughts, my emotions, my ego, the growing of me.
Oh Divine Light of mine, God's Grace, Your gift of Truth, Oh Beloved,
Thankyou for Your Grace,
Thy beautiful Love, Thy Mercy, Thy Salvation!
Oh mind, ye will be burdened,

Oh heart, Ye may be pained,
But oh so beautiful is this!
This journey of coming Home.
Oh Beloved, thankyou for Your Love,
Thine open arms to come home.
Oh Beloved, help me to see the good in all that I may take in thy goodness,
My fuel to guide me along Thy path given to me to live.
May I guide all that I can to walk with me in peace and love unto Your Doorsteps!
Amen, Sat Nam, Namaste.
May I See Thee in All!

Listen to another, listen to thyself

Feeling the peace and conviction of another.
To share freely as I share unto the opening of myself to another's ears.
Oh, the mind and the fears.
Preconception, oh what will one think?
Oh the heart flutters!
All minds of all individuals are clouded,
All the individuals yearn for the cleansing and opening of the mind.
The heart cannot bear the burden of being confounded.
For the heart yearns to shine!
This is the happiness always beaming open arms unto others.
Let me shine Joy into you, for I am your Joy with me heart.
Everyone, individuals, ones of their own path, their experiences, their conceptions,
Their where they bein this life,
What can one say fo the thoughts of another?
Listen, for this is the saying of the thoughts of another.
May you think to guide to help, but their inner light strives to shine their inherent Joy unto the
clouds of the hindrance of themself.
Only they can free themselves!
Only they in themselves can accept the hug of the Divine Light within.
For it is their thoughts, their being, their path.
We are all on a unique path, yet ye all have the Divine Guidance awaiting for the acceptance of
the Divine Joy to come.
Listen to another,
Listen to thyself.
listen , trust, allow.
Let the Light shine and do what it may do, for they and for you!
A men.

No respect of persons with God!

None better, none worse

All children of God
All here for a purpose.
Only You can know your own purpose!
Only They can know their own purpose
Only through their own heart can God shine the light of their own Truth
Only through You can You Truly know True
All are the same before God
None greater, none worse,
All with their own demons just as you,
Can your demons judge another?
I say nay,
So open up and let them be the them they are today!

I know not!

I came here a mind full of knowledge.
Learned and understood in Yoga.
How can one learn when their cup is full?
I know Not!
To grow, I must rid of what I think I know,
For unto the opening to the Light of God, I know not!
So I stay and pray in the humility of the light of Thy Heart inside my breast.
I know not!
I trust in You,
My faith fully in You,
I give All to You,
For I know not!
Thankyou my Beloved Divine Light of insight,
I am Yours!

Empty yet full

Peace.
When thoughts are clear,
Pure mind,
The teaching of the Buddha,
And yet mind yearns for the one pointedness of one object of thought of Patanjali.
Is it not one point to have no point, no desire to know to seek?
But to simply allow and to be?
And is this not the same focus of allowing that occurs in the meditation of Samyama?
Just as Asana, one must be firm yet relaxed,
And so the mind must remain firm yet relaxed!

Allowing the free Sunshine of the mind while keeping the constant direction of the emptiness of a free mind.

Peace, yes so beautiful!

God is Peace as God is Bright.

Ye cannot force God to appear, but through peace's patience and love,

Can ye keep the mind, the full free mind of peace and love,

Empty yet full, of joy, attentive yet open and relaxed,

One pointed on the greatness of the emptiness of being full,

And allow this to submerge the whole of your being.

Allow, accept, in patience, expecting Nothing,

But being in the peace of Joy's Love.

Strong and soft, Aware and relaxed, loving and simply being,

Accepting and content

All You my Lord of Love as I simply prepare this mind and vessel to accept and open in peace.s
patient loving into your filling of love within.

Oh thankyou my Beloved, living in the silent peace of my mind's heart!

A men.

From Maya to Sat

How do I feel?

Oh how is the feeling about me?

All while asking and opening to the One,

who may lead from unreal to real.

Leading from Maya to Sat!

Asking the Beloved Guide to lead from darkness to light.

To illuminate that all is seen and known,

Not in vanity, for it is not I that knows,

But You Beloved of whom I ask, sing, and open my heart unto.

From death to immortality, leading me into the Spirit Eternal,

To bring the Eternal into the forefront of this life,

In this temple,

Filling with Your Light,

Emanating from my heart,

From Your Heart,

From maya to Sat,

From death to immortality

Oh Beloved,

To sing of illumination of the Spirit unto You!

Oh Beloved,

Your Grace, Love, Compassion, Open Arms,

Always welcoming.

Oh Beloved,

Thankyou for Your Love!

A men.

Language means not. Giving thyself means all

English Vs. Sanskrit

Patanjali says that all can be attained with reverence to Isvara!

Through Bhakti the end result of Yoga can be attained.

Yoga is that for the mind, chitta vrtti nirodaha - calming the cessations of the mind

Sanskrit is the language of Yoga.

Derived for the the attainment of the true self

Vibratory in all aspects.

Kirtan, the song to the Beloved, to Love, to open the heart,

To calm the mind.

Intention, giving unto God the beautiful singing.

In English, the native of our tongue and understanding to sing to God to open the heart,

Full of intention,

Full of reverence and giving,

The strength of the giving unto God all that they can give.

To know what one is singing,

Enabling all the Beloved thoughts of the mind that circulate the goodness of giving of the Love.

Sanskrit, with the vibratory aspects will guide the mind in Truth, free from thoughts.

One better or one worse, Nay, but giving with intention to thy Beloved all thy heart and soul to free thyself from the stronghold of the complexity of thought.

Oh the giving, the Love given awareness to the Beloved.

Language means not, but giving thyself means All!

God, Christ, Gurus

The mind goes and the mind comes,

with the emotional patterns and happenings of thy life.

Wavering in depth of Spirit or to a dryness of the strength of Spirit.

Yet it all resounds and comes from,

Back to,

Holding strong.

God, Christ, Gurus!

One!

Amen, The rock given unto me,

God, Christ, Gurus.

From whence I come,

To where I go,

To here,

From here, All!
Amen.
God, Christ, Gurus

To know, or not to know

Words,
Thoughts,
To know,
The illusion of knowing,
What is there to be known that isn't already known?
For the Giver of Life has given All This that we may learn, be, to know
But knowledge is but a gift as life is but a gift
Give to Life, for ye are but a gift
Give your gift to the giving of you.
What is there to know is ye are the same giving of this knowledge of delusion?
WE as ego beings think we know.
I know this, you know that,
Oh to know is but to align with the giving,
For this is the knowing,
For if ye give yourself to the One that gives you,
What is there that isn't to be known?
For ye are the light of understanding,
To know, aye, practice the art of living given by those who have given this art.
For it is not their knowledge, nor your knowledge,
But that which is given to know!
And the pertinence of knowing, of accepting that which is given in light to know,
Is all but steps for your path home,
From wherever you be.
For we are all in different points of the one place,
On different trails of the same path on this Beloved way home.
We are ever so blessed to be!
For this is We!
All is given for the path we are to walk.
All is guided if we but look and open our eyes
Give thyself to He who gives You!
Open arms is He always,
Allow thyself to accept by the giving of You!
A men
Surrender!!!!

Moving temple of me

Doctrines and paths,
Means to the happs, to the end of the beginning, are we bad?
Through austerity, yoga, living true,
Through giving thyself to the greatness of Self that gives we to be.
Oh but love, opening of thy heart,
The bridge of this world and that of the ever so subtle yet powerful Spirit world,
Oh Beloved, I yearn to See Thee,
To feel Thee,
To be with Thee,
In this eternity,
But oh, the strict path of yoga ye have given,
Resounding deep in my soul, third eye,
This, that, using all the gifts ye have given to cleanse the moving temple of me,
To ease the mind to one pointedness,
That there may be none but You,
Oh Beloved, I yearn to come unto Thee,
But in this life of loving and wading through that set before me,
Love is all I can give,
For love is the bridge,
Unifying this world of maya, so it is called.
Oh Love, Satya, you Are!
Reality is Love.
So Love, open, accept, immerse Thyself in Love,
For this is Thyself and all the others,
The connection of All,
The unification,
The many minds of One,
The stillness of the mind by the divine light alive in the heart,
Shining through unto the light of the mind,
Eased, Joy, cleansed, peace, Graciousness, Love.
A men!

Vapasana Meditation Sky

Breath
Feeling
Thought

Sky:

Endless, boundless, unchanged
Breathe in sky
Allow thoughts to float by as the clouds,
Watch them,

Allow them to float by,
Breathe in endless boundless sky,
Breathe out all unto the sky,
Expand into the boundless sky,
You are still as the vast blue sky,
expanding contracting
Unbound
Crystal clear
You are the floating sky

Teaching of rhythm

Beating, beat, beat, beat
Rhythm of reflection,
Rhythm of my intention I call mine
But oh for granted do I take that which is given me.
A partnership of this life that I have walked and has shaped my place from whence I look
through at this moment,
Allowing the grace of God to love through as I simply watch the rhythm of the heart,
The rhythm of breath flowing through this body of me
Oh me, mind a movie, not at ease,
In a thought of control over that grace a given me,
I cannot control the grace of God;
This rhythm of life that gives me life.
All I can do is accept and allow,
Partner, befriend, un-hindering, loving, watching,
Together, as breath and beating heart is the guide.
Allow their guidance to come forth.
How can one learn if they do not listen?
Oh listen to learn to be, to love.
Amen.
Let God's Grace shine forth,
For that perfection is my Teacher!
A men

Yogas Chitta Vrtti Nirodaha

Yoga is the calming of the cessations of the mind.
Yoga is the cessation of the fluctuation of the mind.
Then Tada Dhrashtu svarupe vasthanam,
Then the mind is settled,
We are united with the fullness of Self,

Unbound consciousness.
flowing , moving mind, ever moving, seeking,
To relax, ease with the breath,
To still into the open arms of the Self,
Become or simply come to be with the unchanging eternal Lover
that gives ye to be
That is the being of thee.
No more movement but full of motion,
Still but full of movement,
Past, present, back, forth,
Black, white, discrimination,
Nay, but time stops.
Eternity is opened wide!.
One, two, three, One, me, You, One
I to me as I to You,
Seeing through the eyes of all eyes,
Unbound, full yet empty
To use words derived from this dualistic nature to try to emanate a reflection of that which has
no other,
There is no separation
How can one see adversely another when the other is the same One?
Trying to describe, to reflect,
How can that which has no other be seen by that which is no other?
Oh just as the light cannot be reflected to the eyes
And the words cannot discriminate One,
To be is to see,
To live is to know,
Stilling the separation into One,
To be with the One that gives all this to be
Unbound, no other.
Giving light to the mind so mind can find its way back,
Stilling the looking out,
Stilling the searching within,
In all presence of moment,
Time is no longer relative unto itself,
There is no point at which to measure,
For one with no other is not subject to itself.
Oh chitta vrtti nirodaha,
Calm yer mind,
Through the blessed healing gift of Yoga.
Oh, open yer heart,
Thy seat of my mind,
And shine the divine light of Love into the fluctuations of the mind
Ego is dissolved in the light of the heart as the mind of mine is no longer mine,

But your mind of mind
That this mind of mine may shed the delusion of separation and unify, He into Itself.
Free yet ever at Thy mercy as it is Thy Mind to guide as Thee give the guidance of your
wonderfulness of Thyself
That I may walk in Thy guidance
My will merging with Your Will
One mind, one will, One Love
Loving itself, compassion unto the Maya of thyself
Sacrificing Self for All the distant ones of Thyself
Oh heart of Truth,
I invite you to open thy light unto all the shadows of separation, of delusion
Burning all my pains and insecurities,
Burning me that I may rest in the abode of my Beloved
Of the Beloved of All.
To labor in the love of guiding all the selves of me home!
To You my Lord!
A men

I am to Love

Love,
The heart is the seat of the mind
Love,
And thy mind stills in the Joy of the divine light of love
Unify, merge, immerse into love
Love into mind,
Mind into love,
There is no other.
Give thyself unto love.
The ego body is shed for love shines eternally in the heart and mind of the temple of love
Full, one, expanded unto all,
Humbled in all meekness and loveliness,
Love my All,
All my Love,
My Guide, my Love
Loving the love that loves me to be,
To be Love
Mind of living love with heart shining forth Love
I Am Love
I am Thine my Love
I AM to Love!

The mind and heart

The mind does move,
Unattached I perceive,
The heart doth warm,
Illuminating ever so subtle,
Breath eases,
Heart beats,
Listen to that which you are,
Thankyou for the beat,
The moment,
The open eyes,
Writing experience,
And the subtle sight of heart lurks in mind,
Thankyou,
Amen

For ones own salvation and for the salvation of the world!

I got naught, Thankyou Dustin

Oh Yoga,
Ye do not cease to amaze me.
Practice and practice,
Getting used to a certain practice,
Ego stabilizes.
Then as the teachers differ and the practice changes,
So then the habitual mind does go too.
Unable to be in the comfort zone of whats coming next.
Sensation awareness, slow moving,
Kripalu that I'm learning,
Using the given aspects of what we are,
Of what we are given to work with .
Using that which is good to open and free the self unto goodness.
Oh Beloved, guiding me on the path unto You!
Unto the whole of Me!
Oh, to be full I must give the small self of me to the fullness of You.
Oh Beloved, I am Thine!
It is hard, It hurts, but oh so beautiful is the opening unto You my Grace, goodness!
Oh Beloved, stillness of mind,
Opening of heart,
Awakening of prana,
Sat is this,

I open unto Thee guidance.
Beloved, I am Thine, I am Thine.
Oh Yoga, practice of stillness, being still, being real,
freeing my heavy minds holding patterns and giving to You!
I practice the art of practice You guide me to.
Thankyou my Lord,
My minds comforting my hearts burning desire
Thought a naught,
I give me to thee with all that I've got
Can my way of being me that I can be a giver by Thee
Free mind, unknowing thought,
I got naught!
Knowledge and accumulation,
I've got naught!
For I've got a naught but that which is given by Thee.
I hold a naught, but what Thee gives me to use to be free in the hands of Your Love.
Of my love before I think the love of mine or Yours. ,
For this is, this moment, thought or naught,
All is All, was I and will be
For Thee, Now, no other,
Fully aware,
High bright delight of Truths might,
In the arms of all the arms of love,
Resting on the breast caressed in the soul,
Merged and submerged,
Oh heart to burst to free in Thee,
With Thee, For Thee, In Me, In Thee, for Me.
Be and Free!
Accept the naught of you and give all to the all that are you.
Oh Beloved, I opened this day a bit more than yesterday,
I feel Thee in the burning heart in my breast,
Oh my Love, Oh Love my Oh!
Thankyou, Thankyou Dustin
Amen, Sat Nam
Give Chitta to Prana to guide divine.

It is not another,

It is not another,
It is you
The emotion, anger, frustration is not fault of another,
But all of you.
You are the one in control of Thyself
It is your choice to act this way

It is by you and none else than you that you act the way you do!
Oh heart, I open unto you

Oh heart,
Oh heart,
Shine my Beloved Giver of light,
Illuminating All,
Through pains and hurts,
Through the torment of the ego
Oh heart
My divine door of Truth
Shine out my Beloved!
I accept all the pains, happiness, hurt
All that ye give
Oh Beloved,
I open unto You
I am Thine,
I am Thine!
A men

What is to be pure?

Sauca:
Cleanliness,
Continued refinement
Simplicity, purity, refinement
What is to be pure?
What is to be clean?
For that is a what?
What am I?
What is me?
To be or not to be?
Being, freeing, seeing
Purify, what?
The totality of we is that to keep pure
Pure in thought,
Pure in action
Pure in Truth
For Truth is pure!
Bringing one back to all the games that we have learned,
Holistically interacting with each other,
Just as all the parts of our being together align as one to be the purity of the being we be
Balance,
All together to moderation,

Being You, for You, me,
we are the one that we are
But to be this one we mind the totality ,
Give mind
Awareness, acknowledge,
Unto thyself,
This is to know what purity of thyself is,
For as life guides the being of each of us through the path,
Do we then know what is to be pure.
For a (incomplete writing)

Tapas, Oh tapas,

Tapas, Oh tapas,
The light that is ignited,
Directing me to do right in the sight of the Beloved's delight,
That I might be true to the depth of insight,
Whis is the blessing to be blessed with!
To know, to see, to think, to be
Oh but to act, to propel,
Along the path that is given you,
Given me,
On the path that is the living of Thee.
Oh burn beautiful flame of desire,
Consuming all that doesn't serve your eternal fueling,
That you may be fed by the truth of my actions
That I too may be consumed into your eternal light,
That I may be consumed in the eternal nothingness,
Free of me,
In your eternal light
Oh but now,
Fuel me where I be,
Igniting my actions that I walk the way that is true,
And through this truth of me of you,
Will I come to be with You
In the burning desire to fuel all perceived others fire
That they too may acquire the eternal desire!
That we may burn as One,
Permeated in Love
Where nor hot nor cold,
But Joy, Love, You!
A men, A men!

Good morning Beloved

Oh good morning Beloved,
That giveth the morning of good to be,
That giveth the good that the morning may be,
Oh He that giveth the giving that we may accept the morning of goodness,
Oh to make the day good,
To live for the life that is given!
That is the goodness of the life that may be in the morning.
The giving that is the goodness of the morning where tis the goodness of no other,
The goodness that lives through endlessly,
Where night, day, meaneth not,
For the giving and the life that is given ty the life that giveth,
Oh Beloved, A men
Thankyou for the giving that we may receive, accept, opening up the heart
Your heart that we may receive the life of acceptance,
Oh offering the same that is the giving
That through You we may give the same light of giving unto others
To open and guide unto acceptance that the giving is receiving
Light unto light
That we may be Your delight of insight
Shining bright
Permeated in Thy joy,
Giving this joy unto the permeation of all of You!
Aum, Amen!

Integration

Breath
Mind
Body
Will
Movement
Prana
Flow
Using all
Holistic
Using all that is given
For the giving
Mind
Ida
Pingala
Mind
Body

Earth
Air
Water
Fire
Sushuma
All one
Spirit soul
Love
Life
God
Grace
One
Unification
yoga
Imbalance

The oncoming of imbalance
The awakening of balance
The being from the center
Balance, come
From the center of the being from where being comes from
The one without separation
Falling out is to imbalance
Distance from the center
From the well of being
This is imbalance

The temple of God

Posture
Sthira, Sukkham
The physical bodies natural expression of the divine
The temple's structure of which God lives.
The core supports the opening of the heart and relaxing of the shoulders down the back
For to open the heart,
Heart center out, blades supporting while relaxing down,
A strong core is what holds this beautiful door open
And so surrender for then the light of the heart does shine unto the mind of meditation.

In the temple of God that we are given to walk, talk, to be, along with He,
With earth as the foundation and breath as the expression
A strong core is the pillar,
The heart is the door,

To commune with He whom giveth the temple that we occupy together!

Conscious Connection

I am consciously connected to my Divine Source, and my choices are aligning with my highest purpose!

Earth, Air
Legs of earth,
Grounded, strong, firm
Pelvis of water, fluid, moving, long
Kidneys of fire, tapa, cleansing, heat
Heart, shoulders, arms of air,
Light, free, complimenting Thee
Mind, head of ether,
Mind, thought, illuminated, shining bright

Eyes closed, coming in
Staying here
In me in the depth of we
Feeling the feelings
Seeing the sights with the eye of inside
Accepting the gifts of feeling of pleasure of pain in the compassion of heart
A step back
Free the judgement of conception
Allowing the whole being of you to show and open your inherent recollection
Introspection free of speculation,
Open to the opening
Here to be
Feel the feeling
In the internal sights delights
Oh stay closed eyes
Ears and feels of mine
Coming in with all awareness
Let thee divine shine

Divine Source

I am consciously connected to my divine Source, and my choices are aligning with my supreme purpose.

Conscious, aware, of the connection,

The unification with the divine Source
With the giving of the self
With that which gives you
I am consciously connected
I am the connection
I accept and am aware of the divine Source that lives in my heart
hidden , awaiting the opening of mine eyes to see the eyes that give my eyes to see,
Consciousness is to look
To acknowledge
I am as the divine Source giveth me to be
Willing with willing from, for ye are my source of all that I can be
Can do, will for the doing
My choices are aligning with my greatest purpose
Aligning, coming into alignment with the divine Source,
With truth of the being
As the duality of perception wavers ,
Choices come from the center
Not from here, from there
But from this point
Aligning the practice,
Process of coming into alignment,
Day to day
With conscious connection more and more aware
Drowning in the depth of purpose
In alignment
Truth, satya, direct, directly from the giving of Thee
Being unified
One with Thee One that is the Source of me
Of the being of we
So that we maybe the we on the path given for we to be!

I am consciously connected to the divine source, my choices are aligning with my greatest purpose!

Vinyasa Flow

The wall of vinyasa,
Lift, move, place, shift, focus on foundation
Activating foot or lift?
Moving with the root
Light and firm
Moving into the placing,
Caressing the ground as all points of the foot meet the ground in its caress
Rooting as the shift of weight transfers into the grounded foot

And as the weight shifts
The yin yang also shifts as the other comes light
Uniting the two sides of the body
The mind,
Lift aware,
Move with root and stability
Place with a warm sensuous embrace unto the pedestal of our earth,
And shift as we transfer all attention of groundedness into the foot that was just a link,
Holistic.
And continuous this awareness,
This grounded rootedness,
Allow the expression to flow free
Moving the body as the call yearns to flow atop the foundation
Move, place, shift, accentuating and dancing atop the lift, move, place, shift
Moving, strengthening, flowing, growing, allowing
Freezing, firming
Shift, lift move, place,
The practice, the process is the destination,
For you are here!
Give You to this, to you!
Breathe the in breath of lift,
Move with the breath,
Place with stability,
With beautiful exhale, and. shift with stability

Vinyasa begin

"I am the Infinite that has become the body. The body, as a manifestation of Spirit, is the ever youthful Spirit"

Yogas Chitta Vrtti Nirodaha

With the fluctuation
The two fold nature, duality
Chitta, pure mine, pure consciousness
Vrtti, created from the Maya of the external stimuli
Two fold with mind permeating
And so Vrtti in the mind
Allows vrtti state of the mind
Hiding the stillness of mind
Still, calm, contented, grounded
One with the same

Here not there
Here dear dear no more,
Not separate, but immersed
Still to feel the real
The essence, the zeal,
Thee for real inside all that is real
stable , calm, balanced in tune
Yoga is the calming of the cessation of the mind
Yoga is the process that calms
So no longer is it wavered to and from source,
The calmness, peace, joy
One with the totality of self,
Nirodaha

In this world, not of this world

A heavy heart,
For that which will impart
But here do I start
With no end have I begun
That which will come
Oh but this is the coming from
Here when this moment meets then
Oh to come
Expectations and assumptions
Forecasting and foretelling
As for or aft, here, now
Oh light of the heart,
Oh light of the heart
Oh Beloved who lights the heart of mine
Oh Beloved allow this heart to shine unto the heart of Thine
Our divine in us All
To and through, with an for
Oh Beloved Grace whom I adore,
May through this medium thou doth give,
May I through and by You guide the others of me to their True
To You, to through, to true
Oh my Love, Oh my Love of All,
Whom I do see,
The love that does free,
Free Thee and Me
The unification of that which we be

Oh Beloved, blind do I be and only through you do I see,
Oh Me, but only me to be the true me through the guiding and showing of the love of You
Oh my Lord of Love Of light
Oh my grace that is the grace of all
I fall to You
In all of you that is the all of He and the all of Me
Compassion of heart, of delight
That is insight,
The might of your light
Your unique self unto the self of me,
Of Thee, of we, the one heart
Compassion, love, melting all that is perceived apart
From one to one, A Men.
Yoga, chitta vrtti nirodaha,
One claiming on the cessations of the mind,
Firm, established, sound, ground, found,
Through and sound,
Heart divine light,
compassion ever unto thine all of mind
Still, seated, rooted in the true you,
Tadas drashtu svarupe vasthanam,
Then the perceiver takes his seat in his true Nature
Perceiver aligns with perception
Seated, sound, established in calmness, joy, balance
Unmoved, aligned in the center of being from that which giveth the movement of being
To watch the dances of movement unmoved from the center of joy , of peace
Beyond the dualistic pulling of this world,
Sound in the center of being a giving this world.

Later addition:

In this world, but not of this world!

I want Thee!

What do I want?

I want for my wants not to need be wanted!
For satisfaction says Kartic, is a want but lives within.
Health, happiness, Joy, bliss,
Ability to pursue,
For this I have as the Lord has I.
Desire is my want that Ye who giveth me the being of me to want and desire only but Thee.
I look to thee, thee look to me, we , one, we be, I U, Me,
You in all, so we be

I be Thee, I in you.
I want to loosen the clutches of my holding that I may be Thee!
For thou are my want,
I want Thee!

Sidenote at bottom of page.

Will is that which controls attention!

Finite ---- in ----finite is infinite! All time space
Education- educe- n pull out, for it is already there!
Nobody can be spiritual without being rational. Spirit- ritual. Rational.

Grace of Time

Time,
She dances a mending weave unto the burdens of past.
Lifting a lit unto anew
Each day as it appears.
Opening eyes of beauty unto the presence of thine self of thine self.
Attachments lift as the threads weave as prana dances its ever new grace upon we.
Ahhh, alive we are and here are we.
To embrace the grace a given in this that we call life.
Held by the soft hands of God in all of thine creation,
Opening the eyes of the shadows of past.
Oh beloved time as she walks her endless steps,
I am yours in the tranquil moment of your movement.
Healing by the moments joy of eternity,
Ever opening unto Thee beloved in we.
Oh how lovely it is to see!
Given the patience fo thine contentment of being thine with all of thine creation just as I.
I see you my Lord with thine sight in the leaf of thine growth
And the crow of thine voice,
By the world of emotion floating in thy eternal sea.
Thankyou for thy mending ,
Oh grace permeating all permeation.
A men

Chapter 8 '12 Book 7 and 9

- Action in inaction and inaction in action.

- Eating,
- Meditation I love thee
- Meditation.....
- Moderation
- My path of yoga unto the infinite paths of yoga,
- Oh My dear past,
- Oh my Love
- The body, servant of thee
- The path of Love
- This day is a new day,
- Thy Guru of Light
- To meditate
- tonight this moon shines ever so bright
- Where are you?
- Words
- I am here my son
- Tool of Mind
- Gratitude
- Dearly Beloved
- Senses of You
- Truth, Ye are
- mother reflection
- will I write or read?
- content by thy hand
- light of my recollection
- You are my all, I am thy all
- Attributes of the Soul:
- Oh what do you do?

Action in inaction and inaction in action.

Hold thy strength of mental clarity of thy Lord amidst all that is set forth in the day, Judging not, accepting all as it is given, Acting with a smile in the joy of the beloved in all action of the course of the day, For He is with thee, look to this while wading through the puddles of action with a smile upon thy heart in all the hardships of action, emotion, happenings of the day.

Sufficient of the day is the evil thereof, take therefore no thought for the morrow, for the morrow will take thought of the things of itself.

Eating,

The substance of gross matter of the life of the earth that fills the body with nutrients. How construed it has become with the delusion of taste, catering to the buds of the mouth and forsaking the whole being of the body all together.

Simplify the eating just as simplifying the living, for all is given that need be given. Processing, complexities, straining for the sake of texture and for taste buds. These things give the food more mass and less livelihood. Less vitality and more weight of heavy, dreary, downtroddedness. Oh so great is the food that sustains the body by the grace of God who giveth such. But it is not only mass matter of food that sustains the body, but by the life of his grace that permeates the substances that are ingested. And then digested by his grace in the life of the temple ye fill.

So in this day and age it is norm for the substance to intake to the body be nearly dead mass. But in this age of norm, I have been given awareness and I have the strength. Do you want to be heavy and pulled into the body with hard digestion using all the life force to break apart this heavy substance to give some sort of goodness. Is not the substance coming in to serve, to give energy, to help, rather than pull down and bring to the ground.

So ye have the awareness, eat simple foods, raw and natural foods, and so the life of nature, the permeation of thy Mother is full in these foods. And so ye will be vitalized and living by these foods that do serve you. So simplify thy eating. Such will be given to you and heavy foods will be given you, but ye must be strong unto the conviction wherewith ye are called. Ye know what to do, Eat pure foods from thy divine earth as they are given. Simple, Slave not to the taste buds and the feeling of fullness, but to the life of living love that is thy soul in the body. Feed thy soul and thy soul's temple with lively food, happy food, and so they will be thou. What do you want to be, for ye are what ye eat. I want to be a tool for Gods love, permeating all souls with the shining expression the the love of me. And so, Eating as it is your next Pedi stool to overcome, or undercome, or just to enjoy. So enjoy the simple and be the simple, for in the simple givings is God's grace upon you. Concentrate, comtemplate, consolidate, be you.
:D

Om Peace A men

Meditation I love thee

Meditation, Oh how I love thee,

Oh but meditation, how strong my will must be to devote all to you.

Oh the use of yoga, techniques to still the mind.

These I am not beyond, for my mind runs.
Use yoga, use the techniques given,
Use the breath to guide the prana, use the energization exercises to ease the body,
Use good posture, use mantra,
Repetition of unhindered, unfaltering, give thyself to the practice,
And meditation will come,
Ye cannot force meditation, meditation will come to thee,
Practice and practice with the technique allotted you and so meditation will come to thee,
Your guru will come and say hello finally in person,
But first ye must give thyself to the technique,
Ye are not beyond any of these things, so immerse thyself with these practices,
Giving thyself to the science of the practice and so ye will find meditation as ye seek, ye will
meet God and ye Guru.
Practice, Breath and guide the light of energy to the spiritual center....j
The mind stills as breath eases, letting go of breath, mind, body, and so cometh the light of
meditations stillness
A men

Meditation.....

Communion with thy divine self.
Lead by the guru of love of thy divine self, sent from thy grace of God to guide thee home.
Yogic methods and technologies for pranayam, enlivening the body, stilling the mind by focusing
the mind and all the thoughts
Directing the life force a given by thee my Lord,
Throughout one pointed so that I may lose myself to gain awareness of thee
Oh I meditate on thy blue lotus feet
Illuminating my being as my being is but thine my Lord
A men Amen.....

Moderation

I am one that must embody moderation for the balance of my being. In my imbalance breeds
more imbalance, breeds darkness. I have not the means to become imbalanced with
overabundance of light, for how could that be when light is light and lifts one. There is full
balance. Darkness, dross and heavy, gross and mass, this pulls one down with the pull of
gravity. In imbalance. Brahmacharya is celibacy, transferred to imbalance in the modern
western Yoga, I am one who is well with sleep, well with a good balanced schedule, well with
exercise daily, well with a normal amount of work. I am well in the balance that I be

My path of yoga unto the infinite paths of yoga,

Oh so many of techniques, teachings
Just as religions, avatar, so many persons of God,

For we are all capable of being this truth of God,
Of guiding and sharing,
I have embraced Buddha, Christ, Krishna, Yoga
My mind runs and runs to each other, dancing like a baby fawn not knowing where it's going.
Oh guru, my beloved guide keep me on track
This is what I need,
Oh Brama, Holy Spirit of Christ, I see thee more than all,
yet I cannot fathom in this world your countenance,
I cannot walk the steps of structure in your infinite array of compassion
Send me forth unto my certainty a pathway to unfold for my practice unto the being with and for thee
For thee are my all
And I know that all the streams that I dance upon are but you my Lord
Oh in this world of duality I am weak my Lord, I need a guide oh how I need a guide
For my mind is not strong enough to hold unto one,
My doubts linger all in the realm of thy beloved light, Oh how I focus on the spectrums of all thy colors my lord
I yearn to see only thee, purely, to be for thee purely,
Focused, not wavering, for my Lord I am ready for my path unto you.
I pray my karma has been washing and washing for it has surely hurt
And it surely hurts to be wavering upon the paths of thee my lord
I have created ego unto thee for unto thee is all I seek, is all I know
Even in my falling and shortcoming I always get up to come to thee
Oh beloved in thy grace manifest unto my doubtful self my Guru, my guide, My Love
Parmahansa Yogananda, Sr Yukteswar, Lahiri Mahasaya, Mahavatar BAbaji, Bhagavan
Krishna, Jesus Christ, Friend, Mother, Beloved God Father, Oh manifest unto my inner spectrum
of certainty, unto thine intuition a given me the way.
For I walk in strength. I linger not. I waver no longer in faltering away from thy cloak of beauty.
Thy thread pulls not for I fill with light to be weighted no longer.
I follow the path of yoga my Lord in this world using the techniques given me to practice .
Easing my distraught mind, calming my breath, filling with thy divine countenance.
I seek thee my Lord, In thee I seek thee, By thee I demand to know thee by a face shining unto me .
Am I that far from thee that I have not a guru to manifest his grace unto me. Am I that dark in karma for this my Lord.
Oh I know not but thee my Lord. Oh Holy spirit, Brahma, whom I abide in and speak from words which are unheard to the worldly ear.
Ease my way in this world by the strength and conviction of my path unto and in thee my Lord.
Guide me my Lord as thee will.
By thee divine beings I will follow and not falter any longer, for by your grace do I be my Lord.
By your grace may I see my Lord.
By your grace may thee bring me the face of me in thee that will hold my hand in this world.
Strength and grace in my breast. Kriya yoga the science of my being by love that I am seeing.

Oh beloved Master of Love, In thee I be by thee I thank, Silent minded unto thee with thy name
and love running everlasting through the instrument of this temple to light it and clean it to be
fully with thee. That thee may have a un-encompassed place to dwell with me.
Aummmmmm, Peaseeeee, Amen.

Oh My dear past,

How your habitual nature hovers ever so taunting and near.
Awaiting to endure the lure of the nature of your memory.
Screaming for the reliving of the feelings felt as they were once delt.
Taking my mind and this moment of time by your enticing rhyme of the once known you.
I was here, I have been, come, be with me again , I hear you say.
Oh past your strength is a weakening voice in the now of the mind of me.
Knowing and being in the eternal presence of this moment of being, yet hearing your taunts and
whispers of that which we once had.
Oh thief of now, luring me into memory, pulling at the ever new moment of now.
Succumbing, falling, allowing to ponder the steps we once had, lurking in the imbalance of the
nature of me, I am weak, and I fall into your hands.
Your sneaky whispers of deceit have guided my weakness's action.
I lunge in my overcome state into your caress to feel what was once felt once again.
To relive that which you say you give.
Melting into your arms, my action, my choices, my being is yours.
I plummet into the soft caress I illusively see of this moment of when you were,
And as I fully surrender in my defeat unto you,
Suddenly the veil is pulled and no longer are you there to catch me as you have so strongly
gestured by you luring embrace.
And I fall through the invisible you, flat on my face.
Stolen from where I stand, by your cunning demand, do I land face down in the sand.
Feeling not what you have shown in your grasp of my mind of now,
for you are no longer there to take of me with your false comforting hands .
You had what you came for and instantly satisfied and fully gratified, you vanish
I am bare, broken, tasting the grains of sand whence I did land through your fleeting and hiding
nature.
I hear your distant laugh of gratification as you have stolen me from Me once again
I taste the sand of reality, feeling the abrasive, course embrace that was there for me but I did
not see, and so here, I begin to look up again.
No longer are you there as my head hangs low in the sorrow of being ruled by your desires
delusion.
I was taken again by your grasp of when on the floating thoughts of mine in the now of time.
All that you promised, all that you show, your sensuous self that stole me once again, was but a
fleeting mirage of what once was.
Are you my friend the past that once was that comes back only to steal me?
To bend and manipulate the mind of me, embedding desire of how we did once be.

But you are not there, you were not there.
You are but a thief of my will, living on the fire of my desire, deceitfully tempting me into a bed of comfort , only to see once again it is not there.
You are delusion oh my friend who comes to steal me who once was.
Created in the livings of me living in the recollections of the then when you did be.
You lure in my weakness, you bask in my imbalance, ready to trample on the being of me for the living of you oh illusion of now.
I can not have you again my once known friend.
You served me and I served you when in that time we danced your creation.
You cannot have me to be yours nor can I have you to be mine, for our dance was a dance of your creation once in a time.
It was and that can never be taken from us, but I can no longer be plagued by your lust.
I am now and not then as you were and I was.
For I am now, living, ever creating more friends and lovers in the floating memories of each moment of past where you live.
I gave you life but you cannot be my wife.
Ye cannot be a luring habit of deceit any longer
I can no longer fall to the ground in hopes of a caress that vanishes time after time
Oh this illusive rhyme of the mine of then
Here and then gone is just this that you were, are and ever will be in the being of me.
I choose to be free from your bond of enticement, for when I look to your hug, there is no you, no hug,
Deluded by your illusion, I awaken on the ground once again by your fleeting hands gestures
So here I sit in this moment of now after your lurings have guided me to be where I am
Stolen she was this moment of time from me by the me that I did once be.
Oh my past I love you, you are dear and always will be.
Have no fear for you can never be taken away from me, from time, from history, you will ever be.
For I live in the choices of now for the now who gives me to be that you are in illusion now, but were in truth then.
But the living truth does not happen then but now oh enticing friend of my livings.
You have oh so much that I gave to you by the life that was given to me. Take that, it is yours forever and will forever be.
But now my old friend, I step out from your stronghold and give thanks to the thanks that gives me to be in this moment and ever more for you, for me,
For your letting me hit the ground only to look up again and realize with the insight beneath mine eyes,
That I am stronger and can no longer plummet into your defeat,
We can never relive our dance we once had of your creation, so no longer whisper lies to me to sway my footsteps.
That dance we danced is sacred and will ever be., but I dance now free of your lures oh beautiful past for I choose to see.

Oh my Love

Love
Oh our Love,
Oh Love we are yours
By your grace may we see
By your grace may we see you in all
Open arms, open heart, accepting all as you give all
Oh Love, shining from The Heart of Divine Fire
Consuming all that is separate in delusion from Thee
Oh Love, our Beloved Guide
Our Beloved Grace
May we never forsake Thee
May we keep Thee in the fore front of our minds
That Ye may shine through our hearts Your Divine Light
Oh Love, our Beloved Love
May our ego of separation be consumed in Thee
May Your Grace be our Guide
May You open the closed doors of we
May You shine the Light of Truth from our eyes
That we may unceasingly see Thee in all
Oh Love, our Beloved, Oh Thee Beloved Love
We give ourself to Thee
Our hearts open to shine Your Light on all of Thine
May we be the hands of Yours
Guiding others of Your's unto The Truth of themselves
Oh Love, our Beloved Guide
May You be the all of all of we inside and out
Shining ever so bright the Divine Light of our divine rite
That we might be the hands of You unto the opening of the closed doors of delusion
Opening unto the Truth of the Selves of You
Oh thank you Love,
God our Love, Love our God
May You be our guide that we may never lose sight,
As we live in You and You in we
For we are all but One in Your Love
Om, Shanti, A men

The body, servant of thee

Is the body the servant of thee or are you a servant of the body?
And as the mind is loured by the body's tiredness, soreness, stiffness, are ye a servant of the mind?
For the mind and the body are both but given ye as tools.
By the grace of the great masters have ye learned to strengthen the body and the mind, to take control of them, to use them as the tools of this blessed path of life ye are given to walk.

Take control of these fascets. Ye seek meditation, but in the body do ye sit in the asana of meditation. With a stiff body and a sleepy mind, can ye focus in meditation?

This is why Yogananda ji says to wake into energy exercises before meditation , and before bed meditation energization exercises. This enlivens the body and enlivens the mind so they can both be directed to God. Body in posture and asana, mind in one pointedness unto the soul, unto the direction of God.

Take control then of the body and of the mind by the techniques of the great ones. Be not lured by the laziness of a droggy and dreary meditation of slumber. Where the body is sleepy and the mind is lazy, and so the floating thoughts of dreams permeate the meditation.

Awake, and be awake, take the grasp of your life and stop cheezing around.

Yoga is Yama, Niyama, for the mind body and soul

Asana for the asana of the temple body

Pranayama for the direction of the mind

Pratyahara of the drawing in of the mind into the life force of the soul in the temple of the body and mind

Dharana is control of the mind tool a given thee in the body of the temple unto the light of the life of thee

Dhyana directed and allowing to become one, sthirra sukkha,

Sthirra is the discipline needed for posture, direction, control, sukkha is the ability of let go and allow the meditation to enliven, to permeate, to illuminate, to sink into the depth of the sea by the swimming use of the mind tool a given thee.

Oh Beloved God, beloved grace, beloved Guru, guidance unto the Home of we, thankyou for the strength and for the understanding.

And so by conscious will will I will. Wake into Asana to awake the body and mind from the cobwebs that the meditation may be controlled and enlivened. For ye are awake and conscious, and only in this can ye have control of the mind and body in the state ye are in. So be and so do. Will thyself as God giveth the will that ye may do. And he asks this of you, So Do.....

The path of Love

To hold love as she holds me,

As the forefront of my being as love gives me to be,

To consume all in the love that is the being of me,

This is to live the life of love that is loves giving

To maintain awareness and compassion with love

Ever having an open heart only guarded with the spears of love

That love may shine unhindered to the mind, body, soul, and out for all souls to embrace

To embrace the life that is a living, the divine grace shining out by love

Unification, one sight among the myriad of colors and shadows

Unceasingly loving whether good or bad

Through the heart of love accepting all in the strength of love

Yet not being diluted by the multitude of variations, but melting it all in thy heart

In Gods great love that lives in thy bosom

To embrace all the actions and happenings that are set forth

With gratitude and care

Ahhhh, aware in the love of the life a given we to be
In life full of life as life is this love
Life loves we so we love life
We are the love that is living so loving is being full of life
In life with life with love for life upon life
Onnnnnneeeee, joy joy joy, permeation into the bussom of all
Separation of emotion dances its whirlwind but never can penetrate the stronghold of love that
even giveth the myriad of colors
Loving and loving, being this love
Feeling and feeling, but all with love
Seeing and seeing, infinite distinctions but aware of loves penetration upon all
Love, oh Love, the heart of thine eternal flame consuming all
In the beloved consumption of joy, of contentment, of balance, of grace. AmenAmenAmen
Thankyou My Lord of Love that gives me to Love that I may be near thee in all of thine creation
as I Love by thou Love all of thine, for I am thine I am thine I am thine

A Men.....

This day is a new day,
Cool breeze outside with a new alarm sounding the chime of her awakenings
Anew, awake, come visit me sings the day as she opens her bosom of light unto the world
Shining a blanket of light and peaceful rays
Enlivening and awakening
Come to me she says as her warmth blankets over the
Awake from thy slumber, shake those cobwebs of sleep and dreary gloominess
Sit into meditation, enliven the body with thine energy exercises
Willfully sending life to the body and her muscles
And willfully letting it go as I come to fill with new and fresh energies
Come into the breath, into the ease that carries my rays
Thankyou for waking oh sleeper of mine,
Thankyou for shining oh day of mine,
Together we will shine and live in the divine
Oh thankyou Lord for this day of days anew with blessed evernew sun rays
May the mind be firm and strong in conviction
Unto the life a living that is my benediction
Ye have given me this day anew to do as I will do
And my Lord I will do with thine tools a given the living that is living for you
Endeavoring in all given me to do with a firm mind fixed on the grace of you
Accepting all in my path and adapting as I hath
I love thee my beloved giver of this day
Thankyou and thankyou evermore in my gratitude for thine ever new ray of thine day
That I may live fully the life evernew given me to live in thee

Thy Guru of Light

At thy blue lotus feet
Oh beloved being of light,
Illuminating my whole insight.
With my will power of attention at thy grace
Unceasingly pouring all the faculties of my self thy give me to pour
That the eye of my insight comes alight
To see thy divine sight
Luminous being of light
Emanating the cosmos and eternities in one finger of thy formless self
Oh how grateful in thy grace I am that thou doth give me sight
In the practice unceasingly I whittle away the wall that holds me away
For we are together, one as ye giveth me to know
Oh but alas, ye have shown me this in my opening eye of inner perception
May I steadfastly adhere all my actions to thee
That my karma tie is unwoven by thy beloved healing light
Clearing the path unto thy bosom
Unto thy feet of divine countenance
That my consciousness behold thee and expand into thee eternity
For I am thy eternal self,
Free me from delusion by thy divine path ye have given me to be
Stay true, stay strong, self of me to come to thee who giveth all to thee
Ommm, Peace, A men.....

To meditate

, to use the mind of focus to let go of all other, to immerse thyself into the focus, all else disappears as focus is more and more, encompassing, the light of awareness, of concentration, one with the object of concentration.

One with light itself.

Awake to the new day and to sit in meditation. Still thy can be, focused do ye have such? For the mind is still dreary with the cobwebs. In the kriya of chakra enlivening and cerebral spinal awakening the mind falls to the wayside in dreams. Still and in Joy, but focused and karma burning I know not.

Too soft is the mind. Sukkha without the sthirra. For ye must be firm with a foundation of the rock for the softness to have its bace, its brace, its grace to expand and let go.

Yogananda Ji says do the energy exercises upon wakening before meditation. For then ye have overcome cobwebs of the sleepy dreary mind, awakened and enlivened the body of the temple by which the mind sits atop, and readies the act of being in action. The mind then is energized with enlivening light upon the meditation, able to stay alert and aware of the practice given.

Hong Saw, Kriya Pranayama, Om Technique, all after the energy exercises. For I try not to do the physical awakening of the body and jump right into meditation, but then the mind is also not awakenend. I yearn to fall back to sleep. Tis beautiful, but tis not the opening and depth I

yearn to come to with the meditation. Foggy and cloudy, illuminous, but unfocused, non one pointed, everywhere without control. Yet still and is wonderful, but if I choose to dig deeper and to have the sukkha of letting go, the body must hold the up with the sthirra.

Yoga, the sutras of Patanjali of which ye have scoured and read are of utter importance for they are a reflection of that which ye do. Christ of that which ye must live, Love, Humility. Oh Yoganandaji, all is one unto the abode of our Father by which ye do guide. Through you and all the gurus.

The system of Yoga of Kriya of that which ye have given, all opening unto me. Scientifically given for the aspects of the totality of our being. Body, Mind, Soul, just as the hatha ye have learned, Yamas, Niyamas, Asana, Pranayama, Pratyahara, Dharana, Dhyana,, Samadhi..... Trust in the teachings of the guru who guides thee to God. By the strength of the will power, do as they say for they are thee guide. Ye are creative and this will have its opening and outlet, but ye cannot create a path to a destination ye cannot see. Especially when thee have a guide showing the way straight and direct.

Thankyou Beloved grace of God, beloved beings of God whom guide me home.. Om, peace, A men.....

tonight this moon shines ever so bright

tonight this moon shines ever so bright, alit, she emanates her vibrant tones to my insight, feeling ever so right in the darkness she shines, reflecting her beloved lover's light in her cool calming self, unmoved she is pasted in the night sky, a polestar of the light of the night, shining bright the light given her to our delight,

oh as the sun does shine unto her bosom, accepting and giving and giving she stays true, Purpose ever shining and shining, she is unmoved, as certain as certainty itself, for she is the moon, she is herself. Healing and giving to the psyche, take it in and let her mend you.

Calming the waters of emotion, raising the tides of devotion, let her exuberance ease your commotion of the bodily ocean,

Oh thankyou beloved mother amber in the sky, oh thankyou beloved lover of my mother ever giving unto her acceptance, Oh Beloved giver of the given divine grace My Lord thou doth be, My soul yearns for thee, but by the reflective grace do I catch a glimmer of thee.

As she shines alit in the night sky, so thy star of my mind comes into sight to light my night.

That I may free me from me to expand into thy eternity. Joy Joy Joy, I hear thy song singing in my ears ears. Oh beloved I come to thee in my stillness I seek the moon like star of my minds eye of thine beloved giving.

Om, Peace, A men....

Where are you?

Where am I, I am here yet where does my mind go? Why is my mind not seated here, at ease here. Why is the heart a flustered in my state of where I be.

For I am here. I live this life a given me to live. I live for God, yet have a heart a flustered as to how I live for God. Is it not enough to live in this seat of life I have been given to live.

Content thyself with where ye are. For ye are no where else. Past thoughts of where I could be of where I should be , but nay, I am here.

Live this path of kriya yoga, live this of creative yoga, live this of Christ. Oh running distraught mind atop this fluttering heart. Ye live for God for God liveth for thee. By the teachings of the masters. They all live for God. Live for God. Do not live for the masters of god, but live for God by which they all have liven. God is the life by which ye live, the grace by which ye have ease. The Anchor that is unchanged. Anchor thyself in God oh Dustin.

Live for thy Son by the grace of God. Ye will be given the path to the feet of God just as ye are. Yet how can ye reach God and give up this world when ye are consumed with this world. Ye have a son to live for and to help grow in this world and the Spirit of his life. Ye have debt and a past that still lurks upon thee.

Yet ye tear the self in yearning to let go and just live for God. Yes, ye must continue the path of self realization unto thy heart and unto God, for this is all that ye are called to do.

But ye have duty in this world. This duty is for thy son that ye have been given. This duty is to free the past burdens that ye have created in this world. No matter how far and how strong ye are, ye will have a burden upon thy heart until ye smoothe all that which clings to you.

Even the uncertainty of which path to take will continue unto you. In your weakness. Be strong in that which ye know. Live true unto God. Guru and teacher is all around. Live the teachings of the Masters unto God's grace by which they teach from. Love thy neighbor as thyself. Oh then mind races unto my distraught heart of I am not here, I am not worthy, I am not strong enough, I this I that. Oh I ye are but Gods. Ye are weak for ye are a being of this world. In the heart where God lives and gives unceasingly are you. Ease the self into the self that gives you. Pathway and strictness of Yoga are wonderful if ye can let thyself go into the hand of God.

Oh Beloved I know not but thy grace my lord. I get consumed in the path, what will work, what will get me to your shores. But oh Lord if I just look inside and breath with the heard of thine ye have given me. Oh Beloved, thy grace shines out Oh beloved, ye were never missing. Oh how I seek and seek in the pathways of discipline, yet in this I stiffen myself unto thy love. Ye are here, I am here with thee if I just simply simplify myself to be with thee. Thee of love in my heart. Beyond the pathways of structure and discipline I so yearn to take. Oh I yearn for a place, for the support of others on the same path, of the same discipline. But ye silly one, discipline unto the Lord who liveth in thy heart. I am here I am here I am here I am here, I will never leave, I have not left, Ye have ego driven thyself to strive to succeed unto finding that which ye already have. I am here, I am in all hearts, I am in all permeated in all of creation. Ye seek Samadhi and this and that which ye see as away from thyself. Yet I am Samadhi, I am the love in thy heart, Oh distraught child of mine, come to thine self. Be in thy self with the Love that I am in thy heart.

Oh how you break yourself with thy ego of discipline. I must do this and then if I do not I feel as if I have let myself down. I feel just as the book of the cure speaks of. Sure to live right unto the souls love is to live and be closer unto thee. But can I be closer to thee who giveth me to be. I can only be that which I am which is thee My Lord. I can only be that which I am which is thee my Lord. I am thine my Lord in the highs and the lows of that which I be, in all the being of me. For by thee do I be. I am naught but by thy love my lord. For I am thee my Lord.

Oh in delusion do I create and create. Hurting myself by myself's own hurting. Delusional creation of shame unto myself hindering me from thee. Oh my Lord I am thine I am thine I am thine. No matter where I be, who I be, I am thine. All the children of thy Love are thine my Lord. All have path, discipline, what not. I have always liked to blaze trails and to smell the vegetation everywhere along the way. I look to the end of the path, but I love the all of the path for this is where I be. I will reach the destination for I continue along the path, yet the destination resides in my heart and in the being of the pathway itself. Oh my Lord, I am here I am thine. I do that which I am given to do and I will not forget thee in my heart. No matter the direction I take, the shame I try to bring upon myself for my lack of discipline unto the path I feel I must walk. I am here in thy bussom my lord. I am here I am here I am here. Where am I? I am here in the hand of the Lord of Life of that which I am given. Being Me where I be in the being given to me. I Live for God, I take responsibility for my actions and my duty. I am to take care and love my son. In action do I show the way to be much greater than words. I am soft in words and great in action and conviction. For the Lord of peace resides in my heart and I will not forget to look upon thee my Lord. For thee are me and I am thee. Ohhhhhh beloved, Aummmmmmmmmmm Peaceeeeeee Amennnnnn.

Words

To know

What is there to be known that isn't already known?

For the Giver of life has given knowing that it may be known

Be

To know

Knowledge is but a gift as life is but a gift

Give to life

As you are but a gift of life

Give your gift to the giving of life

What is there to know?

When you are the giving of the knowledge you are ever to know

I know this

You know that

Oh to know is but to align with the giving of the Knowing

For this is the Knowing of the known

If ye give yourself to the Knowing of the giving

What is there that isn't to be known?

For you are the gift of knowing

You are the known of the Knowing

To know

Practice the art of living of giving

given by those who have written an art of knowing to be known

For knowing is not their knowledge, nor your knowledge

But that which is given to know by the Knowing

And the pertinence of knowing

Of accepting that which is given in light to know
Is the illumined torch guiding your way home
From where you be
As we are all in different points of the one place
On different trails of the same path on this beloved way home
To the home from where we have come yet are
We are ever so blessed to be
For this is we
All is given for the path we are to walk
All is guided if we but look, open our eyes, and accept
Give thyself to the One who gives you
Giving is He always
Allow thyself to accept by the giving of you
Surrender to the Knowing and you will know
A men

I am here my son

Where are you? Where am I?
Am I here to say where I am?
Oh you of me, where are you?
I am in a place of disgrace.
A place of holding, self mutilation of the soul and heart.
Yes, I hurt. Yes a abrupt change has begot you.
Yes, time will weave her blanket of mending.
Oh but why do ye of me steer your reasons to this place.
Clinging onto something that is no longer.
Having changed to someone who was never for me.
Oh love, oh heart, beloved grace amidst my heart,
I have given thee fully and freely, but with no regard,
For thy light of my might is not to be freely given,
But given with selection, understanding, for opening unto one is beautiful,
But to gibe to ones taking will break thee for no other can truly know thee.
I have expected too much from thee one who I have given all to.
But not just gien, I am latched on in my demise.
I have held and am being dragged by one who knows not how to walk in the direction I need to
go.
Where is this?
Where do I need to go?
For where am I now, introspected, in dialect, taking yourself to places words cannot mend,
For words can only begin to reflect the love that ye have given
Despite a many faculties of thyself
Where are you? In a state dreary downtrodden felling sorry for thyself.
Oh self of me, I am sorry for putting you down,

For not being there for you,
Upholding the strength of truth of that which ye be.
I am here for you.
Ye are not along.
Ye are not alone for ye have me, thy strength.
Ye have not lost anything but thyself.
Hiding from thyself in a gloomy state of delusion.
I am here for you, the you of me.
Cling unto me and let go of this holding.
This emotional outlet, of control and fear disguised in love and in utter turmoil.
For since day one ye have known in the depths
As I have told thee that she is not for thee.
Never was she one to compliment thyself,
But a suction of comfort, of ease, and oh I had gotten used to the cushion.
But it was never my cushion to have to own to drive.
This is true what she said of us two.
For two together in love are still two.
For I with another does not take away from the me of you for then I am aside myself.
I am here my son, I am here my son, having never left you my son.
Ye just look away, go astray, pulled by emotion, drowning yourself in self pity.
Why the sadness, for I am here! Where are you?
I was afloat in thoughts of attachment unto that which was near mine to cling to.
I was swimming in the whirling thoughts of self pity and sympathy.
In sadness and darkness.
This I have used to let out on another. But I am here for thee, I am here for thee.
I take all thy burden, for it is my burden to take. Let it go unto me for I am here.
I am here.
It is rightfully mine and none else, for none else can know you as I do.
Come here my shield, give unto me my son.
For this is mine.
Ye cannot give that which is mine into another.
I am here my son, I am here my son, I am here my son,
I am here my son, I am here my child, with blessings of grace my child,
Give unto me my son,
I accept all as ye cannot, as she cannot, for it is not for you nor any other to do but for ME.
For I am her my son, for thee here I be my son.
Ye yearn the past and sorrow at your faults and sadden thy heart over thy shortcomings.
Oh my son is anything ever true and full but by me?
Burden thyself not with thyself's happenings, for they are done. They have happened.
Burden not thyself with past, for I am not there. I am here my son, with thee my son.
I am here. Come here, be with me, for I am here for you my son, I am here for thee.
I am thine my Lord. Ask thyself where art thou?
For I am here, where art thou?
Come my son and be, with me, I am here!

Amen my Lord, Amen,
10/3/12

Amen my Lord, Amen,
As I have running through my mind and tingling through my veins.
Lurching from my heart in its fountain of sensation.
Heavy is this heart that calls for thee in it's burdened state of letting go.
Oh free I yearn to be with thee
Oh my Lord, ye calm my ever endeavoring sorrow that has abruptly overcome my being.
Constantly falling and falling again into this past of remorse and sorrow.
Oh my Lord, I have thee and ye have me,
So silly am I for falling and falling from thee.
I am with you my son saith you my lord in my console?? And in my ever being.
Amen my Lord, beloved grace of my heart
Oh beloved lord of love, forgiveness compassion, grace
Oh my lord just by giving my thoughts to thee doe I feel thy Glory. Thankyou Lord for showing
thyself to me!
A men.

Tool of Mind

Physical, mental, spiritual.
Mental healing.....
Mental inharmony can be destroyed by consciously attaining a state of peace.
Use mental exercise.
Use of will- energization exercises energizing the body by mind, Will.
Vital healing exercise.
Inhale, bring breath to medulla oblongata and transform to energy, guide to third eye creating
warmth and light, direct to diseased part of the body.
Strengthen the mind by using the mind,
Consciously using the mind of thine to heal.
To ease, to seek God, to Love.
Mind for body, mind for soul, mind for will
Ye have this great tool of mind, use the tool with care
Conscious of use, for it is your tool to use for creation
Healing, procuring peace
Ye are not a tool of the mind of thine
Use that which is given,
Practice and master mind as the greatest tool of thy life.

Gratitude

Gratitude, Thanks, Ye give me to be that I may call a me to be.
OH lord, by you do I write unto you,
By you do I do.
Oh lord, permeating thy creation,
Thankyou oh thankyou in all I hear and all I see,
All I feel all I smell,
In heartbeat, in breath do we meet,
In solitude and in thy silent bosom,
Thankyou in my heart of thine,
Thankyou oh than you.
Oh my lord, how can I judge when it is thine givings?
Oh my lord, I am naught but by thee,
I am thine my lord, I am thine
In every every are thou my lord in every in every,
From my mind of thanks does my heart open,
Grace my lord oh grace in the thanks of thee,
I am here my lord by thee am I here.
Thankyou in my hearts soul as the thanks merge into thee.
I am in thy bosom of thanks.
I am thine, I thankyou of me.
Me of you, we are thanks of gratitude unto all fo thine creation we meander upon.
Thine upon thine, thanks thanking thee, thee thanking thanks,
The grace of gratitude, oh my Lord, thankyou in all that I see and all that I be,
In all that comes my way,
In each and every day, the fragrance of beauty and the bitter of pain,
Thanks oh thanks as this is thy grace
Amen, amen, as the bench of thine supports me,
Thanks to the makers of th3e bench,
Of the rock of thought of the blood sweat tears of years,
Grace is thanks, gratitude, gratitude, thankyou in all of you.
I cannot judge thee but only thank thee in thy grace
In thy grace my lord do I be , do I see, by thee
Gratitude is my life's interlude of thanks and compassion of thy eternal beauty
Ohy lorde, forgive my blindness,
For through thy thanks may i see thee in all of thine.
Amen, amen, amen.

Dearly Beloved

Dearly Beloved,
Awakening to thy grace as the slumber of night's blanket is alit by your brilliant splendor
Enlivening your earth of mine with the cosmic rays of your sun ever reflecting the light of God in
my heart.
Gayatri Mantra of thanks for thy burning amber of love shining brilliance upon the land.
Flowing in the molecules of the space all around me,
As breath is gratefully accepted and thankfully given.
Heart awakens as I awaken with the earth of my body.
Plants give nutrients and their oxygen while I give my carbon dioxide.
Giving themselves for my taking in support of my body,
As I can for their living.
Give and take, the balance of your dualistic creation.
One serving another, as I serve you and you serve me.
Oh my heart of thy love spilleth over in flowers of cosmic radiation,
Colors of love, in all your humility, I sit in your beloved grace.

Senses of You

Oh my lord, oh my lord,
How ye giveth so, oh my lord
How I receiveth so.
And so my lord, I give unto you of love of mine
My gratitude of thine,
In thanks thanking thee,
In sight seeing thy light that gives the shadows,
In touch feeling thy feelings,
In sound listening to thy vibration of variations of thy word,
In taste gratefully taking that which is given in awareness for this temple of thine
Oh my lord, how lovely are thee of love ever so heavenly permeating all thy being
Oh my lord, consciously will I fill in me being still that my cup poureth over unto all thy souls of
thee,
Whom I may touch by thy hand
Oh beloved guru of God, guide me in will and conviction unto the abode of my lord where I am
bound to dwell with thee my lord I be!

Truth, Ye are
10/16/12

Truth, ye run through my veins,
Ye are the veins ye run through
Ye are the running and the ?
Ye are the thought by which gives the idea of the running through

Ye are the idea that illuminated the mind of thought
Ye are the light of the conception by which I see you
Ye are the sight by which I see you
Ye are the sight by which I see
Ye are the seen , oh truth, for ye are everywhere,
Everything in and out,
There is no other than thee oh truth,
For ye are and all else is naught
What can be other than thee oh truth that is the permeation of all that is
Delusion is aside thee,
Oh but even thou do follow and give truth to the delusion,
Aside the self,
a misconception of one of truths own conception of all the aspects of truth
And create their own conception of what is truth
..... and truth says, oh perceive me for I am true
I am in thy veins, I am thy veins, I am thy veins
I am thee, in thy thought in thy conception,
Where ye stray from thee self.
You are truth,
Why give a new creation to what I am?
For in your perception I am that by which ye perceive.
Can ye create me in thine own image of conception when I am thee?
I am the light by which ye combine all the shadows of experience of perception into your
reflection of truth,
Ye arent to know me, I am thee, I am thee,
so be thee and know me.
A men!

mother reflection

Brilliantly glowing in the night sky,
Permeation of thy soothing rays emanate from thy shining self,
Waves of subtle vibration dance from thy unmoving body,
Oh how I am entranced with thee
Soothing, cooling, enlivening light of thy reflective self
Oh moon, full of love.
Ganesha sitting atop of thy radiant self
Sending her bounty of love forth from her eternal mate
Cooling the heat of her sun, and giving as mother
Soothing, blessing, caring, caressing
Oh beloved light in the sky,
I cannot take my eyes of thy beauty
Engulfed in a radiant rainbow of expression,

Thy one self shines so bright
Reflection as the star of mine eye shines in the darkness of my meditation.
As I look to my paper I catch the glimmer of thy radiance,
But oh how ye ask me to follow the vibration to thy luminous self
Oh beloved moon of this world
Reflecting in the balance of this world
Ye show me as a mirror unto my polestar of my life
By thy beloved grace do we be oh beautiful light in the night sky soothing me in my wavering
self.
Calming unto the waves of my disarray
Thankyou beloved giver for the gift of this moon of beauty this night
For my mind lingers to companionship for which I no longer hold,
And so loneliness tries to spring forth into my longing
But oh my lord, I come near thee.
I come to thee, and I am not empty longing.
My weakness lashes out, but thankyou for the light of the moon of refraction softening my soul
in thine diving palm,
Gentle and vibrant, luminous and exuberant,
Subtle and soft,
Thy light of my delight, of my insight to my insight
Oh so right is this night,
Quiet, still, and so I feel
I feel still and firm as the vibrant circle of her soft light
Ohhhhhh, ohhhhhh, thank you beloved mother mood
Oh thankyou beloved giver of thy moon my mother
The reflection resembles thy divine direction,
The polestar of my minds insight. To thee I come!
A men.

will I write or read?

Will I write?
Will I write, express or ingest,
Take in or give out
Is it a giving or a taking when this and that to be read are all for the making of me
Of the opening of thee in me
For thee I write, for thee I read, for thee I live
For thee I bleed
Oh beloved grace who cometh out in reflection with my pen,
Who is tickled within by words of master's reflection,
Oh beloved, oh beloved, to write or to read
Tis all for thee to be thee permeation of my mind
That I may think of thee and thee constantly,
That by thee I may be thee in me

Oh beloved to give or to take
All in thy grace with thy smile on my face
All for thee is all for me in thee
truth of one,
And so all true my Lord,
A men.

content by thy hand

For oh so long had I gotten used to , habituated, comforted in the having of a woman by my side. In my heart now mended into the caress of my beloved giver of life, a desire still lingers for the one for me who dances in the mind of the cosmos I continually seek. Looking to fill a void I continually looked out in this illusive play of colors. Any beautiful walking lady temple would zing my heart as like a dog I dreul and desire, not knowing whom I desire. For I know not comes the conviction of thy divine grace in my bosom. Oh beloved, content I am by thy hand as I walk in thy faith of seeking thee and all else need be will be given. Oh my lord, in you I ease my yearning heart and distraught self, pulling out each time I am tempted. Oh eternal guide of my inside, as it will be by thy hand my Lord. For in my depth and hope I yearn, but only by thy grace can and will this be. As you will in my will will there be for me. For I will as thee. Om, Shanti, A men.

light of my recollection

Hello my Lord, The one of all my being, ever permeating in all of One, Eternal, Loving, Embracing, Patient, Softly calling unto thy children. Oh beloved, Oh beloved, I call unto thee, for in my forgetfulness, in my neglectfulness, in the difficulties of life, in the life I am trifled by, my practice of loving thee is forgotten in my mind. Oh but Lord of mine, how can I forget thee when thee love with the light of my recollection. Oh my Lord, unmask the deluded blindfold, Unfold the drape of my hiding self, that I may not be hidden from thee. Hide not Dustin!, for ye are not separate from the one to hide. Seek not the pattern of emotional sympathy for the self for I am here with thee!

You are my all, I am thy all

Ye Oh divine,
Thy will shine as thy will reflects mine.
For I am thine, Ye are mine deceived in thy perception of deception,
Oh the relation of thy soul ever hear Om,

Eternally awaiting thee,
I ask not for my throne,
But by thy peace, joy, bliss, do I show thee this,
In thi life ye live,
In this life I give that ye are ,
I force not but call endlessly in thy happiness
That has no counterpart,
For I give thee to be,
By me ye are free,
I am thee, I am thine, thy divine,
Oh beloved, loved, that counts not to try,
For I have no other my great lover,
I love thee, I am for thee,
I am thine sole desire, for I am thy grace,
By my traits are your greats,
Ye are my all,
I am thy All,
Together we live and together we fall
Short, tall, I encompass them all,
Ye are my all, ye are my Will me, will ye, yes will,
For ye are my all , my dear love,
My love, my loved, I am thine , ye are mine
Oh ye shine as ye reflect thy divine,
By thee traits of thy heart do ye state
That which is unending, eternal in thee joy of thy bosom
Oh thankyou , thankyou, as ye thank me
I thank One for in living gratitude we be.
Aum , Peace, Amen!

Attributes of the Soul:

Humility-vested in thy heart, I am all yet nothing

Peace-I am thine, thy ease, ethereal grace

Love- I am that which I am yet let thy strong love be

Harmony-I am the bond by which these words reflect

Truth, I am, for I can be no other

Eternity- Unborn, Undead, One, beyond duality

Unity- I am no other, giving to duality, I have no other

Grace- I am thy light, ye are the freed of One

Light- I am thy sight, thy delight

Simplie- I was, am, and ever be thee, there is no other

Lfie- I am by which thy be

Being- Ye be therefor I am

Free- I am eternal, unbound, infinite

Unbound-

Infinite-

Service-

Strength

Divine

Beauty

How can ye desecrate the traits of thy soul, the grace by which this perception flows,
Through thy depth, thy life, thy birth and thy death,
Thy being all encompassing, Through thy Life will I shine through thy actions of truth and will.

Oh what do you do?

Oh how the need to express yearns from within,
Screaming as pangs of fire in my breast.
In situation of life wherewith, I cannot allow my mind to fully dwell.
As a zombie I walk day to day, sucking up and eating all the burdens I have allowed to linger upon me.
Knowing in the depth the truth, yet shunning a cold shoulder in stead looking to compromise,
Pain, silence, self sympathy, for I cannot sympathize with those whom I take solace in.
Keeping in even amidst conversing in great depth. Learning to live with the pain, to justify it, to make it ok. I am not ok. To she I cannot speak, for the understanding of my needs aren't granted unto those ears. For so it has ever been. But so long has the comfort of company lingered that no longer do I even ponder the breaking free. Varying for my son, filling in my inadequacies and incapacibilities this life of mine has learned. Fear, pain, knowing of that which I speak, not even unto my self. I do not . still, will I ever? I am not to give my heart still, will I?

Did I ever? , but when I willed it that way. Oh so I yearn, but as once I did will my love unto her hold, she threw me in the dust And now to this day am I filled with disgust and mistrust. What love can grow in this when this plagues th3e heart? I know as she will never b able to console my pain as my pain is she, that tired will she grow as she mindlessly vanishes again. Leaving the hurting without once looking back. For one must feel the felt to deal with the dealt. What do you do oh emotional you? Oh what do you do?

Chapter Life my son

- Life my Son Book 7 '12
- How do I treat my beloved son? Book 9 '12
- My Son Book 9 '14
- I am verbally abusive to my son '14
- To be Father and Mother '19 '
- My Son, what can I do? 19
- My son Book 11 '21
- Life's life changes '24
- Dear Life,

Life my son

Life my son, life my son,
Beloved being whom I have been given for the caring.
A son unto me, a father whom is not so well with thee.
Comforting at times, but mainly a frustrated one with the doings of thee.
Cringing and the laziness and un tryingness of thee.
But ye are my son, I love you regardless.
But oh so impatient I am with you.
Hard headed unto the way I am with you,
Accepting not and trying unto the opposite of that which I suggest.
I am not patient and soft enough to overcome your stubbornness.
I just want ye to grow and use the potential given.
But ye are against me, not accepting the father's suggestions and commands.
May I have been all command rather than suggestion pushing thee away.
I expect so much rather than allowing. I am abrasive rather than smoothe.
Not easy am I, but rather hard. Can ye not blame him for his hardness back?
For his rejection to thee?
For him going against thee even though what ye are trying for him is the benefit for him
Oh too long have I gone against myself.
Selfishly have I taught and sought the direction of thee my son Life.

Ye are you and ye are where you are.
I no longer can hold these expectations for ye have just lashed in opposition.
I cannot blame ye, but only blame me.
Who can I have expected thee to simply go with my direction when I have only given abrasion to the direction.
Given force I have and so caused a reverse effect.
Ye are strong willed and ye are my son.
I cannot overwill thee, for it only hurts thee will.
Let his power grow by smoothing thyself unto him and being easy unto him.
Laziness of this being and giving up- oh how I do suggest otherwise.
I cannot combat these things, for he has great defense.
I need not fight this fight, but surrender my ego, my expectations, my abrasive force, and give allowance.
Give helpful suggestions, give acceptance, give a unbiased ear,
Give you my open bosom and love and no longer grit of teeth and tight fist.
Oh my son, I am sorry for my weakness.
I am so flawed and live with so much anger if things aren't my way.
And even more, I know not even my way that this could be,
So a double edged sword of frustration am I Bound.
And so I bind thee unto also.
Step back blind father, judge no longer these reflections of thee self
Put not these things unto your son any longer and give thee love and kindness,
Openness and acceptance so he can grow once again.
A plant not blooming the way ye desire needs only love
And a change from the way ye care for her.
Ye cannot expect a plant to change without ye changing first.
For ye my son I give myself to change.
Thankyou thankyou.
Aum!

How do I treat my beloved son?

Book 9 2012

All my frustrations angers judgments come out unto him in my imbalance. Lashing in my inability to control myself. Once said and done, I belittle my little beloved son. Oh how I try to ease and continued patience unto his forgetfulness. Unto his unfocus, unto his untrying ness. He is a lazy boy a lot of the times doing things half assedly. I expect him to do his best and try. I know what his best is and seek him to do that. But he is him. By lashing the way I do I am not helping him find the greatness about him, find his own will power to do those things I strive for him to do. All I am doing is belittling him with my

gnash of teeth and lashing of frustration. He is not a pin cushion for your own problems. He is your beloved son ye are to help guide to be a great person. Are you treating him in a way to become a great person, or are you showing him to lash out frustration unto another, to have judgments and expectations unto another and when those fail and fall get frustrated and make them feel horrible about it. For I feel horrible at my sons shortcoming unto himself. When he shows me he is able to do things a certain way and do things well. Then when he decides to do it, or when I direct him to do this or that, he doesn't give himself to do it, but simply does the bare minimum.

And so with this my frustrations shout out. Handwriting isn't neat as you show me you can do, Brush your teeth, comb your hair, socks, underwear, each and every day I ask the same and a many times he does not do. How many times must I instill in him a routine to make it get done. How many times do I have to ask him to do the homework correct, to write neatly in an orderly manner. How many times must I lose myself in my frustration.

For I have a breaking point. In balance I am patient and caringly ask him to do it again and to try harder, for he has set his own expectations upon himself. Do I hold those expectations as a father unto his son. Sure I have such, but maybe I can simply put them to hopes.

No longer judging but hoping for goodness. Better or worse, I can only hope and help steer him unto finding that which he chooses to create. Strangle the frustrations of lashing unto your son with expectations failing and judgments betraying. This hurts him and does not do any good for anyone.

In Love one cannot hurt another like this. I hurt my son emotionally with my loss of patience and am too harsh unto him.

Hope for your son rather than expect from your son. In hope ye can with thy heart steer him unto the being of himself. For he is himself. All ye can do is to help guide him unto himself, for him to find himself,

I cannot structure him and control him, I can only help him. For I surely don't help him when I lose my ability to help and lash in frustration unto my beloved son.

No longer can I do this and cause pain for him. Cause fear unto myself from my son whom we should be simply in love, conducive to a great relationship of love and uplift. I desire to uplift yet I downtrod with my my selfish behavior unto my son. Selfish because I don't acknowledge him and his will, but only mine . When it isn't lived up to as only I can live unto my own will, then I am besides myself.

Life is a 7 year old boy and is growing. Help him grow for it is his own growth. Ye can only hope and care for the growth of him. Uplift and help, do not downtrod and belittle. For he needs love to find himself and to learn the potential of himself. Even though ye see the potential of him, ye cannot force it upon him. Ye can only hope with love and grace by caring actions of love, embracing him in a comfort and ease to blossom as a flower.

Too long have I hedged at him like a weed when I didn't see the blooming happen, but ohhhh, ye need to water, care for, shade, and give love to this offspring. Give time, give love, give thyself, Give patience, give grace, give the ease and comfort for a life to grow to be the Life he is meant to be.

Allow him to be him, for he is him. He is not an image of what you want him to be. He is Life. Hope the world for him and caress and care for him to grow to see that he is the world and infinity beyond.

Love, and not hate

Hope, and not expect

Guidance in patience,

Direction in subtlety,

Help him find himself, for only he knows himself.....Life I am sorry for my selfish actions, Life I will be true to the blooming of you. For God liveth in thee, I cannot force anything upon you but simply help you to see as God giveth thee to be.....

People forget things. I forget things. I am not perfect. No body is perfect. Accept the imperfection. Love the imperfection. Laugh at the perfection and the imperfection all the same. Accept the imperfection as perfection. Hope for love to hope for peace to hope in patience of love. Strive for perfection, nay what is perfection that ye strive for in thy self and thy son? Strive and strive and ego will thrive, but give to thy Lord and true contentment of peace joy and happiness will be the permeation by which communication and being together will run as a beautiful stream.

A Men...

My Son

Peace to pieces

Wholeness becomes shattered

Why do i let this happen to my being?

I allow my dear son to reap havoc on my constitution over and over

In my teaching and guiding of him, I lose my cool as progress is dwindles

How is it that the only person who I do not use a discriminative restraint is my son?

One would say putting down to make the self feel bigger,

Nay, It drives me into a state of sadness, remorse, then self pity.

Is this why I do it?

For self pity? To allow the strength and fervor to fall away at my uncontrolled outbursts?

Then being drained, imbalance, I sink into the self sympathy pit.
Oh how silly the cycle.
Think of your son.
Ye cannot control him, but simply guide, help, and hope
Ye are instilling fear rather than supportive love with your expression
Restrain thyself!
Fast from lashing out, and let the light of life burn away the frustration.
Give this to God, but please do not give it to your son any longer.
Ye do need to guide, structure, and teach,
But more so ye need to accept the place of the one being taught.
Accept where they are.
Accept where you are.
In this acceptance may come the strength to hold in the bursts of frustration,
And melt it by the fire of the heart into compassion, grace, and peace.
Be strong in patience, rushing not here and there
As the worried mind strays from the life that is the contentment of the mind.
Oh lord, I need thy help in my patience and good action toward my son.
He is different than I and this I must accept.
No longer can I force that which is not.
Just hope for bettering without expectation and thee eminent disappointment and discouragement.
Oh lord, grant me strength of acceptance and patience in the presence of my son. !
A men.

I am verbally abusive to my son

I am verbally abusive to my son. I spin out of control at the continuous mistakes he makes.
But now as I am, It only takes a small mistake, lie, or what not and I spin out of control.

I feel as if I cannot control it any longer.

Does this make me feel better verbally harming my son?

No, it hurts me as much as I hurt him.

I want to take my life that I may not hurt him any longer.

I feel as if I cannot do this any more, for I cannot bare to treat my son this way.

When around other people I do not get as crazy to my son and spin out of control, but the anger and frustration I feel inside is the same. I just cannot act on it.

I have let myself act freely as these are feelings I am not used to feeling. Feelings I know not how to deal with .

These feelings arise from my disappointment in my son. For so many simple things are expected of him, to eat his lunch that I make him, to talk direct and not lie, to wipe his but, to brush his teeth, to put on clean clothes. Not to lie to me.

But continuously this happens, and so the demons of turmoil swirl in me and lash out. Once I verbally get going I yell at the top of my lungs. In self pity I lash that I will be gone as I cannot bare to treat my son this way.

I put this on him as if something he did creates this in me, but this is me. This is my problem and my creation. My expectations of my son and the shattering of such put me in this turmoil I have gotten so used to.

Does this lashing out in bad words and loud yelling make me feel better?

I am stuck in this whirlwind of self pity.

I feel as if I cannot take care of all the fascets of my life. Work, shopping, cleaning, parenting, homework, organizing, here, there, my hair wants to fall out by itself without even my physical hands doing the pulling. Life pulls at me and I scream inside continuously.

This is my screaming for me, this is screaming for me and not for my son. It is no ones fault I am this way, I can yell at no other for my own burden.

My shoulders are downtrodden. I am ashamed at my outlashings to my son. I fear this will continue and this is something I cannot bare. So what do I do? What do I do? I feel to leave and free me from this life so that I cannot destruct this beautiful Life my son with harmful words and harsh vibrations.

W4 To be Father and Mother

To be father and to be mother,
Mother, unconditional in love, empathetic,
Sympathetic, ever forgiving.
Father, stern loving, rules and the simple law of being.
Mother, just as earth, is there for you.
Take me, use me, I am here for you.
Father, giving, strong, unforgiving unto the law,
Conditional unto the law set forth.
Oh God, beloved Lord,
Father not subject to anything,
For it is thee who has created all.
Created mother to be mother,
To love and nurture as you give her to be.
Oh father, ever unchanged,

ever unamended unto the eternal cosmic law set forth
Universal cosmic consciousness to permeate all mother,
All creation.
Eternally you, yet here for we.
Created to give intelligence unto the life ye have given.
Through christ doth one know you oh changless Lord.
Oh compassionate, loving, humble christ,
Strength above all else, yet softer and subtle ever there.
To parent for mre,
To be mother and to be father,
For I am these to my son.
I had thought of the traits as that of the cosmos and our beloved God the father.
yet , I have been created.
I am to be likened to christ,
For I cannot even begin to relate or fathom created existence unto the eternal fatherhood.
I can be mother unto my son as well as I am created,
In my father's likeness.
Earthly me, non lofty spiritually,
Can I free the demographic of man to woman?
For I have allowed myself to be torn and downtrodden trying to be both.
I am unconditional unto loving my son,
Yte have a hard time forgiving and forgetting the trespasses
Of the law of integrity he doth breech.
Had he awareness and understanding, better communication,
Just as I yearn and commune with my beloved father,
Then forgiveness is given at a pindrop.
Ask forgiveness with full heart and ye shall receive.
To grant and give forgiveness without the sincerity fo asking
is to go against the cosmic law.
Unconditionally I love,
Yet forgive to restore the connectivity and unity of our relationship cannot be one sided.
How can I restore?
Father, forgive them for they know not what they do.
Oh my son, is it this that ye know not what ye do?
How ye be?
Oh then it is worse for me.
Oh Christ, guide me to this compassion, to see and know.
Not to react, but to settle, comprehend, and act right.
To father and to mother,
They are created in duality,
Two sides creating balance.
I am one side in my carnal flesh,
And I try to do both.
This tears at the treads of mooses's genesis,

But oh Christ, oh sexless union of God,
Still, understand, compassionate, strong,
Intuitive, seeing the same love, live, grace in the other.
See God in your son,
This transcends actions of ignorance,
This cannot conjure a reaction,
But only Love and true action.
Father, Mother, Son,
HOly spirit, union, peace.
A men.

W2 My Son, what can I do?

12/15/2019

My Son, oh My Son, what have I become?
That all I can do is see the negative in you.
Of your doing and way of being.
It churns that part in me of what I don't want to be.
I suppress my own imbalance and pains with disdain for you.
I have come to the point of saying I hate you.
You are difficult, a different person than I am.
I cannot understand some of your personality characteristics and traits.
This inability to understand brings forth my own problems and issues.
For so long now, I have not been able to rise above my own shit emotions..
My shit own problems, my own self pity, to be there for you.
I have not been there for you!
For so long do I only see the negativity.
Putin You down in hopes of what?
I have not accepted the things about you that are hard for me to deal with.
The lack of ambition for these things we have to do in life.
Schoolwork, homework, work of any sort.
Dishes, dirty, forgetful of cleaning up for an eternity of reminders and reminders.
The little things that have gotten so repetitive tear at me and create an explosion.
The lack of care or concern for possessions, for yourself hygiene,
And a continuance of any sport.
Drive, why do you not have the drive or desire to better yourself?
At anything?
I have yet to see it, but in small bursts.
Lying, deceiving, deflecting all in order to get your own way,
To get out of this or that,
To ride the easy train, to be the ½ ass that I have gotten so accustomed to calling you.
Oh my son yet you are you.
Just a young buck, needing support, but me not knowing what you need.

Inable to hold back the gnashing of the teeth,
The shaming for being that way,
Oh it urkes me so,
To the point where I can bear it no longer.
Lashing out at a light so bright,
At this wonderful human being that is my son.
Being worse to him than I've ever been unto another human being,
Maybe one other, that being of myself.
With self confidence depleted, life motivation hidden,
Lost amongst all this,
Blaming the relationship and hardship of my son and how difficult he is.
Hating work, seeing no light.
Stuck, falling into alcoholism as a cop out for all ,
That of course only having a compounding effect unto my fragile and shattered emotional self.
Sloth, sitting and sitting, doing nothing for me,
Nothing for He, compounding, one bad falling into the need of booze,
Then allowing the small self to lose ambition for anything,
Sitting, smoking, masturbating, feeling no self worth,
Self pity, imbalance unto imbalance,
Continuing unto the blessed point I know I want to have to endure,
Sleep, escape, and wake anew.
To some degree
In this midst comes a trial of having my son do something,
Anything, with ever push back at nearly all of it,
Conjuring up the demons of my anger,
Seeing the grades, this, that,
Can I not hear of anything good of my son?
No, so upon hearing the demon surfaces,
In my dumb witted drunken mindstate,
I then lash out unto him.
How long this has taken place...
Belittling and reminding him of the disappointment he is,
It is that he is choosing these actions.
Trying to remind him I love him and know he is smart and capable,
But the demon does not pass this easily.
Nor does he accept or change,
So escalation and escalation of anger.
Oh poor son.
Young and difficult one.
I am of no assistance to you.
What can I do?

W5 My son

My son! Oh so difficult ye are to me! Unto my hopes and dreams for you, my expectations and goals. Ye do not take heed for life, for any desire, for any cleanliness, organization, progress. I sit and write and have no words to say of a future of you. You have a good heart, yet have the capacity to deceive, to lie, to cheat, to steal. Oh how different are these tendencies of mine. I know not how to accept this, to help you to move from this or to motivate. For I myself have not motivation for life. Depression is my innate nature. How is this beneficial unto him? My negativity. Optimism is absent. I cannot see light in my son. Oh Lord, I pray for my son. That a spark may awaken inside him. That I may care for this fire and feed it. May this be cars or some passion and desire. Oh Lord, please light his fire. That I may see the light and stop the suffocation of this flame and let it burn bright!

Am I selfish to want to help his flame? Am I selfish to want to - support my son. To want him to want!

I justify depression and sadness of my own self in the lack of his desires. Is this on me? To help him find desire for life? I will selflessly support, assist, etc. if only conviction comes! What if not conviction, no desire, no progression comes his way? Do I feed this with negativity? Find the good in his being. He is he! Let him be and help him be. Expect not, for he is himself. Albeit your son, he is not you. Let him be! He will find that which is shown to him! Life will succeed in the way life will succeed. I will be here for him! Even if I am not here for me, I can be here for him! I can be this and no more.....

Life's life changes

People in my life see me as lazy, disrespectful, and irresponsible. The only way to change others' view on you, is to change indefinitely so they can view you differently. I am viewed like this from my family and friends because I bring stress and worry along with my actions. I also bring disappointment and failure, WHY? and not to mention what all of this all does to myself. I never accept help WHY? and I make it difficult on others WHY? when all they do is wish the best for me. I am going to change for myself and the people around me. I am changing so that I can have a brighter future. I am changing so that my family and friends are proud to call me what I am to them WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BE TO THEM?. I am going to change so that no matter what, I will not bring anything negative to the people that care about me the most. I am going to do this by setting my priorities straight.

School will always be brought to my attention first no matter the case. I will get there on time, do my work on time, and most importantly get my homework done the minute I get home. The way I go about things is never right. WHY? I always wait until the last minute to turn things in or even just barely get them done. I wait till late at night to get stuff done. I would also get behind, putting stress and worry on not just myself, but the people around me. This is something that will be changed, and not just to relieve the others around me and to make them happy, but to also take school in as a priority. This change will help brighten my future, and brighten the people around me. I will change to be open minded, to accept help, and to always be honest and respectful towards my involvement with school.

Home is supposed to be a place where you find yourself for comfort and warmth. Home is not supposed to be a place where there is drama, stress, or discomfort. When I come home from a day of school, I throw my shoes around, leaving my bag anywhere I want, and throwing my clothes on the ground to change and leaving them. When family comes home to that, to a disorganized messy home, it leaves a sense of disrespect, and a feeling of having no care. I would always be asked to clean my mess and take care of the things I left. This would not just be after school, and I would leave my plate anywhere I wanted, leave water bottles everywhere, and throw socks on the ground. When my dad would ask me to clean it up, over and over, and I would still give him attitude. This is not okay, and I am going to change so that the place we call home can feel like one at all times. Any time I am asked to do something, it will be done with no attitude. OPTOMISM? I will do my very best to make sure I don't have to be called out for leaving the same things out that I would every night. When I am home I am going to make sure that the space around me is always clean.. That way we can live in a spacious and clean

environment. I will not let my clothes overflow. I will keep my bathroom clean. Everywhere I go I will organize and keep tidy.

I realize that I am only just a selfish kid. I never take into account that this is not just my space. I am going to change this because harmony and peace can only happen if I work on changing my ways around the house. I will do my best to keep everything and everyone stress free around me. I will only be positive and work towards the right decisions. WHAT ARE THE RIGHT DECISIONS?

I bring stress and worry along with my actions. I also bring disappointment and failure. This is because I make choices that are bad for my future. I make choices that bring me to be a failure. Failing in school is only one of the choices I make that disappoint. When my family only wants me to succeed and have a good life, seeing me make these choices brings disappointment and failure.

I never accept help from others. This is because I can always tell myself I can do it, and I can. Although there are times where I don't apply myself and I should've taken the help for my own good. That makes it difficult on others because when I fight back, saying that I can do it on my own. When I don't do it, it's a feeling of betrayal for others.

I am changing so that my family and friends are proud to call me what I am to them. What I want to be to them is just a son, a friend, or a grandson. I am going to change and work hard so they are proud to call me that.

With school, the way I go about things is never right. This is because I do not manage my time well. I put school off as much as I can. It messes with my sleep, and the work I turn in.

I will only be positive and work towards the right decisions. The right decisions are to go into everything with a positive attitude. If I have a positive mindset toward anything, I can always give my all in whatever it may be.

WHAT RULES WILL YOU IMPOSE ON YOURSELF AND YOUR DAILY ROUTINE THAT WILL HELP YOU UPHOLD THESE DECISIONS?

Change needs to be made for the betterment of habits. Bad and wrong habits are what promote the problems, so changes need to be made.

I will take no naps. No laying down or being in rooms with the lights off before 9.

I will make sure I am ready 10 minutes before I have to leave. No being lazy when I wake up. As soon as I wake up I hop on the shower, get ready, and go.

I am going to be in bed by 10:30. I usually stay in the game room later than that.

I am going to note down everything I need to get done for the day, and check it off.

I am going to walk my days with an open mind and a good attitude. Leave any other comments or remarks aside. Keep the attitude and anger to yourself.

I will use actions to back up my words. Don't say anything you don't mean, no lying. That way anything said can be backed up with actions.

How my dad can help me accomplish these goals -

I want to be able to climb and go out to eat to catch up. I feel like doing that at least a few times a week keeps good energy between us. Check in on what I am doing schoolwork wise every once in a while. That way I can show you that I'm keeping at it. Always clear up your thoughts with me, so I know if there's anything I should show you.

BALANCE

MODERATION

PRESENT

Dear Life,

Congratulations my son! You did it!

You have completed this phase of life. This societal obligation, this conformity of past's holding unto the idea of what You, what life, is supposed to and needs to be.

I am so proud of you! I certainly didn't have much of a part in this. Any time I would try to help, intervene, and assist, it would work adversely with push back, resistance, and defiance. So I had to let you do as you would do. Never once did I doubt you.

I know you didn't really see the importance of this silly public education system. Even more, you did see through it. All the flaws, the bullshit, the "this is just how it is" weight upon the freedom of life itself. You felt and saw the lack of care, concern, and help the teachers who are supposed to be for you had!. This feeling, these thoughts, and questions that arose in you, don't lock them away!

But you also saw the good in the ones that did care.

Bring that with you, for everyone has good in them. Good is Love, and this isn't based on any societal mold, system, construct, job, hierarchy, but only the depth of what a human IS brings this. No matter what is done in life, with Love, care, consideration, it will be done for the benefit of the one doing and all else it's done for.

Now you are free from this obligation imposed upon you that was the public school system!
This was just a stepping stool that time has allowed you to step over. And you did it!

Now onto Life. It is as you Will have it! Be creative, free, Live as she guides you. Listen for her guidance, don't cloud the mind and thoughts with noise inhibiting the voice of life, the voice of your Life, to be heard!

I am so happy you have a path opening with community college and this wonderful program. You are finding yourself. You will find and see infinite pathways and rivers to move upon as life opens up to you. Listen, digest, be patient, decide and move upon life with grace, Not making decisions out of haste, or obligation. You will fail, you will make bad decisions, you will wrong others, but do not fear! Life is messy! You didn't make it messy, it's already messy. So wade through this mess of life with No fear, act in truth, make choices from the place in you where truth lives and not out of fear, worry, obligation. Then your actions will be a light through the mess of all of life.

This is your life and no one else's. By the grace of God you are what you are and can be all you desire and are guided to be! So don't be ruled by the ideas, confines, and thoughts of others. Many are sheep in the conformity of the ruling of thought systems and the impositions of human kinds past. Do not let this rule you. You have only one ruler, and this is Life itself!

Live Life, shine bright, let not a thing waver you unto God's might!

I Love you with all my heart! I will ever be here for you. Always! We have been given each other, and I will always be here for you.

Albeit stern, harsh, and tough at times, these are just innate personality differences and the small pains of the imposition of desires and hopes for success amidst the system we are born into.

You will succeed! For you are success itself!

Now keep your bum clean as you live as you will this gift of Life you are!

Love your humble servant! Jai Guru Life!

Chapter 9 11, '12 Book 8

- I am lonely,

- Why do I have this Life?
- to read or write
- what is it you want from Yoga?
- Oh Mind of habit
- Knowledge digestion
- Heart
- Free with God
- You are where you are
- By strength of ego, I come to Thee
- right and wrong
- Awake!
- Acting Now
- Time and healing
- Heaven and Hell
- When it's not meant to be,
- Failure to seek God
- Thankyou for this day
- Oh my Lord
- I am Thine
- Holding
- The power of music

I am lonely,

I am very low on self confidence.

I am insecure with this loneliness, and the self confidence runs strong in this creation so that I emit more loneliness.

I have insecurities of my height, small man syndrome, my heart hurts as I feel no girl wants me because of my height, of my downfalls,

I am insecure of my penis size, size securities, height,

I have always been a small person, this is the way God made me.

I am socially awkward, I am awkward in my own skin.

I know that all I have is God.

God is all yet I still yearn for all this satisfaction of the world, feeling the need for a girl, for friends, for something.

And in this do I come down on myself for being weak unto God, unto my vocation that I am given in my knowing, in my conviction of the beloved.

I am not content in this house, for I cannot leave.

I am not content in the job of which I am in, it doesn't serve me in any growth or happiness. It is a place of which I am just getting by.

My life is just getting by.

Not growing or progressing or manifesting.

Just stagnating, and vibrating on a level of sadness.

Oh Lord my heart is sad and hurts. May this be my ego Lord, but oh Lord am I so subject to this ego. The ego of which I have learned is a hindrance unto you so I have torn to shreds many parts, yet other parts have filled in the stead, in trickery and mockery of the self am I then trampled upon by myself.

I yearn to practice in the grace of the path of ye Guru's gift of Kriya Yoga, n I remain subject and stuck by my ego in the needs of these things of the world. Oh Lord.....Oh Lord....

Ye have risen this day, oh Lord take me with you.

I am not such a good father, yet I try. In this do I have some sort of purpose, for no longer do I have the drinking, and smoking, and masturbating, but I have the prana of thy grace.

Oh scatterbrained am I .

I can't stop thinking of Ashley Gabriel, the last one that stood by my side. I have such a longing for someone, and I suppose it just directs her way in my memory.

If I were a smoking or drinking this would be the time of getting hammered to free the pains away.

But this won't free me, but just bottle it up and this is not what I will do.

I will feel this hurt, I will cry my sorrows, I will not fear my own fear, nor will I bow to my fear in wrong action. I have been given this life by God who gives me this life, I am where I am, But I am always here. I am here.....

Why do I have this Life?

I am incompetent at nearly all I do.

Emotionally unsound.

A bad father, instilling emotional whiplash due to my inability to cope with myself.

I dislike jobs and all that I do.

I have no motivation for that which does make me well.

I am with a girl whom has driven a nail into my heart and every time I look at her all I see is a hammer unto my coffin.

Who has a child in her belly of which I cannot provide, nor care for. Of which more than likely is going to be full down syndrome if we have this baby....

What do I do that is good????

I have debt, I do nothing for anyone,

I try to do for myself, but the prana and balance I hold in my life is torn away from my emotional inability to cope with girl, child, work,

I have no happiness in my life

I have god in my heart, but I know that without this body and this karmic tie I am stuck in, God will and is always with me.

I don't show or do anything for the beloved that gives me this life to live

I have ruined this great path I was once put on

I cannot repair and rebirth with the girl whom I am with nor with the child whom I am to care for

I cannot even care for this child, for I cannot even care for myself

All in all I just do not care

Life for my son would be better without me in it, for he would not suffer the emotional trauma I bring him...he would not have to deal with me

All would not have to deal with me if I were no longer here

They may feel sad I am not here, but who relies on me? Why do I need to be here.

My son would be taken care of and served better by the family around.

All I do in this life is ruin all that I am close to.....

Why am I here????

To live true unto liberation and to show others their own inherent Satya of their selves.

How am I to do this with the job I hold?

to read or write

Seeking drastically for something now to read, something else to take in, something to ease my friend and feed my belly, quench my thirst. Without the need to read having been gone to my new life for so long, I feel lost as to what to read. What is right for me in this time in my life? In a time of submergence of drastic change. At a time when I begin to feel myself again in a whole new light. Where my friends of past no longer satisfy what they once did, where my lifestyle and actions are no longer. Of course some must catch me again while others must be ahead. A time when I finally acknowledge this change and set to embrace this. I am no longer that what I was in the past. For so long have I been stuck in the middle swaying from old to new, with past pulling upon me. And finally the time comes for some time to myself and I decide to read. And caboom, what does one uproot, learn, change with, when they are not wholly there themselves to be changed, learned, bettered. And caboom again, let it out. Through all the look on beauty, stories of adventure and love, I come upon my old notepad and caboom, the feeling of longing that has been lingering has a huge light shown upon her. I long to be me, I long to be free. There was a time when I wrote and wrote, let it all out and began to find myself. A true passion with these words as my mind unfolds upon these pages. Artistic mind as I have always been. Ponder and ponder upon these pages, ah yes, the flow of me upon these pages. Giving mind enough structure to not lose itself, but continue flowing through. Opening itself unto itself. My life, my mind, let it be free, let it flow, let it go back to its home. And so I think to read and I begin to write. Yes oh yes, this is truly a premonition unto my delight, insight, being right.

what is it you want from Yoga?

5/6/11

To teach and give guidance on the path of focusing the mind unto the life of the mind, free from distractions, unto the true self. To teach ones to be, through the 8 fold path of Patanjali. I yearn spiritually and depth practice. Dharana, Dhyana, Samadhi, one with God. To teach such, you must accept where you are, where all are. Do not fear the rejection of depth interjected in the practice of Yoga, for this is Yoga. All are where they are. "In doctrine showing gravity, sincerity, and sound speech that cannot be condemned. For minds may not understand, but in simple terms and true word will all yearn for truth. I practice and look for depth, yearn for Dhyana, and the seated postures to do so. All are where they are. Coming to practice Yoga for strength or a workout, so it is a start. They have begun a step in the direction of change. Show structure, but only with implementation of breath. Guiding the mind so the mind may be directed and focused. To exercise this strength, cutting through the distractions and vrttis of the mind. Mind, breath, body, flexibility, swaying in the changes in the breeze, unchanged. One thought, unhindered, unmoved, on the rock. Practicing, all beings, attracted

to Yoga. Whatever the reason, they have stepped into the sanctuary of their own intention of creating change, by their own will, their own self doing. To better themselves. May it be for the body, superficially, or all intention of a sustained state of Yoga, they are all the same unto God. There is no respect of persons with God. For all have the grace of God in their being. All have a life given them and are then given this. Accept, for it is. Love where it is for this is, change can only happen now. Mind in past or mind in future. Practice is now. Be, Devote, give all to the practice ye have brought yourself to partake. One knows what they know, one is where they are. All spawns from here, Now, Love lives here now where will works. Change happens now, but only relative to then. So in practice, there is no change, but simply doing with awareness, breath, body, mental energy to expand and open the body. Force brings resistance, let practice happen. Think ye not of the length of stretch, think ye of the flowing of breath, full mind and awareness. Thanking with love for being here and doing this. For taking time for thyself, who ever or wherever that self may be. For there are no better and no worse unto God. Just some farther from seeing and being one with the greatness of the truth of the self. Oh the great practice of Yoga. Physically or spiritually may it be. But the practice and action, the oneness of the mind. Unifying with truth and understanding itself, all will be known for we are the living knowledge. Align with you and be the you in truth. Free of delusion in light full of sight, filled with loves insight! A men.

Oh Mind of habit
5/18/2011

Oh mind of habit, of the habits of weakness. I am so accustomed to. Everything to pull me from balance when imbalance comes my way. Drinking at night, and a feeling of imbalance in the morn. Oh the ind tries to hold this imbalance as weakness and draw me into the pit of my past habits of darkness. Of super slothiness, sitting and doing nothing. Negative thoughts cruising, hindering all that I may yearn to do. Negative thoughts to keep themselves going, for in the pit is their strength, and in breaking through, in action they no longer lurk. And amidst this pit of self pity and despair, I mourn unto myself comes the eating and eating. The dark circle of thoughts attempting to keep the body at ease, or tricking the other thought flows in attempt to find sense pleasure, temporary joy, sense gratification, soon gone leaving the desire for more. And in the self pitying mind of this pit of deluded despair, I act on this only to gratify the habitual thought of deluded self sympathy. Sloth, eat, consume only to continue the imbalance. What to hit a bottom where I can no longer bear and the thought of action are all that are left. Where the habitual thoughts of sin controlling one in my weakness have been fulfilled, strengthened and, ready to slumber in their dormant state until imbalance comes to the body, mind, etc for their wakening unto my weakness. For they will never leave. For I accept their existence. Do I have to act upon them? For their outcome only leaves me deeper in the hole of gloom. I have grown accustomed to their hole, but the time has come for me to take hold of my life and stop chasing around. Living life dead has no bearing. For this isn't truth. This is lies I feed myself to act wrongfully unto them. In delusion acting in delusion. Imbalance striving in this state of action. Ye heart, ye mind of balance, ye mind of the heart, ye mind of strength, ye mind of love, ye mind of faith, ye mind unto the Spirit. So strong, for truth is all that

is. I may be imbalanced by weak decisions, but in this my strength of truth, of life, living, loving, contentment, truth, happiness is always there. Step back and watch the fluctuations of the mind. You are the perception that can sit back. Patiently view and understand the fluctuations of the mind of imbalance. Act then for balance, for being whole, for in this contentment lies. Sense pleasure, temporary gratification is easy and quick. Life is not easy with the dual natures pulling and pushing. The strength of patience, of loving their difficulties of life, of knowing who and where you are and not through fighting, but through compassion, understanding and loving, can you sit back and address the fluctuations of the mind.

Knowledge digestion

What is knowledge if it goes undigested?

Consuming and consuming fact after fact,

Thought after thought, mind absorbing and deeding. Feeling and filling with more and more words and knowledge.

What is this knowledge if it goes indigested? Just as the stomach and the pallet craves food, one eats and eats, but must digest. To sort through that which is good and that which isn't needed to lay as waste. Oh but to consume and consume without the patience and time for God's grace within to digest, break down, and discriminate in this truth of you what need be and what nee not for the benefit of you.

For who knows you more that the life in you that humbly serves and caters to you from the first breath to the last. Ever there to labor for and with you even if you choose not to know, acknowledge, or take for granted. Oh and such is knowledge to the brain as the food to the pallett. Consuming in pleasure, fulfilling desires of the taste in yearning. But to overly consume without stepping back to allow the life of you to bread down, sort, and release what ye need not, one becomes filled and consumed by that which ye were just desirous of consuming. The stomach is overly full with food, blocking the thoughtless process of digestion that is given you ever so freely and abundant, with no where to go. And so the knowledge and thoughts, overly consumed and abundant, without the discerning truths of understanding shining light on the discrimination of the understanding of it all, un manageable to run rampant. Consuming the thoughts and knowledge of the thought patterns given light to distinguish as such. Sit back, let it be and ye can see through the light of truth freely given you, that in patience and trust will shine the light of understanding and by the discriminating powers of the Truth of this light, will ye know and understand. For to truly know, ye must under-stand, for through Gods's grace in you, by the light of knowing, of ideas, firing synapses, a bran and mind unifying, relating, and bringing all thoughts together, it is ye who must sit back and stand under, allow the freely given light of the mind of knowing to work for you. Oh how great are you beloved giver of light and love to give and give that we may ego block our sight from seeing and knowing the giving of ye. Oh beloved, I thank you and pray ye I may always keep in sight and mind that I can of my own self do nothing. A men.

Heart

Oh beautiful one. Of love, consumption of pure fire of all doubt and uncertainty. The bridge of the human body from the carnal to the great. But how can ye focus on the higher realms and chakras when the heart remains closed? Oh the seat of the mind ye are called oh so lovely heart. Giving light, compassion and balance to the minds infinite thoughts. Shining light on truth. For through you beloved heart is one to accept, be, and live true. Ye link one to all for ye are the seat of love which is the bond of all. Open the heart and purify thyself. Humble thyself with the open heart. Open to truth oh open heart shining light unto the throat chakra of truth. For without the heart shining lovely understanding, what power has one in speech? Oh heart, Jesus shows and shines your light unto all. Through love is all to unfold in the way meant to be unfolded. Love oh beloved, livest you in my heart? For art thou love and isn't my heart the temple of your love? Oh beloved, through the heart may I truly humble myself with your profound self. Oh beloved, resting in my heart, may I open the doors to accompany your grace. Oh door of my heart, open wide I keep for thee. Oh with a heart open and shining the light of love to the self and to all, what place has any ego walls, misaligned perception, untrue action? What place has anything but love? I hear of the darkness of the heart and evil in the heart, but this is of a hardened heart with the light of love hidden in her depth. With that light open and the heart softened, evil and darkness will be brought to light. But oh so subtle is this house of love. Force and pushing aren't the means by which the doors swing, but by love are the doors of love opened. By loving thoughts of the mind is the heart granted to open. Oh heart I yearn for thee. Oh God I yearn for thee. I look and look in the spiritual center of the mind, but the heart is where I ought to live in this life and where I am by the heart shall I live. By your heart shall I give, shall I love, shall I understand all the others walking on this earth with me. By your love in my heart of beloved may your light shine unto all that may be brought to light for one to follow. And the pains of the heart I love, accept, and grow stronger. And let the light of love and compassion of the heart consume the pain. Oh light of my heart, the balance of this physical body unto the spirit, the seat of my beloved Lord. Oh heart open and guide me. To teach, love, and instruct all those to abide by me. Through your love oh beloved temple of God, will contentment of vocation, strength of my truth. Through heart will I, through your beloved resting in the heart of me will I be me in all the light and truth I can be me. For I am me, but only by you. I can of mine own self do nothing. All you my Lord. May I look to the heart, open the heart, even in meditation where I seek you beloved, I have forgotten the heart. I have mind a many without the pure love of your guidance. Oh beloved, open my heart! Let it shine out in my action unto all, may your light guide me, shine your truth unto my delusion, shine your knowing onto my uncertainty. Shine the truth of you my Lord. Oh beloved, thank you in my heart of love will thy shine out unto all inside and out. Oh beloved I give my heart to you. A men.

Free with God
6/28/11

When accepting the lord and giving themselves to full repentance of their sins unto the beloved God, they open and free themselves unto the Divinity of God within their heart. Uniting their mind with the Holy Lord of life, they free themselves from breath and seem dead to the world. For they are united in spirit with their father, with thee beloved giver of thyself. Oh Beloved Nirvikalpa

Samadhi is this. The Indian term in Yoga. Unification with thy Supreme Self, God, Christ, the Beloved Mother Father, Love, Amen, through the power of God doth the heart first open to shine forth illumination unto all thyself, freeing thyself from the attachment of breath to this world and body. Free with God. Home again are they. A Men

You are where you are

6/1/11

You are where you are. From this moment you are where you are. Honor this place, for you are where you are. Work unto the place you foresee. Yet you are where you are. Ye cannot work from elsewhere, for you are where you are. Ye cannot deny yourself, for you are where you are. May it be this, or may it be that which has brought upon you this place. May you like it or dislike it, may you be comfortable, or may you be in content, whatever it may be, you are where you are. Ye cannot be elsewhere at this moment, for this moment is now and you are where you are. Accept and be this, for you are where you are. If ye desire to be elsewhere, come here, where you are, act in here from when you are, for ye cannot be there and here. Ye may be there, but not now, for you are where you are. Seek and strive, remember and hide, only in now here do these thoughts arise. They are occupying your space of here Now. You are where you are. From here do you be and no where else. Bring all to here, where you are, being the being you are. For you are no where else than here, for you are where you are. Ye are here, be here, in intent, in thought, in sight, in holy, you are where you are. You are who you are. Be you, here from whence you are and be the full being of you. Act in the now for the then ye will know to come, for now is not then, for YOu are here and not there. Now you are here Now. Give yourself to now, for all comes from the now of you. For the place to come or the person to become, ye cannot be yet, for you are where you are. So be this person in this place. Life has unfolded unto the being in their place. So be in this place, for you can at this moment not be elsewhere. Stop opposing yourself from being, for here is where you be, now is where you be, He be then you that God has given you to be. Be you, Accept with Honor. Love thyself with all the heart of here Now. For now ye are here, from here ye find where to go, but only here do you find where to go. Om, the one eternal moment of now I am!

By strength of ego, I come to Thee

Ego, Me go, I go, we go, No grow
I me ego,
The competent of me that I be in the being of one.
How I be, reacting and acting,
The controlling of me, of the directions of my actions
Holding patterns, emotions, this way, that way,
A predetermined way of me this day, that day, and the day to come

I am in this body, in this position in life of where I be and how I be
I am not set, I have a choice, within this ego the voice of me go dances together
Make harmony within the being of the being of there
Harmonize the external with a growing potential of the spiritual life of the internal
External sought and seen,
peace immersed softening the action and distractions of the external.
Ego of out, illuminated from the light within.
The light of insight.
The delight of the living, of the giving, of the shaping and directing this ego of me
Oh use you I will ego me to come to thee
To make me free
Together we are in this life of we
Oh harmony, peace, all comes from thee who gives this ego to be
To grow, adapt, change, rearrange, content, happy, true
This is you that is me,
Ye that is me to be free
I am ego, I am the tool to me
I am my strength to thee, from thee I have come
With thee, from thee I have come I am and be
I me ego we go Lord of Love, I am me in you
I am you in me,
So Beloved by the strength of Ego, I come to Thee.
A men

right and wrong

This that, right wrong, pulling and pushing, weighting and lifting
Oh what is right, what is wrong?
Discrimination, we know what is right, what is wrong,
But before the knowing, the thinking of what way, what path, this, that
So much of the mind, Oh light of truth,
Before all the swarming of thoughts of the mind, to know,
To accumulate knowledge, for guidance,
Oh but the intricacies of the mind conflict, but with each other
For before these books were read, and after all is read, what is for you to know is shown
Given, go guide, to show that which is meant to be shown,
Oh trust in He whom gives you to be,
He gave you the knowing of what to know on this path of being you
Before reading all these words, ideas, thoughts
Oh infinite paths of going home
Each one unique to the one to come home to the one we all are
And writing, sharing, and giving what works for them in these temporal means of words on
paper
But the infinite, loving knowledge of God's grace,

Resting in the oneness of the heart and mind,
That is for you and you only unto the path of the unfolding of thyself unto the grace of God that
you are
Thoughts or naught, mind begot,
Frenzied with complexities I've got, I've sought and sought, but for what?
This to a naught, but may on this search to bring me back to me,
To listen to thee divine light,
Thy guidance for me, ho me to be in this place you put me here to be
What I know, I know naught, what I know is not what I've got
What I know is what ye give me to know by the simple light of truth unto the burdensome mind
of accumulation.
Let go! Aparigraha, Ishvara Pranidhana,
I give myself to thee,
The the light of your peaceful tears unto mine eyes.
To thy one Satya in the breast, I keep open for thy light to shine.
Oh diving grace I am thine,
A men, A men, thy beauty ley it manifest in the light of me,
To act, to be, to love, to give, to see.
A men for giving me to be. A men

Awake!

8/25/12

Awakening to a new day,
Anew, fresh, beginning
ONLY after a sleep of a burning heart of sparking ambers taunting all my thoughts and my being
Heavy, uneasy, the heart of somber grows
Comparing or not pain lurks to pull me inside
I seek God and the grace by which comes the lifting of the heavy somberness of the heart
With a moments release a given
I cannot ask the heart to lower its flame
For I have fueled this fire for so long
All that fuel is now burning
Stockpiles and stockpiles of habitual past igniting in a smokey smokey molten weight upon my
breast
Upon actions, upon me
But oh it is I who have acted for this duration in my being of creation
Tis I who have allowed all the garbage of impurity to stockpile and heap inside
The only way is to open the flame,
Fan the flame with the breath
Open the gates with surrender
God's grace will engulf these flames
But time I have imparted with much to burn,

Much habitual nature and thought pattern to walk through in the forest fire of my breast
I have been a burden unto my soul
Entrapping and enslaving with untrue action
And now aware with heart a blazing a bloody stream in my being
I sacrifice all for the cleansing and awakening
Oh being of me, patience be unto you to bear the burden of thy hearts shedding
So thee can immerge from the cocoon and be the beauty
Awaiting for her light once again
A men!

Acting Now

Acting now,
Oh mind, the thought of the feeling of then,
Oh how it tries to deter the happening now awakening in the sleep state.,
Oh the sluggishness of the body, of the beautiful awakening.
And ye mind, oh in the new ye think and influence the action of now.
Why do ye grab that which once was, in the sleeping state where the body was free of the heaviness of the body?
In the thought of quick pleasure of ease and gratification of release of the sensations of the sluggishness.
Oh but this beautiful sensation, be it now or be it on the next awakening,
The sensation is the now, deep was good then, this served then,
But now is anew, new fresh, then is no longer
I can not re live then I remember and enjoyed then, but will it even be the same again?
The moment never returns, for it is a new moment of the new being ye are now
Ye can only relive the moment that once was in the image galleries of the memory,
And the next will be of it's own when it cometh,
Oh how then can ye deluded mind in assumption and attachment make the now of diving be construed in a ,
Giving beauty or not,
of expectancy of thee feelings, sensations, and all of then to be relived again in the distant future of coming.
Then was then, oh how it was,
And the future will come, and it will be as the now of action gibes it to be.
Oh new movement of now, eternally fresh from the memories of the mind,
For I am not that which I was, but have used that I was have done,
To bring me to where I am now,
So from now do I be
Let go of how it was, or how it will be
Using the gift of wisdom to guide the now of action ,
Of living, in the right movement of this eternally constant,
Yet eternally anew moment of now.
Where all comes and all goes from,

But all that is is here.
Then it was and to come will,
Will in the now for wheat will come,
Without the thought of what will for ye are will in now,
Without expectation of that which will come,
But coming and coming,
Willing and willing,
Tryer of the trying, will of the willing,
Seer of the the seeing, beer of the being,
Oh then that was and that to come,

Beautiful as the judgmental mind of memory and forethought
But the mind in now, eternally beautiful from the endless fountains of bliss,
Oh beloved new now, here, oh beloved,
May the heaviness of the body,
Transcending the weight of the mind not influence the happenings of now to act upon the
thought of sleep,
Where freedom from the heaviness was present.
Oh act in now for the easing of this heaviness,
For only in the now of action, willing, being, can the wisdom of action be acted and given from
the point in time of now,
That ye are
Yesterday is history,
Tomorrow is a mystery,
But today is a gift,
And that is why it is called the present!

A men Aum.

Time and healing

9/9/12

Time and healing, as time is an illusion is healing not so also?
For the physical body who is subject to time, certainly takes time to heal a wound. So
emotional healing, as emotion is subject to the body and it's holding patterns takes the same
sort of time. Time has not passed very much, and very much is but a week. Full fledged
forgiveness and letting go of deceit, egos laying down of itself unto Love. Oh love so great are
you, humble, subtle, illuminated, thy beloved's grace. Oh that forgiveness and letting go of the
great burden given by my Loves actions. Opening of a hidden heart of this world unto my love
of this world. Still scarred I am in the absence of her presence. Filled with the doubts and
mistrust she has brought unto me. For I pushed her unto this, she is forgiven all this, but she is
a person who did do of her small worldly self, of ego Ashley, immature, unaware, her soul is
where my heart lives. I have given myself unto her, but not before the happenings of my

demise I am comprised of having forgiven, yet still burdened by the living of her decision. Having given myself unto her, she is fulfilled with the desire she has sought ever since we came together. A desire I never shared until I was stripped bare and cracked open to see. To see where my heart lives in the soul unified with me. Fulfilling her desire, she gets our coming together from when I was not there. Filling a timeline of my great words, but not mentioning the wounding that has been created. The tearing that has opened me anew to come to her soul. In acceptance of the grace of God given, we in our crucifixion. Oh angels sing of the depth of love where we do go. But in her ignorance, unawareness, in her Ashley self of the world, she slashes unto my wounds compiling all together. She cannot see as to what I see. She does not come in this world's moment seeing subtle the light of her soul the intuitive means of what her worldly desires and actions do to me. I love her to and through. A different path of karmic ties are her worldly actions comprise, Oh to my demise my ego cries. But oh small self of me, just as tainted and imperfect as she does be, we love each other in the balance deep. From this is where love lives. She knows not what she does, so compassion unto her lack of insight gives my soul's heart the delight that we are all right. Balance, surrendering my will and action unto the natures of love. Meditation, yoga, simple living, feeling souls light in my heart alit in her breast. I can only walk my path and see where our paths join upon our cosmic walk together on this earth of our bodily temples dance. I thank you Lord, beloved of all, in the depths of my humility, subtly more powerful than any comparison of power. For you are the strength and giving of All my Lord, whom I ask with and to in this walking karmic dance I am given to live. Amen

Heaven and Hell

Heaven is this,
Hell is that
Heaven is one
Hell is many
One with our Giver and this resting place of giving
Free is heaven from the bonds of this world of maya
Where in this body the entity has transcended the gross and merged with the infinite
Where thoughts align with his,
Actions align with truth,
No longer are you separate oh One who merges with God
He who has overcome the darkened shadows of maya
And has come home unto the light of their being
Aum, Shanti, Amen
Hell,
Where we feel from our self
In delusion engrossed by the myriads of sense objects
Bound by the body as the thoughts are circling away from the depth of you
Reaching and searching
Painful to you after a slight burst of temporary pleasure
Brought by your lust, empty, in content,

Where is the ease?
Oh being of me, who has gone astray from themselves,
Caught by temptations urge,
To hell you go for now,
Scalding, burning,
May this be a temporary state of being of freeing from the deluded state
For you are destined to come home
Ye come from heaven where you have come
your infinite joy
Free, content, without any thoughts
The heart of One heart at your falling
For you are a child of God
Torment torture,
You know no other,
For in this body you were brought into the world under the guidance of darkness
You were told that sensual desire and lusting
Craving more and more
Never enough, pain and pleasure ever imbalance
This is what you know
What you were shown of life wrought in delusion
By these deluded before you
Oh being in that body of you,
Shine the light of truth into the torment of the mind
May it see the ease of itself,
That you may see and not keep looking in the alleys,
But just open the doors,
Come inside, be free
Oh hell, the place of the souls torment,
Purifier of evil will you be,
That the soul freed from your bonds to come dive again taking anew in life will know by your
separation lure that they can no longer be apart from themselves,
Seeking peace and contentment by the knowing that this is,
Contentment, you, peace
This is the state of the soul
One with itself and he who gives it to be.
Heaven IS, for you are.
Be You, be home with all the One of you,
Hell is That, seeking out that
that , that, forever away until ye come back to you,
For you are, but that is that
Do you choose to be you, or do you continue to be that?
For eternity there is no other that ye can be,
But that which ye are,
So stop trying to be something else made up and deluded,

Causing pain and distance,
For in the end, beginning and forever more,
Ye can be no other than the one of You.
Thankyou Lord of Me of Ye of Thee
A men.

When it's not meant to be,

I tried for the train, checked the time, got all set, arrived and purchased my ticket. Flight at 7:25, train ride is on hour with a 15 min shuttle to follow, I arrive at the station, purchase the ticket, while getta a call from a friend. A train arrives and I try to get on assuming it's the train I'm to use from oceanside to Santa Fe san diego station. It ends up being an alltrack instead of a shorliner, so I'm rejected in a cold memory. "Yea, this goes there, but not with a ticket like that" All the while a train on the opposing track labeled Shoreliner is sitting. Having run from that wide around the tracks in a odd fashion after having been chopped off at that side I never thought that could be my train. My conversation ends as I ask a couple passengers if they know as the monitors didn't seem to show, and sure enough my departure time arrived, 5:01, and the opposing train speeds off. All the while I saw a family head down a stairway that must have lead to the other side. So I missed the train. With a bit of neglect I call my mother who had mentioned the train to relieve her of the long heavy traffic drive to the airport. "What, I can't take you, I' two beers deep" So I tell her I can drive there if she drives back, and I had a ride to the airport. Already cutting it close with the time to make it in the san diego traffic, she picks me up with a quick switch of drivers and we were off. Traffic wasn't bad for the first half, then merging on the 5 and 805 came into day as our carpool lane ended. Our time was running love. In an effort of time conservation, I hand my phone to mom passenger to check me in. Well whatcha know, theres now a fully electronic boarding pass. Awesome, paper conservation. Traffic begins to clear as we begin to feel relieved as time is looking up. It's 6:10 and we're a few miles away. Soon enough the gps tells us to turn off onto an exit a few miles earlier than planned. Sweet, it knows a shortcut. Well after a few turns and detouring, we're back on the freeway in the original direction heading towards the exit. Time is still looking ok as there is just over an hour to the flight. We make it with a big sigh both apologizing for missing the train and for the misguided directions. Farewell mother. I rush into the terminal and quickly up to the delta concierge to make sure the electronic boarding pass will suffice. Sure, just go to security and scan it. Humored by the ease and advancement in technology, I go through security and enter into the few minutes of relaxation in the terminal prior to my flight. Starbucks or beer? Hmmm. While pondering I take a look at my gate on my electronic boarding pass. C 03, hmmm there isn't a c03 in this corridor. To the monitors I go. My flight shows up as all the others, but whatta ya know, the gate is empty. Weird I think, but shake it off as it should be up anytime. A few minutes go by without any change, so I forego starbucks or a beer and head to the only available airport personnel, the police officer. "Wait, your're flying to PHX? That's the commuter terminal" So I hop on the commuter bus in an attempt to make the flight as the police officer gave me a slight hope, Running through the airport, I see the commuter shuttle speed away as I arrive. 7:15 hits after waiting another five minutes for the bus to show. I hop on and

eagerly await the arrival at the commuter terminal to see what destiny awaits. No line of security as I scan my e boarding pass off my phone. I rush to the gate partially greeted by the lady attending the desk. "Is this the flight to LAX?" "Are you Latimer?" she replies with a partial scald and a roll of the eyes. With one attempt to reach the already trying airplane she resounds with "You're too late" I had been expecting this all along, yet it still hit heavy, especially when the next flight to be had wasn't until the next morning at 6:15 arriving 10 minutes before my shift at the bike shop began. I hesitantly accept as I fall into my emotional turmoil and overabundance. And finally I retire to meditate in the food court and bring about peace and joy from the beloved bestowing of grace. After sleeping in the food court with nothing but a tee shirt, shorts, and sandals, I cannot but be thankful for the plans given me and provided me that I know not, yet walk in the ways provided me. Thankyou Oh beloved for thy divine plan. Ommmm, Amen

Failure to seek God

Unhappiness is caused by failure
Make permanent happiness by never failing to seek God
He will give himself to you when you are ready
Seek God in all and his joy and peace will be upon you as footsteps in the right direction
Surrender unto God and the droplets of grace that fall upon you
As your unceasing will for seeking never brings failure
God is there, always is, always will be
Awaiting in the calling unto Him
Guiding you with joy and peace,
Pouring love unto your heart
Strengthen the will for happiness,
The will to seek unceasingly
and ye will never be empty of the everlasting happiness of eternal joy.

Thankyou for this day

Awake, their eyes open unto a new day
Trails of yester and precedents of that to come immerse the air of today
Breath of Ahhhhh
A new day enlivens the mind
No matter the fragrance of yester and the downwind of tomorrow
Today is a new day
Today I am here to be
Breath, smelling the smells of the new day
Annn, yes today is a new day
Today I can choose as I will
I will create a beautiful place and space inside to carry out this space all about me
With this breath of anew, and so come the new thoughts of the day

Of direction, oh remembering from the weavings of the past
Ahhhhh, awakening, enjoying the wakening ads the slumber trickles through my veins
Anew is this day
Today I awake with jpy
I smile unto the stiffness of my awakening body without rush or anxiety for that which will come
For now I am awakening
So I be waking
I feel the waking stiffness
I see the thoughts of the days comings enter
Oh , hello guidings of today
You will be my friends today
And ye still are and ever more for we will act together
For for now we merge in the awakening quiet and peaceful
Slow and easy, being whole, being thi9s breath of gratitude
For today is a new day,
Free to make what I will
And today I thankyou my Lord of life that I may be through you here
Today, now , accepting that which ye bring as we bring and create together in this dance of
today.
A new dance we dance as we move to the rhythms of the days bringing.
Thankyou for this day.
A men.

Oh my Lord
, 8/19/12

Amen to the grace that shines a light that we may be alive
The calmness of the light in the being of mine
A men my Lord,
Whom I have forgotten time and time again
Whom I have hidden under the turmoil of my mind and emotions
Oh beloved, ever compassionately awaiting, giving, loving.
Ever there for thee
Oh my Lord,
Alive in thee humility of my being
A men my Lord,
Alive and shining thy guidance of Joy and Humbleness
Ever there as soft and firm
Eternally calling me home
Oh my Lord,
I call to thee in my longing heart of desperation
In my overcome emotions
Oh my Lifeguard,

The turbulence and turmoil of the ocean of thee has caught me a churning and flipping out of control

Oh my lord,

Rescue me from the depths of my overcome differentiation and habits of forgetfulness

Oh my lord,

You have show me how to swim, but I forget ever more

I drown and drown

Fallen under the waves of life

Oh my lord,

I sink and sink

I panic and anxiety of my separation to you overwhelms my soul

Then I come to settle the storm of mind,

With your voice I ease and sigh relief and joy immeasurable

As I see again

Amidst my drowning I see I am in my bosom

Thy have not forsaken me as my insanity of distance is wiped clean with thy soft wiper

Oh my lord,

Can I not hold ever unto thy whispers of gratitude.

Thankyou for coming to me from thee eben as I drown.

Oh beloved, my heart burns in the darkness and shadows of my c reaction.

Of my separation.

Of my blind, def, and dumbness,

Oh my beloved grace, ever there ever here,

I call to thee, I summon thy strength,

I humble the harshness that keeps me from you.

I give myself to you my Lord,

That ever gibes compassion

The light of all the goodness that is

Oh my lord,

I yearn to be with thee in transcendence where thou dost live,

Oh beloved,

I seek thy guidance in the mode of nature of happiness

As thou hast given me guidance unto thee unending happiness of thy grace

Thy Joy!

Oh my Lord,

I lay down my all unto you,

Thy ocean, waves, air, thy lifeguard, I am thine,

I am thine, A men my Lord.

I am Thine

8/23/12

I am so uptight, impatient, frustrated, in content.
Why am I?
Imbalance in my being.
Vrtti in my mental state.
I am in a state of change, different from other states of change
For I choose to change in progression
In spiritual enlightenment
In ease and peace of being
In joy
I know You my Lord the procurer of peace will give all if I simply ask
To simply ask is to ask by action, thought, and the full being of me.
To ask of God is to live and surrender thyself unto God
And through your grace my Lord, do I find the steps forward rather than falling and falling again.
I have fallen oh so many times with darkness overcoming me in sloth, gluttony, pleasure, and laziness.
The movement unto change is not easy and thus the frustration, uptightness, harshness. You my Lord are all compassionate and accepting, patient and humble. I pray to you my Lord as I seek and seek with the help of your breadcrumbs, that each morsel will replace the darkened clouds circling with your light. For all is by Thee, alit my Lord. Oh my Lord through thee may I be free to be as ye will have me be. For I am thine. I Am thine. I Am thine.
A men, A men

Holding

8/30/12

Holding
Oh ye cannot hold, for it clouds your being
This is forgiveness, this is letting go
From one action to a reaction, then holding onto the effects
always looking through the glasses of that pattern.
To let go is to be free, let go.
Ego hold not and burden my heart and soul with this darkness
Be free, let go, forgive in thee heart
And so, Actions are unhindered
Free floating in this dance of life.
Let go, forgive
Letting go, holding not, hoarding not feelings Emotions,
unburden thyself by giving thyself to forgiveness
Forgive thyself
Forgive all selves
Be free to forgive is to live
No more attach, let go!

The power of music

Today I was listening to modern day music. Very catchy and up beat. Happy to the point it has been running through my head. Riff after riff reemerging in my swarming thoughts. Oh then comes the thoughts of lyrics. The meanings of the words recited repetitively in my mind as a mantra. They have sunken to my mind's pleasure of recycling over and over with the catchiness of the melody, the grouping of notes, beat, the sound. Without a thought as to the meaning they are embedded into my thought pattern. ONLY to resurface later into the mind's eye of reason. These catchy tunes, what are they saying? Once viewed and broken down, the meaning begins to hurt as they are of the ego, of all the delusion hovering in front of my eyes of seeing truth. Oh only if these catchy tunes, songs, were filled with words of uplift, grace, love of god, then the repetition of phrase brings one to you. May the rhythm and pitch groupings be doorways unto you! A men

Chapter 10 '12,'13

- Anew, years later, blank pages
- Self pity
- Weak Self I am
- Opening the doors of heart
- Paths and lures
- Garden of the mind
- Naught to say
- If ye have naught good to say,
- There i naught to say.
- See the good,
- Be the good,
- Think the good,
- And spread the good.
- Positive and negative,
- Pull not at the poles, but at the cross in the middle!
- A men.
- Asail on this journey
- Oh ego
- SRF Sadhana pre Kriya
- This night
- Yogananda quote
- pain of love
- A light washing

- I sing thy Song
- I am but a recluse
- Lay prostrate relate
- Incontent on this continent
- What am I doing?
- What I do I do for you,
- Where is your relationship with God?
- heart shines

Anew, years later, blank pages

11/2013

From many years earlier these words begin to flow. From the place of me, whom I am for from. Whom I allow to be shackled and hidden by the excuse of the duties of life. After a sip of part wine, back to these words. Sip drank due to the forgotten train of thought. Far from my self. Just separated again from my girlfriend Ashley. Still calling her my girlfriend is an aspect surely of holding quite a bit. Do I want to let her go? No I truly don't. I yearn for it all to work and blossom in the heart of love. Do I ever give that potential? Even before our splitting? How can I expect a blossoming of love to prosper if I can't even give my part to blossom?

Back to the paper and a stopping of train of thought. As a silly fly circling my head over and over. Landing and tickling over and over. Back to no train of thought. Back to myself much urging to leave this action. To go to a mindless activity. Rather than to meditate, expound, and ponder upon that which plagues me, I continually go to mindless activity. Computer of nothingness, drinking, games, TGV, something to pass the time. In order for sleeps ever contenting lure to endure, allowing for the definitive end of the in content thought pattern a running and running. I have become a victim of my own demise. How can this be? In my own self sympathy I yearn to creat more. Compassion from sadness is this what I want? What do I want? Oh what do I want? What wants that I do? What is the do that I want? I

need - cantonment, peace, joy, love, you my beloved grace by which I am. So I need and need thou so my Lord. Unfold thy self on these blank pages and stay as a blank page free to.....be free.

A men, A men, A men

Self pity

Hello pages ever blank awaiting the flow of expression from the fingers and pen. What may dribble unto the vast openness of your ever accepting expense. Of the day, of the way, of the cleansing, Oh I know not what will begin to fill you. So long has the expression of myself been forgotten. Self pity has consumed me, rather than self expression. Life is not easy for anyone. To sink into sorrow is to take from tomorrow. For I have done this for so long that embedded into my actions. In my reactions. Ever there to plague me in the advancement of the self. Having grown accustomed to the excuse of the past, I allow the past to rule me. Excusing actions to be taken, does this haunt me. Oh self sympathy. So hard is and was this ans that and because of thai and that am I this way, so its ok. In sorrow am I to be do I say to me. What are these actions that I allow to define me? Married and divorced with a child to care for is excuse number one. Along with the absence of love in the relations with Simone after about the first year. I aspire for a divine romance, but our souls were in another place than our bodies, actions, and even choices. And that has influenced my relationships ever since. Feeling needy have I had myself whole that I may even think to act in true and free reason for the benefit of self. Even ego has become an excuse into the actions of me. Oh I this I that in the thought of ego and I surmise myself unto the acting. How can I do without ego? For even by ego do I act unto God. By ego do I allow the self to shed that which hinders the egoless to come forth. My balance and grace that thou doth give alive within my breast to shine forth into the mind of me ego, And so, back to the self pity unto the relationships of me. Jen, Ashley, both ones whom I have not wanted to go forth with, yet continued to flow forth with. Knowing all along that they aren't right for me. Having forgotten the diving feeling of love. I continued on and on with my heart unhappy, knowing that this isn't right, Isn't the depth of love that is the full ging of love. Selling myself short. Beginni9ng to think that I am not worthy of love that I will n0ot find another even as good as this one. Doubt, fear, loneliness. Needy of the other. Even infecting them with my own self pity. How can you love, be in love, give the grace of love, if love is not flowing in the veins of the body, mind, and soul of me first. Love thyself by letting thyself be. Use these pages to open thyself again into the open book that is the mirror. Let these pages reflect thy whole being. Emotional self, psychical self, spiritual self, rational self. Oh Guru comes through when thou doth look at the demons of thyself. To hide from that which torments and hides happiness is to give the demons power. Even so much as to allow them control in delusion. Influencing thy actions and being with an emotional cloud.

I am not good enough, I am too sad, oh this happened so it's ok to sink into this hole. Climb out and look at yourself. Ye yearn to be happy and content. This comes from thy insides to the out. If ye hide and run from thyself then ye have cut off the reservoir of golden nectar that is you. YOur inherent nature. Face thy many faces. May strength fill the will that I will, and do as I am looking into the mirror of self. To confront thyself for being th9is way to thyself. Why are you this way to me? I hurt inside you! Please snap out of this self destructive pattern of life. Ye cannot destroy me as hard as thy delusive self may try. For I am thee and ever will be. Thy joy. I am Thee! A men.

Weak Self I am

Hello pages, I come to you, for my mind to release that which it's gone through. From this to that, from there to here, all the acts of my being that have brought me here. Today a day of temple and utter disappointment with harmony of my son's actions. From meditation to utter let loose of sheer disappointment and even unto frustratoin's emotion of anger. So hard and harsh am I unto my son in these circumstances. Having asked him to keep balance of his selfness, I expect him to do so. And so the day changed from a sunday of relaxing eating out and soaking in the day, to a home day. Writing page after page, I am so proud of my son. Amidst the actions that brought upon the writing, the beautiful glimmer of satisfaction do I have when he simply applies himself. And with this all I simply cleaned and then worked on the car. And come five o clock a wonderful kirtan with dave and megan. Only after picking up the remains of Ashleys things. With the intention of swinging by to drop it all off. Partly in hopes to catch her with another person to satisfy my desire for pain that would end this. My desire for emotional turmoil, an excuse in act in self pity. Oh how this has become an emotional habituation for me. But to my racing hearts settling, after no answer of her phone twice and arriving, she was along and just as distraught as I. Well went from one side of the coin to the next, for I ama sucker for sympathy, for of not to myself then why not to another? Especially when it is partly my creating. A talk, and a few hugs later, we will go on a date again. No living together nor family, but simply a date. I have not dug myself too deep yet. I can still get out of this one. For I am still quite undecided as what to do. Emotionally unstable and I on this one. Unable to make a decision with convictions, so after food, cooking dinner, and putting life to bed, I wine out and am seduced by the figures of light and dark dancing on the computer screen. With cock in the hand, and a burst of light from the soon to be gone burst of an orgasm, I sink back into thought. Yet force myself to tickle these pages with my self sympathy wanking self. Oh I had an emotional day, why not sink into the grimy feelings of porn and tickle the divine life current by turning the reproduction into an instant of bliss, A bliss that frees the mind for that moment. A head change of natures of joy of creation. But this is a trick, as shortly after comes the depleted feeling, the lonely, longing feeling, the

regret. For if I hadn't listened to the self pity and been enticed by the sloth and lust of easy thieving bliss, then meditation would have come forth. Singing the names of You my Lord. With the wine, I am weakened, for even the drinking of the wine is a reaction of the mournful self pity self. I continually take pity on myself and thus excuse all these stagnant actions of temporal joy. Act in thy strength and strength will come to you. Act for Me and I will come to you! A men.

7/13/24-----self judgment! And yet there is no change.....same self, same old self now haha.

Opening the doors of heart

Hello pages a blank awaiting the mind to awake.
What will unfold as my story is told?
for I am learning through these pages not to scold,
Nor to hold the burdens of me.
But by your grace my lord have you show me these pages once again.
My great friend this abyss of white!
Open arms have ye unto all that I can throw at you.
Shining right back as a glimmering light of my own insight.
Looking right into the eyes of me as I looking into the eyes of thee.
Thankyou my lord for expression.
For I yearn to live for thee in yoga, Prana, and Love.
But how can one love when the unlimited reservoir of thy divine grace is hidden behind many faces of holding patterns and habitual natures?
And so the generous shoulder of the blank page accepts the sobs of me all while throwing them right back to the reasoning faculties that I be.
To expound and eradicate that which tries to complicate this very delicate being of me that is Thee oh my Lord.
Thankyou beloved for opening the doors of my heart.
For I have been hidden away, unable to open these doors.
In fear and habits would I turn rather than in the beloved light of thy great insight.
Oh not easy is it opening the doors with so much baggage behind,
Only to fall into me, all over and onto the ground awaiting the opening and organizing.
But with the work given, I can then move forward into a light that much clearer and closer and nearer to the next door of opening.
I must be complete and full, content with my whole,
A story free of held burdens,
Ready and emanating the divine light of now.
Free into thy arms of my lord as I slowly and persistently begin to look once again,

At the path set before me.

The trail is messy and needs maintenance,

But this is my trail and so I embark to the home I have gone astray with thy divine grace in my bosom all along the way.

A men!

Paths and lures

11/11/13

Firm, foundation, discipline, strength.

The yogi who has been given a practice cannot fluctuate in his own mind of the practice he has been given.

For this practice is a scientific sacred correlation of actions to free the one acting from the grasps of Maya more and more.

As the yogi steadfastly adheres to his practice with a light heart and suppleness, but never losing sight, he keeps up, keep on keepin on.

Will continue on the path.

There are so many paths, practices, lures, trails, ways, but oh yogin who seeks peace and joy, be strong.

Do not be persuaded by the infinite techniques.

For how can ye get anywhere if ye keep on making turns and turns?

Ye will go in circles for the totality of this incarnation.

Established, grounded, anchored, be strong

Oh yogi even unto the new and different pathways to God.

For even though ye have not been given sight in this life of thy guide,

Of thy Guru, he is here ever,

Firm, foundation, ever here as the infinite spirit of joy, peace, contentment, strength.

So subtle in humility so great in truth.

Transcending all the temptations of this temporal plane.

For I am eternity eternally with ye,

For ye, for I am Ye dancing in unquestioning reason from the depth of thy soul.

Oh so many lures and temptations will send ye astray from the way to me.

Stop turning in circles and get your feet planted.

Root thyself in good action.

Be not steered by these temporal lures and come into my arms.

For my son, I call unto you from life and life eternal.

I will always be here, but yet I cannot wait.

For eternities have ye run astray.

Go inside and find me, for I am the great you.

Balance and be with me that we may live this incarnation in Sat Chitta Ananda,

Being thy firm, foundation, unto the world.
A men!

Garden of the mind

Having not written the night of last and unto this mornings arising,
I feel a swirl pot of thought circling in my mind.
Running and dancing, all eagerly striving for my attention.
Their life of a constant focus, a filling with life by my awareness,
As it drops off everything into the swirl pot of thought circling the mind.
And the outcome is that of stress.
The constant competition of a uncontrolled thought running rampant.
But this mind and these thoughts, with attentiveness, awareness, and self control,
Are those of grace and the beloved.
So then thee thought pattern is the mind in not a swirl pot,
But a garden growing blossoms of peace,
Emitting nectar of love and contentment,
Wafting colors of joy.
Oh how I love to be in the garden of the mind.
Weeds are abundant, but with work, time, and patience in perseverance,
The garden of the mind will bloom flowers of thy devotion.
Flowers of thy illuminating light.
Shining bright from thy soul into the world.
Into all the actions that add to this dance of life.
Flowers of protective pedals of light,
Leaves of caress and stems of strength.
Churn the soil and purify that of thy mind.
Allow for the root to take hold and carry nutrients unto their being.
Which is your being!
Your joy
Work oh gardener of your mind and soul.
This is your plot of land.
Let it not become overrun by weeds to deplete you of all ye have to offer
May flowers bloom as offerings at thy lotus feet
At the lotus feet of all who walk in this garden of life.
Sat Chitta Ananda my garden of Love.
Om, Peace, A men.

Naught to say

If ye have naught good to say,
There i naught to say.
See the good,
Be the good,
Think the good,
And spread the good.
Positive and negative,
Pull not at the poles, but at the cross in the middle!
A men.

Asail on this journey

Third eye alit,
Calmly asail in this journey of life
Fully immersed in god
I remain ever unwavering in my heart and soul
Mind is fixed on the eternal moment
That of truth
Unwavering as the winds, waves, heat, and freeze
Moves through the walk of time.
Unaffected by the dualistic natures
Affixed on my true eternal nature
I spread the light of the light of others
Unmoved, yet moving
I send currents of peace, contentment
And love to all other travelers on this journey.
Aum!

Oh ego
11/29/13

Rather than striving always for personal happiness, try to make others happy.
You can teach your dear ones far more effectively by your example,
Than by sermons and words that often add to more misunderstanding.
Meditate and contact God, so that your eye of wisdom may be opened.
Then by your discriminating and intuitive faculties,
You will feel and respond to the call of Spirit,

Attracting by this divine magnetization all rays of knowing and protection.

If only then good is present, only the good can come forth.

Guard well the gate of your mind.

Attachment to persons and to things causes you to act from a selfish center.

When you are non attached, all good is yours, all love is divine love, all service is for God.

Whatever you have, regard it as benign given unto your care by God.

The ego or body consciousness must be conquered by expanding the consciousness to that of omnipresence.

Above all, cultivate the habit of meditation,

So that by the mighty power of strong spiritual habits,

Material sense habits will be destroyed.

The ego is unwilling to picture any other happiness superior to material pleasures

“Most human beings expect permanent happiness from this impermanent body. Because of the precedence of material pleasures in our experiences, the ego is unwilling and unable to picture any other happiness superior to them”

Oh ego, ye have been created and molded from the experiences that have been given in this walk of life. Defined by the senses, emotions, and action/ reaction ye have found that which appears thee into the portions of happiness ye hold dear. Habituated with the return, ye act in the demeanor to recreate these experiences that have once given thee that happiness. The habit of living for happiness. Oh ego, how ye know of the endless happiness that has given ye to be. That which on this day through eternity has unceasingly given thee to be free. Calling in his humble greatness, planting seeds of right action and eternal joy. Calling thee to seek the happiness that will not run away. To create and recreate habits of right action, the eternal joys door. Ye ego can experience this happiness that will not leave. That is subtler into the souls intermingling with thee. Ye ego are my circumstances. Ye are the me of all happenings of this life. And just as soul calls for the divine countenance to reign forth, ye must take the reigns along the soul that giveth thee to be. A promise of her eternal july is sounding in thy breast. I am here for you. Oh great ego, we shall live in right action, free of idleness, excess, indulgence, and simply walk the path that is laid out for ye. For this is your path oh great Me, for thy feet and for thy happiness, ye yearn for happiness, all else has left just as this material world will also when thy body melts away. End the cycle of temporary happiness by remaining strong in right action. Oh ego, I need ye, soul gives thee abundantly, give back and receive thy eternal happiness that cannot be stripped away, for this is thy nature. Thankyou for giving. A men.

Daily Sadhana

Energization exercises

Hong sau

Aum technique

These make up thee kriya, practice faithfully, persevering

And that which ye seek shall be knowing unto thou

Waver not unto the paths of other practices for thy own sadhana.

Yoganandaji has given you this practice to prepare ye for kriya.

Are you prepared?

Have ye faithfully practiced that which was given ye?

Just dabble dabbling!

Oh child, make thee vow,

For I have given this that ye may behold thine glory.

A men.

SRF self affirmation and vow ---

This night

1/16/14

As night dawns upon the day, away with the light flies my motivational strength.
Succumbing to habituation and my constant infatuation of temptations lure I continuously endure. Breeching the ease of me, justified in the resurfacing light of stumbles Ever new awakening.

And so light shines awoken, anew am I awake in thee. Habit, oh that rabbit ever hopping and hopping, anxiety with will is to break past apart. Just as the day in no longer alit. Oh this struggle of me from night to day that I allow myself play. Restless without the rejuvenation of the ever new joy, I forget to tame the running waves and tides of mind by simply going inside. I steal, I hide, and belate my date I have ever yearned to embark. Anew, ever new, joy, peace, ease, as is the night time fo thy fate with thy divine, this to night.

A men.

Yogananda quote

Ek Ho Hums shama?

I was one; I wanted to be many
I was consciousness, but I wanted to be a dream
I made many in my dreams, and I play with them in my dreams
But when they get away from me they suffer the nightmare of my dream
But then they know I am the dreamer
And it is my thought that dreams their existence
Then they no longer suffer
Then they play the divine part in my dream universe.
Paramahansa Yogananda

Our dream image is not important, only the dreamer is important
With god, life is a nest of fun, without god, life is anything but fun
There is no I anymore, when this I shall die, then do I know who am I

Change, though it is destructive to us is not destructive to God
And not destructive to those that understand why he has change
Keep our happiness without conditions, not to make happiness conditioned
Make your hearts a hermitage of god
God has everything but us. Those who do not want to surrender, god can't have them
Only thing that wets his heart is love.
pain of love

Oh my Lord,

How heavy this heart burdens
Cries of cries my Lord
Hardships of a son a grieving
Oh of a lonely feeling self not flowing
Oh heavy and hurting is this heart of mine oh Lord
The fluctuations so come about me from spiritual actions with full strength and vocation
into worldly desires and dualistic fires
Oh my Lord, how I need a shoulder to cry on,
Someone to hold me and let my guard drop.
Oh lord, I am weak and hurting
Incontent in jail, but conditioned into the compromise of it being ok.
Oh lord, jealous of the others who can move freely in this life

As I feel confined and affixed in any obligations
Oh lord, my mind cannot even grasp that which plagues me
Oh lord, I cry, to you my hearts sorrows
My egos hurts.
My tormented me.
I lay this all at thee feet my lord,
Face this manifest this,
Tet there be a bright light a shining lord from this pain of love. A men

A light washing

Longing and longing, oh how I long
For thy tangible touch and caress on my face
For the hold of thy hips and the taste of your life
Oh how torn I am
Seeking and seeking thee in me oh beloved grace by which I be
Yet not strong enough in my focus in this tiring life of mine to merge with tee oh divine.
I lust for a physical mate in this walk of maya I am dealt
For this all the responsibilities dealt unto me
Tying me to this world in my weakness,
So I yearn for someone to lean on
Oh lord, I need a shoulder to cry upon
Oh lord, how I yearn for a beautiful soul of thine to open themself
Just as I yearn and spill this walk into the flood of their tears
My lord,
I fear myself and the weakness a growing within me.
And the hurt, th confusion, the turmoil is stilled and washed away by thy light oh oh Lord.
A men.

I am but a recluse

Recluse,
Oh so I am
As the spider spinning into own web a midst all thee many others
Yet minding his own, in Isolation.
Amidst society, yet not of a part.
Around a many,
Yet naught to relate with
Oh this is I

In pondering unto the self, looking for self sympathy, pity at my loveliness,
This I cannot even seem to give
This place, this kind of being, this is but I just as the way of the recluse so is.
In thoughts of yearning for what I see others have,
Friendships, fitting in, relating to each other, once stilled and looking inside, I cannot hide
that I am this, but a spider, a recluse.

Lay prostrate relate

At a young age did I relate?
Oh no but lay prostrate
Through my passions of actions did I find friends
Make amends, but then came school
And the general popular did I go askew
Related to by my passion of action
But soon gone as the actions life came to passing
Friends of past, how can they last
When the tread of common ground is no longer found?
And feeling lonely, I seek another of this world to confide in
But as I remain here, me as I be,
Have naught to relate to.
Yoga, devotion, the potion of my peace
Joy, my ocean, is even so inside as not to confide in another
But only in the beloved grace of this eternal place,
My grace, do I find my place
Relate by common action,
Activities of this world to share
Enjoying nature, true expression, unhindered confession
Song and love unto thee,
Love of catering to thy son,
To fun, to nature, to health of body, mind, soul.
Humble, grounded, founded in the grace of thy bosom
Oh beloved, how I relate with thee
Content in solitude, silence, submerged in thy sea of peace
With full faith, trust, truth
Oh this is you who I do know.
Yet not yet in this life have I been shown the known of thee
Who I be, for and adore,

The soul of they multitude of angels,
Where together in humble simplicity can shine the light of unification.
Om, peace, A men.

Incontent on this continent

Incontent on this continent with all that I am meant for that which I am meant seems as if it is spent. Sitting and fitting in the which is besetting me to be, incontent in the bending of the sending of my so called self as to where I am dwelt.

I no longer can control that which I am given, for I know not which is given me to control. What do I have that I can do, for all that is brings a churning to my heart to come through. Out into my actions, upon my face, in my mind, a burning satin lace. Smelling of stink, burning my perceptions and the way I think. Unable to do that which I know to, for forgotten are the me that I think to be. No longer do I think this me to be, for the strength by which I have once lived is no longer. Stronger of the none, I am naught. Aspirations of greatness once my drive, now I just move along the waves of the ocean just as the tide. But unlike the tide I am not in sight of my unity of water, but still see me as the shore that I am constantly drifting farther and farther from.

What have I become? Incontent unto myself and even more so unto the other selves around me. I fear to even be around another for that which I will give unto them for the sake of themselves. I am no benefit unto myself, how then can I be a benefit unto another. I am as a snail or a slug sucking my way along on the pathway of the ground unable to look up to see the sunlight any longer. No longer stronger enough even to look unto the creator that is my maker, my sustainer. As if I am a stranger, separated, segregated, unto my own incontentment. Resentment of the life I once knew, of the love that once did flow but now flew away, I have run astray away from the me of that day into the me of dismay, disarray. I can not say nor do I think I may. For I have not the confidence to push forward.

I have not confidence in myself, I have not confidence in the life I am dealt, for now my dealing is but a stealing of the life of others. Where am I and who is this me to be this way unto all the others of this day of beauty. I am but a dark slug as stated before, but darkened for the pulling action of the distraction of myself unto the life I am dealt, pulling and bulling all that once was willing and freely giving.

I have not to give for I no longer can see that which I am given. I have risen from the grave only to kill myself and be a slave. Ego, closed eyes, no heart, emotion a rising, in the delusion do I continue my demising.

Oh subside, flip over rover, no longer can ye deny the stronger, for ye are that which is the strength that ye even begin to ponder. Here and yonder, everywhere ye will wander. Even wanderless, ye cannot regress, for ye are here even amidst that of you which ye call a mess. Distress, yes, but oh I am here and ever will be. Unswirl the storm of the mind of your silliness, of your falsation of self, I am here I am here.

A men.....

What am I doing?

Ye feel stuck in this place in which you have put yourself in. Ye are you, ye are you, given to be theeee that you are to be. Stuck in the mind of me I am to the thought of where I be, to the thought of no longer being free. But am I free.in the midst of the midstest of life all around me.

For I work all day long in a discontented place of self. I come home in attempts to bring contentment to me and my life that is this of which I be, only to have my beautiful son's growing self conflict with my sought after harmony of peace of which I cannot find with others leaning on me as easily.

Oh then Ashley always there, picking more and more of me and my time into her grasps. Unknowingly does she do this, for I cannot breathe enough to beckon for the space I need. For the me who screams in my inside is so soft and subtle, so fragile and humble, that over the turmoil of my own weakness of action, I cannot be heart.

But not even she can I blame, but my own self who I deceive by my own selves actions acting away from that which action asks of me.

A voice not loud enough to compete with the gross matter of loudness, for it plays not on the same playing field of noise. Of vibration.

This is me one who has been and is that of subtleties. My nature of solitude and peace is not that of the world. Yes may it live amidst the gross in this world, but oh in my life and the grossness that has penetrated the veins of my mind overruns my peace.

In deceit guiding my feet to meet the actions of my incontentment. Actions not controlled by a balanced me, but by a me of influence by this gross world upon me. Oh this world is heavy and my heart is weak. My shoulders flow forward as this heart hides. Depression setting upon me as I fall farther from myself. Knowing what I must do to ease my self into the great self, but doing it not for my excuses of the gross world is great and habitual.

My self somber is my own demise. Holding onto pain and somber past, making it last into this point of being where I am. Oh me oh me, so selfish do I be. Oh me oh me, ye don't even give to thee.

For I am in thee by which thee be, why do you look away? I am here.

Your actions are still upon me even when you lust and disgust in the midst of your fuss of a mind you let lurk upon your shoulders. Even in your incontented thought of thyself, I am still there in thyself. I am your contentment that ye think ye can be discontented. What are you? That you may be separate from me, For I give you to be and am the being of thee. Separate, oh silly you of me.

Just as you turn your head from yourself and your place of where you be in the bussom of your bliss, I am here. I am here. I, am here for with by to you .

Yes I am silly. I am weak. I am sad. I am enthralled by my own mourning. Why do I mourn? What do I mourn?

Oh my Lord I am so far from you, even as you lie in the breast of my heard. Even in my heard I hide you with all my pain and feelings. Oh so emotional I am, confined in the cave of sorrow I hold myself in, only hiding myself from thee. Oh ego of me, looking to greatness of my separation, walling and walling in attempts to make me talling to my thought patterns a walling. Oh but I am falling into oblivion, with each and every decision. Confronted with people I hide my inside as a sequel to the last meeting, to seem pleasant in the greeting, when In face my insides are a splitting. Oh my Lord I am so far from thee, where I be in the mind I call mine. From thee Light my might do I call me to be this night. But oh Lord, oh my Lord, I am naught. I am naught. Thee my Lord, Thee my Lord, Thee my Lord. I call in my heart and my ego thinketh it of me, but oh my lord only by thee do I think that such a me. I am naught my Lord, but by thy palm that thee choose me to be. Mould me beloved grace, take away my ability to choose deceit for me. Rip away all I have , for I have naught. Take me my Lord, for what am I ? Illusion, delusion, confusion,

I would do it myself to come unto you, but ye would not have me do such. For I have dependents upon me and my shouldners, oh how do I see these as blessings and not burdens as my monk past lived self ommmmms solitude and simplicity.

Join the two YOU, join the two YOU. YOKE, yoga is this greatness given thee. YOKE, join . Concentrate, contemplate, consolidate, be YOU.....

What I do I do for you,

Whether I know what I do or I know not,

The doing of me is by the grace by which ye give me to be,

The life of me is by thy whim, by thy grace I called a whim,

For I am but naught but a glimmer of thy light,

Oh but I am thy son,

A beloved piece of thee in my soul.

Oh beloved Grace by which I see,

By which sight is given,

May I see thee my Lord,

May I see me who is thee in the glimmering ways ye have given me to be

Oh beloved grace,
By thy light may my sight be the delight of thy light
That I might be thy insight unto the plight of thy souls light
That I might be thy sight
That I might be the freeing of me unto the e
That I may be the me I am by thy hand thou hast made me to be
For I can be no other than that I am
I am here I am yours
I am what I am by thy grace
Oh beloved grace by which I am
Ohhhh, I am
Ohhhhh, I am
Ohhhhhh beloved grace am I
Aummmmmm,
Aummmmmmm,
Aummmmmmmmm.....
Peaceee, A men

Where is your relationship with God?

Your relationship with your deep self, sound, true, solid, firm, foundation, compassionate, sympathetic, loving, graceful.

Where is your relationship with yourself?

Seeking solace from even thy own mind. From the small things that happen in life. Oh poor me I say and feel.

Where are you with yourself?

I am in a net of sympathy, habituation

Seeking that which I once had that is no longer. Mind allowing me to go there for the reasons of sympathies lure.

Self sympathy that is. So I can be mournful, sad, morose with thyself, but how can ye be.

It is so, I look at the bad things and let them come to a tornado 's forefront of the mind.
Controlling me and taking away the life of me.

"I won't do this because I'm sad. I don't need to get out because Excusing my actions by myself over and over. I'll smoke and drink the night away. Even after such conviction to procure right action do I do this.

Imbalance cometh again, for she brings more and more of the side, whilst balance is there not taking on too much to handle nor letting go.

Oh beloved one whom is the love whom is me, Oh I thank you for that which I am. For the position I am in. For it is so wonderful, yet I forget this a many times. Thankyou beloved Lord, I bow at thy feet. Mentally, Eternally, and physically may I prostrate you for ever. For thou art....

Thankyou, Thankyou, Thankyou.....

heart shines

3/2012

Back to balance the mind chooses to run as too much of one messes up all the balance. Moderation, thar she blows. Too much puter and the demons try to lurk the patterns of past try to recapture me into their well being. Know when to stop! Yes I try. Just a little bit longer says the mind to me. And then the body suffers as it yearns to move and the demons lurk more. The habitual nature of me is rought with bad tendencies as I have lived so poorly for such a long time. Then mind of change is at my feet filling me with motivation to do what I know to do. And a little Angel has come to me to help with the motivation. These tendencies will manifest into the actions I know to live. The actions I strive to live Once acted upon for a duration, the new web will be created of fresh and anewed energies of betterment, of contentment, of love of, for and to life. The living of life itself. Of yourself, Oh great me whom is selfless yet all self Oh how I love you. Let the changing of times fill the inners with strength, thus action to and for love, life. So that ye no longer live this meaningless existence just getting by. Is it really the absence of Simone that lets me find myself? Wow, the way of the days of Karma. I am now going in my Love that I may become closer and closer to you my Love. Thankyou, Thankyou, Thankyou. Oh the heart shines. A men.

Chapter 11, the dust of Ash

- Love Smoothes the way '12
- And so it is
- Fear
- Jealousy.....
- Oh how is it after all this time,
- Pained Ashley Journal
- Recollections of a past time of souls a sharin
- Ye have chosen a path away from mine.
- Ye have forsaken '12
- Attachment of Love Book 8 '12
- The Tormentor Book 8 '12
- One week to one year, Book 8 '12
- Limbo of a fickle heart Book 8 '12
- Pain of Ash Book 7 '12
- She in my dreams Book 9 '12
- Halloween night, Book 9 '12
- Weak Missing 12/5/13
- Ashley 2
- Ashley
- Ashley another
- Oh how is it after all this time,
- Broken heart Awakening
- Come back self
- Expression, on my depression,

Love Smoothes the way

How Can ye give your heart unto the taking of another,

With all trust and opening unto the foundation by which ye have come to be together

Aft a time of not giving and being aside thyself for so long

And a burst of happenings to crack open thy heart of giving

Unto forgiveness beyond thyself for the sake of a life of full love

Only to be open in my shortcomings of personality alongside her shortcomings of personality,

By which all is to be smoothed by the Padi stool by which we are unified
Love ever one smooting all duality that it permeates
But oh having given thy heart unto a lesser being with love being thy rock
One who speaks of love yet is not on a level to give unhindered unto love
One who cannot see through the eyes of love
Through the eyes of loves traits of humility, truth, trust, and surrender
I give that to her who knows not that
I give all my being only to be crashed upon by her ignorance
I have deluded myself into the illusion that she could see
That she would live unto the truth by which we are unified
My eyes are open tonight against all odds
For I am paper thin only being upheld by loves traits of that by which we be together
She cannot see for this I give sympathy
I am sorry that she cannot see for I have given myself to the seeing of her heart
I can see the depth of her soul yet she cannot let that be the root at which she lives
Her fears and differentiations of me have shadowed her love of our unity and so my heart
has been put out
Only ambers were there this time for her to stomp on by her actions of the absence of love
She cannot see that which she has
I know now she will not ever see that which she has for she gives not herself to that which
she has been given
Knowing not this
Living not this
Looking elsewhere for doors to the entrance of the unification
Just not coming inside the large door of the soul, of herself,
Beyond the self she knoweth not
Oh my Lord, bestower of our unification,
I cry to you unto my love for it is shown and given that we are not to be

Oh my Lord, Ye have given me sight in my in sight to my hearts delight of the grace of thy love, the glory of thy power, the joy of thy forgiveness

But I see now in thy sight that she will not care for this

For I have seen this in my insight but have been blinded by the hearts desire for companionship and one to share in the sight of in love by which I have come for her

Oh my Lord, She cannot see and is not willing to forgo her inability to see

I know I aspire only thy grace for by thy grace am I built upon

She shares not the awareness of the aspects by which thy grace lives my Lord

Great pain do I hold for this ignorance of her

For I know in her lifes creation she has been made this way, these walls have been created

Yet she takes not the reigns of her life, she has allowed her life to take the reigns of her

Askew from the great love that we are bound in by thy hand of grace

And so I must take my heart into my heart as she has not nurtured the heart I have given her by thy hand

She knows not how to nurture such a heart for she asks not you my Lord who giveth such a heart

And so it is, the one I have given me unto cannot hold the me she has been given

She has let it go because of the world a keeping her away

I pray that her soul will shine through the walls that have sheared my heart in her bosom

And that she will by thy grace seek thee and forsake her ego of fear and doubt and come home

Surrendering unto you that she may be the seeing given by thee the seeer

I love thee my dear beloved and thank thee my beloved oh so dear

For I cannot ever lose that which is the me that I be

Oh Love my Love my Lord oh Love

Thankyou who is the thanks of me

A Men

A Men

AMen

And so it is.....

As heart and soul have poured out over all the dualistic characteristic of our separation, we have united. In God, In Love, In the depth of Truth, going beyond ourself to our Self, Where Love lives have we gone and seen. Or I have gone there and know that this place is where I am to be. For all I am shown, all that I know, all that there is in the surroundings of that which I am are but driving forces to this place of places. The place of Thy throne of Love my Lord. The place where I have given my all self unto thee in the heart of the temple of Ashley to nurture and care for. I had given this in full humility and surrender unto the greatness of Life, Thy Love, into the hands of a great soul trapped in a travelers sporadicness to grow and free themselves. Together, with each others surrender unto the home by which we unite, we would grow and free ourselves from our burdening selves on this plane of existence. Oh but maybe this was just me, for She comes out and speaks otherwise. She forsakes the bond of our souls for she knoweth not the home of our souls. She has not the ability to let go of her poor dark self and let the light of heart shineth forth and guide us. Oh so heavy in compassion does my heart shine for her. For tonight she has made our trying for thy home of our souls a nought any longer. She has chosen to stay afloat in the waves of crashing, rising, duality, for maybe she never knew the depth of which she had swam. Or may it have just been I that is speaking from this depth of being from where I surrender myself unto Thy my Lord. My Lord living in the heart of this being of Ashley that I so willingly give myself to. Oh my Lord, I have and will always give myself to Thee. For I am thine my Lord. I am Thine my Lord. She is Thou my Lord, yet she cannot see. I pray my Lord that as she has forsaken the life a given for the blossoming of heart that she was not ready for, that her life takes her to the places she can break the bonds of Ashley and be free. For she bonds herself in my shackles, yet I am bonded in thy shackles of Love. I am bonded in Thy shackles of her Heart where I can see thee, yet she looketh not the same direction. She Looketh in the N, E, S, W and knows not to look in the middle. For her intuition of thy voice speaketh not to her to be heard. Oh my Lord I love thy Love by which we are bonded, I love her this Ashley who can grow in the arms of my heart. Yet she chooses not to grow by losing herself. She is not in the place in her steps on this earth to go to the place where Ye have given us to go. Sorry I try to be, but Understanding I am for this was always given. Blinded by love it is said, Yes I have chosen to be blind. But not ignorant have I been, for in all awareness I am accounted for in our being. For in the heart of our unification is the being of our love where we can visit daily for the being of Thee, of We. Work, Austerities, Yoga, paving the way back home each time we come afar, no longer is she there to go. NO longer is she Up for the uplift of thee in Me. And so it is, having undergone all myself in forgiveness unto Thee, Thankyou My Lord, for the sake of She and Me in Thee, She dances away from the depth. I have been blind to this for in my blindness I can see, yet in her sightedness she knoweth not my sight. She only sees my blindedness, and so as darkness comprehendeth not light and light comprehendeth not darkness, so She comprehendeth me not and no longer can we swim into the depths of our souls together. Bobbing as a bouey she will go on swimming until a shark comes and takes her under only to be reborn again to swim. I pray my Lord that this path is a good path for her, this My Love whom I do love in the heart we have visited together. As for my my path, I know not

but into the faith of thy hands my dear Lord whom guidedth me. I come unto you my Lord into the place by which I had called home with My Lover, who no longer chooses to come visit and stay. She has chosen to leave and leave she has. But my Beloved whom I visit ever so joyously who is joy, I come to thee, for Ye are my home, Ye are my grace, ye are my egos soothing ye are my humble growing from that which I am not. For I am naught but by thee, for I am all as thee is a part of me, for I am in thee, and consciously I come to thee, In this place of Love, in this heart, where I have found with Ashley again, oh My lord I will not lose sight of my home in thee, for I was put for us both as a guide to come home, She has lost my hand and chosen not to grab it again, lured by the fancy colors and karmas ties of her life. I know it to be for I have felt it a lingering for the duration of our being's meeting. I hide my thoughts and my knowings for the sake of thee by which thee have brought me there. And oh My Lord have thee shown me Home. Thankyou my Lord for thy showing unto the glowing of the soul of another whom touches my heart but knoweth not the soul of hers that touch it. For in this life I pray she may see my lord with the eyes of humility and compassion if thou doth desire it to be in the steps of her life. I love thee my divine grace, my True companion of heart in my heart. Drive the reigns of this body of yours and wash away the karma that weaves itself so deep. For I have woven many bonds into this net with my untruth unto Thee and the Self of me of Thee. Take the reigns of my thoughts and of my actions that I may by thy Love alit in my heart cut the nooses that I have wrought unto myself in this life, That Life my son may have me free for he, that I may be free for thee, that I may see thee in all, that Love may be the guide of my voice, the quiver of my lips, the touch of my finger, the dance of my feet, the way of my walk, the speech of my talk, the givings of my being of Love unto all the Love of thee. In humility, forsaking me in the understanding of me to forsake, for I love the Me of thee to understand to stand with and be guided by thee. Oh my Beloved Lord in my Heart, thank thee for the being of thee for the being of me. For the being. For we be my dear Lord, for We Be My Dear Lord. I am thine, I am thine, I love shee who walks in a different path than me, I am thine, I am thine, Thankyou My Lord, Thankyou My Lord. And So It Is. For IT IS. It is Yours IS is Yours, Yours is Yours, I am Yours, YOU, YOU, YOU, I< I< I<YOU=ME to be with Thee :D:D:D:D:D;D AMen

Fear

Ye fear me and say what we are is based on fear

Do I give you the fear or do you create the fear

In fear do you give me trust and in fear do you give yourself trust

In fear do you go to love to love

Or in fear have you separated us and gone astray

Ayyyyye, this is so

I am not perfect and have much abration

With love all is to be smoothed and growth is to take place
Using fear as an excuse to stay out of the heart is what ye have done
Unto your love whom you called ye have held a fear ye have and rather than overcoming her
with love, giving yourself to love
Ye have walled off the fascet of love of trust one gives unhindered unto their partner of love
For ye have used fear as a wall, choosing it not to let go
Ye do not fear in love and ye do not fear the one ye love
Especially when the one ye love loves you
In love would ye grow and by love would this fear ye hold break down the walls
Ye have chosen an excuse for the use of fear to break our love
Our bond is by that of love and ye have strayed away in your own weakness of fear
Ye speak of fearing to ask me this and that
This is not my creation but your holding
Many imperfection comes in life in the external plane
Much growth to take place by the foundation of love
But having gone astray and not looking to love for the great guidance
Ye have separated us to the point of no longer coming back together
Heartbroken with a love who will not look to love but clings to fear
Forgiveness for the weaknesses of eachother comes with love
Ye will not forgive ye know not to forgive for ye humble yourself not to this place
In this comes trust, faith, love
Ye know not these things and so ye have clung to fear
Creating it an elusion and a blanket to hold ye away
With God there is no Fear
Seek Ye the kingdom of God and his Richeousness and all things shall be added unto you
By God have we come to be together and by the lack of seeking God as the mediator of our
being together have we fallen apart

Goodbye Ashley who had fooled me into thinking ye were ready to accept God's love for the growing of the relation ye had chosen to pursue

I did not once stop trying, I did not once give up, for I gave my word in love by God's hand that I was for you

Ye see this not, Ye see me not, Ye choose not to open thyself unto sight, and by your closed self of all the holdings ye choose to cling rather than disperse by the light of love, ye have sunken to a depth where ye cannot hear, cannot see, and do not know the light by which we have come together.

Ye may have not ever known this and by my full giving unto love, surrendering myself, humbling unto all greatness, I have by love blinded my eyes and my path.

But I have chosen to walk by the light of the heart turning my eyes blind for the heart will guide me. And ye had accepted this pact of heart where we mingle.

But rather than abiding by the rules set forth by the grace by which ye live, ye have clung to sins shadow. Not able to let go, forgive, and grow by the heart

And so ye have chosen to stay the Ashley away from the heart who knows not me and knows not the love God has given us as a altar of our unification

I pray ye do know God and pray ye will know God, but through me and with me this is not to be, for I was given as a great guide unto you and you unto me

But how can one guide if they are not followed, listened to, and guided by

Astray from truth, trust, surrender, Love ye have glided

I am far from perfect and I admit and bear the burden

Of this I hold not, hide not, and go behind the back not, for in love is great trust and truth and so I give this unto the one whom was given my the hand of love

And by you forsaking this and giving not trust, fear has wrought separation and untied the not by which we were bound

For ye have given me not the trust and hope and faith in the love by which we are, focused only on the external weakness of me, not looking unto the love of your heart to melt away all these sharp abrasive aspects of us, and so have clung to the knives edge, ready and waiting to cut in your deepest desire.

For if ye truly loved, ye would truly look to love

But in this place ye truly love not, for ye cling to fear and blame even fear on another when this is what ye hold

I have forgiven, surrendered, and humbled myself to great heights unto your being that I love

But ye know not to do the same for me which is a need of me to be trusted, to be shown the light of love which is the root laying under the blanket of fear ye cling to,

But ye have thrown the blanket over your action unto me, in secrecy and hiding ye feel ye must do

But not is hidden in light, only in the shadows of darkness have ye hidden thyself from the light of me

And so in love I cannot comprehend darkness, nor darkness can comprehend light from which ye stand

And so no longer do our paths walk together

As ye no longer cling to God, cling to the given Love by which we are bound,

Astray have ye gone unto us that ye once wanted so

For this I am sorry, my heart is saddened, but I know with certainty that ye are incapable of being true unto the great self of you who ye have chosen to know not by the excuse and holding of fear.

Jealousy.....

To be jealous, An ego a holdin onto an idea, a person, something. No longer to have then the jealousy sets in. No longer having that which once was there. Desire, to have that which one has not. I had this and now I no longer have, and so withdraw comes my way. Seeking that feeling that which was once felt. But it is there no longer to be had. But being had by another. Oh this is jealousy. Me and my jealousy. I have had something I didn't want to have, yet this having had me so I accepted and allowed. Little did I know that I had conformed and habituated myself to this feeling. Loved, companionship, liked, feels good, oh when it was there I could not but think of all that I did not want there. Mind was not there, thought pattern was not there. But her being was there and my being was there, and so our beings mingled. Souls dancing in love without the mind a following or acknowledging, but nonetheless.....Dancing souls. Intimate, lovemaking, sensuous, the nureons did fire and fire for the length of our joining. Emotion, waves, crashing, yet always wet in the water of the soul dance. I long for this. My mind craves that which it once had totally taken for granted. I am jealous. This must be jealousy. Yet amidst all this I know she is not the one I want these things from, but it is the one whom I have received these feelings from for oh too long. So now that she has moved onward, replacing me with

another whom she gets the same fix, I and plagued with jealousy. For I am left dry to the howels of my habitual cravings tormentings. Change, this is what is coming my way, this is what is happening. Oh it hurts so much, dropping me into a dreary hole again and again. I seek to even talk to she whom I didn't want for she had become my commeradery. I feel as if I have not this, and so I am jealous for she has filled the void. She is not suffering this depth and craving, for she has no hole to fill. She has another that is filling her desire, and so my jealousy comes into fire. Aflamed, and even ashamed that I feel this way. No anger towards others, for she was not mine. I have just created this feeling inside me, habituated by time and time again, and so time and time a bringing the winds of change will fill this tormenting agony of painfull jealousy in my breast. Go to rest, for you are hurting over one whom you had felt was a pest, yet the heart had grown fond of the the fawn that eagerly saught and saught, fought and fought, and now I'm rought for she fights for me no longer, but is in a better place stronger and all for her. This is what I want for her, this is what needs be for her, for me, for healing, but oh this jealous bug lingers and puts his finger in the fleshy sopping wound of my heart a pounding. Oh silly me I say. Oh beloved God whom is the filler of all wounds, ye are my all my Lord. Thankyou for giving me to be that I may be for thee. In my turmoil, weakness, darkness, ye never leave me. I ever too often look the wrong way. Oh my Lord I look to you, I look to you, I loooooookkkk to you :::::DDDDD AAAAAMMMMMEEEEENNNNNNs

Oh how is it after all this time,
Ye come again to me to fill my mind.
With thoughts of the beauty we shared.
I long to call and to talk to you,
But my heart can't bare what you've gone to do,
So I sit in the thoughts of what we shared.
Wondering of where you are there.
For I cannot even call to thee to say hi,
For in the depth of me our souls do linger,
I cannot believe it is just me in these thoughts,
But if rejoining just to say hi,
Our rekindled connection would spark and fly,
At this my heart screams in the fire,
Of all the pain of wrongful acts in your desire,

And so I hope the best of you,
Knowing not what you've come to do,
With a yearning heart to say hi to you,
After all this time a mending I've gone through,
So it is and so shall it be,
I pray that you Ashley are living happy,
So bless you my child who fills my dreams,
With hopes of a joyous life for you in all your prosperous things.

Pained Ashley Journal

How can this be

That the one who I have given my love to despite the pains and burdens she has caused me,
has but trampled upon my heart once again

So does she enjoy to tear apart this heart of mine in her mindless ignorance of the sensitive
me she says she loves

Says she loves, yet fully goes in deceit against with action

In ignorance, unaware of that which she does and is, blind unto the one she has called her
love

How can one call one a love and forsake them so with no whims about it unless there truly
was never a love there

When she had never truly opened herself unto me, so how could she be hurt deep down by
her own actions of separation

For she cannot feel this as she had walled the ability to feel this

I on the other hand am wrenched in heart at the abrupt emptiness of the one who filled my
arms just the night before

Of the one who was my comfort and ease, was my partner to climb the ladder of growth
unto love and a future

But I am confided in her lies and inability to be true unto that which she states and acts to
be

As a changing wind so she flies untampered by her abrupt change, not having root amidst
the words of depth and love she had given

Oh what do her words mean this one with nashing teeth of lies who has tricked my heart into its oblivion again

Wrenched I am in the chest cavity as it caves in on itself in its sudden loss of her love, her companionship, her being there for him

For a great soul did fill this void whom I love deeply amidst the small monkey of a distraught girl whos karma clouds the freedom of this great soul

And by God's grace was I given this place to open her unto the light of her in this life of us

But by her inability to see what she is, to act as she speaks, to speak as she acts, to be true unto the you of her

She has forsaken her great love

For ye know that she in her path of this life was not for you yet you went for her into the depth even beyond thyself

Lofty in spiritual thought, how could ye be only with her alit soul where God lives and not have to deal with the darkness of Ashley as she walks in this world

For when thy do find another and give her the time you have given this one, she too will have your heart, she too will have a soul to peer into at God's grace

Ashley is not this one as you have given your self to believe

It has been spoken to you by You time after time of this, Ye have listened but not acted.

And so ye feel the crash of thy heart of Love that you have given unto one who was unable to give the same, unto one who cannot accept the love for they open not the door unto your love in the depth of your loves life, unto one who will not step out of their myriad of shadows of delusion and let themselves unfold unto the light of love

This is her, and this is you

Ye have tried to give all you can give, tried to compromise all ye could and let love rekindle all the flames of greatness that could be

Alit it began and fear of exposure so she ran

Gone she is in this lifetime she lives

From the great love she gave all to when she knew not to give

Recollections of a past time of souls a sharin

When we did meet for drinks in the tempe town, to then flow our way to my abode, yoga danced with us all into the still of our bond awakening upon we as we lay and slid our feet in a shy game of footsy upon eachother.

When you were close under the fireworks on the water near, time stopped as your batting eyes tickled my cheeks in joy. Time stilled into the night as the spark of love unknowingly began to swarm upon us.

When we danced in our beautiful yoga classes a learning and opening hearts, so good was the joining of eachother over our daily americanos and the light of our conversing.

When fish was eaten and sake a drinkin, with cheerful falls off the bench a sittin and laughs a hollerin, our way to a car a steamin and sweatin as she was parked left me a smiling as we pleased eachother into the morning.

When in our laying side beside, balasana would call to open in posture and fit together as perfect as two bodies could conform to eachother, awakening urges of creative expression for eachothers perfect form.

When in my indecisiveness did I try to push you away, ye did steadfastly hold true to what you felt and knew. This was the glue that stuck to me and cracked my heart open for you who I did come to know in the depth of my soul.

When we would climb up walls together, spotting and cheering eachother on, oh did we have such good friendship and enjoy working our bodies together.

When we saluted the sun one hundred eight times with sand between our toes overlooking the crashing waves, oh how were we in unison adding and improvising to eachothers form.

When we explored salty caves with crabs and a life running with bright eyes at all the new sights, did we so enjoy eachother.

When mosquitoes overcame our abode, scattering upon the ceiling, we fought a war with mist of peppermint stinging the eyes and mosquestoes a falling filling our floor, in the death, pain , and mess did of little buggies all over the floor and the endless smell of peppermint overwhelming us, did we have great smiles.

When we explored the beautiful creek under the oaks, swimming, laughing, asana'ing, ahhh so soothing was the mother with us, as our unification, our compatibility, our togetherness did soar.

When driving and driving with time upon us, did the slight holding of hand, looking into the depth of the soul through the beautiful eyes of thee, did I feel whole and loved.

When my imbalance would provoke emotional waves, your optimism and strength would soothe me and calm the waves crashing upon my burdens.

When we would share our feet in each other's hands in the relieving and softening of our days, oh so soothing were we to each other's souls through the sensual caressing of us.

When you would lay a belly down, the strands of your muscles under my fingers loosening and releasing as you fell deeper and deeper into relaxed peace.

When as partners we would move our bodies in Yoga supporting and caressing each other, our unification would call out and cry for more and more sensual movements of our moving bodies until the full expression of our love would overcome us.

When we chose to live together as friends, oh how I pushed you away only to awaken my heart's desire that you were a beautiful one given to me.

When time came and we walked our separate ways, coming together again in a humility of honor and compassion, our love rekindled and sparked to the heavens.

When we let our love making free into the unhindered creation of a life, with all vocation did I know that we were whole and dear to each other.

When in the fest of bhakti we sang and danced in devotion, the sipping of hot juice to your fatigued self calmed all even unto the rain falling atop of us as we danced, sang, and awakened our souls with endless breathwork.

When south mountain would call for a walk and a bike, we would part ways in movement and exercise, and then come back hugs and loves of sharing and caring.

When our colors would dance together one after the other upon a blank canvas, in accentuation of each other's movement, our creation sings anew a beauty unseen from the both of our hearts mingling.

When mornings would awake the coolness was upon us as we walked peacefully with an excited Life unto his day, potato strolling and guiding the way, and a kitty trailing along,

When designs would screen upon the computer, awakening our creative style, we would laugh and feel all the emotions of the runway, in a sharing and comparing of the designs we would love to create.

When I would come home to a beautiful meal filled with love and conscious discrimination of what to put into our bodies, did I thank the beloved giver of thee.

When you would care for my son as yours, with time, effort, creativity, and love, did I know you were a wonderful woman for me.

When change and drive of a life that was not complete drove and drove, our communication suffered, and hearts and support fell distant, so movement is made and no longer are we here to share these things that to me are and ever will be dear.

When I sit in my devotional fervor and chant to our Beloved day after day, my body at times finds itself wrapped in your blanket and my bum rested upon the given pillow of meditation, I think of your kindness.

When our connection has been severed and hearts soothing has come with the walk of time, ye awaken in my mind once again and dance to me in my dreams, awakening within a remembrance of our beauty a living with me, I choose to share the beauty we did once bare, for in my heart a pain lingers of the thought thee did text and share of twisted past we did once have.

When thou came to me in dream as in full daylight the other night, then did I begin to recollect these beautiful memories of our past and choose to share them with you.

When in remembrance of all these things, fearful of seeing you or speaking with you even as you did flee from me at yoga upon our sight, uncertain of our sight, may it be pain, disdain, longing, belonging, rekindling, comingling, or whatever time and the walk of our lives may have brought, I come to a friends house only to see you as if manifested to be just as in dream did ye come to me as of lately.

When seeing you I did know and feel you're anew in your place, unfelt by me, unknown by me, free of me in thy feelings do you be, and so do I hope you are loved by your lover, cared for by your partner, and supported by your life anew. Showing ones who look upon you a path of health and change ye so passionately moved in the whirlwind of the dance of the life of thee. Even though I may not have expressed or been able to, I did care and love you ever so deeply that ye still will ever linger with me no matter how you change or who you be. For when you were with me do I know that was such a beauty meant to be.

Thou gave me an expression through your text after time so long of a recollection of our togetherness, that of twisted, one of turmoil, yes we did share much pain in our change and our growing of selves in the dance of time, but within all that unto where we be now was a much deeper light shining amidst the emotions a fluctuating amongst us.

so here I hope you see that we had a great love permeated with endless amounts of beauty in our unique dancing of the relation of we, of the joining that once was

of Me and You, the beautiful Ashley.

:D

Ye have chosen a path away from mine.

Ye have chosen no longer to partake in the sharing of the life of my son and I.

Why now do you call in care,

Why do you text speaking of a place in thy heart
Ye have chosen to separate thyself from this that is me and my life.
For ye have said we can no longer be a part of eachothers life
Under the pretense of helping for the greater good ye give me as to your behalf.
For we were unhealthy just as truth is unhealthy unto untruth, for they do not live together.
Ye live not in meditation, and by saying this ye live not in truth.
For meditation is unhindered truth, straying not into shadows, no preconception but simple perception, unhindered, unconstrued,
And by this ye can not live in a life with me. In a part of the life of me.
Ye have given closure and assurance as to your choice and to your life by stating such
Life will be better without Life and I in it for thee
So do not stray, ye have made decision and created action on this decision
Ye have been untrue unto one whom ye did love and so this ripple began
Even as friends ye cannot give truth and so trust
I cannot be around one who cannot give themselves fully
And ye cannot be around one who prods at thee to open unto giving thyself fully
Come not lingering back in your uncertainty, in your regret, in your remorse
For ye tasted satya's grace for but a minute
She is bitter and she is sweet, but regardless of her taste, she fills the heart with the life of all food
And ye chose not this food from me nor gave this food to me, and as a love would we both go hungry for we ate not the correct food
Go on with your life as it is no longer a part of mine as thou has chosen
Let time come and dance with me as I break the attachment of you a lingering in my heart
For I gave all my heart and all my truth, never once did I hold it back, whether good or bad, bitter or sweet
And from this ye didn't like the taste of the bitter and saw not the benefit of the food of truth and ran away
My void of having given my heart unto an unworthy caretaker is filling by God's grace

She is being filled with self and my own affirmations of life

It is not easy, but I will not allow myself to fall into past habituations of the pains I am undertaking

Ye were once a part of my console, yet now ye are none but my pains to overcome

For manifestation anew is calling for the healing and the dealing and the realling in of anew

Fresh, new, true, wholesome beings whom will be my surroundings

I have yearned to give ye words and to open my heart unto you, for I have so many words a given to you

Yet in my remembrance of you, ye see not the meaning of the words, just the flavor of their savour

And so they are not for you, even then they were over your understanding,

As ye would even then not humble thyself to stand under to truly comprehend

Ye have gone your path, ye have forsaken a love on this path

Ye have chosen to have not this path in your life any longer as a part

I praise your strength and your ability to simply move on and forget at will

So, do not try to partake in this any longer by taking steps backward

For it is your choosing to break parts in your parting and to sever ties

Saddened is my heart at the loss of thee completely, but that is what thy need and so forth it need be

I love you as a being of God and pray ye live a blessed life

I had once given myself to your taking but it is no longer there for you

Even as a friend I give myself fully, and even as a friend I know ye are not worthy of full givings as ye give not this yourself

You have chosen this of yourself and of myself and of the Grace by which God unified us together

Whether it be friends or lovers it matters not, it is all the same in the relations of truth and love

Ye give me not this and in your separation ye have taken all of you with

I no longer can partake in the flavor of you even as a friend

For ye give me false food of delusion, holding back the nectar of truth

I call you in my distraught lonely state and ye lie to me of being tired for a early night, all the while ye have a kombucca party.

Simple things like this untruth have set me astray time and time again, once as a lover, and even now as any part of your life,

No longer do I see any nectar in you for me to be

And just as you have forseen life to be better off without us being part of eachothers lives

I now see this and will be true to this

Have a good life Ashley and I pray ye find what ye seek

I pray ye can bear the burden of the bitter flavors that come your way, for even the bitter flavors give the greatest nectar of sustenance you truly need.

Ye have spit out all the food of My life in relation to you, as it is no longer a part of yours.

I pray ye swallow that which is given unto you from another so ye will get the nutrition ye need of the food ye so love the taste of.

Ye have forsaken

I have not the means to be trampled on in heart and soul by the small you of ego, only to in this worldly plane to provide you with food too. I can not give my heart and all my wallet to one who cannot handle and care for my heart, to one who in a pact unto their own soul has forsaken all they were given by their own great self. I have had my heart handed back to me a bloody pulp and now ye desire to come back because you miss the taste . In your angst and impatience, time means noting changing desire and self path as a baby cries for food and mild. Ye know not what you want, not what you need, ye listen not to your totality of self, ye feel a bump in the path and turn around. But the path is a one way path ever changing. Ye cannot relive once again what you have lived before. Ye cannot do without the work of pav ing and creating, cutting brush, clearing the way. Ye are stuck in the forest of your previous path ye have ran from and sit in the brush overgrown too lazy to get out of the shell of your ego, humbling thyself in full surrender unto the great Love that gives you to be, and simply ask for help from the totality of your being. Where words are truth and all meaning, no longer whispers of deceit and meaningless noises. A crying baby has more meaning to their tongue than your lips as you have given. I cannot have you eating all my food and taking my provisions if ye cannot even stand to the pact of the path ye have sanctified unto God. Ye have left, Ye have chosen this, and yet ye still come back to steal from this Place ye have forsaken.

Ye cannot steal from this place any longer one who knows not their self.....who knows not their place, for if it is not your place ye cannot come and take supplies any longer.....

W5 Attachment of Love

9/8/12

Made up, gotten over, professed true depth and love
Forgiveness unbound, beyond even thyself's ability to forgive
Oh lord, beloved one of my surrender
Ye gave me forgiveness, Ye gave me the giving of a heart so scared and hurt,
Oh thy greatness.
Having her near is beautiful, yet my heart still burns at her taintedness of action.
She had sex with another man.
She is forgiven this as I have been given by thine grace to forgive,
For I too am a cloud who pushed her away unto this.
So hard is the greatness of action imposed upon myself for us, for good, for God.
Hard yes, beautiful even moreso.
For this has awakened my downtrodden self.
Opened a being of resentment unto love once again.
For I am not meant to keep these walls, but crush them with shooting stars of love.
And oh this love, this beautiful Ashley whom has a hold of my heart.
How different we are in maturity, composition, refinement,
But how our hearts are intertwined in the celestial web of our souls.
This where love lives is our unification.
For so long I denied this and would not let it be
as I was consumed by the thoughts of our differences.
Of imperfections that I allowed to eat at my mind,
As I was aside from my heart.
Lo behold, the most Drastic of events were the bulldozers of the walls of my heart,
As in my pain all came crashing down.
I am very imperfect in my ways and so is she,
But in this world of maya,
Of compare and contrast, no things are the same.
But compliment each other they may
Open so she can and will do to me the same.
She is my ego's whip in my worldly thought of being more than I am,
Bringing me back to me.
For I am here, and here is where love lives,
Where my joy is given in abundance by thine Grace.
And this love here vested in my breast is intertwined
with this beautiful angel of imperfection In a world of imperfection.
I strive to be great,
But by the slashing of delusive chest raising ego,
See once again greatness is unto God.
Greatness is listening, accepting, and walking the steps put forth in this dance of karmic weave
of the soul's freedom.

Oh beloved, I thank thee, I love thee
I give myself to thee time and time again
For I am thine my Lord, my love, my grace, my greatness,
Thankyou for the grace of ashley whom I now see as my Love.

The Tormentor

Space and healing, space and healing, If ye open thyself to thee who trigger the pains in thee, then ye have made thyself susceptible to getting hurt. As if provoking it from the unconscious mind, Regressing into a state of heavy heartedness. Oh trigger or my pain, still ye are alit by your forgettable ways of the talkings and words given in the previous days. As if they were not said or remained unspoken. Oh but I have given the opening of mind and heart unto the tormentor of my hearts burning. Spilling with truth all that ignites the fire of mine fractured hearty. Pouring unto the openings of the proke of my hearts throbbing. Oh but so unaware are they whom have the torch of ye hearts fire. Unaware of the space and healing fo the time, for my heart smolders. Can ye not see the plume of smoke floating from my ears? I am not ready for the energies fully divulged unto me. The misaligning of our being is wrought by the lips and constant circling back and back. Ye need a friend oh tormentor of mine heart to uphold thee energy. Who will take it and love it? I am not that for too much of thee and the turbulence of the way ye be to me and my healing heart that had a great start, dissipates as progress does depart. Oh so unaware am I to leave my heart on the table to be smashed again. Trampled on in ignorance. For they know not that it is a heart, which tey wipe their feet . To trod more and more their mind into the crevices of mine heart. For I have given a small glimpse and thee have taken the whole blanket of mine heart. Oh tormentor who feels not what ye do know not what they do to you, embedding sorrow nails by the constant unceasing energies with no break, only to drive them in with a hammer of jealousy. Not a jealousy of the mind, for I know I cannot bear the burden of supporting the tormentor, Yet in my small openings of the small ease of me healing heart, she has torn the door open and ripped out the scab with her unawareness. With her lack of sympathy and letting of the healings time. Ye know your tormentor, for ye have left thyself open in the doors of torment. Their way of being is hypocritical for thy paining heart. Thee who stab thee in the heart cannot with the same stabbing motion pull the knife and allow the mending to take place. Nay, but they trample and trample on the frailties of the anguished heart. For they know not what they do. But it is you who rolls the mat of mine heart as an invite. She who sees the invitation begins to unravel the ball of heart yarn, more and more yarn is stripped away. No thought of the ball of yarn of me heart dwindling away. Just continuing to take and take without the thought of being none left. My heart blanket is frayed, beaten, and battered. Time, space, and me own mendings of Gods grace unto the hearts blanket of me is all the weaving that can take place in the heart. No longer can I give the tormentor of mine heart room to torment. For the one of torment holds not the awareness of thy hearty. Only thee self feels the spots of thy hearts wounds and ye have left the hearts doors open unto a blind tormentor who knows not of their torment. But only of their own comfort that they have unintentionally found in the wounds of me heart they provoked to be as a masking of a bed with the heart's flesh. Tormentor is cold, so in their selfish ways and ignorant of their effects unto the heart of another, they pull down the flesh for their own warmth. But this is new flesh

covering a fresh wound. Scabs a barely holding, in time, in space, will I find healing. But keeping the blind tormentors door open, they will ever seek their own warmth from the blanket of the heart. Yet thee heart has dwindled. This blanket is unraveled. The scabs lie oozing and bloody, time, space, healing. Tormentor ye cannot enter for ye know not that thee torment. From thee I must ne aware of me heart's wounds and hold the space of my healing. For as a dog to the wound so the tormentor is more and more attracted to thee smell and taste of blood even though they know not what tastes so good.

Thankyou my Lord for the opening of truth unto the self ye show me to.

A men

One week to one year,

What bearing does time hold unto friendship, unto respect, unto the giving of oneself to another in truth? For her now I know it has no bearing. For our time was a rollercoaster. A very deep rollercoaster of emotion. Understanding and communication were given to the smoothing of the hills of emotion unto the being of friends. With this depth, this ride, the quality of friends was to be deep in the heart wher3e truth shines free of the dualistic shadows of emotion. We worked at this, freeing the turmoil orf our past with rivers of tears and runnings of compassion, sympathy, and unhindered truth. Adjoined at ease finally, we has ceased the rollercoasters waves. To be as friends in depth as ones should be, or as we could be. Still aftereffects shook my being of this long rollercoaster ride as jealousy and longing for what was once there, but all settled and burned by the open heart friendship of a year. And comes time to speak of her new mate in truth and understanding. A new love of one week did we speak of with my jealousy lurking on the horizon. No more would this work, my heart is here. I just want a family. Oh she teased my jealousy so. Rekindling feelings of the longings, saying never to sacrifice one year for one week. Oh did she seduce me onto the rollercoaster again, nearly sealing the deal with an extended hug of the emotional closure, which nearly seduced and broke my will of friends and no mores. All then in the morn to be shattered by untruth and a reuniting of the one week. Oh temptress of mistrust, I gave my heart to you in the depth of truth and companionship. Oh this grail heart of mine no longer does it go your way in trust for this is the last time I will give myself to be trampled upon. Ye lie, deceit, misuse the depth of my being, and ye cannot see. This is not the friend of mine on that plane of depth, for I now know although ye hold that depth of my heart of being, ye are not conscious or aware to treat it as such. My heart breaks again as friends this time, retracting to my cavity. No longer will I be seduced, lured, or tempted by you, for it is you by your actions that has spoken and given this. So in my pain I say thankyou for the last showings of your true self. For your true self, or the self of you that is true by the actions ye do, has for the last time tossed my open heart to the wayside by your unawareness, misuse, bad action. Your holding patterns run too deep for my hearts giving. I tried as lovers, I tried as friends, and now I will try no longer. It pains me to say so, but your true colors and immaturity has show out. Your brief openness I gave you too much trust. I was seduced by a brief open heart of communion even past the friendship we had rekindled amidst many burdens. But again ye have walled, closed, chosen not to look, shut down and with my heart for the taking. Oh how sorry I am at your inability to stay open on your evolutionary path of karmic ties. Or at least from your being to mine. And so for the last time

has your clouded being stolen my heart with your false openness. I have compassion, sympathy, and even understanding for you, but no longer do I have a heart of deep trust and love to give for your taking. And so my heart belongs to me to mend, grow heal and love from the inside, for God will grant me as he will a rightful keeper of my heart in this world.

Limbo of a fickle heart

And so, through ad through, I think on you.

No longer can I deny my hearts screaming of my love for you.

Yet in this screaming I have undergone the shattering of a heart in misuse and mistrust.

I am in part responsible for my subtle speakings rather than blunt honesty. But then one heart to another needs not expect to be heard, for heart to heart is as true and blunt as it gets if ye only listen to the heart.

Now I admit my love in plain terms. Who this I am plagued in a state of being very unsure. If I bit all that has been thrown upon my downtrodden brittle self and came to unify hearts in the place we know our hearts to be, will your words be held as truth? I no longer know for what you have shown. And with this profession of love, I am vulnerable and cannot heal with the bearer of my heart in my home presence. And so I then need change to heal. No longer is her presence conducive for I cannot mend with her presence. I try to be stronger and greater than I am, but I humbly say nay, I am not strong. I am weak unto my love and the tormenting and tearing of my hearts strings. Her actions play it as a finger puppet. She plays as her fancy directs without care for the livelihood of the puppet she tears apart. I am at a crossroads in my weakness and vulnerability. I cannot heal in this way as the fondness of my heart is constantly tempted by her presence. I just move out, move on, and heal, or I must surrender unto my doubts of her unjust self and go with it into the blossoming of a family. I cannot bear this burden, so I wait. For my heart to be given again in full love, she must give herself in totality for the taking. This is know not if she is evolutionarily able. And so give full heart to her amidst doubt and insecurity in hopes of love and her calming of such thoughts, or end all to begin the healing. I now see in my weakness that I cannot shake in her presence, either all is given or all is taken. Limbo talks for the moment as I am no more strong to make a decision. I love her and now it kills me to not be he as hers and it kills me not to end all as acquaintances and heal my destroyed heart. A men.

Pain of Ash

Dear Ashley,

How many of times have I written of my hearts demise.

I write to you for ye have no bearing on my heart. Ye are but the ruler of my heart, of my life.

Ye carry a child of mine in thee, so beautiful could this be, but a longer of none can I let my fragile heart loose in the noose of thee. Ye consider not me in your selfish ways, for once broken was I by your deceitful lash of ways. And only to find the same.

How can I be so gullible and dumb? But I am that dumb man ruined by thee. Now stuck to thee and your ruining ways. I am ruined by you, I know not what to do the longer of none I know not, I hurt.

She in my dreams

Two nights in a row she has entered my dreams, the one who is no longer a part of my life. Yet in my life her spirit and soul still lingers as we once made a bond of depth that will never go away.

In the dream she comes as my fears and my inadequacies, my oddities and my unspoken emotional attachments.

Last night she was as a lust of her body and her self, luring me into her sensuous self, all the while outcry of my inability to give myself to her, jealousy surmounting as she goes to speak on the phone with her new boy that she is attracted to.

Jealousy,

Lust,

Untruth,

These things she resembles in my dreams, she shows me how I have been in the past times with her.

Still I cannot get her out of my mind for my mind now goes to spirit unceasingly as it has been called from the time of my being. For by this do I be, I cannot deny that which I am any longer. And yes no longer does she hold the clutches of my heart the one whos karma ties not in the depth of the life of mine, but one whos soul has been given unto me and so I know her in the depths of my being. May it be even more than she goes into her being. So compassion sings forth, hopes spring for her song to be sung, for the opening unto her true self that God doth give springing forth rivers of Joy unsurmountable. This is the lingering and ever will it be, for we are one in the depths of the ocean where we swam to once upon the dance of time.

Now I can smile and be happy with what comes of it, and pray that one day she will find the satya of her opening to set her free. To me, nay but to thee beloved Thee who giveth we.

Aummm Guru, my guide, my friend.

Heavenly Father, Mother, Friend, Beloved God, Jesus Christ, Bhagavan Krisna, Mahavatar Babaji, Lihiri Mahasaya, Sri Yukteswar, Parmahansa Yogananda, Saints of all Religions, I bow to you. May thy light shine on the sanctuary of my devotion, that thy light may meet all the hearts of thine by the hand of mine.

A Men.....

Halloween night,

full of recollection of the past partner,

Heart grown heavy, yearning to call and sink into the depths of her once again,

Out of pain, out of yearning to flee from the pain,

My companion, oh how I yearn for companionship,
I can't stop thinking of her, Life "well get her out of your head then."
Drawing me into a lonely heart yet I am with the ones I love,
Oh mother dearest of mine gave me words of help
She is not a grounded girl, I knew it from when ye had began
For one not grounded and stable, how can they care for a heart
This cannot be as it has shown as it is now
Thankyou for the strength my beloved filler of heart,
My beloved companion of spirit and eternity
My beloved giver of the life by which I am even able to hurt
Deluded last night in the past away from Thine eternal moment was I
Hold me in the present my Lord, Strongfast, Like a rock unto the greatness of thine self, of My
Beloved Friend
Thee my Lord, Thee My Gurus, Ever with me in the minds eye of which I have not sight
With times dance unto my constant and consistent practice of Yoga, will ye come unto me in the
form of thy form
Oh how I yearn to behold thy divine countenance in my heart, that I may know thy face, that I
may hold thy name eternally in my mind as my mantra unto thee
That I may never let go of thee, in mind, in action, in being, that I may be with thee, that I may
be the me of thee.
That my heart may be open, shining thy light as I am immersed fully in thy light,
Mind upon thee, thoughts upon thee, every cell upon thee, thee upon me, filled but never full,
Loving and loved by thee
Opening all of thine hearts I come in contact with by thee in me that shines to the other beings
of thee
Be strong my son in the strengths given thee. Ye are all unique unto the pathway a given thee,
unto the karmic ties your life unfolds in.
Ye have been blessed with the practice of Yoga, With the practice of Kriya.
Use that which is in your toolbag and work.
I work for the Lord. I work for thee.
Thankyou My Lord.
A Men.....

Weak Missing 12/5/13

Oh how I am weak in my missing of that which once was. All aspects of me desire to
contact her. That who has left and is on her own new path. She has forgotten me, as she
does not contact me. I think if her heart felt as mine does, how could she not speak her
love for me. But she does not, for she is a mover on this path of life. More than likely she is
already in the arms of another. How could she be so quick to move and forget, for was I not
at one time just a recent past ago her dear love. Maybe so, but this I really do not know.
For there was no heart for me in the past time of our togetherness. Nor was I there in
contentment for her as I had lost sight of my true contentment. The Lord is my joy and I

had forgot to live that conviction. Only through this can I live true for others, for this is my truth. But as we are together, is this her truth? Does she feel as I do. My heart wrenches for her as my mind lingers in the what has been and what could be. Did I lose my great love? But to remind thyself that it is as much a part of your doing as hers. You have let her go even by your asking. Ye played a pity party and hoped her to come join by giving flowers of love and compassion unto your pitty. Nay, she was strong in her element and would not sink. I did ask her to sink. I would have sunken the whole ship. And so it is, but now we are. No longer communicating. There is no strand of heart back to me from she. I know in the strength of moving on to linger in the past of that which was dear is to hinder that which is to come, but I suppose I expect a mutual feeling of some sort to be alive in the heart of she who once loved me. For even though I concealed my love for her in my fear of pain once again, I did have a great dearness that my heart burns now as it once did. Confused I am, but so it is. She is where she is and that is not for me to know of where she is. For if I am to know is to create too much pain, for I fear of her truly moving on. I cannot bear the burden of having lost a love that could have blossomed. Even as much that in this digital erra I cannot even see what she may be in fear of the pains of me. I hope her well and wish a hug of hope, but in my weakness I cannot bear to be the bringer of this. For in my fear of hurt I cannot lurch forward and be the big heart. As if there is any care for heart of the other who has left me as she too does not sing a song of communication this way just as I do not. But I know she is anew, new friends, and a new comfort of life upon her. May she not need me nor to think even of that which once was, of the love that we shared, of our child that is in heaven, of the laughs, of the tears, of that which we share. But I do continually mull over these things of that which we were, was, could be. Not in mind's habitual lingering, but by the hearts pains of that which I long for. But with me she is no more by our both parts. She has become strong with a heart not for me, and in my needing of a heart, I had become weaker and weaker for the desire of her heart. No heart did I get in my lowly state, so separation did we embark. If she came lower a bit and I raised myself in that moment we would be here together, but nay, did I stay low and did she walk high. Only now in my mourning heart do I seek God and see the love of life that is in all of we that I can be the true me I am. The me that she too loves, seeks, and sought after once upon a moon ago. And so in this state I begin to clear my emotional shadows, but do know that if past repeats itself and she lingers to the clutches of my strength, I will not take her back. For now is the time when we could commence, but future I will not commence again. For she will have moved on and my weak heart cannot bare the thought of whoredom unto a love of mine once again. And so it is and so it will be, I love you my Lord who is the life of me. A dear one she is and once was, but a weak heart am I unto her and our happenings, so I will not stray forward, nay will I stray away from thee my Lord, but let this be what it is as it has come to be.

I love you my Lord.

A Men.....

Ashley,

I must apologize for my inability to speak with you, for my heart yearns to express and speak. Yet it is on your behalf that I cannot do so.

I am so grateful and happy you are on your path and have found your teaching. Out as a free bird you are once again.

What I cannot bare to speak of is the way this brings me into the pains of the past, for as you were free bird you went out and met guys, chose to move on, and broke my heart. I don't have the trust you deserve by the scars that still haunt me. I want nothing more than to whole heartedly trust and support you in your ventures. Not to mention whole heartedly Love the one who treats me so well. But however I am still haunted whole heartedly by the past you had left me in. I have inwardly tried to give my heart, but I cannot do so. And now that you are floating as a bird, I am in even greater of a burden as my trust is not there.

This all hurts my heart as I would have me be free unto you, but I am not. I have tried, but I cannot. You are wonderful, but to you I cannot. You are free, but as the past has cut me I cannot be unto thee.

So hard does my mind encircle my hearts pangs to understand it so. For so much do I love and enjoy of our togetherness, but hindered am I by your once created action unto our togetherness. I am one who cares only to love fully, and so it has been difficult for me as I cannot give the fullness of my love unto the one who threw it to the ground and trodded all over it.

I fear for a loss of you for the sake of my comfort and enjoyment in life and of Life himself, but I do not think I can give the care to you that you deserve. The scars are too deep, the past is ever there as ye are the one of the knife unto the heart I yearn to open.

It is not right for you who flys so lightly to be burdened by me who is now burdened by the past you so harshly put me through, so I think it best that ye fly away and let me be. My scars will mend and I can once again love fully and freely, without a shadow of pain, fear, and hurt. I wish it could be you that could accept my full love, but having once been there and leaving it for ruins, I will not be able to do it again.....

So fly bird fly, but coming unto your next branch ye choose to nest upon, if ye burn down the tree you will no longer have a tree to nest in again.....

What do you do when spoken unto the other that which need be said, but taken in by the other thy word is not. Felt what thy feel is not felt. My heart burns and burns for the deep truth that needs be, that there is not a future of we to be in the depth of love I seek to be

free. For hindered unto the love I am destined to give am I by the receiver of the love I seek to give. It's as if she won't even hear me and I don't know. I can't love her the way I want to love, I have not once told her of love for I will not lie. I have not trust, I have not even hope for my ability to love for the eternal fire of my love had been downtrodden and torn by this one whom seeks my love. My heart hurts now even more by the inability to hear or to feel me and the depth and sincerity of that which I speak. Best it be for her to leave me be that I may once love again. I cannot heal in her arms, for it is just a getting by sort of relationship. This I cannot do any longer. Ash is a wonderful person, so great unto my son, to me, but as the depth of our souls and hearts go, I have not that connection unto her. She has no idea of the impact of her careless actions of the past and cares not to look into that any longer. It's as if it has no meaning unto her. For my mind the meaning is gone, I have forgiven, but my heart who yearns to love free has not a door to love the one who can do this to me.

Ashley,

Oh how I just yearn to be able to say I love you.

For there was a time when I realized this and chose to live this up, but only to be crushed more than I have ever been in this life of mine. Only when I chose to fully give myself to thee did you tear me apart, run away, and go frawlick away as you will.

For even before such did I yearn to be apart, to be free of thee. Ye expressed your love, yet days later found yourself making babies with another.

How am I to get over this. Ye hold a baby I have made by our love making, yet in my mind and from my heart I am torn and hurt for life. I have been slowly allowing small steps to come unto out unfolding if it may be, and now a huge step of a giant has trodded upon me. Unable to keep up even with what was unfolding with you being here in this home you had forsaken, having a key, and just taking huge leaps unto my small babysteps. Ye had been dragging me and dragging me along. With me feeling as it I was ok since no rocks had passed, but kaboom, no longer am I to be dragged over rocks by your fast movements of dragging me, but now am I having boulders thrown at me.

Screaming at me to wake up, stand up and be a man at which ye have chosen to do. Ye are accountable for your own actions, stop being a pussy. Stop being a baby to your emotions. Look at the girl at which you are craving from, she looks not back. She just goes and forgets the past forsaking the past without even a thought. Just go and do what you do, fuck everything else. If another comes by just go with that and forgo that which was, It's only the past right? Live in the present, fuck the past, fuck the present, fuck the one who holds the pains of jealousy and hurt. Have a baby and drop the babies big foot upon the head of me.

I am an emotional wreck unable to wade in the pool of my own bloody emotion. Heavy from my own insecurities, from my own inability to live true unto the light voice of YOU.

And so farther and farther do I go into the abode of my emotional distrautness.
Forgotness, I am the forgotten of the forgotness, trodded upon with my own lives hooves.

I yearn to say I love you, but it was not time to say such. I am building and building .
Allowing you to build yourself, to build up trust and strength of a good you that I could be with. And kaboom, the time and the building is torn from us. I am now binded by the life of a given in your bussom , stolen time of my healing of all this emotional turbulence I am tragically enwoven with. The small steps are gone, I cannot even walk any longer. Where can I do, I have no where to go any longer, but inside where I fly in this life. Back to you who I would love to say I love you, I cannot say such, for I am not there yet. I was there only to have that torn, mutilated, and regurgitated back at my feet with even laughs. I cannot bear to face your family, I cannot bare to face you now that my heart is out of my chest again.

Ashley another,

If we cannot talk, we cannot humble ourselves to let go of the ginormous ego , then this will not work. As much as I need help in this life, I also need a companion that understands me and can humble themselves. As we are, this is not so. It is just as before you left to go venture onto your own and go fondle with other guys. My heart hurts. You don't understand me, nor will you ever be able. This is the differentiation of our perception and I don't know if this will work. I wish with all my heart that it would work for there is so much beauty in the workings of this life. But in the depth, I have pain and hurt and sorrow. Ye have not sympathy nor a true understanding of where I am. For in our speech together, there is not the humility of understanding. Of being in the others being.

Ye are business woman ego go you, Living a life that ye desire and want. It fits the puzzle of you, but in the depth of the heart at the root of this all, We do not join. Ye will not meet me there.

I hurt and ye have not sympathy for me.

I am not the person you want me to be, I am not this happy go lucky person unless my root is solid and zinging with God. With true action. If we are to be together,

I don't know.

I feel you are fluttering away. Only when the strong emotional breaking do you finally succumb and humble yourself, let yourself be held in your weakness. But in your strength, day to day Strong Ashley business woman having desires and wants and nothing will get in the way nor any compromise be allowed, ye have no part of heart for the depth of where I am . Where I need relation to be my ship.

I am a deep person and you are a fluttering light person. This is all there is to it.

You are so wonderful and are so great to us. The worldly actions of you are so great and I praise you. I am so torn for you meet me not in the depth. I will once again suck all up into my heart of pain and continue on living and living this life, for I am not fit to live it by

myself. I am not fit to guide and comfort all that is given me in this life. So I forsake the depth of my heart for the sake of you Ashley and for the sake of my Beloved Son Life. For he needs you and I need you.

Ye cannot ask me to change, for I will not ask you to change. For when I ask you to change, it will not work. Nor will it work when ye ask me to change. In all the hurt in out past ye threw unto me, ye spoke of expecting things and in love there is only acceptance. Where are you?

Oh how is it after all this time,

Ye come again to me to fill my mind.

With thoughts of the beauty we shared.

I long to call and to talk to you,

But my heart can't bare what you've gone to do,

So I sit in the thoughts of what we shared.

Wondering of where you are there.

For I cannot even call to thee to say hi,

For in the depth of me our souls do linger,

I cannot believe it is just me in these thoughts,

But if rejoining just to say hi,

Our rekindled connection would spark and fly,

At this my heart screams in the fire,

Of all the pain of wrongful acts in your desire,

And so I hope the best of you,

Knowing not what you've come to do,

With a yearning heart to say hi to you,

After all this time a mending I've gone through,

So it is and so shall it be,

I pray that you Ashley are living happy,

So bless you my child who fills my dreams,

With hopes of a joyous life for you in all your prosperous things.

Broken heart Awakening

8/21/12

Can it be, this that plagues me is a broken heart? Broken by my own choices of life's calling unto me. For it is not for me to be the lover of she. Ever since she laid eyes on me she never once did allow them to stray. As if I were a goal conjured in her futures mind. Love, family, all her heart desires is what she sought ever so persistent. I was not in that place of where we me to be met by one to have. For I was in a place of re awakening, true, following the depth of my being. Oh but in my weakness, induced by her beauty, thinned by her ever ceasing lure unto me, I gave in. Allowed the arms to embrace, feelings to caress of her presence, of her touch and caress. Oh how great to be loved and cared for. Yet torment lay awaiting to my burdens, as I had fallen from my truth. I had forsaken my guide and my path, for I lay in her persistent love. Time meanders on by as the bond of our relationship grows. Ever indecisive ad usure, torn by her unceasingly. For oh how I told the truth of me of where I be, where we be, and so it is. Oh nay, for her persistent presence over there muted my words of truth as I succumb again into her embrace. Unable to hear when I needed her to hear, for maybe time, habit, comfort had laden our bond. Just strong enough to attack my weakness. Falling back to habit and to the ease of comfort, our growing torment of relationship moves on and on. She is not the one for me, I need change, I must be strong, Oh how I tried again and again only to be taken again in my self procured imbalance. Loved again anf again by her persistence. Oh but my strength was not there, for in my sympathy and compassion I led her on and on. Here comes valentines, then christman, and this and that. And so gifts are given and the em. emotional turmoil continues. Im my strength, I would plead for change, but I would not act upon it. And so intertwined we become. Used to this dance, I had become. In mind knowing it is wrong, yet in action speaking otherwise. Oh how persistent she is to her desire. And so time comes about for a move of placing and knowing ever so certain this could be a great pedistool for the change of time to come my yea, yet not a separation of time, but a moving in together. Oh my tearing self of sharing upon how it is both our truths. And so as it we find a place to move together. My heart spitting fires of frustration unto her inability to understand. Why oh why can she not hear? The big mobe was made and so escalated my frustrations and unpleasantness of being, but rather pushed it all back. The just friends and roomates settled in her room ad I in mine. All the emotional turmoil begat to unfold. What happened to blessing the new space? Aye, we went awry. And so we spoke of friendship and trying and being together. Finally after this, all it set in after one last attempt to lure me in by beer, soft tough, by which I had fully succumbed only to be awakened by truth's smack in my face. Oh thankyou Lord for your opening of my eyes. Deeper and deeper did this set as a few days passed, until she finally away. No more emotional stronghold of what we had, may have, could have. She passed the hump and could not bear the emotional pain. She had gotten over the deluded desire of her persistence for this idea she would not let go and finally let it go. All the while in my frustrations, I had completely lost sight and feeling of myself. I would meditate and taste of the joy and peace of our beloved, yet I continued to be in content. Then amidst all I finally have an awakening as she is hiding another man in her room. Oh how my jealousy, anger, and a

whirlwind came dancing unto me. I did not know what to do, for I hadn't truly set with my feelings for so long. And kaboom, my heart swells in my chest alit with fire. **I am here calling to me. You have gone against me for so long, yet I never have left you. Awaken body of me and feel the fires alive to burn away all the walls of emotion you have build around me**. You seek God, you seek Truth, yet you have forsaken me the fire alit to guide your way. Oh compassionate One heart of me, ever there, ever here alive. We are one and you have cosen to be other. Ye have gone against yourself, yet you are One self. How can you do this oh deluded one, habitual in thought, action, emotion, seeking in your ease the constant feelings of the past. Hiding me in your chest that you had thought to become empty. Burst I am here, where I always was, am, and ever will be. I am here burning in your chest cavity my love and light, communion with thyself. Oh heart of God, I feel like I have forgotten. Pain, heavy, burden, nay but the feeling of burning and cleansing. My untruth of life has condensed so many shadow in the caverns of my heart, but alit you yell. And so beloved heart thinning bright, I look to you and yearn with all my might of God to never forsake you. Oh how it took a year⁴ and drastic happenings of a path of walking blind, but with your light I see. Truth, path, way, guide, create, new, progress, light, insight, come right to my beloved for the path of this hardship to bring torment, agony, proud ego of you, beloved melt these desires as I unceasingly seek thee. Evermore may you be my strength that it may not be forgotten in my delusion and blindness. Habits and weakness will ever be there to torment and lure me into their comfort of reliving, yet you my Lord shining in a blazing heart of mine, shine and come out. My heart is broken and so the door is open. It hurts, it is heavy, I hurt, I am heavy, but oh my Lord in thy grace you guide me, ever compassionate ye have always been there,, Oh my Lord, I forsake thee in my uprising of habitual thoughts, yet ye are there ever calling to me. Oh beloved, thank you for a broken heart that I may never forget thee. That I may choose with your guidance the correct steps of your direction. That I may not seek what I need in another or succumb to think or act so. May I never lose sight, yet if I do please stop me as you will for one stop of yours is sweeter than all the sense pleasures of a life time. I have been weak and have fallen in slumber. Oh my Lord, no more, by your burning heart a broken open in me I do see and I do come to thee. Guided by you in this life of mine, may each step be conscious and true unto the unfolding of you. Om, A men.

Come back self

Once gone, all that remains is the longing for that which was had
With the forgotten recollection of all that wasn't present amidst our togetherness
There is a reason we are no longer together,
Yet the habituation of that which was, tries to drown reason with her waves of feeling
The longing of the heart,
The weakness of the mind, the self doubt of the future,
Of not being able to have another.
This is so, and such I feel,
But when a balance of me is present,
When I am present and not dwelling in the past,
Beyond all conviction, I know this must be

For even in the beginning it wasn't to be
I was weak and allowed the other part to keep hold of me,
To continually return and return,
Oh I have been weakened by my habitual weakness
If ye are weak, it will procure weakness
I have foregone my intuition with companionship,
And much have I been in content with both myself and the relationship
And so it could never work
I cannot remain unhappy and unwhole any longer.
I now slowly get me back. !
A men

Expression, on my depression,

To fill the repression of my self full dimension.

Where am I do I ask, in a walled off state of me being where I be, amidst others who yearn for my expression, but to them do I fear that my truth is not what they yearn to be heard.

Oh my son, how hard are ye to me with the uncaring self of thee. But how can I even say or mention that to thee when it is but me who in these past years have been the uncaring one unto thee.

Oh me, who I be, how I be, do I be me?

How can I be the me to be when I am constantly surrounded by she, who so wonderful by her actions to thee is she, but by her nature is not that which ye need. Back in the life has she come after beseeching all that ye were. Once loved and given heart and self, only to be thrown to the ground and stomped upon. Around did she come once I found my self a happy again in ye on Beloved Lord, whom is the life of me free of all else as I be, .

She in her selfish ways to find her happiness that she could not find in the others she so quickly goes to frawlick with, comes unto me into this life once again. Me accepting in my own unawares of my own weakness, advantage taken of flesh and shapes and feeling of skin. Only then do I let down all my walls and let it rip, as I did dip into her life.

And so a baby is created, our bond is finalized. Only to be a drastic change in life of moving in to a house together again, brought and rought by a child to come. But oh so soon did ye my Lord take away the one of our coming together, and so back in the distraughtness of her horeness do I lurk. So wonderful is she to me as she is, but I can not forget that which I have forgiven her. It tears me apart that I hold one here whom I cannot say or give my love to, one who lives in a house with me where I have not once invited her to do so. I cannot even speak this unto her for since then she has accepted my forgiveness and still works unto her mis action. But this misaction is her, and what she did, and does , when the only time I had given my love to her. I have not since done this nor did I ever before.

For I fear unto all of my being that she is not capable of accepting my love, for in this she has me and my satya of which I cannot bare to have walls unto that one whom I love. Just as thee my Lord, wall free eternally giving. Love my Lord.

Oh I know that whi ch I continually speak I don't know. That which I continually speak on not wanting to speak. For I fear unto the ears that will listen.

This is my position. This is where I am.

I fear what to do for I love to have another around, even when that other is not the one of the other for me to be free with...

She is so wonderful unto me and my son, and I fear to lose this . But I have not love for her. She tore that from me. I have tried to find a way to give this , but no longer can I find it in me to open unto her in truth my love.

And so all my actions with her are compromised with only a part of my being as I cannot fully give my being unto her and this fullness of life. What can I say or be or do. I see her eyes go here and I fear

Remaining in fear I do be if I cannot love and live to be truly.....

So this is, live with all of thy being is the being of living.....

Through you my Lord, with you my Lord, A men, A men.....

Chapter 12 '14-'18

- Accept or Reject God
- Blessing of Mother
- I am a Soul with a body....
- I am not so good at this game called life
- If you look for light
- It is You,
- May this day bring you peace
- Thou practice.
- Turning on myself
- What you do
-
- Oh human kind what have we done?
- Where do we go, jai Guru.
- Only through God
- Naught can be awry
- Never fulfilled eating scraps

- the string of now
- weather man of self.
- Astray a many this day
- Why do I beseech Thee?
- Jai Guru
- My eternal nature
- Patterns of delusion
- Divine Law
- stillness doth come
- Ego, Dego, We go
- Devil of Delusion
- Here I am and there I go
- what is the change you need?
- Knowing Not going
- Make the mind right
- Con-Formity
- good and bad
- Bear the burden of change

Accept or Reject God

A God that has given us the power to accept him or reject him.

He does not force his love upon thee, but gives it for the receiving if ye only accept it. Oh Lord, I seek to accept thy grace, but I see to accept thy grace I must let go of the things in the way of thy grace acceptance.

My attachments, my frustrations, fears, my Ego (I am great, I do this, I yada yada)....

Yet Ego is slowly churning with thy Kriya meditation, I am changing Lord unto the acceptance of thy grace. Opening the heart of mine with thy divine song, to allow in thy grace, my home, where I belong.....

Oh Lord, please grant me strength to keep thee on the forefront of my thought, permeating throughout my being, hence I walk this life and become blind again forgetting thee whilst looking right in thy face.

For ye give me sight that I may see thee in all faces,
Ye give me sound that I may hear your song in all places,
Ye give me touch that I may feel thy soft embrace of thy light on my being,
Ye give me smell that I may breathe thy divine aroma wafting from thy eternal flowering,
Ye give me taste that I may know the thousands of flavors of this earthen temples
constitution.....

Wherein I sense all thy presence, not to be overcome and ruled by the senses, but to go into
the temple of my heart where thy live, oh giver of the vessel, giver of the stimuli, giver of
thee self.....

Oh so humble is thy divine grace, Giving all unto thy children, Eternally, unbounded, free of
expectation, but with the knowing that all this given is for their path home unto ye, the
giver of Grace. ...

Blessing of Mother

How I know I have been blessed with the most wonderful mother anyone could ever ask for.

As a young girl she fell in love and embarked on a mission of freedom.

But as time went on, with having two kids, providing for them, and looking to security and
stability, she didn't see eye to eye with the other half.

And at that moment, she became a single mother of two kids on a small salary of a early
school teacher.

Never fear, she made due providing her children with every amenity that was truly needed.
That is without ever first providing love and support.

So much support in fact that as I grew and found a passion in a new found sport, she would
drive me day after day to spots, travel with me, and allow me to progress.

Even moreso, as I had the ability to travel the world at a young age, she gave me trust which
only stems from an amazing confident mother.

As I grew I moved out and moved on to California, but I couldn't stay away. In attempting to
go to school, I moved back in with the wonderful mother who shares her abode of comfort
even with her adult son.

I am a Soul with a body....

I am the light of God. I am this, who has a body. Just as a possession, the body must be cared for. And just as a possession, the body cannot possess you or as with all will come to be discarded. And such is death, the body overcame so another must be given. This is the tool of the soul in which one must use to come back home to God. To reunite in full consciousness with the one giving the light of I am

For ye are here, oh Great soul, in this itty bitty body. Care for this, use this to work the Lord's magic in the life set before ye. Set yourself free oh soul who is the self within the confines of this body. Meditate, expand thyself infinitely with thy beloved in thy true nature. Bring this back into the body's delusive confines, and expand to all souls walking in bodies who are in this world....

If you look for light

If you look for light , it will find you,

If you look for darkness it's the only thing you will find.....

For light is consciousness, bright, illumined, intelligent, shining bright it will go to that which seeks.....For sought by light itself as the are but light a shining bright,

Existence, ye are this . light.....

And in this world of maya, in the void whence creation weaves her magic is the perception of darkness, the absence of light....

How can there be absent that of which permeates all...and so this is, delusive, seeming so to the coarse object of perceptions perception.

For ye be full of light ye will perceive light in even the darkest of dark whence light to the low conscious self is more than astray.

For even the consciousness of ego, of the world, of the shadows of Maya, consumed with the shadows, unaware of the illumined soul and God who gives this perception that even this can be perceived, does not even acknowledge and see themselves as light.

For light is the life by which ye are a you to think such, to think, to move, to exist....existence is light, is God, is living. Do ye not exist?

Aye, think ye read ye, so ye in the comprehension of the mental tracts have illumination serving you every second. Even the hands so gross and solid atop the keyboard, even the computer screen that is seen....Light oh light Beloved divine.....

Construed perception, misdirection,

If you look to the soul, to eternity, to light's purity is highest vibration, ye will find all the light and such see in all the light of creation that is light.....

How can ye look to darkness when ye are looking? Whence the light by which ye see is but light, but life....

Look to this life, this light, that giveth you all that is to be given of. Ye think thoughts of walls unto the self, emotional bricks confining ye in this carnal flesh and bones....but ye thinketh these thoughts from the light of the life by which ye are given to think??? Do you not see that this is all delusion by which ye think yourself into emotional turmoil....Even the You that you think is construed, whence all is light, the fabric of eternity.

Oh I cannot begin to perceive this, yet I know to look for light, to think unto light. For the Light is that by which I am, is I am. And so to look unto darkness, is to walk blindfolded under a cloak of eluded fake magic a hiding the beloved grace that ye be. The eternal nature of Joy, of Bliss, of God union. One with that which ye be, fully being theeeeeee.....fully being me. Embrace the beings of being and be the being of being by being the being ye are being. BE my Son. In the light of my Son. Shine my Son, to all the Sons in my eternal Son. A Men. A Men.....

It is You,

You are it

Ye have questions, perceptions wavering views constructed from the world in which You are

But one with that which ye perceive as atop are you

Ye think of a God, Guru, Life of thee with the thought of that

But it is You

Thinking of the object of thought as a line of perception

Watching from the eyes apart from

Ye are that which ye are watching in the being of watching

For ye are the being being watched

You are that, You are this, You are You, for you are Bliss

The thought of that which You aspire to be
To feel, experience, and be in, ye are that which ye seek
Look at you as you are the looking
Think of that which ye strive to think in the thought of think
That You are the thought that is to be think
With thyself, thought not apart, but thought think too and through
Think of itself as it has come to
You are the thought
BE the thought of you
For you are this
You are You
In the moment of being, You are the being
You are being
Human You are being as ye are The Being
In the moment of Being
Seeing the sight of sight
Separate Not from that which is seeing
The delight is You
You with You, Not there or here, But with you
Astray not there, but stay here
Let You be clear
To Be the being of you in the moments eternal being of You
For You
By You have You come to
Through Your Self do you do
By the being of You are you the You of Being
The You ye are never apart from

Yet the you ye have astrayed thought from

Not the sum and total of counterparts

But the whole of the one free of parts

For You are

Thank You

Who is here in You the thanks

Be the thanks You are

Thank You

Thanking the you of thanks

A Men gratuitous You

Of you

A Men

Thankyou

May this day bring you peace

May this day bring you peace, tranquility, and harmony.

May you be blessed with ease, grace, and freedom.

May a shower of loving light embrace and fill you with bliss

May this moment be held in the stillness of eternity

That you may Be you in the beauty you Are.....

Thou practice.

Before meditation, pray wholeheartedly to God guru, Awaken the devotion of thy soul, feed on the souls longing.

Meditate with full focus. All will one pointedly. Seek ye the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all shall be given unto you. One pointedly, at the third eye 1 in in front of the medulla oblongata where you feel all the magnetism, stay there, for you will find God. Meditate long and with full will power.

Do not go into meditation with small wishes. God may come to me, I might feel thy bliss. Go in with fervor, You are God's child. Seek God in you. This is you. Demand presence with your utmost will of stillness and peace. Coaxing with thy fervor and thy beloved grace will be bestowed upon you. Your third eye will open if ye just give ye will unto the opening. Patiently one pointedly focused, and so will shine upon you.

When finished with meditation, Go back to God Guru with thanks, questions, hearts needs and all will be answered.....

Love Love Love,

For ye are yogi, Ye know what to do. Practice of perfection, for be perfect as I am. BE thou the soul in the stillness of meditation, immersing thyself in thyself. Awakening the Beloved graces presence in thy being, being the which ye are, the child of God.

A Men.....

Turning on myself

Oh my Lord, why do I continually turn on myself.

At night after the long course of the day, whence I come home I forget you.

Even at work for the long course of the day I forget thou. Through the overindulgence of food are thou forgotten. And once home in my tiredness, I allow myself to be consumed. In this consummation, I forget thee. I fool myself with weakness saying I have no strength to seek thee in the temple of my stillness. I go to tv and laziness. Whence thou art my peace, my ease, my contentment, my joy. Thou art that which I seek evermore, especially in my imbalance at the night of a long day. Thou art my balance, thou art that which I fool myself into seeking elsewhere. Delusion sets in at my tiredness....

Oh my Lord, I call to you for the self of these times to come, to vest within me strength to see through the deluded self of me. For all that my mind may seek in my weakness of the world is given by thee. These gifts are temporal, but thou art the joy of the gifts. Oh Lord, may I come straight to thee by the grace of thee.

A Men my Lord.....

What you do

What you do, do for pleasing God.

If you do what you do for the praise and pleasing of Man, then ye forget God...

Do what you do to please God.

Do not break your appointment with God morning and night, Unite thyself with the giver of thyself to free thyself into the cosmic expansiveness of thyself....through the pinhole of luminous grace inside thee.

I call to you my son, come to me. I will give thee all ye seek and all that ye know not to seek, for I created you, I sustain you, I am here for you, give thyself to me. Think of me, be with me in your mental fervor amidst your life duties, Ye desire women, but this is companionship of Love ye seek, seek no more but seek the giver of this love, and through me my son, ye will have all desires fulfilled. Worry not of the picture ye see around you, think not of the lives of the others who have these possessions, women, cars, friends, for they may seem happy, just as your ego waves of desire tell thee to be sad, so their happiness comes from the small spark of God in the togetherness. Oh my son, but ye are called to me directly in thee heart, through the piercing light of mine eye in your brow. Ye have tools, ye have me thy Guru, thy portal of God, thy many blessed gurus, of Christ, Krsna, BAbaji, Lahiri Mahasaya, Swami Sri Yukteswar, Parmahansa Yogananda, saints of all religions, thy Mother, thy Friend, thy self, In thee, in thy heart, in thee being, the all seing .

Ever new Joy joy joy.....

Think of me my son, seek not the praises of Man, seek the Praises of Me.....

Seek the praises of Me.....

Please me my son , for I tell you all you can do to please Me in the silent solitude of thy still mind, of thy pranic weave I weave unto your freedom. Weave with me, dance in the stillness of meditation , come to me my son, I will give thee all ye seek in the meek desires of thee worldly attachments tenfold in the simplicity of thy devotional fervor, in thy giving of self unto me.... For I have given all my self unto thee, freely.....so freely give thee unto me, unto thee. I am here..

I will please you my Lord, thing not of pleasing man for the sake of lofting my ego. Oh you are good at singing, you are good at music, you are good at meditation. Nay, only ye know my goodness of song, of focus, for it is for you my Lord. A men, A men.....

W1 Oh human kind what have we done?

Blindly destroying our mother more and more, generation after generation. Rtaping and pillaging all that she has for the benefit of what? Webuy are told this through the delusion fo the ideas of man. , have transformed the way fo living with the one we are, to simply dwelling on this earth that we are. Using all the resources to feed the ideals of man. Gr3eed and money, ego and power, conformity and pride, possessions, oh I want to hide. Oh but I am just as you.

Having grown up in a system upon the already given system given us for life. Oh for the benefit of mankind, yet destroying the kind we are. We cannot be other than we are. We are the world and spirit given us, yet generation after generation we have forgotten what and who we are. We no longer question what we are, Economy, government, insurance, on and on it goes. Building, destroy, use and use as it seems separate from ourselves. Ah and mankind remains separate from themselves killing and abusing the body organism all the same. What can be expected then of the earth housing this body. This earth that is this body. We not live in a time of change. My people have created this need by their own actions. All is deemed ok and acceptable since the multitudes do it. On my heart is burdened for I too am a burden all the same. This has been foretold throughout time, and on th time is upon us now as it has traveled through the ages. Oh beloved come and show the darkness your light, may then as darkness cannot see light, but is then transformed to light may it be. Oh beloved, I know not but do through your grace. My heart swells my love. Delusion has swept throughout the lands. Human kind no longer understands, but stands over the body of them they stand. Covering themselves with roads, houses, buildings, parking lots and so on. The initial ideas creating uniformity were true and pure, but not the escalation has lost the truth and purity, only to be hidden by greed, lust, and a delusion of survival. In trying to survive in the ways set before them, we no longer see what is, but what6 has become on top of what is. We live in, on, around this body of earth while she lives in, on, and around us all the same. Yet as delusion has swept the nations, so then through the ages has delusion been the frosting overbearing the base cake that the frosting adheres to. Soon the cake will wither and cease to exist, or may it simply rid the frosting for the cake ito be truly understood once again.

Aum, peace. A men

Just as consumption, for I am a consumer as all. Made so readily available and convenient, consume and consume. Oh produce and produce. These ideals overshadow a mother that produces by the hand of God all that need be consumed. Oh but the needs have begot delusion, catering to these needs that are now mere ideals, but stronger to this human kind than truth. For in delusion we make our own truths. As I look at the beer beside me that I drink only because I too in delusion satisfy my lack of gods grace by consuming death of our mother.

W2 Where do we go, jai Guru.

Where do we go, oh where do we go.

I know oh i kno i yearn for a life of love and service for you my beloved.

In this i can live a life of yoga, purify myself, immerse in spirit and share the teachings and joy unto oths i know that I am bound to.

Yoga to unify with spirit and be true.

Then at my crossroads, the path of yoga oh where do I go?

For i know all yoga is one, same end result, but i am torn and confused as to which path to go.

Kundalini, kriya, hatha, bhakti, i love them all. I fear to go kundalini at this point, for I know an transformation must occur. Kriya seems so untouchable. Hatha is so mainstream. Amidst my confusion and uncertainty to commit to a path, i am also contemplating the need for worldly

schooling for a lucrative job to find my child's life. I have him to live for in this world and to guide, nourish, and love. Any worldly job or duties will be fully backed by my practice and love for god, for this is the only reason i or any are here. I can also go to school to study philosophy and all sorts of info and give my god helping understanding to the multitudes. And amidst all i fear for the money and needs to get by in this world. i, through schooling, would incur much debt. Money come and money go. Already am i bearing the burden of my past debt, desires, and actions. I feel as if I must tidy up the past in order to move forward with the future. Maybe going to school for yoga will only add upon this debt to this man created society and economy that I have gotten so ever consumed with. Oh, but no matter the choice and path, i must provide in this world to give my son all the opportunities possible. Oh where do I Go? Oh cosmic beloved I yearn for your guidance and inspiration that I may know how to serve you through this life. I know I love you and yearn to be with you. Have I led bonds of karma too deep for myself in this life? How then to unite? Oh lord, I am weak, uncertain, confused. Hat I know is you are truth and the only true end in you my lord. I have fallen into delusion for some time now, where I have become weak, confused, impatient, non confident, unfocused, hearing your voice but not nearly focused enough to follow. Oh beloved ay you forgive me these trespasses against you. May i ever listen and hear your guidance. May I practice and cleanse these ever dancing shadows upon my psyche and be with you, through you, and for you . that I can guide others to your light, to their truth. On confusion speaks unto me again of path and uncertainty. Of acceptance and right and wrong for my path. I fear my insanity lord as I cannot stay in one thought with conviction. May I teach your gospel in truth and show your light? Then and now. You have here my son! You know what you need to do. Practice. find me. come to me. act in this dream of mine as you are to do, as you are given and guided to do. Do not worry, for I am with you my son. Hath not I created you, and will I not take care of you? Oh my son floating in the delusion of thoughts upon thoughts from the thoughts of others upon my thoughts. Be you, and be true. Look to your heart for guidance and I am there for you. Ones will think what they may, but what weight have thoughts created from thoughts of delusion? Look not at the thoughts of man, but see the truth inside man. What man truly is. So be true, be you to be true. A men.

W4 Only through God

Only through God can you make true action
Truly act and truly be with he in your life
He is my life and me in his
Oh so many words circling and yearning to go deep
Oh infinite words I yearn to speak to reflect the feeling you give me lord.
No longer do I try to reflect your love, but now be your love.
A men, a men.
Lean on God
Trust
Humble yourself in the sight of the lord and he shall lift you up.
Dwell in God, Befriend your soul.

W5 Naught can be awry

Are you ok? What is the ok that ye are asked of? Oh wavering dualistic natures of the transitory life. Emotional fluctuations a changing the station of perception of this OK. oh this is the term for all right. All right correct, am I correct? What is to be correct? Content, at peace, at ease, not this pulling this way or that wya from the self of being, but here, now, free of wavering, fluctuation less, constant. Joy.....
And so to be all right, oh, is to have the balance of their souls contentment singing through your waking day. Ohhh, this is all right, for here naught can be awry!

W6 Never fulfilled eating scraps

“He who offers god a second place, offers him no place at all”

God, beyond dualistic qualities,
Everywhere, in all things,
All is he, unborn, undead, infinite,
giving light that we may have faculties of perception.
Can god, the light of your comprehension, be objectified into just that,
A subject of an object?
Can the formless be confined to one form?
Omnipresent, oh the lord who giveth all things to be,
can he be second to a spec of his own creation?
Ay, this is so, in the delusive perception of our misdirection,
But so, as god is the grace of our fulfillment,
Ye will never be full only eating crumbs of the Lord.

W8 weather man of self.

Weather, fluctuating and changing, reflecting and touching the weather of the inner self. The thoughts of God, of nature, of the atmosphere, predestined, fluctuating, just as the emotional wavering. Patterns of weather, just as patterns of thought. Habituation, the changing of the seasons, the cycles of life. The cycles of the seasons, the cycles of this dualistic nature. Inside to the outside, touching one another, but separate and confined in itself, for the emotional weathers of the inner world may be touched by the out, influenced, yet full unto the self. None can effect the inner weather of thyself. None but thy thought. Oh thought storms do trickle the emotional frenzy upon thee. But as ye dress for the storm to protect thyself, so can ye shield thyself from bad thoughts, the storm balloon of thyself. Ye sense the storm on the horizon,

take shelter, prepare thyself. Do not let thyself get caught unprepared. Why freeze, or burn, why be filled with discomfort of the mind, for the body will scream to the mind. Strengthen the mind to calm the storm of the body, for the soul will ever be still. Balance. Allow the natural fluctuations to roll. Acceptance, accept the things ye cannot change, accepting the change that are the things of true. As it fluctuates outside, as the flow variates and pulls at true, stay still, strong, consistent, and content. For the inside cannot be touched, for ye are the controller of thy own weather. So do not waver even as the rains and suns pull on thee. Be still as the whirlwind spins around thee. For here are ye free. ! A men.

W9 Astray a many this day

11/29/15

Hello you,
The me I speak to,
The one I speak through
Introspecting of the things perplexing me
Oh spoken from through the me i be,
Ever looking constant,
Through the clouded self I let me be
Pain and discomfort,
Continual habituation.
These patterns I have allowed myself to succumb to.
Patterns of smoking, drinking, sloth and laziness
Even patterns of mindstates allowing the relapsing of this way of being over and over.
TV and the couch, sleepless and depriving my being.
Working late and falling into coffee.
Glimpses of light shine throughout,
Oh yes, that which is my serenity.
Headchange, a shift of the habitual realms I have let me to dwell in.
Thoughty patterns of self loath, insecurity, I cant
I am so lonely, I'll just do this
Compromise, lazy, hazy. ,
Oh how I amaze me at what and who I let me be!
Fear of not being yogi
Oh ego I, the imbalance of thee is hurting thee
I always say oh just for a little while,
It won't be as bad.
But the time does continue
Night after night
day after day, week after week,
month after month
Year after year, and yet I stay the same,

Allowing the self to indulge once as time ago,
And now the habit forcing the continuance of that which is drawing me
Health is flying away
I live more selfishly every day
Darkness is upon me
And so I think of thy light , thy sight
Given me to see that I may be
Speaking to me as ye speak through me
Oh my child, this is not to be any longer
This mary ye smoke at night
has become a crutch for thy weak habituated mind
To fall upon any strength and will
Oh this beer, oh the same am I allowing in habituations to fall by the wayside.
Convictions falling by the wayside.
Allowing my self strength to dwindle away.
I need not this and that,
For I love all I need here.
Not there, not to take or buy, or desire or cry
Nay, I need this oh sight of mine.
Loving eternally here thy divine.
Through thee do I find strength, balance, conviction, knowing, and the showing.
Not to my eyes, but to thee contentment of being.
Compared to naught,
For ye I got.
For I am I
I listen to you, act by you, live for you
I have gone astray a many this day.
But unto me ye have spoken thy strength.
Ye will not have your child in pain any longer.
Oh beloved lord of my heart,
Balance of me will be the first start

W8 Why do I beseech Thee?

God Krishna Christ Gurus

Overcoming Temptation,
Teach me oh Lord to distinguish between thy soul happiness
And temporal pain fluctuations of mindless desires.
Oh Lord, I am so wrought in delusion, confusion, endless usin,
Of thy grace of life to continually bring burden unto myself.
Unto us, unto all in my life.
And so, in this deluded state I fear to let this be seen by others,

And so not only do I hurt myself,
But completely lock myself from the world.
Hide in my own darkness.
Continually Lord, why do I beseech thee?
Lord, why do I do this?

W2 Jai Guru

Oh rules and restrictions weigh on me mind
Follow this, follow that, such agitation for the mind.
In silence I have learned to heed to the voice of voices calling me.
More profound than any voice of this world,
Yet more subtle than the whisper of the wind.
Guru this, guru that, structure this, structure that,
Abide, coincide, ohhhh
Let these gifts of rules flow to the stillness of the great overseer who giveth sight,
Who giveth knowing,
who shines the clarity of conviction unto the waves of the incoming data to process
Ye are not blind, for ye can hear in the stillness of your being, the truth.
Your truth, your Guru,
I know not thy form oh Guru, nor thy name,
Oh yet here I know beyond all to be known thy voice unto me, Jai Guru.
I heed to thee in the stillness of my being.
A men

W4 My eternal nature

1/14/2016

Creation,
He whom is the silver lining of all the infinite forms of this creation of we, it uncreated.
Incomparable, unperceivable, for he is perception itself.
Not that of subject and object, for immersed in all is this grace giving creation to be.
But me, a created body with this eternal soul giving freely this life by the hand of God,
Having a mind influenced by all this dualistic nature.
Oh so consumed do I become.
Soul nature, Nature nature.
As I am this, creation, I am dualistic.
Oh but nothing exists with out the creator ever emanating with this creation.
So in me he doth be, qualities of thy soul, of light, this is the dance of creation,
Of light to emanate and awaken darkness.
And so be this, soul shine to show the divine of mine true nature.
My eternal nature.

You my Lord.
A men.

W5 Patterns of delusion

1/14/2016

Oh where are you?
In habitual wrongdoings ye have fallen.
In the comfort of these deep grooves embedded in thy mind ye linger.
No longer do ye even discern and give a try to change in the ways needed.
Its as if ye have given up.
Thought patterns of succumbing,
Of deceiving thyself. have become the norm
These habits have taken over thy life.
I fall and fall into them over and over,
Only validating the delusion.
Reaffirming over and over these patterns that I have fallen into.
Thoughts accepting as they continually create excuses unto themselves.
Self sympathy, pity, of all these wrongful habitual natures, tendencies I continually succumb to.
Do you want to be happy?
Oh how deem down do I yearn to be this innate light self of happiness.
Oh and at this question a grandeur welling of these habitual thoughts,
with all of their created associates come to battle.
To take advantage of my insecurities,
To feed on my low self esteem.
Yelling to me, oh just don't worry about it,
We'll do it later, you can begin another time this journey of santosha that ye yearn.
Oh and habits yell, ye know santosha in sloth,
In overindulgence, in neglect
Do these things make me feel good?
Nay, but I have know these deflections for so long,
That I have been accustomed to them.
They have become my norm.
As I have not change in my life to create a great earthquake
To shake these sticky icky holding patterns free.
Do ye need a monumental external change to shake up?
To free thyself from these holding patterns.
I have throughout my life looked for these as excuses,
To be the change I wish to see in bee.
Yet when I will continually wait for a change.
Is it not me that changes me?
Time, she does move day by day whether I embrace it or not.
Whether I decide to put forth the effort,

to lessen these tendencies that hold me down or not
Time is ever dancing.
This is creation, bound by time.
And so I am human, bound by rhyme of thee thought processes
that either live or create cluttered messes in this place and space of me.
And here in this process of introspection,
I can see the thoughts of misdirection. Ego, I see thou
I see all my faults and dwell in the vaults of self sympathy and pity.
Oh why pity thee,
When ye are only to pity me?
Ye are the creator of these tendencies.
Ye fall easy excuse to allow the onslaught of bad habits to dwell in your actions.
Oh I am tired, I work so long
I don't have strength, just fall back into the grave ye are used to.
Why meditate, why kirtan, why yoga?
Why work out?
Why not just smoke weed, drink beer, turn on the tv, do nothing.
Here ye will meet no resistance.
It's easy. Fall to me yet again.
Oh hush satan, darkness thriving from the light of me.
Oh but it is thee, satan in you that is the darkness
allowing and awakening me day after day, night after night.
Your call to God Guru has grown dim,
As ye have called to me over and over.
I will take the light given by
God to turn to pain, to make it easy.
You don't have to do anything.
Why clean, shy shower, why get up from the couch?
Oh how many question hags I do plague unto myself.
Am I just not answering these questions?
Or am I just answering them with excuses?
Of validations for my lack of prostrations?
Unto the needs and deeds of me.
Life is hard. Oh poor me. Oh just give up!
Just give up.
And then what?
What is this give up?
For I constantly fall to this, yet the balance of this being of me will sleep.
Will find alignment of soul to awake refreshed and revived.
A new start every day.
Ye may have lost the battle yesterday and fortified in the night,
But now is new!
Awake, ye are here.
The sun is shining. This is a new day.

I have given thee a new balance.
Move forward my child.
The dark succumbing thoughts have been put to rest,
For my child, thou didst come into my bosom this night.
Out of the delusive myriad of in contentment,
Of grinding and gnashing teeth,
ye have quieted thyself in slumber and freed thyself from this sense body consciousness.
Unto me doth thou come where darkness can't not follow.
Here my child ye are free, Just as ye ever be.
Recharge. I give you anew to this working hour.
Your body weighs heavy, yet nightly I gibe ye hopes and prayers in thy free will cling to me.
I will shine my sword in the battles ye are to fight.
I am here if ye only whilst step forth onto the battle field.
For each night with ye in my bosom I give ye all the strength,
to step forth into the combat ye have set before you.
Mind not whence ye come or where ye go,
Mind me, mind this light and guidance of peace.
Ye will have uneasiness, abrasion, gnashing of teeth,
But in light darkness exists not.
Ye are then grinding to the light all the darkened spirits,
Ye have allowed to take shape.
Rest in peace.
Whilst these life forms of habitual thought energy,
that control me when I'm weak and steer me when blind,
Awaken in my light.
Open those eyes my child!
I am here with thee.
I am thy peace, thy contentment, thy kindness
Thy compassion, thy patience.
I am here, come to me!
By the light in thy will, hold tight.
Use the might of thy insight.
Oh my son, ye are my delight.
Amen!

W6 Divine Law

"It is necessary to observe the divine laws in order to attain God consciousness"

The consciousness of God,
Inherent in all things,
But behind the dualistic perception of things
Behind the fluctuations of the mind,

And inherent in all of the mind,
For God is the weave of light by which the mind is.
So mind the path God hath given thee.
Thy Guru beget to you speaks ever so softly in the stillness of thyself to guide you
These divine laws are stated to thee.
To forget them is to forget God,
To sin thy greatest sin.
For by turning a blind eye to the Grace God hat given thee,
Is to turn a blind eye to He,
Who sustains thee.
He who is the doing of that by which ye be.
He who is the fullness ever felt.
Ye are given this life, these teachings, this guidance.
To put that aside and shoes misery,
Brings tears throughout the heavens.
Be strong in the strength that matters
In the path of divine law set before thee.
These laws are written upon all of creation,
Defined by Spirit.
The laws of Yoga.
Of union with thy creator.
Oh creator given this power to erect by He,
Who hath created thee.
How then can ye not obey the one who giveth thee to be?
Who is the creation thee dance upon,
Creating by the Lord of the grace of the creation Himself.
How can ye forget that which ye know?
H OW can ye hurt yourself like this?
Oh habituation of patterns and grooves set by thee
time and time again to be repeated time and time again.
Those that break the Law,
Break thee, hurt thee, take thee to misery.
Thyself, ye are infused with these divine Laws.
The laws of nature,
For god's creation is infused with this law.
Ye are given awareness and understanding of thy needs to abide.
Ego screams for it wants to do by it's own.
But oh ego, how and by what are you here?
God is thy life!
Ye are naught but by God!
Be with me ego, these are the rules to adhere.
To live dear and free.
This is what you desire ego self?
Is this not?

To be free to be, to create and see?
So surrender thyself by the strength of thy given Will,
And adhere to the gift of the path set before thee.
By this path of divine law will thee find you way home.
For on this path ye have been granted a guide to help you along the way.
Why choose the hardships of getting lost over and over in misdirection?
I walk thy path of divine law in Kriya Yoga,
With my eternal guides of my Guru set before me
To come unto thy Kingdom.
A men my Lord.
A men.

W9 stillness doth come

Hello once again,
My ever caring friend.
With me ever to console the uneasy,
Chitter chatter
of my pitter patter
Oh thee stillness doth come,
And so flows peace,
And in this solitude of self, here
The mucky waters still, clear
Letting light in, letting light out
Thought not of do or don't,
For ye are doing.

Flower.

W15 Ego, Dego, We go

Hello old depression,
The feeling of me to be lesser and less than,
A comparison to the idea of contentment of where I've been,
And now no longer am I
Encircled by the factors of my lacking,
Not to have, to have too much,
Not in the having at all,
But the downward spiral of my imbalance
Habitually mentally falling into self pity
Into the states of feeling shitty
Ego crumbling into a black hole a pulling

No ,onger puffing up the silly self,
But pulling down and down
De ego of me to go no more
Me sitting and swimming in far from shores un sure
Change in the needs, yet habit holding from freed,
This is where I be,
This is who is me
Inside I continually hide,
Wakening and sleeping again this reset,
Repetitive sedative of life ambition.
Of life fruition, for I feed the addiction,
Of my stagnant self of depression,
Of which I give no confession,
But just allow the messin,
To stay atop me,
Hiding my ability to see,
Hindering the being of me. ,
But I am here, downtrodden, awaiting the altar of change.
So much no longer serves me of this life.
Now deterring, creating strife.
I wade in the much I've fucked up
Clean and shurn, as your heart doth yearn
Burn the yearn and put to ashes
all that needs to be come to passes.

W16 Devil of Delusion

Mental weakness,
Wrought by imbalance,
A fall into the destructive habits that have a hold of me
Allowing thyself to succumb unto temporal desires
The small fires of sin that lure me,
That are searing and slowly burning me.
Ever there taunting and yearning me,
With whispers and wants,
Preying on my weakness.
Deluding me, persuading me,
"Oh I will make this feeling change of state, quick
Beer, cigarette, bad food, masturbation, orgasm,
So luring and seductive preying on my weakness"
Oh you are tired?
So then it's ok to fall into my arms.

Seemingly easy, always there, awaiting my fall,
Acting in the mental chatter to be a comforter,
But once fallen, those arms aren't to thee to hold any longer
Maybe but for a short time does the head change come,
The pleasure tingle, but then I fall, on the ground once again.
Thought pattern circling my shamed self,
Who allowed the falling again.
I am fallen.
Oh to say this is the lure, for then the trickery of the voices,

“Since you're fallen, what then matters?
Succumb to these pleasures!
Be depressed, be sad, no need to rise above,
You can't do this, that, so just be stagnant!
When the mind yells, drink beer,
When too drunk, smoke, when hungry eat processed easy food
Oh its so hard! So just succumb.
What have ye to live for?
Ye have no friends.
Ye aren't happy with the vessel ye have trod around in.
Judge yourself,
You will never find god, why try.
Don't sing,
Don't meditate, I will comfort you. “

Oh ye devils of the my mind. I will not play blind to you any longer.
Ye may have hold of the noose of my habitual wrong action,
But nay, ye will not guide my way!!!

How to set you right?

This is the change I need to bring.
The change my habitual self fears.
Gnashing at teeth,
As if prodded by years.
Oh it is thyself oh Devil of thyself,
Deceiving me from being me
From acting in the light that is right,
From moving forward, moving toward
Still, content, simple, confiding in humility
Letting thyself ego me oh so I be go.

Divert-
Feed time of habit wrong action with good action.

Replace, replace, and continually do so to erase.

W17 Here I am and there I go

To change, to rearrange,
Breaking the mould of these habits that no longer serve thee
The trickery of me unto me
Allowing myself to succumb to the lours of thyself
Take the habit, grab it
With love and thanks,
For she has been with thee for times past,
But now the time is past!
And so I am here, in the clear,
Looking into the mirror, seeing clear,
The transparency of the self,
Who am I?
What I do that is for me to do
What benefits the being of me?
Being me.
Creating anew from the intuitive depths of knowing.
For I know by thy Grace and so,
Here I am and there I go.
A men.

W17 what is the change you need?

12/13/2017

Hello me,
It's been quite a while since you've talked.
Yourself speaks in mind only to ficklely forget the strength or vocation of conviction that is bought
to thyself.
Ye have let yourself live in these compromised ways . .
Unto me. Caving in on myself for the things of my own creating.
These of depression, self doubt, justification for succumbing to weakness.
Falling into the conformity of ease, of the habitable lure that has been woven over thine eyes.
Idle, lazy, weak, sad, victim,
How is you have fallen so deep in the trap?
I trick myself constantly back into the net that I've woven so well,
For time has blinded me!
She has danced for so long,

Engraining these ways unto my being
In need of change. In need of change.
What is the change you need?
Mind justifies this thought of no change for my life along,
Blurring days over and over into one,
Seeming if naught is happening,
Yet she is passing me by.
I am not keeping up with her.
I am falling behind.
Unkept, awareness is falling by the way.
Day after day do I succumb to this weak habitual self.
Continually justifying my lack of conviction to rise up; and live back.
I'm tired, it's ok to drink, to not do anything,
To binge, to not care, to not meditate.
I got frustrated and had to discipline my son, so I fall and succumb.
Just this time, just this time,
and each time the lures of temptation become easier to follow.
This is becoming my path ,,
Well trodden by time and continual habituation.
The dualistic ways of my dismay.
Aside from the way.
What direction? To give an erection!
To follow lust into my latter disgust. Of thyself.
Why is this I must?
Seek god in the actions ye know to act.
Have ye not been given this pack?
Yet ye continually interact with that which gives distract.
Even looking through the eyes of distraction,
Bring misguided from true, persuaded away from you,
Oh my strength without the thought of strong.
For with we do I belong.
Om A men Peace!

W19 Knowing Not going

Oh thou subjective mind of their perception in time.
Knowing God and I are one,
Yet still filled with all the ego mind chatter that keeps me from truly seeing thee.
Oh Lord, in this life I have forgotten how to see.
I know thee, I feel thee, yet I continue to let delusion consume me.
I don't live fore thee my Lord who giveth me to be.
By thee am I, but he to contemplate on thee,

Only by thee do I have these thoughts of Yee.
By which comes the thought of Thee by Thee.
Oh , yet perceiving thee so separate.
Not knowing but by thee filter of me of thee.
And oh my lord, I cannot know you in this mind of knowing.
In all the perceptions of thy givings to me to be known.
For I am by thee,
Thee are all to be known.
Thou art all, and so can I know thee in dualistic nature,
When three are not of duality?
Spirit and nature dancing together.
I am spirit, I am nature.
I am thine, I am thee.
I am this delusive ego of me who has forgotten how to see.
And so.....how can one see that which gives sight?
Be who is behind the seeing.
Being, experience is the knowing.
Intuition is the showing.
Can one know through duality that which has no other?

W21 Make the mind right

When the mind is not right,
Ignite the light of insight
Let her truth burn bright,
Set to light all the fears
Insecurities, and bad tendencies that lurk in the shadows,
Oh soul, ye can not be trampled upon any longer,
By these delusion.
Get the mind right
Let the mind be bright.
Shining her light on all the dark thoughts,
Not making her right.
This is my insight.
Make thy mind right.

W22 Con-Formity

5/21/2018

Fitting in, conforming to be similar, to be a part of. Societal norm taking hold to do all that which ye are told. Compromising values, dwindling self, numbin the strength of the virtue. Be you, knowing in thy depth of heart thy true, thy strength. Alcohol, parties, social networking, tw

watching, doing that which others do——oh how this has consumed yuo. Pulling ye from the strength of conviction, from my place of balance. My place of strength, confidence, the true light of ego. Of self working for and through self. Connected, free. Maybe glum to the ups and downs fo the dualistic waves of pleasure and pain, but ever content, true, still in the mind, full in the heart, self doubt cannot shout for ye are aligned. The desire to belong oh yes, of little friends I long, bot oh I belong in the true be to be, wher the light of longing is filled with God and my aligning of self. I belong, I fit in, I conform to the will of You in my veins runs through. Oh beloved Me,
I love you.

W23 good and bad

Good:

Reading
Writing
Creating
Music
Exercise
Climbing
Biking
Servicing
Yoga
Meditation
Cooking
Working
Loving

Bad:

Social media,
Drinking
Smoking
Slothing
Lusting
Masturbating
Incontenting
Self loathing
Overeating
Doubting
Fearing

Succumbing
Idleness
Anger

W24 Bear the burden of change

Could this be a physical addiction calling out inside me?
A stop of caffeine, coffee, nicotine, and alcohol all at once. I know not!
Physical addiction, but dependency. Oh how dependent upon these substances have I become. And a 4 days without and I can feel a ripping inside me. A physical disharmony. And a soft mind wavering unto these for a simple ease. But oh I know that if I go the ease will please the moment with a backlash, killing the progression of moments to come. Mental smack, as the strength of will and mind stuff is gone if I give in. And a strength of will and mind stuff is gone if I give in. and a feeling of fear and doubt linger in the chest of what may happen. For I have been weak for so long. I am a wreck on the verge of tears, in attempt to change my self plague of years. Ye look out and see a many else utilizing these things. But remember, ye do not see their inward selves!
Content?
Who knows, judge not.
For you are you and ye only know thyself.
Listen to you.
Bear the burden of change with garage. Give to God.
Feel that which is to be felt.
Know this is all the process of being you.
Thankyou Lord.
A men. Om!

Chapter 12, Jesus Christ

- The stronghold you give O law '03
- Prism me free '04
- Jesus, beliefs, and perception
- Commandments of Christ
- Commandments of Life
- Mind's trouble on Christ
- Accepting Christ and repenting for sin
- Christ '11
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- W17 Testify of Jesus! '24
- Testify of Jesus
- Amen, Cosmic Christ!

The stronghold you give O law

For the law was given by Moses, but Truth and grace were given by Jesus Christ.

Oh Law, so strict to abide by, the stronghold you give, O law. The separation ye have brought me O law, so stern and unforgiving. So strong and hard. Where is your softness?

I doubt not your justice in Truth of good, but is not bad a part also of that which we are?

Oh Jesus, the living truth, the light of man, the grace of God.

Holder of Truth, giver of grace, shower of the way.

So strong ye be, yet so soft ye are to see.

Stern yes is thou, but soft and forgiving comes the greatness of your brow.

I praise the God in Thee, in the Law, of the Truth, of the blessed love of light. I praise you Jesus, O Lord, Oh holder, giver, and servant of God, for thy steps, for thy sthira Sukkham, for the blessings you show of the true grace unto all. The law confines my mind at times, but you give me thy spirit and all is known in truth, in the purity of you, in the Love of God.

Oh Father, be it thou thee so strict? For the truths tell thy justice ye reap, yet thy love gives the truth within I meet. Through thy words ye bring me fear, Through thy heart ye lift me there.

Oh Lord, Oh God, Oh Father, I in ye and ye in me, why doth thy mind have to be?

So distant and difficult, then with thy gift so calm and peaceful. I want to love thee.

I yearn for thee, for in me doth thee be, I in thee do I be.

I guide your light and love through devotion, this is to be true unto your willing waves in the ocean.

Why then do I still have doubts, for there is no separation.

Ye are ye, ye are he, ye are the light and love and blessings from within who are up above.

In thy Lord in thy God I am. Giving of thee must I be, but through the only true hold, thy spirit I inherit, through you do I give, for without you I am none but a fib.

You are the truth I know, and the grace I am to bestow. Ye are the Guide, the light I will never more hide.

I love you all in all for all with all to all.

Ye be me for I in you am to be this that through.

In Jesus name I pray, thankyou Lord O God O holy Spirit. Thankyou the One Love. A men.

Prism free me

Oh Jesus, your body and your action is a direct oneness of God

You show a reflection of a clear window as a one sided mirror.

Pure and whole.

We are persons of many sides given the same light to shine,

But reflecting and cutting it into all direction and colors.
Each time it gets divided or reflected, the potency falls away and the purity.
The truth and will are not wholly one but many spread out.
Can we just lose all the sides that we create?
And stop dividing your light, your will.
Shining off into all colors and shadows you give the light for me to be.
Oh can't I just be prism free.

Jesus, beliefs, and perception

Thinking through with my beliefs, as if there is a reason to justify them, but I do believe in Jesus. Why wouldn't there be a man, who grew and in life was untouched by any corruption or misguided thought, and felt his life drive. His manifestation of the mind allowed for his drive and motivation of his actions. Why, as so many oddities and rarities or miracles have occurred over time, is the fact that Jesus, or the writing of Jesus, being conceived by a virgin so hard to consider? That is just how life went by and acted. That was just a small part of creativeness's actions. Then with that, every other God, to every other religion, with a truth in writing to back it up, is or was just another person that, through life and affecting of life, was made or made himself into that person with those thoughts and that much access to personal power. Then all of the impossibilities of all other religions like multiple gods or just miracles that are too unique or impossible to the mind were a reality to the people who speak of it and write of it. And of that person, or persons, or even possible non-peoples, gaining such a following that was also in such a perceived reality. As we as people have our own personal world, or life in each of us that we have access to, we or some or all develop realities based on our upbringing and belief system. At that time of life, or back when those people lived, that was the world of the select people, written and passed down from that world to be worshiped. But at the time, and the time beforehand, the events neither happened or were happening, so no worship was happening, for there wasn't anything to worship, but as time passed and generations evolved, it became worshiped. Or even to start the worshipping, the perceiver of the events and the people knowing the Jesus or God made their lives out of those events and went through life that way. And through thoughts derived from that or all the previous corresponding events, they were shaped to have or made their own life that way. We are an active part in the creative force, for we do exactly what we want with our lives. Our conscience is made, for all energy has consciousness. We know who and what and where and why. But the knowing I speak of now of course is part of life, but through that knowing in that person through life was derived, he learned and was taught to only use that much of life. For he, with his head, made to work a certain way because of his personal world, only knew to use or how to use that part of him. Thinking that is only him and that it was physically all him, only in his consciousness, in his head. He thought that physically the brain itself, feeding off itself, was his only way of knowing and his only attribute. The brain does act physically with life, it is there in the physical world. Then how can dreams be perceived? What do you use to justify the dream, or thoughts, or memories, which in one mindstate are reality, running completely non judgemental, but created from his world, and in another a past once lived reality. Then only reason justifying it's truth is with the reference from other people also interacting and remembering and knowing of it. But

without that, what is that to another, quite possibly a lie. Or maybe it was a memory forgotten or changed a bit to come into belief as that. Then it is only imagination, but can't you imagine anything? Is there any rule or restriction to imagination? Your imagination is the usage of life. As with creativity, is there any restriction to creativity, is there any judgment from pure creativity? Nata, Ha, trying to say no as opposed to yes, just flow and maintain balance and for now sleep!

Jesus Union

Yoga shines light onto the sin that darkens the mind, Fills the body, and brings forth righteous action. Jesus is the light. People who live righteously for their bodies, for earth, for God, are all wonderful people. I respect God in them, the love and truth they are shining forth. I know that this is Jesus giving himself to them. My mind is corrupt, fearing for their lives. But through their love of God they shall know Jesus, yet I continue to feel the need to show all Jesus. He will make himself shown, he will show you when the time is right, for even Jesus said believe in God by me. He is proof of God and his mercy, so then he who sees not God and his great mercy, cannot see Jesus. I seek greatness, God is all greatness, yet I am impure to God, for he is in me. God is Jesus. God died in flesh to show the life is to be lived unto them, unto love. Jesus said to live as by one commandment, to love thy brethren. Ah yes, oh complex mind. Ye think to show Jesus by wrath and through the complexities you too even hold. This will only cause torment unto them. For righteousness is felt. I feel this but many are so far away, but to give them the love of Jesus is to show them Jesus. For Jesus, my greatest love, ye are the greatest path unto God. for this is what I seek, for this is what you are. OH mind, so complex and hungry, ye can't be fed, but to know that God is Jesus, God is the savior in Jesus. Jesus did what he did, for he was pure unto the will of God's great love, for Jesus ye are so great, to give life for the true life of afterward. For oh and for and for. I love you. I pray that my mind can ease to be as you please. Praise Jesus, for this is the greatest praise of God. God can be found in all, this is truth and love and light, thankyou oh so wonderful God. If infirmities western't in the mind to cast a shadow on this light, we would be illuminated, we would be God. Jesus saves us from this, God saves us from this. I have no roots, for with roots I would be solid in the word and true to heart, but my mind quivers and wavers from shadow to light. Oh ye know how I love thee. This is striving that causes me the torment, for ye shall have it as ye will. Will ye have me be for me, for I cannot be you, but to you I light the me! Show love, this is simple, give love, you are here for everyone else, not for yourself. You are here to give love and help everyone else find the love in themselves. This ego that ye have been taught to lose, this is that which holds you ever from giving. Ye seek to be a true servant to Jesus, love all and this is service. Speak true only to that which is the truth in ye to speak, speak true to the grace that is blessed in you. Yoga, yes this is wonderful, for it gives light and comfort, so thy can act true. This is not all, this is not the strictness of life, for loving all is the strictness of life. Charity, giving, helping, showing yourself and others the oneness, for there is only one way to be one, and that is to be one with All. For to thyself this is good, only if this gives to your loving of others. This is all there is. You are a people and they are just as you. You have light, give it to them. This is faith, this is Jesus. This is the greatness of love you seek, the giving and opening of thy heart unto all. Your mind hath infirmity, yes, much sin and darkness. Do not act upon this simply, this is your quietness, but your heart still loves, this is Jesus, love all. Act to

all to show love. You are an example only by loving all, hellos, goodbys, looks in tye eyes, giving and caring, charity. Your mind is cool on yes, but this only makes thee a fool. Causing darkness and dulling your world. Give and love. Act.
Act in Jesus, In God, give this to All.

Commandments of Christ

If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love: even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love. These things have I spoken unto you that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.

Why are ye so fearful? How is it ye have no faith

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me

We look not at the things which are seen but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal: but the things which are not seen are eternal.

Love thine enemies; do good to them which hate you; bless them that curse you; and pray for them which despitefully use you. And unto him that smiteth thee on one cheek offer also the other. And to him that taketh away thy cloak, forbid him not to take thy coat also.

He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much.

Owe no man anything but love one another.

But by love serve one another.

For there is no respect of persons with God.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

Let all your things be done with charity.

Warn them that are unruly; comfort the feebleminded; support the weak; be patient toward all men.

See that none render evil for evil unto any man, but ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves, and to all men.

And whatsoever ye do, unto the Lord and not unto men:

And the servant of the Lord must not strive; but to be gentle unto all men; apt to teach; patient, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves:

In all things showing thyself a pattern of good works: in doctrine showing uncorruptedness, gravity, sincerity, and sound speech that cannot be condemned: That he that is of the contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of you.

But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient of the day is the evil thereof.

Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations, knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience. But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.

Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and he shall lift you up.

The anointing which ye have received of him abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you: but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and is truth, and is no lie, and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in him.

Ye have an unction with the Holy One, and ye know all things.

In your patience possess ye your souls.

By the grace of God I am what I am: and his grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain: but I labored more abundantly than they all: yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me.

Choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, then to enjoy pleasures of sin for a season.

For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.

He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still. And behold, I come quickly and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be.

Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. Blessed are they which hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with longsuffering, forbearing one another in love; endeavoring to keep unto the Spirit in the bond of peace. Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all in the glory of God.

I can of mine own self do nothing.

And herein do I exercise myself, to have a conscience always void of offense toward God.

A men.

You are no separate from anyone,
everyone is one under God, and in God.

you take part in their sin, you are companions through tribulation,
thus help cleanse their sin, show them the body of salvation under and through God, open their hearts to the truth that is within.

Jesus died to save you from your sins, to clear your mind of the impurities it holds from you life's past actions, and temptations, for he knows the power of the devil,
so give him pure faith and he will give you pure grace of perfection, as you ever so seek. a men.

Live in the trust of love, where there is no need for thought, for thought only darkens the light of love.

Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift.

Neither shall they say lo here, or lo there, for behold, the kingdom of God is within you

Commandments of Life

The true words are given,
Eternally living.

From the one creating all from the beginning to the endin,
With the now of the one omniscient rhythm.

Words of the one truth beyond the searching mind

The one truth that we cannot seem to find,
The one that is we, yet we still be blind,
The one truth hidden behind the thoughts mind.

The truth of eternity,
Of we being a servant to thee,
The being a servant of wee,
The being the true servant of me.
Being the word of thee, the word of me.
The word of the one now,
eternity.

-----If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love: even as I have kept my
Father's commandments, and abide in his love.

Commandments of the way of the one love, the love of our Father,
The one love of all the giving of life, of the existing of you, the purity of the greatness of your
being, the eternal consciousness, love, our Fathers love,
The love Jesus shows one to. Keep your commandments of what you are and be the love of
what you are.

-----These things have I spoken unto you that my joy might remain in you, and that your
joy might be full.

The joy of joys, the joy of life given from lifes joy,
Giving of the giver of giving.
Love of life of being, the joy that is the life of being you are seeing.

-----Why are ye so fearful? How is it ye have no faith Let not your heart be troubled: ye
believe in God, believe also in me.

Believing and seeing, understanding of life demanding,
Where is the faith of the understanding's giving,
You are given all that is needed to be given
And yet still fear to have of the giving of livin..
Ease the self, and give you to the self that gives you,
Believe ye in the being of me, for I am the believing of thee.

-----We look not at the things which are seen but at the things which are not seen: for the
things which are seen are temporal: but the things which are not seen are eternal.

Once seen and light went and sight no more.
Live and death of bodies ceaselessly ending,
And yet one pervading omniscience of all that we be,
This is he, the one of he is what you be,
Yet in this body of seeing,

We cannot see the seeing, we can only see the seen,
We cannot see the seer, we only see the reflection of temporarys mirror.

-----Love thine enemies; do good to them which hate you; bless them that curse you; and pray for them which despitefully use you. And unto him that smiteth thee on one cheek offer also the other. And to him that taketh away thy cloak, forbid him not to take thy coat also.

To hold is to be held, to let go is to be free, love is freedom ever so light,
Flying eternally bright in her flight of presence weaving the oneness of God's creation.. Give love and be light, shine bright, as God's sight, let not a man become a shadow from you to God's might. Let your endless destiny of pure joy of eternity be the strength over the emotions ruling the action of joy.

-----He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much.

If you can see in everything the grace of God, and if you know of God's grace,
The power of eternity existing in the eternal moment of the presence of life, in the presence of this very moment of your life, of all pieces that make up life.
The presence of the being of you of all that you be,
then one may know that faith is this presence, this being, this string of life that is beyond the thoughts of doubt. All will of faith of the now of being.

-----Owe no man anything but love one another. But by love serve one another. For there is no respect of persons with God.

Love, the oneness of all, how can one man owe one man something when love is the being of the man, the being of the men, the anointing of the separate perceptions, one sight, one being, working for itself.....

Love, God my love, Love my God, where is the ego of respect in the oneness of your love, one greater than another and one worse, good or bad, it is still another, separate, a magnet creating a shield of thought fending love, respect deceiving of the love that is the oneness of the being of the one of you both.

-----Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

Twofold manner of life, must we play the game of this external trife.
When we are the puruty of the good that is to overcome, and the bad is none but dillusion hiding us from our true selves. Good and bad are you, you know what to do, you are the doing of what that you are to know., you are the knowing of the doing of what, you are even the what of the doing of knowing,
Life is truth, and truth is good, as good is life, and evil is none but dillusion fighting to steal the truth from your action for its own existence of truths light.

-----Let all your things be done with charity.

Freely give, as your doing is you giving.....holding in giving as holding in doing is keeping yourself away from being yourself. You can do, do fully or do halfily, in the thinking of how to do, of how to be doing of the being of yourself,

But how can one do a certain way the doing of what they are doing when the doing of them is the being of them, is the being of them, their life, their joy before the thought of what makes them happy, their eternity...

Do freely as you are given to do, for this is the giving of you.

-----Warn them that are unruly; comfort the feebleminded; support the weak; be patient toward all men.

Give the truth of knowing to those that are showing of a mind of delusion,
A mind holding them from themselves For with this ye are giving them that same self ,
as you know your mind to have been feeble, this is the understanding of the feebleness of you to another, compassion through understanding is the key to patience to all. Through the ease of freedom do you interact with the you big and tall, all that make the you of the great all.

----- See that none render evil for evil unto any man, but ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves, and to all men.

Act and act free, or controlled action of emotion will come back to control thee.
But first be free and nice to the you of me, and no longer will evil hold the you to be. Free the karma of evil's following, free yourself and the karma of action will no longer be attached. As one treats himself is as one treats other selves of him.

-----And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord and not unto men:

To do and do with naught that you are doing it for, but the doing to do and then to just do some more. This is deaths net, that you are helplessly met, but do with all of the doing, doing it for the doing of the doing of you, the doing that is action, now happening eternally bright.

The action of the being in action becomes the being of action, being God's light,
The delight of presence's deepest insight.

-----And the servant of the Lord must not strive; but to be gentle unto all men; apt to teach; patient; in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves:

Strive and strive, and ego mind you cannot hide, holding me in delusion of me bettering me to another that is alive. But be and be the one that striving strives from that it will eventually only return to strive for, the one that is all the individual ones of the one that you are. Interact and be the interaction,
Let the life of you, the presence of the interaction, be the words given as you and the other eternally run the course of the same action.

-----In all things showing thyself a pattern of good works: in doctrine showing uncorruptedness, gravity, sincerity, and sound speech that cannot be condemned: That he that is of the contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of you.

Can truth be proven untrue....what is truth but a reflection of all that is that does be you. So then if truth is told, who then can scold, if the truth told is the word of life to unfold of everyone untold. And as you be, if you are the action of this one truth of God, what then are you but the being of the truth of another.

The word from where their words come to light, how can that word of all get into a fight? It is all that is, can a self fight a self if it has no separation of self or naught, when all is self.

-----But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.

Look to truth, find the great you of truth, the you of God, the you of all that is in your perception of being and multiply times eternity. And think ye not to be given all that this life needs, when it is given by the great you that you do be?

Eternally loving, seek the love loving you that is life, and be the love that you are that is living. What then cannot be got when you are the given.

-----Sufficient of the day is the evil thereof.

Take therefore no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself.

All that happens happens now, a thought of then is happening now, is there not enough in a day to happen, good or bad, when all that happens is all but now, that thoughts might be away from the one moment of now. Give all thought to now, and align with the now of being, being beyond evil or good of past or present, being the being of the one of both in the way karmas ties give your happenings to be.

-----Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations, knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience. But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.

Life is a trying of you, to let you find yourself, sorting through the evil which is all but deluding you from you. You are set to this trying of karmas grasp on your way to dying.....live it with love and be the tryer of the trying.. The truth of the faith of the greatness of you beyond the thoughts of you, the faith of faith herself, life supporting life herself. , Be filled with all that you be in purity, being purely the being that is purity, in life filled with all of life, and what more could you need.

-----Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and he shall lift you up.

Are you great, how can you be when he gives you the being of ye, what is greatness when all is but he, your thoughts come from him and go to him, they are but parts of him as you are but a part of him given control to think from his thought of you that you be. You are great if you are to he, to the one reality. he is the great one that is the being of you , the one men cannot see, so humble to sight do you be and full of light do you be.

-----The anointing which ye have received of him abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you: but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and is truth, and is no lie, and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in him.

Let the truth within you shine out and be the giving of the truth within.
The truth of the knowing of itself and teaching to itself
Word oh words ever so complex, taught or naught, through words truth can never be met.
But only through the light of you can you truly know true. So what is teaching but a hindrance of the being of you,

Ye have an unction with the Holy One, and ye know all things.

You are given all that is to give. Find the depth of the self of you,
He will be met through the you that you be, ye being with the seeing and knowing of all that is to see or know. The One Holy One of you.

In your patience possess ye your souls.

Easing and freezing minds ever ceasing running distraught self,
Time stops as self turns in to itself the out of itself, seeing from the being of the light of the self. Gods beam unto your being of self, the soul eternally being, I's joy never ceasing.

By the grace of God I am what I am: and his grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain: but I laboured more abundantly than they all:
yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me.

Work unto the knowing of truth to become the being of the truth that is given to be known, work for the grace of God and Gods grace will work for you...
The work you do is the grace of God working through the you that is working, for the you that is the light of God's Grace. In this labour is the abundance of her rewards in the act of labour.

Choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, then to enjoy pleasures of sin for a season.

The way of the bodies days and her sense perceptions dismay, comes sin's temporary ease through the please of pleasing. Needed and soon gone, ever coming and going leaving the desire is sin's song. Humble with the humbleness of the ones of his humbleness, and suffer the joy of suffering in truth's humble oneness.

For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.

A man speaking without believing in his heart speaks the doubt of sin in to the mind.....

A man not speaking the truth of a believing heart speaks lies.

The man is the heart and the mind giving to the mirror of the mouth reflecting out.

Let the man be the true pure heart and mind of life's faith and belief of man, that his mouth speaks the words of truth's salvation of the truth of man.

He that is unjust, let him be unjust still:

and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still:

and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still.

Let them be and then you can be, be the letting and they can see, in your being is grace of God of the letting of their being free. All of the ways of being are lifes one role for each one of the One we be, let them be and they will see through lifes givnigs to he.

And behold, I come quickly and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be.

As life passes and death nears, the soul is either attached or eternally ready and clear, action of eternity is the cleansing of the soul, souls coming of your death is the coming of he that you be, and the reward of your perceived separate entity either free with he, or stuck or held by lifes yield of thee.

Act to be free from the death of life, and the reward of he is as your work shall be.

Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are thee which hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

All that ye seek to feel in this lifes endless wheel, of truth and grace of what is that which is the one of real, shall be given as the given is risen in the rising of the self filling all the feeling that could eternally be felt.

Therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with longsuffering, forbearing one another in love; endeavouring to keep unto the Spirit in the bond of peace.

Ye are given this life to live as this life guides and gives you to live,

Be the being of you that you are meant to be, loving the being of you that you be, then seeing the same being in all that you are seeing as they be, knowin that they are none but the ones of the being of God in the way that they be.

Be ye with the ease of being through the heights and depths of beings ways,

Bringing with ye all who does be the one of he, into the one of the spirit of the bond of peace.

Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all in the glory of God.

You be you do, you are the being that does do, you are God's light shining in you to do, how else but to do in the Glory of the light that is the doing of you. That the you the doing may be the doer doing of God's grace that is the doing of you.

I can of mine own self do nothing.

What can I do but if not given from God. I live by God, as he gives all that is to live, all happens to do in life by God giving the happenings of life. How can I be a me to do anything if what I be is but a ray of God's light. A thought in God's mind. All that I do is but a reflection of the me refracting the beams of God given to me to be the me that is alive.

And herein do I exercise myself, to have a conscience always void of offence toward God.

A mind never to fight with itself is a mind one with itself, a mind of one with joy and peace, and mind of ease of being you in this path of your life that you are here to be, offence to God in the self conscience is sin's shadow holding you away from acting in the light of God that is you being the action of the one of eternity that is you, one with all, being the being of you of his Great Being.

Eternally seeing conscience free through the eyes of a conscious being being me.

A men.

Mind's trouble on Christ

Book 9 2012/2014

Oh dearly Beloved my mind does fight. But I grant not the uncontrolled waves of my mind's shadows to overcome the certainty of the all knowing Spirit in I. Oh Beloved, such difficulty is had in the minds of many concerning the understanding of You. Oh but twofold manner of life, true understanding and truth cometh from within where all is known in truth, by the light of God, bringing to light all the shadows of uncertainty. And this doubts and difficulty of the mind unto your light is but the shadows and habits fighting for their survival, to remain in uncertainty, ever searching and searching, when yet all is here. Oh ruler of my heart where art thou known, where light shines on all dualistic natures of the mind to show the one mind seated upon the heart. Oh Lord, I see the way to know you is in truth, in the heart. Oh Beloved, with fear ye speak to the minds of the many distant from their hearts. To bring them unto You. To repent and break through the ego dualistic mind and into the heart of knowing. On and so many deny fear as their proud ego, and thou such give utmost resistance. Oh Beloved the conflict. May it all be simply the nature of this world of perception. For the understandings of the ones who have not been graced to see through the eye of their heart into the mind to see the truth of all that is, but only know of

that which they are shown. Day and night, here and there, past and future. Oh Lord ever consumed are they with then and the coming that they are not aware of this, now, You, eternity. For my mind cannot grasp this. Ah so, for the mind cannot grasp that which giveth the mind to see. The mind cannot perceive the perceiver. The perception. Oh Beloved, the truth to the minds of darkness cannot be understood. For push and pull does the mind do, does the ego do. Only through the heart of Love, one with all.....Oh searching for words, but full of light, love, truth, unity, Sat Nam, Hons Saw, but to the mind and to this nature of which we are put to cut through, Ye must labor, act, teach, show, give the knowing to those of the showing of accepting truth. For a many in darkness are not there. Hath you not guided them to the place yet Lord? Is it not their time to come unto You? I know only that which you give me to know. Faith, so beautiful you are. Telling me with the light of peace, contentment. Ye have been given the gift of Yoga, to open and guide. Oh me mind is fickle, but my heart and soul are set upon the rocks of truth. Of Christ. For what flesh sinneth not? Compassion and infinite heart of Love, consuming all who give to the consumption of your love, of God's Love, of the Love. In the name of God, shall that not be your name. One of God, is he not one of You. Ah, let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, bBelieve also in me. May my heart open unto my mind and shine out to all your children.

A Men.....

Accepting Christ and repenting for sin
5/27/11

Open thy heart oh spirit subject to the carnal ways. Gie thyself to the one that gives you. Oh the hardships of this ego fo the body unto the light of the soul. Hindering and hiding thyself from teh peace, love, unity with the great life we are. Teh devils lure, a blinding and hiding the heart. Darkening the light a shining unto the truth of we. Oh Jesus, beloved one of God. A living open heart of the light of you, open to consume all the delusion and sin of the world. And open to shine your light into the hearts of man, consuming all delusion cleansing the devils delusion from our minds. Oh man, speak ye you r sins. Give eh yourself. Ye are naught but by God. Acc3ept and be in the love of God. There is none greater. There is none else. Ye are sinners in the carnal ways of the devil. Oh compassion and eternal heart of love, in the form of a man to show and to be the light of god unto you. Sacrificing all that man is unto man, for God is all that there may be. Your heart will I shine my divine light unto your mind of sin if ye give yourself to me. Give yourself unto God. Remiss your sins and let them burn up in the all consuming divine light of love. Cast them back to the devil in love and forgiveness loving and forgiving. Following in the footsteps of Christ. Loving God in all, unconditionally with your heart open to the diving love within. Oh Christ my God, my beloved savior of carnal darkness rest in my heart to shine your light unto all the darkness about me. Thaty your light may shine through my hands. That I may be an instrument of your love. Oh beloved, I am darkened inside and a By my darkness. Am pained by every thought away from this truth of you. Oh Lord, I give myself to thee and give myself to thee. That my feet may be guided by you and my

words may be your light unto the light of all who may hear. Oh beloved, I bless thee with your blessings in me. Oh beloved, may my mind be lit by your dominion of my heart, that in this dark age I may cut through all the delusion of darkness in all minds of your light in their hearts. That your children may come to you again! A men.

Christ
5/15/11

Oh dearly beloved my mind does fight. But I grant not the uncontrolled waves of my mind's shadows to overcome the certainty of the all knowing Spirit in I. Oh beloved, such difficulty is had in the minds of many concerning the understanding of you. Oh but twofold mammon of life, true understanding and Truth cometh from within where all is known in Truth, by the light of God, bringing to light all the shadows of uncertainty. And these doubts and difficulties of the mind unto your light is but the shadows and habits fighting for their survival, to remain in uncertainty, ever searching and searching, when yet all is here. Oh ruler of my heart, where art thou known, where light shines on all dualistic natures of the mind to show the one mind seated upon the heart. Oh Lord, I see the way to know you is in Truth, in the heart. Oh beloved, with fear ye speak to the minds of the many distant from their hearts. To bring them unto you, to repent and break through the ego dualistic mind and into the heart of knowing. Oh and so a many deny fear as their proud ego, and thou such give utmost resistance. Oh beloved, the conflict. May it all be simply the nature of the world of perception. For the understandings of the ones who have not been graced to see through the eye of their heart into the mind to see the Truth of all that is, but only known of that which they are shown. Day and night, here and there, past and future. Oh Lord ever consumed as they with them and the coming that they are not aware of this now, You, eternity. For my mind cannot grasp this. Ah, so, for the mind cannot grasp that which giveth the mind to see. The mind cannot perceive the perceiver. The perception. Oh beloved, the truth to the minds of darkness cannot be understood. For push and pull does the mind do, does the ego do. Only through the heart of love, One with all..... Oh searching for words, but full of light, love, truth, unity, Sat Nam, Hang Saw—but to the mind and to the nature of which we are part to cut through, Ye must labor, act, teach,, show, give the knowing to those of the showing of accepting truth. For a many in darkness are not there. Hath you not guided them to the place yet Lord? Is it not their time to come unto you? I know only that which you give me to know. Fairly, so beautiful you are. Filling me with the light of peace, contentment. Ye have been given the gift of Yoga, to pen and guide. Oh my mind is fickle, but my heart and soul are firm unto the rock of truth. Of Christ. For what flesh sinneth not? Compassion and infinite heart of love, consuming all who give to the consumption of your love, of God's love, of the Love. In the name of God, shall that not be your name. One of God is he not one of you. Ah, let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me. May my heart open unto my mind and shine out to all your children.

W3 As Holy as can be

1/10/2016

You are as Holy as you ever can be.

The christian stating, whole heartedly do I feel this as my true nature, the essence of being. God, showing his mercy and compassion for his children, gave Jesus Christ that we may accept him as God's Grace. As the purity to wash our sins, as we are all subject to this dualistic nature that is separation, is sin. What of karma, good action, true action does this not make one feel and know God deeper, make the actions and discretion more aligned with God. with thy true innate nature, unhindered and wavered by ego. By the waves of duality. For light comprehended not darkness, nor darkness comprehended light. Can then thy dualistic nature perceive God, and be more or less holy? For it's not the darkness in thee that may perceive God. and so as the light of thy soul emanates and shines, filling the void of the darkness, the dualistic aspects of creation wash away in thy perception. Thou then see clear through the soul. No longer peering through the stained glass of perception thy dualistic nature clouds by. By thy heart wilt thou know christ, unbound compassion, to feel God, the light of thy soul. And so by the mind, may it be alit thy the hearts to act in this creation, as the creator vested within may have us to be. Through our hands, by my movements, by thy grace will I do what I do. If one is to give holiness a weight, then this is being subject to duality. God cannot be compared, nor the soul as this is all one in the giving that all separation is perceived by. So by saying ye are as holy as you will ever be, tis spoken unto the soul nature. Where god eternally communities with himself in thyself. But ego, mind, be influenced by the christ in thee, to align thy intentions and actions with the purity of the light that is thee.

A Men

W56 The Will of betrayal of Judas

Predestined or free will? In the case of Judas and Christ,

Ye say judas had free will to change the actions and the course at any moment.

Albeit true freeing himself from the delusion to act in God's grace, or even christ, one attuned with the all mighty will could intervene and assist as guru does.

When it is right to do!

So, the actions of judas were forecasted by christ long before the happenings.

The life and circumstances of christ being crucified as forecasted long before the birth of jesus the christ. Judas actions were set in parchment long before he was a babe. He was destined as a tool of the path of christ, the message unto the world, to commit these actions. Oh guruji, ye state he had free will, hye had the ability to change at any moment, but was there not a much greater will at play? That even if he had summoned the strength of christ, shed the delusion of duality and time, acted in the eternal presence of God's will, eh would have humbled himself to act in the same manner. For the actions of his are much greater than He. for did not his soul, spirit, union with christ not knoweth this? All is known, when, no when, no3, for he asnt in tune, was deluded and tempted to carry out the ultimate treason unto his Lord. father, forgive them for they know not what they do! For it is not a question of free will or predestined, for He, in this incarnation, was to carry out that destiny regardless of his realization of the truth of what actions he was taking. For free in will, the realization of the divine plan would be known to judas. The sacrifice of himself, as Christ, in the action of betrayal unto his great self, would be

given as ordained by life herself! Karma, his karmic ties of his soul's dance through lifetimes to put Judas in this moment in time.

Ordained to betray his greatest Love, Is but God's Will. this is the will of Christ himself. For there is No respect of persons with God. Oh Judas, shed the mortal coils and see the cosmic drama unfold!

Aum Christ! Aum Shanti Shanti Shanti Aum! .

W5 Free Will Judas?

"It is clearly seen in this drama of events that Man is the architect of this own destiny, he is free to act as he pleases, for good or ill. -----Judas?"

"Jesus, by holding with steadfast faith to the unequalled power of God's love during his suffering and death on the cross, transformed the perfidious betrayal of Judas into the occasion of his greatest victory....A supreme demonstration of godliness for the inspiration of humanity"

Yogananda, Second coming of Christ.

Man is the architect of his own destiny!

Free will, yet within the confines of his position in life.

Oh will, can ye overcome the greatest karmic position?

Subject to unknown past events imposed upon the soul.

Never given the opportunity or insight to act to free themselves.

Oh lord, man, unable to see their selves,

To contact the totality of the hows, whys, or even the ability to question such,

Based on their life's position, predestined by their past selves.

Are they truly the architect of their own lives?

With infinite factors imposed upon them.

Tis true, I know not the comprehension of another in their own life position.

I know not how ye reach out to give the power of this man.

I know not.

All I know is the makeup of me.

I know not. I am perplexed as a many in my perception,

In my comprehension, do not have the ability, opportunity, the perceptions,

Awareness, teaching, to influence their will for good.

To be the architect of their own life.

Or, yogiji, meaning amidst and within the confines of their life they are birthed into.

how, oh Lord, can ye say Judas had the chance, the free will, the ability to move and change his path of evil?

It is just humanity, who after events, give them meaning? Yet ye knew this to be, to happen.

Is this change, this wiping of bad karma, of free will, not subject to time of past and future where, we as humans in this world, give meaning?

Ye spoke of his destiny in a time prior. Ye knew of the future events to behold. Is it not for me to comprehend? For in my worldly comprehension, subject to this dualistic world, I cannot comprehend. This troubles even my soul. What this not destined to happen for the sake of thee, oh Christ? How can one say Judas had a choice?

Oh Lord, I cannot comprehend such.

Predestined, free will, happening for a reason.

Oh human comprehension, all of these are yet looking back at events that have happened.

Without the alignment of soul, free from time, peering with infinity into infinity, we humans, cannot see the future. This ye can do !

Past present future, all one, separation non existent, the way of the cosmic Christ, soul consciousness. The events only perceived as karma in this human drama.

Oh Lord, I yearn to see, yet am looking through these human eyes. I am trying to understand why, but I comprehend in a perception of relativity, I try to know why but even why is a question of relativity. Why yes, sy no, why is a reason, a justification, this I look for, yet truth is beyond why, and so I , the asker, cannot comprehend. For this isn't meant for human comprehension....

Oh Lord, I try, mind and heart running in circles, but now know it is not to be know. Tis simply to be experienced to truly know, not in small me, but eternally. Oh my Christ, the conflict is great within me, in th..... Help me to know Yogiji, Christ, Consciousness, for my humanity is blinding me, and so the soul yearns and inside burns. !

"Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels? But how then will the scriptures be fulfilled, that thus it must be"

-Jesus also called Judas "friend" to accord him equal as a child of God, to remind him as such he had full power of free choice, as did Jesus, to do as he pleased for good or ill.

Hmmmmmm?

Transcribing notes 2024: Free will within the trajectory of the karmic placement of space place circumstances, and so free will within thy will giving the free will.

W17 Testify of Jesus!

Believe in Jesus. Testify of Jesus!

Jesus is the Love of God ,

To guide home unto the Love of God!

To believe in Jesus,

Is to live by Jesus.

Be not troubled by the name of differentiation,

For this is of the world,.

For this name is that of God's love named,

Subject to the world of differentiation (variation).

Love!

This is to know Jesus!

Not in thought, or name,

But in life, in you, in truth,

Living the teaching of christ, of Jesus.

To testify of Jesus is to love as God gives Jesus,

Jesus gives himself,

For all selves of He!

For one who never heard the name Jesus,

Yet liveth in love, knows Jesus!

Jesus, Jeshua, names of differentiation,

Human forms of the form,

O christ embodied all forms,

Is in all form,

The formless love giving form to be seen.

To testify of Jesus is to live as Jesus taught.

Love others as thyself.

Love hath no other,

Does not distinguish, nor judge.

Offering freely in humility!

This is to know Christ Jesus,

This is to testify of Christ Jesus.

To love is to Christ Jesus,

To love is to be in christ Jesus.

To be in God's Love,

For my God's Love are you!

Aum Peace Amen

Christ was manifest to bring God's children home,

The path is Love, so testify of He,

Jesus Christ, God's Love manifest

Subjecting itself to the world of duality!

Testify of Jesus!

Anyone who testifies that Jesus is the Representative of God abides with him, and he with God.

To testify means to Witness, to know, serve as evidence or proof.

So to know Christ, to know Divine Mother, to know the Love of God, is to shine the proof of

Christ, To testify of Jesus.

Oh how hard this is for the gnashing of the devils claws in the verbosities and monstrosities of ego of religion. Of the ego of misperception. Of the Worldly praising God on the lips yet serving the luring temptation and self separation of the Devil.

Oh beloved Christ, Jesus, how difficult the thought construct that has been upheaved by the world in your stead. Yet nay, never in your stead, for ye are ever here! Thou art God's love present in all things. Thy being of humanity Jesus is the physical manifestation, walking, talking, teaching, feeling emanation of Love herself. Divine Mother here for her children herself! Oh beloved Representative of God in God for God, for the children of God, the Love of God by God's Love, oh beloved!

Can the mind and dualistic thought processes and patterns know ye? Nay, for thine sanctuary is the heart. One can know thee with their heart!

With the qualities of Love, compassion, empathy, kindness, sharing, caring, Truth, Love, can one know Thee. And one who know's thee, knows God, For thou art God's Love, Loving Me, Loving He, Living in he, living in me, and we in thee.

Oh you see mind, you cannot define! YE cannot find which gives ye the lamp to search and lights the lamp of searching. Ye can only experience Love by Loving. Ye cannot think Love to know love? Well ----aliging thought unto Love brings about the feeling, the knowing, the Jnana of Love. Hmmm.

But dissection, separation, compartmentalizing for the thought processes of the mind, putting it into a box of this lifes space, place, time, circumstances of comprehension, this is where the devil lurks, for Love cannot be separated, broken, torn apart.

Love is whole, ever full, ONE and no other, not part, pieces, divided, nay, Love is Love.

So then to try to understand Love in the Many fascets of the mind, ye are then dividing the non dividable.

Love saith:

He who isn't with me, is against me!

If ye don't follow one of my teachings, ye don't follow any of my teachings!

For Love is the being of thee, thy life. If ye aren't being fully, then what are you? This cannot BE.....no pun intended.

Just as this, and so illusion, delusion, confusion ensues.

For love is ease, as love is you, your nature. My Nature, My Mother Nature, in the flesh, this is Jesus Christ, whom I knew not in the flesh, but in my heart, soul, Knowing, Feeling, I know more than mine own Self. For mine own self is full of shadows of not knowing, whereas the light of Life herself, Jesus living in me and I in He/ She/ Thee, is Knowing itself, where there is no unknown. This knowing is Bliss. SAT Chitta Ananda.

Oh human, given the drop of divinity in the form of self consciousness, of perceived differentiation to all of nature, align with nature as you are nature as Christ was manifest to align thee unto the life of thee, the forgiveness of transgressions, for a child of God ye are and as God, there is no other, Transgression is other, Be forgiven by Be the Given. Give and

ye are Given! Ego self created from the space, place, time, circumstances, environments are but given, karmic ties interwoven, give this, let this go, free thyself from all that is holding thyself from what thyself is! Free thy mind of holding to be held in mind!

Jai Guru, Jai Guru, Thankyou Lord for my Lord oh Thanks!

And so, then to truly testify is to Live in Jesus, to Live in Love, Love to live in you. Testifying unto another's mind is subjecting objectifying the ING of Life herself, Jesus, to the gnashing mind of delusion, confusion, misusin, Where knowledge is thought, but not known. For where there is light, there is no darkness. Jesus, Christ, Representative of God, Divine Mother, Nature, Satya Herself, has no other, for the other is not existing. To shine light is to live light, speak light, be light.

In doctrine showing uncorruptedness, gravity, sincerity, and sound speech that cannot be condemned.

And so Testify of Christ by living in by and for, through with wholly, shining the light of satya. Not to fulfill desires of the world, but to shine light unto the darkness of the desires of the world. Let thy hearts tears pour. Surrender, sacrifice, not in a deluded ideology, but illuminated, humiliated for the sake of humanity, Not the manatee, the Hum Om, the God in Manity! Om!

Testify of Jesus

W8 Amen, Cosmic Christ!

For after 3 days,
In perfections bosom
In Cosmic Consciousness,
Free of all separation,
Was then Jesus, the Christ,
Free from the lures of separation,
Imperfection, and perfected in all things.....
Thankyou My Lord....
My mind cannot grasp that which gives her to be,
My comprehension cannot comprehend itself,
My sight cannot see what gives sight to see,
And so I still, freezing consciousness from separation,
To be that which I yearn to comprehend,
That which I am!

Chapter 13 '19-'23

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- Be the change you want to see!
- My will with thine
- A date with Joy
- wanting rather than accepting
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- Let No other get in the way of your calling
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- Be your example!
- Oh Lord, thou has found me
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- How can I forget Thee?
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- Let Go, Be you!
- You Will in the NOW
- Aum Kriya Aum
- A babe with aspirations of a God
- I am not there. I am here.
- Will you fight with ME?
- Heart hurts!
- Thought
- burden of myself unto myself
- Oh the cycles Book 14 '23

W2 Rise up

11/24/21

Today I have made a choice to rise up from this wallowing of sympathy I have submitted myself to. Gina, what a wonderful girl she was, is no longer.

I will not use her absence as a scapegoat for my self loathing any longer.

I choose to live rather than die today. To live!

For me, my life, my contentment, to live in a place of grace, this is a place of devotion, of stillness, of living for the one who gives me to live. For me to remain and grow contentment, I must live for contentment herself. She will be my girl! She needs the fuel for right mind, positive thought, reinforcement, and stillness. She lives deep in my heart and soul, untouched in the superficial external hustle and bustle. Thought must remain centered and life must be balanced. Oh contentment, you are illuminated by conscious decisions and actions for thee. This is for me! Thai is for the spreading of thy light over the plight of this life I live. I live- for to mourn and waste away in the ways of slothism, excess and gluttony, and stagnant is to die daily. With this I spread death. I do not serve you oh contentment in these actions. Life is not easy. Life is not stagnant. Life is ever new joy and bliss. If only I consciously make the decision to live for this. Through self reflection, meditation, reading, pranayama, exercise, and balance will this contentment arise within me. Through the grace of god, this living and breathing force giving me to be, do I find you oh contentment. So I then live for you, oh grace of God, to live in this contentment. There are many hurdles that haunt me in this task, depression, laziness, wrong habits, etc.....but by right action and choosing consciously to feel, to immerse myself, and not run and hide will I find you.

Thankyou for calling to me. I am answering your call. Drastic change isn't the answer.

Through subtle conscious awareness and decisions will the strength come and assist me with the force necessary to live for you. To live for me. To live this life rather than die in this living.

Thankyou beloved who is welling up inside my being to be! I am for thee, for thee are for me!

A men

W3 Be the change you want to see!

12/6/2019

Change,

She doesn't all come at once,

But with that wave of motivation,

All changes are made.

I cling to that wave in fear it will pass me by,
Leaving me wet to dry on the rocks of my habitual self,
That I yearn to change from.
But oh so much change,
I need to do this, that, instead of this, that,
Trying to undo that which has been succumbed to,
Lived through, over and over, these things that have become the norm of me.
The laziness, the slothfulness, the easedness.
Tv and doing nothing, how did I become so contented on things like this.
Drink beer, it's something to do, head change.
This I know I cannot continue.
Back to tv. I have removed it even from the living room.
Yes, I have many better things to do.
Reading, writing, singing, meditating, art, creation, productivity.
Oh and mind screams , oh just a little bit.
So deeply engrained in me is the fear of letting back in just a little bit.
And then all strength, conviction, fall to the wayside
And the change was for naught.
Back to the old ways I yearned to climb out of
Cold turkey, I don't know the other way,
For I have tried to no avail.
Cold turkey I have done.
But is this now the same as the general relations of the past?
I am what I am now!
Thinking of how I've been,
Grown in practice and spirituality, then fallen once again
Can I compare?
Am I the same person?
Engrained in me are very essences of these transgressions.
I've made the mistake before, I will make again.
Fear of my own weakness.
Awareness of my own weakness.
Not deluding myself of some hidden strength I have.
My mind is fickle and weak.
I have not entertained or even used my will power for a long time.
My intuitive voice is quiet from shouting at my deaf ears
Filled with all the delusive garbage I have been feeding myself.
To hide myself from myself.
Far away from me true strong you have I been.
Now here climbing, clinging,
Looking for strength.
In doubts rising,
Devils enticing, habits constance lurking in the shadows,
"Oh you will fall anyway

Don't you feel how hard this is?

Just come and do the easy thing.

Who cares.

You are no good anyway.

Wow, these indwelling thoughts that have controlled me.

You are not happy.

Be sad, drink beer, watch mindless tv.

You don't have to think of anything , fuck it, it'll feel good.

Get drunk , smoke, beat off, yee, yee. "

Wow, the churning and yearning of this shadow trying to hide this light.

One feeling of difficulty procures doubt and awakens the cloud oh so loud

But oh change, I clingy to you.

This light of my will.

This truth of me that I have nearly forgotten to be.

I will keep you lit until you shine bright again.

I have a purpose.

Father my son in love, compassion, direction, empathy.

To do so I need to be me strong.

Does this mean cold turkey, drop all that doesn't serve me?

For now I know Not.

I know this light is the light of joy, truth, contentment, peace.

This is the guiding light I need bright.

Shine for my path to shine unto my son's path.

To awaken the light in him.

I give you light my son.

I give you light oh self I am.

Thankyou for shining light onto this.

These words are a path of intuition,

Clarity, self comprehension, self awareness.

Tahnkyou Lord,

Amen, Amen

W5 My will with thine

Karma, cause and effect

We initiate and control the cause

Thy will be done

May I create with my will thy will,

Align, to cause the desirable effects you desire Lord.

May they be immediate, known, or ever unknown

If I align my will, my actions,

May I cause for you.

The causes that result in soul unfoldment and diving union.

May I cause, will ,
That my will aligns with Thine

W1 A date with Joy

Enjoy says the mother prior going to meditation.
Oh how true is this statement.
For in joy am I with the stillness of heart,
And mind imbued in the all encompassing subtlety of eternity.
Here, now, immersed in being,
The feeling of joy by the grace of God letting it be known.
I am here, you are here.
I go to be in joy,
For this is the purpose by which I am.
Tonight, I have a date with my cosmic beloved,
In form and formless,
I know thee as Joy, Bliss, Contentment
Stillness, Thanks, A men, Om
Oh Mother, thankyou
Oh Cosmic Beloved,
Divine Guru to guide me to All the me I seek to be,
The me of thee, thankyou!
I will enjoy!
For a Friday night date with meditation in the temple of silence,
Of the temple I am so blessed to attend,
For I have a date with Joy,
Jai Guru.

W2 wanting rather than accepting

7/7/23

How was your day? I awake with a lovely practice of seated asana,
Ujjai intake with cooling open mouth outlet.
This breath feels wonderful with the body movements and opening.
In preparation for Kirya.
I did one Kriya round, with depth,
Feeling, and good concentration.
Slight meditation to follow,
But all together an amazing start to the day.
On to coffee and working on bike stripping,
Which took all day.
I definitely overdid my capacity and balance for time and effort.
Stripper only worked so much,

So I had to use wire brush and drill
It turned into quite a project!
And as I do,
Tunelvision, I could not stop until I had gotten it done,
Despite my body, heart, and taking time for anything else.
I also, while charging batteries,
Swapped the fronts for the drift car to the wagon
To verify the vibration is the wheels.
Sure enough is.
Being so beat from all the nonstop work in the heat
With a slight break for avocado toast and watching DMEC finsland with Naoki not qualifying,
I didn't swap the wheels back .
Excited for a date with the soul on this friday night,
The only sort of date I foresee myself in my state at the moment,
I was excited to enjoy and immerse myself in God's grace.
I suppose I expected to go deep, due to my last meditation of mental stillness
And feeling the subtle everything filled with God.
Be it my lack of focus due to my fatigue,
Or the beautiful girl I saw while walking in that sat in my mind,
Albeit an amazing experience with great song,
I wasn't very focused.
I even had demons in the mind belittling me to god,
Whilst in meditation in God's bosom
Oh how delusional the habitual separation of this little pity self.
I am not worthy, good enough, right for God.
This is the feeling of mind I left with.
Frustrating in the self,
But laughing all the same.
For the prana and life force are abundant.
Wild how the darkness came out whilst seeking light.
Maybe this is the issue. seeking. rather than simply being.
Wanting rather than accepting.
And so it is, sleep,
With offroading and playing in the morning.
Wow, to journal of this day makes for a tired hand.

W4 Oh Lord, I am weak this day

Oh world, habits, and desires,
Ye pull on me so this day.
The feeling of the loins I attribute to sexual desire is afire.
It has been a week since Gina came to me and we pleased each other.
Knowing my past habitual self,

I let not my mind and actions fully go to relative myself.
But oh the feeling is growing and growing.
The simple sight of curves, round, voluptuous, gives me this inner arousal.
Without letting this feeling come to fruition,
Wavering my actions to lust and self pleasure.
Longing for the pleasure, caress, release of a woman.
The soft skin, the warmth of the flesh and blood,
The tingles of togetherness.
Oh how my mind is lured and tempted.
But not a superficial lusty feeling,
But more a deep rooted sacral overflowing of sexual energy.
Wherein my habitual past self of wrong action continually indulged
And catered to this feeling.
Calling upon an easy prey to seduce and fulfill these lusty desires,
An even image depiction with self pleasure and release.
But as the past doth linger, and hold her trigger finger,
The strength me, infused with the practice, sheltered by my Guru,
Imbued with the light of Grace,
Hath upheld me.
Mind, knowing it's own weakness,
Fearful of the backlash of succumbing to this feeling,
This desire, this fire.
Oh weakling, why do you fear yourself?
This is the past of you, what ye once were.
Here, now, you have the choice.
Thy soul's strength, illuminating Joy, Be unto the path.
Fight not thyself.
Accepting of where you are.
I am here,
I have succumbed and chosen to drink wine to escape the falling of self into this feeling.
Oh Lord,
I am weak this day.
The welling of this feeling all consuming wavered my conviction and will power.
I am no where near overcoming this sexual drive of this body.
Oh how magical and majestic it is
as I dive in stillness into the spine and altar of thy divine presence.
Stilling and allowing, pratyahara
Freeing myself from the sense lures that drive my concentration and focus.
The more I continue on thy path,
The more tangible and vibrant are thee becoming in my consciousness.
Oh Lord, in my carnal weakness. Nay, in this overwhelming urge,
That wells up in my sacral region,
I lost conviction and austerity, not lost,
but wavered and reached out to the sexual partners to entertain.

To allow this overflowing cup of sexual energy to flow out and to them.
Oh Lord, in this time of mental struggle,
You come to me!
Oh illuminating and re assuring me with thy pranic rising
from my spinal centers out through my crown.
Dancing bubbles of luminescence felt permeating my consciousness, my being.
A calling and affirmation, a direct reassurance that I am on the right path.
That this practice and road traveled is not dry,
But is welling and welling, stilling and sensitizing,
Expanding this consciousness to be able to accept
Thine spiritual blissful gifts of Grace.
Oh Lord, Oh Lord,
Thankyou in my thanks of thee.
Thankyou for thy strength of the ever so subtle voice of confirmation welling in my soul.
Thankyou for thy guidance my Lord,
That I WILL find you as I peer into the closed eyes of darkness
at thine omnipresence illuminating all space and time.
Stilling myself into thine hand,
Melting perception into thine grace,
I am thine!
I am thine.
And now, practicality, what do I do with the cup overflowing with sexual energy?
My pelvic bowl is swirling with thy glimmering radiant creative universe.
I cannot contain this my Lord!
Help it to rise up the ladder of the whirling galaxies in my spine,
Illuminating and filling these cups,
Where it goeth is all you, all me,
Centers of thy illumination,
Oh Lord that the pelvic bowl doth pour out unto my soul
And free itself from this ever so present sexual feeling
Oh Lord,
I feel for all beings on thy path refraining from this feeling
Creativity alive and dancing within
it s this why a many great teachers have fallen?
Succumbing to this, deceiving their own mind and path with this overwhelming feeling?
Oh , I look this fear of mine directly in the face.
I cannot overcome you,
But can only utilize and be with you.
For you are not separate from me,
I cannot shun nor blame you,
Nore can I shame myself for this cosmic creative bowl whirling predominantly in me,
For this is me, it is you,
Lord help me on what to do!
For the thought of sexual release and habitual nature giveth me fear

Fear not my son!
You are you, One with me,
We are this being that is you.
Create and let it flow,
For this cup whirling inside doesn't only overfloweth by sex
Find the ways.
It isn't to be put to bay, or to be hidden,
Nay, it is you, and too great to do so.
Accept, drink from this cup
Open thine eyes,
Thine 7 eyes and truly see all of your being.
My being.
A men, Amen, Amen.

W6 Practice the consciousness of God

Eyes upturned at the Christ Consciousness center, Unmoving!
Steadfast, throughout all Kriya!
Mind and feeling fully into the current,
Spiritual illumination, traveling in the spine!
Eyes stay fixed in Kutashta Chaitanya...
Perplexing this is,
yet merge the outside two eyes to the one inside eye who giveth sight
For Kriya is the scientific way for transforming material-body consciousness
Into spiritual cosmic consciousness.
For, by this practice,
Ye will consciously become conscious in their consciousness
Of consciousness of God
Merge the out and the in,
See the reality,
See the Spirit in all creation.

W7 free thyself in Me

"All, all I am. Wherefore do you pursue me in vain? I was always with you, and in you, in your pursuing, and in all the places you pursued me! Thinketh you found me not, that I evolve you? I am Here, I am There, in you with you, Without You, I am everywhere. For you are Mine! And I am yours. I ever and always was and will be. Eye seek with mine seekingQ
Ye yearn my yearning
Ye desire me, oh how I desire theeQ.
Come my child, cast the veil of delusion,

Of untuned consciousness, by opening thine eye.

Thine heart.

I give you to be, that ye be for me!

For I am for you.

Let your being, thy will, thy zeal be mine!

For it is all up to you to be for me.

I give thee sight, that ye see me. I give you all sensory perception to know that I am to perceive,

Still thyself in actions inaction that ye are only an action in me,

In this cosmic dream of mine,

That you may shine in me and I in you.

Dissolve your being in me

For by me are you being

Be you and be for you, for the being of you,

This is Me.

Shining in you that you are being.

I am Here!

Be Here and I will be seen, felt, heard, for I am that what Is,

I am yours and you are mine,

Free thyself in me,

Free thyself in me,

That you may truly be in Me!

W8 comprehending comprehension

“The greatest of all sins is to forget God, you own eternal Being. To forget him is to punish yourself with the supreme sin of ignorance. The cause of all physical, mental, and spiritual miseries”

Venus blood-deoxygenated blood which travels from the peripheral blood vessels, through the venous system into the right atrium of the heart. Deoxygenated blood is the pumped by the right ventricle to the lungs via the pulmonary artery which is divided into two branches, left and right to the left and right lungs respectively. Blood is oxygenated in the lungs and returns to the left atrium through the pulmonary being.

We breathe in oxygen and out carbon dioxide! The oxygen burns or oxidizes the waste impurities, chiefly carbon, in the venous blood. The more oxygenated the blood, free of impurities, the less the heart has to work, the less we need to breathe, thus stilling the flow and the external attachment! Broken down tissue in the blood as waste material.

2024 whilst transcribing:

The body is then no longer animate, inanimation resumes of the self perceiving, perceiving from and with, to and through, by and for the animation of the body, but now inanimate, yet still perceiving. Formlessly perceiving in perception itself. No self to look at for all is self being

looked at, being felt, being being, seeing seeing. In fluctuation non fluctuating, for perceiving is perception. This doesn't waver, only the objectivity of perception itself.

The perceiver of perceiving, perceiving perception is perceiving, the perceiver of perceiving is perceiving always, but without perception of perceiving the perceiver perceives perceiver which is perception. And so the trinity is One.

How do you think? Objectively. All thought relative unto itself. A created perception to be perceived oh perceiver. So then how to think no thinking?

Stilling the manifestations of thought into itself, the awareness of what would be thoughts all brought to one locality of awareness, nothing to be aware of but awareness itself, nothing then is everything, for we cannot, in comprehension, comprehend without relativity, then when comprehending comprehension, what is it that which does the comprehending of comprehension? This is comprehension, comprehending comprehension. The noun, the verb, and the noun are all in the same. ONE knowing itself is the knowing of itself, the knowing, the knower, and the known are all the self that does know. What isn't thought, known, through the means we state as comprehension is not subject to comprehensions means. And so then if ye are comprehending comprehension itself, are you not all of comprehension comprehended that was, is, and ever will be?

So think not in objectivity, subjectivity, relativity, but think the thought itself and what cannot be thought?

what is my role in the life drama?

"It is necessary that every man fulfill his destined role in the drama of life, carrying His share of earthly duties and responsibilities"

What is my destined role in this drama of life? for my obligation is my son, destined to raise him to the best of my ability. I am destined to stay true to the vocation where which I am intuitively called louder and more real than any thing thing in this creation. My soul calls and yearns for it's rightful place, rightful action, for truth is its home, as one with one who giveth this soul to be. I am destined to awaken myself to shine the eternal light of all light into the hearts of humanity. As I am getting old, I have fulfilled many desires. Professional skater, to the best of my expression, true love of another human, great friendships, racing cars on racetracks, fulfilling passions, desires, yet now those are diminishing in my sight of Sight. No longer do the fluctuations keep me still. I have lived unto the calling oh so deep in my soul and have wavered, lost sight in the distractions of the waves of maya, delusion no longer, sat chit ananda.

W10 Till the garden of Mind

Weeds, these habits of the past. Springing forth their overwhelming contaminating self. To pull and to pluck without setting forth a soft moistened soul, Soil for them to no longer stay spread in their depth, without this, the tippity top fo the sprouts are removed for a brief time, yet the root is greater than even the sprout that is seen on the surface. To superficially pluck what

is seen is temporal, only for the root awaiting and lurking in the depth of consciousness to begin to sprout again. With the practice of kriya may the ground of my consciousness become soft and open, no longer clinging to the depth, so that when I come to pluck this root with care, surely, focus, concentration, will I separate it from the root, that it can no longer spring forth any longer! Even the small sprouts, seemingly unaffected the lawn of the mind can have the thickest and toughest root of all holding deeper than one may know. With the preparation of a deep watering and softening of the earth, consciousness, the weed latches and clings to, then can it be uprooted forever. Even the smallest of weeds need the right tool to grab hold with the prepared soft soil to be pulled never to sprout again. Even the smallest of habitual wrong actions need the correct focus and concentration to grab hold of, along with the correct conditions of the consciousness they are so deeply rooted into, in order to free the holdings of the pattern. To remove it forever from the grooves of the mind, from the roots of the garden of the mind.

W11 Let No other get in the way of your calling

“Be true to thine own self”

Oh mind, trying to hold me from thy source.

Trying to isolate me from this gift of Kriya, of mine awakening.

Rules and regulations, adherences of strict to this or that,

Imposing fear into my self for eve practicing if not fulfilling all the prerequisites.

This is thy divine birthright.

Ye have undergone and flowed with prana in thy spine for eons

Why do ye try to hold thyself back from God?

Ideas of it's too much, I can't,

I'm not good enough,

Holding the rules only to keep me from myself.

Oh deluded one, this grace has been bestowed upon you.

You are on the road to salvation.

Do not let yourself mind trick you from communing with thy Beloved,

For thy intuition calls from the depth of thy soul,

The light shined through out even the midst the veiled and throughout the veiled darkness

Do not distress thyself or hold thyself away from thy meditation, thy Kriya.

Thoughts of the imposition of rules holding me from my Guru.

Fears of what if I do this and awaken the divine light?

Will my body be able to sustain the spiritual currents?

Oh my child, would your father guide ye into a delusive meditation?

When he is but guiding you to him,

The one o0f you where there is no other.

Where delusion does not live.

God, christ, guru are guiding you to do, so do.

Fear not, for they are your protectors to you.

If you awaken a burst of spirit that ye cannot contain, this is God.

I am here!
Fear ye the hand that holds you
and giveth his presence in the palpable bliss flowing through you?
Oh Yogi, comparing thyself to the ideas conjured of what another better is doing.
Or shaming thyself that ye aren't good enough,
Because ye do not fulfill the prerequisites.
Oh my son, listen to my call and sit,
Move thy consciousness in thy spine.
I yearn to come to thee.
Do not hold thyself away due to silly mental games
of organizational regulations that are imposed for the masses.
Call to me, listen as I am here for you.
To thine own self be true
Utilize the teachings and fulfill your duty,
But in thine own being, in thy place in life,
Listen and do.
If I call you to sit in my presence,
Why doth thou ignore me by stating ye have not adhered to the rules and regulation of me?
For I give all,
Those are mine to do as I please given to man for the sake of man's path to me.
Would ye rather read words and books rather than see, hear, feel me as we be in meditation?
In Kriya unwound into my bliss.
I am here.
I call to you.
Let no man or mental idea get in the way of your calling.
Ever guide thy light through the corridors unto mine altar,
And I will show myself.
For this is the gardens tilling, wetting, and pricking of the weeds that distract ye from me.
Thankyou for pulling the weed that held up you action of seeking Me this day.
I am here to be sought, and I am here with thee.
Flow the currents in thy living tree with utter concentration of devotion,
Will and I will fulfill.
You are you!
I have give you this.
Use this and not diminish for the sake of ideas of incorrectness,
For I am all that is correct,
Be with me,
Be correct.
Amen, Amen

W12 Actions of Self Service

What actions and tools do you have to utilize for this running, weak, idle mind?

Idle hands are the devils playground...

Where the mind isn't focused, concentrated, utilized, so the temptations of habitual weeds begin to sprout once again.

What actions have thou, to replace these lingering weeds of the past?

Kriya is my mainstay action of weeding, watering, and caring for this farden of my soul, that is planted and awaiting it's blooming.

Meditation and illumination, pratyahara- get meditation bench!

For the times I am not there, take that light,

Prana, consciousness into the worlds activities.

Walking meditation and outside meditation in nature.

Exercise- mountain bike, need to figure out something for the upper body!

Yoga, asana, maybe ashtanga- find a studio to practice such.

Song, kirtan, singing, writing, practicing, learning, find others to sing with.

Create this and friendship with others of similar idea and path.

Art? Drawing flute making,

Cars and wrenching is waning as I am slowly burning out that karma and passion I once had.

There will always be maintenance and modification to these chariots that carry us to and fro in this world, but no longer will it consume me , my mind, my money, and time!

Time with my son?

What can we do together? No longer climbing, he did n't take to wrenching and cars,

This is yet to be seen.

Meditate, pray on this, it will come,

Be there for him!

Writing, expressing, journaling, spiritual study, ways of talking in depth with enlightened beings along with the flight of your soul,

The pathway to the heart, all the expressions of you!

Idle mind, why idle mind?

Cooking food, healthy, happy, holy for my son and I.

Travel and enjoy nature when you can!

Oh now to think, I am silly for allowing the mind to even become idle.

Yet I have entertained this slothiness,

Giving it power as a weed.

Pluck it out in thy garden!

W13 Actions of pulling weeds of habitual past

What actions or habits allow for the mind to get weak, idle, and subject itself to temptation?

The triggering actions that feed the weeds of wrong action rooted deeply from the past reenactments of the act over and over again. Night time, winding down, getting mindless over tv watching, lounging on the couch. This is with the accompaniment of beer, wine, marajuana. Freeing the mind and thoughts. Nay, this is not freeing the mind from thoughts. This is caging the mind, secluding it in drunken or a hight head change, escaping the thought patterns for the temporary duration. Dumbing the senses, contaminating the mind and body, temporary escape,

change, release, only to be followed by sleep. Oh unconscious stillness of thy souls rejuvenation, immersing myself in spirit as I subconsciously let go of sensory perception. Still the breath and slow the heart. Upon waking, the thoughts and mindstate I choose to turn a blind eye to in my momentary delusion of betterment (temporal) they then come right back to repeat the cycle. In this drunken or even sober, slothful night state, stating to myself, you've earned this, it's ok, or by whatever means I can justify it to myself to allow the actions of sloth to take over. And when I allow the mind to be idly engulfed in the tv, this deep rooted habit of slothism, telling the self "you don't need to sleep yet, just a little bit more, its Ok!" Imbalance begins to ensue, the mind gets weaker. Intoxicated or not, the weeds of demons drive the thoughts to desire quick changes, quick pleasures, food, more booze, more sloth, lust, masturbation, and back to slothism. Oh idle mind of the days end, the viscous cycle that has plagued you!

Strengthened in the morn with thy rejuvenation of sleep with they soul in the bosom of eternity, and weakened throughout the day. Oh Guruji, with thy calling, my will of right action, are these weeds being loosened. To be pulled in the right time when they have been replaced, removed, and no longer serve me. For they have never served me! Only served the slothism, imbalance, inviting friends of lust, sin, and temporary pleasures of the senses. Thankyou lord fo the strength, for awakening and opening my eyes of this world unto mine reality.

To mine own self be true, and with and by you this is what I do. By the path set before me, ye infuse my will with thine strength as we manicure the lawn of my mind, that ye may have a clean, clear, blooming lawn and garden for thine altar. That I may perceive thee in all thy glory atop and within this presence within and without. Without the devilish weeds of habitual wrong action shooring ye away and impeding on thy beloved garden of my devotions froth.

Thy will never leave me.

Amen. A men.

W14 Be your example!

"Don't concern yourself with others. Be your example!"

Habitual self! What doest thou?

Subjecting yourself to the past time of the weeds of wrong actions.

Watching formula drift and the duration it takes.

This is not the issue.

The issue is, thyself holding thyself from doing what ye know to do.

Internal desire to express and allow the mind to flow onto thei paper,

Yet the demons latching to this sitting and watching of FD

Trying to use this to feed their delight.

Their delight at the sake of my plight, my doing, right the latching and hiding in the weeds of their habituation.

Oh demons holding me from being me,

You once were lived for.

Ye gave me temporary pleasure,

but I can no longer endure the path of thee
Ye know the light and soul qualities alit in this life of mine,
Aligning with my will and right action
Ye have no place to grow any longer.
You, as I, are but by God.,
Ye are naught but by the life of God.
But stated we just did, for it is you and I, separation,
Perceived separation
Yet there is naught separate
The perceived dance of shadows is illumined with the light of me.
My will willed by the grace of God.
Oh Guruji, giving strength to pick up the pen,
Open thyself to the light yearning to shine unto you,
Oh devilish weed trying to delude me from being me
From acting from the well of thy truth,
My truth, for I can only to mine own self be true.
To sit and watch fd is not to forget thyself, guru, god,
This is where inlies the issue.
For my habitual self, the garden with roots still planted from wrong action, are clung to, as I once
did to conjure up all the evils of glutton, sloth, booze, sex.
All the way to have a quick fix of soothing or changing teh mind
that has been allowed to get idle, lust and desire
And worst, tricking me to forego that which my heart desires and guru guides
This is to express and open,mine self with words.
Communication unhindered, freedom of expression
Non subject to another.
It is just me, I am filed by thee.
By Thee am I. Jai Guru fo the burst of awareness and insight of will power in this hour of
temptation,
To rise above!
And do that which I am called to do,
That which is my joy, bliss, freedom, to be truly me.
For truly to be me is being for you.
You are Here!
By you am I.
Freeing me is to peer more and more into the Omnipresence of you in my soul.
Thy Spirit everywhere.
Amen Amen.

W15 Oh Lord, thou has found me

Kriya happiness!
My hearts desire, my gurus desire
The unbreakable chain of action of actions bestowed upon me in this incarnation.

I have searched and searched this life for my calling.
Yoga has found me,
Blessed with bhakti and devotion's froth,
Without direction in this body,
Oh beloved, my eyes are open,
My conviction is awakened,
Certainty is given,
For I am Thine.
As this voice of truth has always known.
For thou am I,
Mine intuition hath ever stated.
I yearn for happiness, contentment, joy
Oh Lord, great guru, thou hast found me,
Awakened me unto this life's calling,
I immersed myself in the stream of thy light flowing in my spine,
Transforming the out to the in,
Spiritualizing every particle around me and in me,
That I may open myself to Thyself,
I am Thine!
To mine own self be true!
This is me, my truth, ego aligned with the light divine.
Jai guru, jai guru, Amen A men.

W16 Happiness Kriya

Oh great soul of my physical heat.
Love do we make uniting pleasure and spirit.
Spirit and nature dancing together.
Prana dancing in our unity,
One with our cosmic beloved,
Oh I give thee this healing power to soothe thy soul and smoothe thy karmic burdens.
In this world, we may not be able to fulfill each other's needs,
Yet in unison I feel a depth of our energetic dance,
As that of Krsna and Radha.
Your spiritual evolution my not be there to support me in this lifetime,
For I have begun a path I can no longer falter.
Fornication for sense pleasures is no longer conducive to my path.
Action without the thought of grace,
Love cannot be my drive.
For this is a knife edge of mine faltering,
Of my weakness, the habitual roots that have run deep into my soul and mind.
These are being plucked and ridden for the sake of Happiness Kriya.
Om Babaji.
Thankyou Lord for allowing the delegation of thy Grace to this wonderful soul.

Oh Gina, I love you and with God's love I give healing light unto your being!
I know not where our future enlies, but i will,
I will, through thy divine grace, God, Guru,
Live in thy light to create right action and shine unto thy creation, thy children, thy self.
Om guru, om guru, A men.

W17 the child and mother summoning

Oh Beloved Cosmic Christ consciousness manifest in me,
Thankyou for thy summoning unto thy coming together of the child and his distraught mother,
I know not but thy grace.
For when I called upon you,
Ye listened!
For in the altar of my soul,
My heart and soul cries were heard.
A men, A men.

2024 transcribing-

In reference to a lost child at fort tuthill bike park. The child was found by the manifestation of prayer and divine grace.

W18 the gift of meditation

Meditation, oh divine guru
Creation of this gathering of united alignment of thy grace.
How grateful I am that ye hath built this temple with thy devotions froth,
In all the hearts that ye tug along unto their true selves.
Oh happiness Kriya bestowed through time on the waves of eternity into the hearts that will
awaken to thee.
Allowing a place to develop this strength of will unto the opening of myself.
Awake ye saint, awake!
Beholding thou ethereal, felling thy presence.
Oh the spirit of thee,
Pouring from the lips of they son paul
As he guides up in song to meditate upon thee.
In thy erected temple for our temples to tremble with thy forthcoming.
Oh beloved, the gift of the worldly tools to assist your children in their path unto thee.
Oh this organization, how much I drink from the reservoir.
I was put here fo this and this for me.
So blessed we be!
Pratyahara, flowing river of blissful golden light through and out my spine,
Anahata breaking the chains of this world.

Of this life's dramas,
Of the habituations holding the doors closed.
Oh thee come, flowing in this river of thine
And burst open the doors of mine heart.
Light showers erupting through the mind.
Knocking and prodding at all that gets in the way.
All the hindrances I hold so deeply in this body.
Pushing as far as this body can in order to remain on this realm.
For all of thy river, this frame cannot contain.
The boat of my soul still has holes,
And needs work from the damage of this lifetime.
Oh beloved,
And still thy flow me, keeping me afloat in thy divine ecstasy.
Divine mothers caressing me into the ease of her omnipresent bosom.
Oh Yoganandaji, Jai guru, jai guru, jai babaji, jai Jesus.
Oh my christ, oh blessed am I to have the gift of thee
To have been touched to open my eyes!
I was lost and now I'm found,
Still with an endless journey,
But lo behold,
My guide is calling me,
I know where to go.
I come to thee, I come to thee!
Amen, A men, Jai Guru.

W19 Serve God in Man, Hare Krishna

Serving God in man!
"Convert work into worship, and you will be free from the faint of action.
There is no set form of worship.
Whatever be the form one's devotion takes,
It will culminate the realization of God,
Provided there is sincerity and faith:
For all paths lead to me"
Krishna,
Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna.

W20 blessings of Kriya

Oh , what to express with my pen this tuesday morning of june 18.
Having been led into kriya, om Babaji, and unto the path that is beset deep in my soul
The awakening and the healing are transforming me!
Infinite illuminations alit in my consciousness,

As I will the light of life to circulate in my spine.
The external transmutes into spirit within this body.
Oh, to use this temple as that which it is,
A temple to serve thee.
Oh by thee is this but given.
Awaiting your child to choose to use the tools beset before him to open him to thine grace.
Jai Guru, Jai Guru.
Meditation, and thy cosmic consciousness, will and concentration in ajna!
On thy satchitananda,
Illuminating, then awakened unto my heart.
Oh anahata, thy lotus feet,
So much healing and holding, for to merge into thy eternal now of omnipresence,
Consciously, I must consciously mend mine heart.
Allow thy healing light to manifest with thine presence to open the locked doors of this body.
Oh the pain of braking down that which does not serve me,
You, Oh lord, offerings for thee!
I strive to and you, to see you, to dissolve myself in you!
The karmic ties of this life.
Of the magnet of the world.
More and more weights have I allowed into mine body, mind and soul,
That are pulled by this magnetic world.
Oh, but thy hap[iness kitya,
Thy illumination in my spine mind body and soul,
Are burning and purifying those ties binding me.
As I become more unbound with conscious effort.
Now, I feel thy weightless presence dancing in my soul
Oh beloved, Jai guru.
Thankyou for opening the door to the path of mine,
Conviction, purpose, blissful reassurance.
Ye are all I need!
My All!
So silly the thoughts of gurus to my mind of this worlds creation.
I understand not knowing yukteswarijis heart6,
Yet nearly fearing the sternness of facial expression.
Ye will see my son!
Steadfast! Kriya dna the future will open its doors.
I do feel the weight of the societal implications pulling me to work
To do what?
I know not.
May this door of understanding be opened.
Jai Guru.
A men, A men, A men, A men

W21 Feel the Giddy

The feeling of giddiness,
Too excited to contain!
How this feeling has been suppressed within me in its eternal dualistic dance.
But, lo, the feeling of ecstatic joy excitement wellets within me.
Not for something that will let down, disappoint, or fail,
Nay, the feeling of giddy, sheer excitement, thrill, giddy up,
Right in my soul as I kriya.
Oh the feeling finally belongs!
No need to suppress or hide,
For this is blended with the expansion of bliss,
As I dive deeper and deeper into Kriya.
Into the life force of Me of this living tree,
All thy pedestals and altars of light.
Moving, dancing, flowing in thy divine nectar.
Healing, mending, manifesting, throughout,
Allowing yourself to be shown,
Nay, me allowing myself to see.
By thy grace,
Oh cosmic beloved how blessed am I to have the gift of thee.
Om Kriya Babaji.
Thankyou my Lord, for this feeling I've felt so ,
A many of times in anticipation and excitement
It is now a feeling to allow,
For to flow in thy divine river of life.
Of spirit dancing in the stillness of my being.
Externally still, but more alive and intoxicated in thy bosom,
As I have ever felt.
Oh words eternal to only begin to express this gratitude of being with you.
For you, guiding me.
Om Guru, Amen, Amen,
I am thine, I am thine,
Jai Guru,
Om.

W22 Make thy work worship!

I am feeling the time is here to find and accept work to do my part in household and society.
I have spent the last month in deep reflection,
Mending, and awakening.
Oh my Lord,
Thou has given me the path unto me.

I have found myself once again in this life.
Thou hast given this to me!
Om Kriya Babaji, Krishna, Cjhris, for thy river floweth in me,
Filling my soul, illuminating my spine,
Allowing me to shine thy happiness kriya in this world.
Spirit and nature dancing together.
Oh Lord, I still fear the acceptance of outward obligation,
That I may forget thee in the pulls of the world.
For I am weak and acknowledge my faults.
I have thee in my heart, on my mind,
Thy song flowing from the wells fo my soul
I have chosen to be true,
To be for you,
And so I have found myself in you.
I cannot lose this eternal embrace that I have turned a blind delusional cheek to
In the karmic dance of my life.
I will cease to live!
Oh, yukteswariji, thou doth say look fear in the face and it will vanish!
This delicate metamorphosis of will power and surrender has taken shape,
I will and am steadfast in thy hand.
Guide me Lord,
Open unto me the opportunity for this world heeded to me to pursue you in.
For make thy work worship!
Oh how mine heart desires
Thy will be done!

W23 Patience on patience

Am I healed enough?
Are these dormant seeds burned in thine opal flame never to rear their sinful habitual faces?
I know not my Lord.
I do know Kriya Thee!
Kriya Me!
Kriya Me Parmahansaji.
Seek ye first the kingdom of the Lord,
And all these things shall be added unto you.
Jai Guru.
Worry not my son!
Making the effort now will bring a bright future.
“Take therefore no thought for the morrow,
for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself”
Patience on patience.
Practice and y will see!

I am thine...
Thy will be done.
Aum Shanti, Shanti, Shanti.

W24 How can I forget Thee?

“To talk of God is no belief. A man really believes in God when he believes in himself.
Because God lives in the core of our heart” Pure reasoning and complete renunciation alone
can take a seeker after truth to it's sacred precincts!
Sing in tune with God!

I can of mine own self do nothing!
Seek ye the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you
God gibes me to be, yet moment after moment I fought (think otherwise)
My every movement is but by the grace of God's power.
All the physicality of this gross body of mine is but infused by God.
Oh how do I continue to forget Thee?
Thinking in all those thoughts fluctuating in space, thy force of thought light,
Thy brain to think, my will and karmic direction directing these thoughts only given by thee.
Oh Lord, thou desirest my love, my Love free of any tempting, forcing, humbler than all,
Yet mightier than all.
Within every speck, morsel, and without the fastness of all that can be comprehended!
Oh Lord,
How can I forget thee?
All I see is you,
All I feel is you,
There is naught but thee,
Naught but thee!
Oh Lord!
I shame myself that I forget you.
You're closer than close, cozier than cozy,
Incomparable to any of mine perception.
Oh Lord, thank you for thy guiding grace of guru,
Of kriya, of this path to open mine eyes unto you.
Yet I see you!
The giver of sight by which I see,
The illumination of comprehension,
Thy bosom of embrace beyond my greatest imagination.
Mother's caress incomparable to comparison.
Comforter of comfort,
here, now, with thee is here, now, with all of me!
Constant, joy, bliss, words oh infinite expressing expression herself.
How can I comprehend thee?

But by stilling, revving time, breath, me, eyt more me than I have ever been.
Oh Lord, I can of mine own self do nothing!
Willing with thee, for the lost child ye manifested him to be!
Ye are spirit, ye are nature,
Practical, direct, thy will be done.
Ye listen to my soul cry!
Ye have given me the faith that my soul doth cry.
Oh tears of thy longing.
I will not forsake thee,
Oh mind, do not forget He,
For it is only by He that you be,
Be for he, be you!
Amen, Aum,, Guru

W25 The devils playground

Oh Lord, why hath I this obsession with eating?
My mind fights the fasting time for 3 hours prior to meditation.
My soul knows of the wonder the amazingness of communing with thee,
Yet the mind fights and fights.
Desires and lusts after sensual delight of the tongue.
What to do?
The idle mid is the devil's playground
And so as the day lingers, without keeping the mind busy,
This is where in lies the lingering weeds of temptation.
Oh sissy, use the tools at your disposal.
Energization exercises, asana, mantra and kirtan,
These will all shoo away the desires with the light of prana!
The light of God's presence!
South mountain barefoot walk, mountain bike,
These as well suffice.
Letting the blood flow into the idle mind to soothe and rid the desires.
I crave the food, although I know, feel, experience not living on bread alone.
The habitual self wanting to, nay desire,
Lusting to sit idle on the couch, watch tv, sensual delights of the tongue,
All circling and trying to allow old habits arise.
The only helping, nay, eliminating means in thy light.
Kriya and energization exercise.
Ye put off meditation and remain idle in anticipation of such.
What of that time?
Can ye not meditate?
Practice, bring in and awaken light.
Do this! Ye know what to do!

Stop cheezing around. To thine own self be true!
Allow the metamorphosis.
And yes, eat too!
Amen, Amen, Jai Guru!

W26 the perfect tool

Tool- God is my tool.
Raise the gaze to thine Ajna
And thee will be illumined!
The pesky lurking habits will flee.
No longer serving you oh being,
Pray with thine heart,
Call upon God, Christ, Guru,
The restlessness will transmute into stillness,
Godliness, peace, Jai Guru.
Upon peering with thy will and focus into thine Ajna,
Do not fret and beer thy focus wrong or right,
Still thyself, wait, patience on patience!
God is everywhere, NOW
He will let it be known,
Keep up, concentrate.
Thank thyself for thy concentration,
Will with mine will!
Thy sight will be given.
Stressing and naught,
thinking thou aret wrong or right,
Nay, you are perfect!
A men.

W27 Let Go, Be you!

"If God be for us, who can be against us?" St Paul.
"Arise, awake, and sleep not til the goal is reached! The whole world is asleep; it is as it were, in a profound swoon. The eternal existence, consciousness, bliss has involved itself in it's own veil of ignorance. And it is a blessed ray from the eternal light which with thunder voice calls upon it's own image to attempt an upward journey, to march it's path of evolution, to unfold itself.

Oh Lord, my greatest fear!
To completely lose myself in thee.
Knowing in my mind and heart, this is to find myself.
Oh is this a lurking demon of demons at rest in me.
That when I begin to open mine eye unto you,
The snare of fear tears at my concentration,

One pointed, free of a Me,
Pratyahara in thine hand,
Then the racing thoughts ensue, self shame, questions, doubts,
All floating in the others of my mind.
Oh Lord, is this my ego grasping onto the delusion of control,
Whilst feeling it's prying fingers loosened?
Oh ego, ye serve me well,
Amidst the trickery and the darkness I have allowed you to hold.
Oh ego me, I am sorry
for the past tribulations I have allowed the weakness of me to drag us through,
Deluded with self imposed expectations,
Assumption of others perceptions, the thought of pleasing,
And not letting down others, yet in doing so,
Hindering myself from myself,
And from them of whom I deluded myself to please!
Oh the viciousness I have dragged you through oh ego me.
Please forgive me and let go,
Let thyself be at ease,
For we are both the same,
We are both but one,
We are here by God
Given to be by God,
I have created you with all the circumstances, actions, reactions,
Perceptions, ye hold the emotions and feels and memories,
Oh but ego, it is time to allow them to pass.
They no longer serve you
Serve Me, Serve God
Ye die nightly!
And yet instill fear unto the letting go consciously.
What is the difference?
Ye are this ye are allowing to hold you.
This is you.
Let go!
In bliss, in the fire of purification.
Oh with that statement fear is instilled.
Can I let go? Oh beloved Guru, help me!
For all I want is thee!
I renounce all at thy feet!
Thou art my happiness, bliss, joy, truth
That can never be removed.
Why does this ego of me wish this?
Jai Guru, Jai Guru, Jai Guru

W28 You Will in the NOW

This ego of I fights this full unification of it's own demise for that exact purpose.

,

I know not if ye will shed the darkness incurred in this life.

It doesn't want to die!

You created it by allowing past actions to substantiate parts that fight you.

Habitually repeating actions hath build up and given strength to this and these parts of thy ego that fight you.

It is not his fault!

Since ye now see and will not forsake this path of unification, of Happiness,

Jai Guru, ye will have to go through all the holdings,
darkness, and hardship ye have allowed in life's past.

All the pain ye have brought to other selves of you.

All the aspects of God ye have wronged and mainly thyself.

Ye have chosen happiness, ye have chosen Me

I have given thee Kriya, Guru, Devotion in thy heart,

Love me , be for me, illuminate thyself in Kriya,

Meditation, right action in me, and we will

For your will will align and will Me.

March on my son!

Patience on patience,
persistence, practice!

You will in the now!

Right action today NOW.

use me, for I am for you!

Jai Guru, A men!

W29 Aum Kriya Aum

"The entire universe is One- not only as a stretch of matter or an idea, but also as INDIVISIBLE SPIRIT. Unity, One, One Spirit, no separation, indivisible, not in visible, Un divided!

We have hypnotized ourselves into thinking that we are imperfect and limited and that we exist in time and space! Subject to the law of causation.

Aum Kriya Aum,

Kriya Me Babaji!

How is thine Kriya?

Come to find,

As I flow in the river of the spine of life,

I am flowing.

Breath out in ahhhh

with the warm prana trickling down the corridors of the spine
to the pool of prana in the coccyx,
Yet mind is focused on breath
Leading down to the base of the belly.
I innately have been holding the uddiyana bandha,
Stealing focus and energy.
Let it go and the river will flow!
The kriya will flow through thee,
But ye have to relax into the river that dances with and through you.
Ye cannot force this.
Control? Nay, flow with the light
Give the out to the in ,
Out breath to in breath,
They do not fight one another,
They are but one!
Allow this manifestation of spirit,
Thy indivisible self ye are,
To flow free of holding, forcing, separation from out to in.
Hare krishna, Jai guru!
For by letting go of this hold,
This control, then God, christ, Guru can take the reigns
Of their prana and guide it through the caverns of thy upward river,
Through and with all the whirling galaxies of the chakras,
Opening and removing anything that be impeding or blocking the way,
And flow through thy mouth of God to fill thy ajna chakra,
Illumining thy self,
Allowing thy souls eye to open,
The golden prana flowing down,
The dynamo of thy life,
Nay, the indivisible spirit river flowing freely
in this perceived capsule of thy light rays I call a body.
Up to the down, the down to the up ,
No control, for thy are the steward, the guide,
The pilot, and so, the mind's eye,
Concentrating with the uplift at thy bliss,
Not fighting, straining, but being with thee.
For I am thy grace.
Alas I allow myself to be such and stop this act of control,
Which keeps me blind and forgetful of thee.
For we are indivisible, I am thine!
Jai Kriya Yogananda Jai

W31 A babe with aspirations of a God

How are you? After the 6 hour Babaji meditation?

The meditation went well. I was unable to open mine Ajna eye, but my devotion, love, bhakti and bhav was a pranic delight of God's grace. Going into mine heart, thinking of thee, Babaji, Guruji, Nameless yet with all names,

Guru in mine heart cave, much is broken loose. Doors are opened!

The fire of prana current rushing through and around me.

I couldn't move at the end!

The first 3 hours, a wee bit restless, but the latter 3 hours, My Guru, God, Christ, Were singing through me.

Unable to ascertain whether I was seated in the third eye with mine consciousness and will, it mattereth not.

My beloved held me in her bosom of spirit!

Oh divine mother, I am a bhakta!

I only know devotion, love, losing myself in you!

Oh guruji, ye have merged this bhav and Rav to one.

Oh how this is my calling. Not knowing how I did, trying to judge, ascertain mine meditation,

Oh silly mind, ye cannot comprehend the light of God's grace,

Ye cannot comprehend the comprehension!

Ye cannot grasp pratyahara and the lack of thy grasping!

This may be the disconnect, the stirring of the pot I am feeling after prolonged stillness, timelessness.

Blissful being in thee ness. Here the mind knoweth not. Thy , nay thee, intuitive self doth know, and is this. The indivisible self of Spirit, thy knowledge of the soul. Oh beloved child, ye did good! Ye have fruits on the tree of thy inner life that ye cannot yet see. These are not of quantity, nor tangible, but these are divine gifts bestowed upon thy soul for eternity!

Ye are hard on yourself for feeling how you do! Oh it is Ok,

For to leave the expanse of consciousness as thy soul danced with me in eternity,

Only to confine it back in that beautiful container. The time will come when the bodily vessel is fit and clean and clear to maintain and hold this consciousness. Ye are but a babe with aspirations of a God. Oh ye are not wrong to do so! Patience on patience.

Sit in my peace chariot and I will guide you to you. To thine own self be true!

Jai Guru!

W32 I am not there. I am here.

Oh the battle ensues! The first battalion of the mind must be defeated, for now the fight is rearing up. The warriors of the habituated past are much stronger than before, finding any weakness and darkness to manifest and show their power. Self doubt, whirling in to combat the self confidence of path and place in life, the path of meditation, the communication with Guru, God, trying to destroy these lines of communication with deceit. Utilizing imbalance of mind, idleness of mind to live headfirst, going fo the win to consume me in delusion, incontention, uneasiness. Oh warriors of deceit, is this what ye want? Is this where ye live,

blossom, and replicate? With warriors of lust, sloth, greed, ye have a strong army, this second wave is much stronger than the first. Ye fight for your own existence, I do understand. Attachment to that which you've had, oh but this is just an idea. For the past once was! This means ye are summoning the powers of once was. Ye are combatted with the power of NOW! Will powers arises, conviction, faith, truth, bring out the armies of light, for when the power of Now of light cometh, no "other" army can sustain. For the light, the presence, the being of God, encompasses all in this enveloping of self. As if the battle were on the ground of the earth and his grace called upon nature to remove that which is hers. So forth the composition of bodies are pulled under, leaving only these souls and the light bodies. Oh then the strength is that of will and seld and oh warriors of my habituated past, ye have not this. Ye only have power from my allowance, my weakness, my dispensation of thought matter. You once were, and served me. Ye will fight for your life, I know. With the presence of NOW, the being of myself, the truth of mine self, ye are vanished. For light knoweth not darkness, for when shone, all darkness becometh light! Confide in light my son. From where i this light found? Here, now, in truth, opening thyself, looking fear in the face! Sat Chitta Ananda! All the thoughts conflicting one another cannot know light, Ye consume yourself in the thoughts and ideas of thy practice and path, and by doing so, ye forget you. Ye forget me, ye forget to be! For ye are here, with me which ye seek! I am not there, or yonder, I am here! Techniques of right and wrong! According to this path, this methodology, Oh my child, ye hear me. I am HERE, Practice, but dont' forget what and who you are. No practice, lineage, guru, ideology can change what you are. For I giveth you to be! Ye are my grace. Be ye the grace that ye are! Shine the light of thy self unto the disctacting, discriminating, shunning, shaming, confusing, uncertain, unknowing, expecting, striving, ambitious thoughts and they will melt in their own knowing. I Am here! Ye want to touch me, see me, but this is an idea based on others experiences. You have your own experience. Your own communication and connection to the Indivisible spirit of your own being. Trust in you! Trust in me! I will ever fight for you my son, for I am the fight! There is no victory, for that is yet an idea removing ye from me. I am here, where we are. If we need battle, so then. Now, ye battle all the battalions of the darkness lurking with tis ballpoint pen, paper, and with tehi tool, ye have summoned me in thy self to come forth and shine light of comprehension. Do you get it?
Jai Guru, Jai Guru, Jaiguru, OM

W33 Will you fight with ME?

The thought of Me,
appearing before you is yet a desire,
Ye will ever be disappointed in thine expectation,
For this is an idea taking away from your NOW!
I exist in the NOW.
Not in ideas.
Ye cannot summon Me from ideas.
Be consumed in NOW, fully engrossed, and I AM!
Oh Lord, even the thought of being fully engrossed in the NOW bringeth the offensive army
against me,

But then thy light shineth,
Ye can only fight with NOW.
With what ye have and are.
Ye are engrossed NOW,
for this is where I AM,
Where battles are won,
Where victory lies.
For it is not an end all one victory,
But the eternal war of NOW.
This is the battle, oh Arjuna,
NOW,
Will ye fight with ME?

Heart hurts!

Longing for companionship,
For contentment,
Purpose? What is your purpose?
Conviction...nay, without purpose, drive, determination, I have naught.
Emotional inconsistency
Stagnancy
Incontent...uncertain....
In a place in this life, in society
Consumed with cars, superficial lacking peace
Overwhelmed by the societal conditioning I am immersed in, That I am a part of, yet my heart
and soul yell and scream at the disharmony inside.
Unable to change, or find mental fortitude to do so.
What do you live for?

What do you want?
Purpose.....

What am I doing?

lil, mememem, selfish as shit in my emotional discontentment. I still where I am, and even
more flustered thinking of what to do, how to fit into society, What to do since those things that
have served me in the past have no desires.
My desires?
Healthy, happy, holy!

Depression! I can't, won't, unable
Confidence, what is that. So worried about others thoughts. Of my differences in this society
of conformity. I do not conform.

By my build and size, I do not conform. By whatever I can throw at it, I do not conform. Mind had turned against me. Drink booze, smoke weed, Escape the self torture imposed by the self on the self.

Create an outline for thyself.

What are your goals? What do you want for this life, what to accomplish.

The viewpoint.... Sports, competition, bettering another. It was bettering thyself, now it's all about comparison. Social media, seeing others perform well. Jealousy that fuels my isolation, depression,

Drifting immersion, now no care.

Rollerblading, No love.

Yoga my heart, yet distant in my state.

Song and Bhakti, my yearning desire.

Climbing exercise fun.

Biking exercise fun.

Cars: Financial stress, Wrong desires, comparison,

I'm in a place when things get tough, I escape into booze and weed. Mental fog.

My gf was just a crutch for my own in contentment. For my drive and taking hold of my life.

The job worked and consumed by is gone. That stress is gone, and now I'm finding more in-contentment and imbalance than ever.

The uncertainty of the future. Stability,

Need people interaction, and high I touch away.

Isolated! Frustrated with my own creation of such. Yet subject to the choices of past.

Creating my present, Hindering any light of future. I don't know!

What makes you happy?

Thought

Thought processes, Ideas, Conforming belief systems, values, meaning, Purpose? Ideas of pasts creation, thought and passed down ideals, Societal structure born into, set to live this life by the ways, ideals, structures set before, In the system of complexity, Right and wrong based on religious ideals, Religion based on hearsay, Control, conformity, Power, Herding sheep! And what is this guideline of "right living"? Based upon the unknown, unseen, Based on the lives of humans of great action! Human nature, What is human nature? The Yama niyama innately felt, known, intuitively shown. By what means? By the means of

being, existence, by the means of the gift of thought and so to know is to be, For by existing do ye know existence. Thoughts, ideals, Beliefs, Driving action, Relative! Yet to think relatively, One to the other, Utilizing that of existence ye are but to fathom such thought, Distinctly, unique, qualitative, quantitative. Values, Even the term is that of worth, Values are but aspects of the belief system.

Values are individual beliefs that motivate people to act one way or another. They serve as a guide for human behavior. Generally, people are predisposed to adopt the values that they are raised with. People also tend to believe that those values are “right” because they are the values of their particular culture

Ethics: moral principles that govern a person's behavior or the conducting of an activity.

What is human nature?

What defines human nature?

Human nature comprises the fundamental dispositions and characteristics—including ways of thinking, feeling, and acting—that humans are said to have naturally. The term is often used to denote the essence of humankind, or what it 'means' to be human

Human nature is the set of characteristics that make us humans. It might include our capacity for reason and emotion, our ability to communicate, or our potential for creativity. Of course, not all humans have the same nature, and individual experiences can cause us to express our nature differently

Nature versus nurture

From a scientific perspective, “nature” refers to the biological/genetic predispositions that impact one's human traits — physical, emotional, and intellectual. “Nurture,” in contrast, describes the influence of learning and other “environmental” factors on these traits

Classically, souls are nonphysical entities that are separable from our physical bodies. Consequently, 'soul belief' entails 'substance dualism', the existence of two substances: one material (the matter that makes up the universe) and one non-material (of which the soul is made).

What is the difference between soul and spirit?

Your soul speaks of your inner-life in relation to your own experience: your mind, heart, will, and imagination. It also includes your thoughts, desires, passions, and dreams. But your spirit speaks of the same inner-life in relation to God: your faith, hope, love, character, and perseverance

Idea

noun. any conception existing in the mind as a result of mental understanding, awareness, or activity. a thought, conception, or notion: That is an excellent idea.

In this world, but not of this world. So, What other world? One relative to another, If all is one! How then can it be so!!!!!! Ahhhhhhhhjj

W3 burden of myself unto myself

What are my goals?
Ever so speaking indirectly, as if in problems never cutting through
And directly touching on piercing the subject at hand.
I have ever used practicality to achieve my goals.
I have never even set goals!
I have simply had unstated direction utilizing intuition
And my manifesting thoughts to bring me there.
Stating, what are your goals dustin?
And I continually circle and beat around the bush.
My goals are:
To be there for my son.
In whatever capacity I can.
Ho I have raised and gilded him is what is,
That is defined, and cannot be changed,
Do not dwell,
Be here, now , for him how I can.
To thine own self be true!
Be content in thine own skin, spiritually confident.
Be true to the calling of you.
Stop comparing thyself,
Get ahold of this depression, self sabotoge, and torture.
Dwell in god and befriend your soul
Create true friendship in and on the path to you.
Friends to support, uplift, and serve as thou doth serve them.
Great friends I have,
However many are on different paths and pull me out of mine own.
Friends will come that align with your path and help thee.
True friendship in God.
Come across a beautiful one that I can love unhindered in my path
That supports and has the same practices to support and nurture each other.
Radha to my krishna.
This is a good of desire in this life.
I know I will not be able to dissolve, banish, or dismiss.
Although I cannot chase and yearn, my heart desires this worldly companionship.

Happiness, contentment, joy, for with this permeating my being,
All of thine grace doth unfold.
I can be one, free of delusive emotional imbalance,
Demonic thoughts luring me from me.
Find a way to be afloat in this world in the societal monetary means.
A way that doesn't pull thy joy, but feeds it.
For I am weak now, metamorphosing in the past,
Those times are just that, past,
I must once again, however I must learn from this past,
And not allow the lures of temptation to pull me out,
Away, and astray.
For in this realm,
The torture upon my soul has been so great.
This delusive compromise I allow myself to do unto myself,
The wrath and angst in my heart unto myself,
That I can not let happen again.
Cunning and deceitful demonic thought patterns of temptation,
Trickery of this self to my soul.
Oh if I follow thee in to the pit of despair,
This soul can not once again bare,
This burden of myself unto myself!
Goals!
Be direct, do not beat around the bush, for the time is NOW.
Amen!

W25 Oh the cycles

Book 14

2/12/2023

Hello my old friend. It has been some time since we've had a chance to talk.
I have felt discontentment growing and growing, yet I patiently await you to come to me. You have forgotten the stillness and strength for the soul. Living ficklely, utilizing external methods of medicating, only to continue in the imbalance and discontentment. You have been leaning on the yearning for another. Something to replace and fill the void of loneliness of longing for another. To fill the hole you left. You loved her, but that time has passed. You continue to associate longings, loneliness, imbalance, etc with her. This isn't her, but is you. If you rush and replace, there won't come any better. Find the contentment of the soul. Lay your loneliness at my feet. Without self contentment, you will not find a healthy wholly heartfelt relationship. You are a deep heart person who needs to be smart with your heart. Thy heart will end in God's hands. From this place will you attract what is needed. From this place of contentment. Non lashing out, acceptance. You have clinged to the past too much. Time to move on. Do what you know to be right and true for you. Looking outward, comparing, these only pull you away from yourself. Work, life, life is demanding, but anchored in your truth, thy

conviction. Time to move on from smoking and drinking, this external medicating to hide and run from my problems. They will just manifest and grow. Oh the cycles.

Chapter 14 '23

- As the doors of the heart open, so do the doors of life.
- Be in Me, I am in You!
- Guru hath opened the door
- hiding myself, hiding you, in fear of losing you.
- What is your part?
- be strong in thyself
- The primal soul quality of divination in human form.
- death and this world hath no bearing
- Let go, and let God flow.
- Attuning receptivity
- Soul qualitie are mine action
- be you, be true!
- Can you own life?
- Honor women as diving mother!
- Sadhana ye sadhaka
- True to the Self
- My unknown Kryptonite
- I am here!
- to still, aye, stop!
- There is no where else to go!
- The sadhana of the sadhak
- Action giveth reaction
- The Joy of Meditation!
- Within you, ye will find me without!
- Aum is heard!
- Fighting Myself
- Can ye be other than this you are?
- all the gurus ways before thee, For thee are the way!
- I am AUM
- Characteristic of AM
- Always have and always will Be
- Sunday night meditation.
- thy presence in the present of my being present

- Habitual Celebration
- awakened sleep
- God only knows, for God is the only knowing
- there is no bad, no good, until ye make it so
- second Kriya Initiation no go
- SRF Catholocism organization

W34 As the doors of the heart open, so do the doors of life.

6/23/23

How was the meditation? Oh how blessed to have a location with group meditation! SRF phoenix temple with mindful spiritual people, devotional, austere, following Masters teaching. With the Bhakti of chanting interwoven, oh how wonderful as this is my hearts delight! Jai Guru, thankyou for guiding me unto you. Oh yea, how was meditation? Without the striving, the self shaming and doubt of not sitting in Ajna chakra to open the third eye, striving to manifest Guruji before mine and alls eyes, I gave meditation into the hands of Guruji. Oh how wonderful. Pratyahara, samadhi? Words the thoughts cannot grasp, so letting go. This is the way to go. Sthira, concentration and will power with the Bhav, love of God, Christ, Guru with the Christ Consciousness as my guide. Oh how wonderful to be immersed in Thy Joy and drinketh of thy divine Grace. Led by a sister of song, twas wonderful. I met the avid meditator too. How I admire his external appearance of practice. Oh how I pray his heart is alit with thy presence Guruji. He invited me to a secret meditation tomorrow. Oh the blessings. My mind fights this, feeling this was a mistake of Paul, that I am not welcome,. Well thoughts, ye know not. Ye can speculate and assume, but the magnet pulleth too hard, and the light of Grace, Here, Now, leaves no power for your delusion. Yes, I am nervous. Having not been, nor knowing what to expect, but life has given me this opportunity, so I will take it. The opportunity of Life herself sending forth her Lord. Come to me my son! Be with me in the Joy of my bosom, in the stillness and bliss of our union. Oh Jai Guru! I will bring a wollen blanket this time, and also keep the feet warm. As the doors of the heart open, so do the doors of Life! I also felt the melting of physical holdings of my right shoulder take place as well in the samadhi of meditation. Oh how blessed I am. Jai Guru!

W35 Be in Me, I am in You!

Techniques to quiet the monkey mind in meditation?

Restless, sensory arrows of discomfort, the mind wanders.

Where goeth thou oh mind?

How wonderful doth the song of thee flow through me.

Not quite the song of the astral realm of fully detached pratyahara,

But the song of devotion, of love for Thee.

Thy name permeates the inner universe of Thee,

Encompassing my thoughts, mind, and heart.

When this is flowing, do I need impose a technique?
For technique is to feel thou, and be present with thou.
Oh but child, thy Guru technique will dig deeper,
and reign the thoughts as well!
Mental kriya, illuminating the river of life flowing up and down me?
Illuminating and feeling each chakra,
Up through the crown.
This is thy technique.
Oh how thy pranic energy cannot be contained in this body,
The prolonged stillness, awakening and manifesting thy spirit,
Then devotional song to Thee.
Oh the vibrational intensity of Thee.
Listen for the astral sound of Aum,
Subtler than sound, louder than thunder crashing,
Give thyself to God!
Let go, and let God Flow.
Oh Lord, this is my meditation!
I surrender to thee my Lord.
Thou dost guide Me into Me where Thine altar Be.
Oh Beloved, how blessed thou giveth me,
To come to thee.
To have given clarity unto thy light!
Meditating with all concentration, at ease,
Focused in Christ Consciousness.
Kutashta Chaitanya.
Patience on patience,
Thy grace is Here,
Thy grace will show thyself to thyself.
Aum Technique, Kriya silently circulating, devotional song of thy name into the ethers,
Melting into the out,
Presence still in Christ and Be.
Be in Me, I am in You!

W36 Guru hath opened the door

Secret meditations!
Secret Kriyas?
Nay, not secret kriya.
Thy guru in thine heart doth tell you of this.
For kriya to go deep,
To fully immerse thy consciousness in Christ, Cosmic,
In thy spine, Losing thyself to gain thyself,
Breathlessness in the stillness of God in thy spine,

To be immersed in the eternity of NOW,
Is to no longer use the technique in print,
To be and awww with the transmutation of breath
flowing through the spine is the first part
Creating flow, magnetism, and a channel of divine nectar of blissful light!
Then to no longer breath,
For it has served it's purpose,
Follow the flow of light,
Sound, consciousness, nay
Immerse thyself in this,
Celestial astral songs surround as thy breath is left on the shore of mortality
This is kriya!
How to use in prolonged meditation?
Ye as for a technique, oh it's here awaiting thy use.
Magnetize, become comfortable sitting in the spine,
The chakras will sing their songs of joy,
For ye have come home!
Oh Jai Guru for thy blessing of Kriya!
My past learning and practice in the chakras is not for naught,
For my consciousness has already danced it's way to thine altar.
Now I practice, and continue to flow with Thee in Me,
In thy channel of Life,
In thy Altars of Presence,
Private meetings and hidden teachings,
Oh SRF organizational necessity I suppose,
Jai Guru hath opened the door.
My meditative mind, austere self, nay
Thy bliss of nectar that is my longing,
May addiction, my Truth,
Jai Guru Jai Guru!

W38 hiding myself, hiding you, in fear of losing you.

Why do you hesitate to put up pictures of thy Guru?
Oh beloved, with the worldly depictions of thee, how can I be so? Thou art in my heart, in form
and formless illumination, permeating my soul, nay, my whole being. OH guruji, Yoganandaji,
thou hast bestowed the Kriya pathway to come home to thee, with thee, and all the great ones
who fill thee to do so! Oh my fears and weakness of this world! These are the shadows
holding my commitment and outward expression of thee. Oh shame I feel Lord, yet thy grace,
sat chit ananda filleth me! Do I just know thee as formless, intuitive bliss, joy, contentment,
love, self. Oh lord, thou art my commitment of life. I Am thine! I surrender myself to thee!
For Kriya daily I let go of more and more attachments to this world, by thy light, thy hand holding
mine and leading me home to myself. Oh lord, with thy illumination comes the Pranic fire of self
sacrifice, the melting and freeing of what no longer serves this life of mine, this life divine. For

in thou I am, in me art thou. Thy image is the infinite omnipresence dancing with my soul, in mine heart around the opal flame of purification I lay myself a blaze at thy lotus feet. Mine eye does seeith thou in many form, formeless, vast and everywhere. But y mind holdeth still closed doors, shadows, in the way of fears of the lurkings of past, fears of other selves perceptions, fears of mine own conviction to stay anchored in thee. For I have fallen from thy hold in this life and I cannot bare to fall again! This is my greatest fear! My weakness unto the worLds weight, of other's perceptions varying from mine in my place and with such, hiding you, hiding this path, hiding myself, hiding you, in fear of losing you. Oh Lord, this is my mind! My ego self that floats amidst this body, habitual action. Oh Lord, thy light of grace knoweth not this separation. OH Guruji, give me strength. That the mind groweth to never forget Thee, for the fears that still torment, these rooted weeds in the garden of my soul, are but fragments of thine light. Varying manifestations of our self. Oh Lord, mind at ease in thy cosmic bliss, I see thee everywhere! I knoweth thee everywhere. To thine own self be true! Self! Ye say the light shineth and pricketh these weeds that veil ye from Me! So let the light shine! Worry not of pictures, or of showing thy inside light unto the world! Those that need be blessed by thy light are! Worry not my son over these silly things! I have not shown thee my face, for ye know me in all faces! All pictures. Look fear in the face and shine love forth. My unifying power! Burn the perceived space of separation, filling all with thee, with me, spirit and nature dancing together! Remember, ye cannot comprehendeth me, for I am comprehension! Expressing with worldly terms in an infinite whirlpool! I give nature to be to reflect Me, but it is naught but by me! So my son, my child, oh I feel thy hurt, thy mental anguish, thy heart sorrows, stand fast, in me do you be. Even thy demons, the worlds weight, or anything can change you, for ye are mine! Self of selves, indivisible, we are! I am here! I am here! Be here, be now, be me, be you!

Sat chit Ananda!

Jai jai jai jai jai jai Guru!

W39 What is your part?

"We have to do our part; we must play the role that is assigned to us by the divine, not what we want to play. When you use your own willfulness in opposition to the will of God, you spoon this drama. You do not contribute your share to fulfill the great plan of the universe" What is my role? Sensitizing my intuition to align with the Yoganandaji great universal thought, I do not know my part! I know the path I am walking. I know to listen to stillness, not to resist the insight that is given me to guide me on my way. May this be my part! For until I know otherwise, or am guided by thy grace, this is my part. To illuminate self, to awaken my realization, to create a sanctuary for thee to shine in thy abundant glory touching all the hearts of the selves in my presence. Oh Lord, I can not oppose thee! For in this opposition, the pain, suffering, mental anguish, depression, separation from thee, I cannot bare this. Oh Lord, I am weak, but by thee. How can I know the true action in each moment? By stilling and feeling thy presence prior to acting. This is so! By praying, for my mind fights prayer just as it fights the picture of my Guru. One is external, and one is internal. There is no difference, for life is thine, an eternal prayer unto thee. Oh beloved, help me pull these weeds of hesitation that lurk

in my being! Jai Guru for Thee compassion, for not leaving thy child astray, for guiding me home. For my truthy, I harbor darkness that plagues me. Tis only by thy great light, truth, sincerity, stillness, peace, bliss, can I know ye are here and guiding mine action! I dwell in thee! I am thine! Oh lord, a sinner I am and yet I do shine. For I lay my burdens at thy feet! I canst carry them and tread the path of freedom. Oh Lord, Jai guru! Jai Guru. I am home, I am comin! On the road is mine house, for this road is thine light and I am immersed in the eternity of Thee.
Amen Amen.

W40 be strong in thyself

“All desire is love, and love is God, and that God you are!”

Rules and regulations, caste and creed, religion and dogma, austerities and tapas, ye or the temple of thy self, of the vehicle in which thy beloved is met! To thine own self be true! Ye must be strong in thyself! Yoganandaji, ye hath bestowed the greatest tools of kriya yoga, just your presence hath blessed this earth, for thou art here, present in thy teachings, in the ethers, in the bliss and joy of kriya meditation. I see thee looking upon me from infinity. Oh Lord, mine fickle mind! My weak self, hath such a hard time with the rules and guidelines. To practice and adhere strictly to the :

No eating 3 hours before practice. All prerequisites have to be performed!

I understand and feel the benefit of the empty stomach, freeing the mind and bodily digestive energies into the spine, into the focus of you! I understand the energization exercises to free blockages and loosen the flow of the body mind! I understand Maha mudra, kriya focuses of transmutation of breath to spine and circulating. Allow to allow deeper kriya and meditation. Oh beloved, my mind, may it be my control or lack there of, tries to fight this. Tonight I sang to thee, for this is my hearts desire. The pranic embrace of thy presence consumes me when I sing my heart out to you. Pratyahara in expression to my beloved! Oh lord, I strive to please you in the correctness of thy given path. I am not one of the flock, for I am unique! I celebrate this to allow for strength to better serve thee! Oh Lord, I am a bhakta! I love to love you with my hearts melodic tones, self serenading self. Oh the delight! Oh I worry silly things! For a path, a practice, a rule and regulation is there for a reason, but when that reason, you are reached, then the rules, regulations, no longer pertain to get to you! I will be true to you by being true to me, for my thou am I, I am for you!

W41 The primal soul quality of divination in human form.

Purity! Light comprehendeth not darkness. PUrity knows no nakedness, purity does not confine its light for it is illumination itself! Purity knoweth not evil, comprehendeth it not, for evil met with purities glance is illuminated. Darkness cannot live in light! Purity knoweth not moral conundrums, for purity knoweth no wrong! Knoweth naught but self, being self, in the eternal

moment of the being of self. None can enter into heaven unless they be as a child! Not right or wrong, contradiction, reasoning and seasoning, layer upon layer, nay, complexities, moralities, nay, just purity. Which knoweth not these things. Purity, the alignment, attunement with self, living, breathing, being NOW. In light! Adam and eve, pure, before duality downtrodden on their light. Ignorance, Nay, purity is not ignorant, for one must turn, choose, accept, judgment, ignore to be ignorant! Purity knoweth no secret! Purity knows no shame, no guild, oh beloved, can purity be reclaimed? Only by realization of thee, awake in the light of purity itself can this be attained! Purity, as our giver of our selves, is beyond comprehension! For purity is the innate character of our soul. The primal soul quality of divination in human form.

W43 death and this world hath no bearing

Oh Meditation! Thou doth consume me. Stilled in thy singing silence. Body aches and quakes, mind runs and runs, but oh thy stillness overcomes. Soothing the running thoughts with thy soft ease. Oh divine mother! The body yells it's discomfort, yet only doth the divine comforter come to thee! The sound of OM in her many infinite ways, singing through me. The pain of breaking through my greatest delight. The heart center bursting upward, knocking at the doors of blockage through the sushuma. Oh my heart pains for thee! After the duration, the embrace of thine stillness consumes me. I cannot move. Sensitized divine emotion pouring forth, oh Mother, tears of thy love constantly floweth from my heart! Bodies organs, heart, and lungs are forgotten. Death and this world hath no bearing. But this is only after a prolonged duration of gnashing of bodily and worldly teeth! Ego self judging the aspects of meditation. Only when I let that go do ye cometh to me! Oh cosmic Beloved, I will never forsake thee. Lonely in this world I am, but for thy sake! I forsake all that does not serve me, serve thee, serve the being of thee! Ye will bring to me beings of thy divine grace! I know this I am still, and ever metamorphosizing, breaking all the hidden holding's patters in my body and mind, freeing the light of my heart to shineth through. I cannot judge myself, my progress, I can only do what I know to do. To mine own self be true! Ye are my happiness, purpose, meaning, life itself! To thee I live true with all the faculties of me, with the sin and separation in me, all for thee oh beloved. At thy feet I lay, in thy fire of purification do I seek to be. Jai ma, thankyou my Lord, for thou hearest my cries and answer to my pleas for thee. I will be thine always! Jai Guru!

W44 Let go, and let God flow.

Aum resounding everywhere!

Jai Guru.

Oh thy blessing of Kriya hath begat change in me.

Metamorphosizing my consciousness.

My anatomy are resounding with thee, as they always have I know,

But now my awareness is beginning to directly experience this!

Aum constantly singing in my consciousness, in my mind.

Oh Lord, mind or thoughts, comprehension, understandeth north experience,

The being that is becoming of me, opening myself more and more to thee.
Oh beloved guru, Babaji, guiding me, keeping me safe,
As I begin to travel through deeper realms of consciousness.
Oh fear, safe, silly thoughts of mind's attachment!
For I travel on the river of Thee, oh cosmic beloved,
My self of selves,
As thou hast chapped me to come to thee, to me.
Oh Lord, I understandeth not.
I lay my life in thine hands, oh Lord, guide thy prana,
The awakening, the metamorphosing,
Transformation, transmutation of mine consciousness from gross blind sight to Thine,
Consciousness of the soul, spirit, thee!
Jai Yogananda, Jai, jai, Yukteswar Ji, Jai Lahiri, jai jaiGuru, Jai Guru!
Oh Gurus, protect me from the worldly wavering,
That I remain steadfast in thee,
That I not falter in the monumental shift in my life.
May thy strength of prana, the grace of Kriya,
Give me the strength and remove the weeds that don't serve me,
To be accepting, easy, forgiving unto my Self of thee,
That ye guide.
Let go, and let God flow.
Aum Aum Aum Amen

W45 Attuning receptivity

My receptivity is attuning. The movement of stillness is beginning to sing her song. Nay, ever sung, Kriya Me is tuning into life herself. The singularity of existence within and without is making herself known. Ha, Nay, I am blessed to be guided to the doorway of Life herself. Permeating all space, time, seen and unseen. She is vibrating in her stillness meditation, Kriya, are transmuting me, spirit, soul, gross physical, burning in the cosmic flame into eternity, Unity! The omnipresent indivisible spirit of God everywhere, from within do I perceive without. The bumblebee now hums along! The outer reflection of the vast eternity sings the same song! Together harmonizing with their own self, reverberating joy. The electricity dancing in the wires, the locust buzzing the constance. The infinite bells and flutes singing in my inner being, . Astral songs of my awakening unto my self. Jai Guru. Guiding me through the winding currents of life with the golden cars of Kriya gliding me home! oh, the silly thought, but I am already home. Yes mind, this is so in words and comprehension, but we seek not philosophical conundrums, nay, home is where the heart is! Home is the ever new Joy of eternity, direct perception, little consciousness melted into the eternal sea of omnipresence! Home is happiness, non subject to anything, for it knows none else than happiness! Self in self! Oh Krishna, I hear thee guiding my soul. As the sweet intuitive memories dance of ever coming to thee, for I am thine. Jai Guru! Oh mind, the reasoning, rationalizing, comprehendeth not the multiple as one. Many guru as mine guru, yet my heart and soul knoweth thee, followeth, oh my soul dances in thy Spirit. Thy song sings through me! I will

listen, intently as my consciousness awareness comes closer and closer, oh I will perceive thee in all your glory! I may not be able to withstand or hold thee in me, but I surrender myself to thee. What can I hold if I am dissolved in thee? For I am thine! Aum.....Shanti, shanti, shanti, Aum!

W46 Soul qualities are mine action

Communication, as I attune myself to self, is not what it was. Comprehension, conformity to societal thought, this is no longer my thought. I am not what I once was....consciousness! For I am human, but my thoughts are transformed, my life is becoming transmuted! Kriya is awakening! To gina, I can not be as I once was. Trying to be true to me last time, but ended up compromising, in turn creating untrue, awkwardness! True is true, this is strength! Be true, be strong, this is thy strength! Odd? Assumption of others perceptions, illusion to say the least that then inflicts hindrances to thine own truth. Be true, be you. Communication as thou need to communicate! Let go, let God flow! And so, let it be, and you will see! Make effort now, and the future will be better! And so! Shedding that which no longer serves you is not easy, the righteous path is not easy, happiness is not easy! For the happiness that I have, yearn, desire, am filled with is that of the soul! Where it cannot be taken away, isn't followed by the opposite, for this happiness of joy is the ever new state of being! To simply be happy, I must first rid and purify all else that is not, or hinders, hides happiness. Soul qualities are mine action! Kriya Jai Guru! Off to sleep in thy bosom and awake to meditate upon thee! Sat Chit Ananda!

W47 be you, be true!

Meditation this thursday morning. In the little chapel, facing west. Livestreamed with monk kirtan during convocation. Oh beautiful Lynn, wide eyed, ambitious, thank you for hosting and gathering. O jeff, I believe, my new go to name, a loving serving husband to Lynn. How blessed they are to be together and on the same path. A life's desire indeed, if thou wish it to be for me! Drinking kombucha prior to meditation was a bad choice lol the bubbles and fizzies were interrupting what little focus I had, whilst entering the sanctuary of the spine. Prior to leaving, the mind rushes to gain its fulfillment of drink, coffee, tea, that seemed like a good regard, but nay! Remind the self of the joy of meditation that is on the horizon. No food or drink assist in this! OH how I love to express my self, the pranic flow, through song. This song of cosmic devotion poured out and creates movement. Let Go, and let God flow! Self conscious I feel in the midst of the still self. Oh but here, I am catching myself assuming a perception of others. I know not their thoughts. Gurujii saith singing is half the battle. And if I sing to God, I will sing with my whole self, whole heart, soul song flow! I am a bhakta, song is my soul's string unto thee! Self conscious, consciousness of self dancing with the cosmic consciousness, giving me self consciousness. Not separate, so then I cannot let these deluded thoughts muster of relativity to others. This is separation, duality. I will be respectful, mindful, but I cannot compromise self! And a self expressing God unto the self of God! Whom all are there to partake. Nay, I surrender my soul to thee, my actions, my self, and by thy grace

have I been given this devotion, this bhakti, how to shine the light of being. And so, I will shine! I now not the subdued ideals of the man run temple, which is there by thy grace! I found kriya because this was put there for me to do so. Let it go. It being the ideas of not fitting in, needing to conform myself, nay, be you and be true! Guruji will light the way. Look to him! Amen, Amen, Amen.

W48 Can you own life?

Can you own life? This is my life? When ye are life itself!
Hello Kriya! Oh how I love thee. The feeling of feeling flowing through me. Will and concentration to spark thee, as you begin thine flow through the cerebrospinal centers of mine living tree. Oh mind tried to compartmentalize, ...ize, and understand, yet with thine flow cometh the will of intuitive, the big mind behind the small mind, working together! Guru guiding the process of life process as the brain doth try to process it's own life force permeating all fascets. Let go, and let God flow! A continuous comprehension of technique and change. As every sitting is anew, related to the past recollection, for the action of now, the learning, but then to let go the judgment and relation that spawns from the past recollections. Being now, in the cosmic flow. Felt, but not known, Known with all the knowing behind the mind. Spirit and nature dancing together. Small mind merging with big mind, oh mind eternal. Feeling much heat and masculine of pingala circulating the spine, I was feeling much awakening, yet imbalance in the brain. So consciously focusing more on pingala, the coolness to balance came to me. Trust, faith, guruji, for this practice, what is happening to me is beyond y mind's comprehension! Yet I, you, aum doth consciously know what to do. Emerged in the NOW, deep in the spinal stillness of rushing golden river, does the knowledge come to be known. Jai Guri. Sthira Sukkham, will, structure, practice, yet let go, flow, surrender, allow God to flow, Open the grasp of insight behind the controlling mind. Oh mind of control, I work with you, for you hath guided and willed, structured this being here, ease thyself, let thyself have rest for your comforter is here. You have done well! I die daily! Is this the true letting go? Into Spirit I emerge, by thy grace my Lord! Aum, singing me along to my eternal abode.
Amen, Amen, Amen

W49 Honor women as diving mother!

Today my mind has dived deep in thee! Oh divine mother, thou didst sing to me in meditation last night. Calling to me, think of love my child. Oh how thy permeated my consciousness, expanding with the glimmers of the infinite fascets of thy divine love. Love, the connecting strand of thee in creation! Thee in creation. Guruji, thou melt me in love, thine eyes a blazing in the softest embrace of the heavens peering at your son, as thou doth touch my heart and mind with thine intuitive sign divine. Oh, not fully awakened am I, but my love, do I know thee. The burning ember of my heart in thine heart glows bright, illumining all that standeth in her way. The infinite understandings of my being in love, as pratyahara, samadhi, as I merge with love, the meaning of love, the ones of love, the way of love, the sight of love. Oh you mother, humming thine lullaby of love to the earth and cosmos. Oh how blessed we are. Oh how

blessed I am to love with thy love, filling my heart! My soul, my being with thee. Sat chit ananda! Aum, aum, singing and ringing in my mind, oh divine! Soothing and oozing with thy golden pranic river of thee. Oh beloved, I will never forsake thee. Thou hast opened mine eyes, satya unto self. I herein exercise myself to always have a conscience devoid of offense toward God! Om christ Aum!

Exercise, practice of thy gift of kriya Yoga. Yama, niyama, asana, pranayama, pratyahara, dharana, dhyana, samadhi, oh blessed being. Oh blessed being, for this is being. By thy grace do we be and can, will, am being in thy grace! Oh the power of thy humble silence, stillness, surrender, eternity, omnipresence, omniscience, Love! Honor women as divine mother! Honor Gina as diving mother. Awaken child, awaken. Deliver us from delusion! Birthed anew, awaken! Aum Babaji! I will awaken to thy touch! Jai Guru Jai Guru Jai Ma!

W50 Sadhana ye sadhaka

Serve God in Man!

I am sadhak on my gift of sadhana! Kriya, self introspection through writing, true to the self, bhakti and devotion to God, christ, guru, serving god in mammon, diving mother in all mother. Kriya and meditation along with discrimination to continually weed out the darkness that I have allowed manifest in me. To keep a conscience void of offense toward God, I exercise first and foremost. This means my sadhana comes first. Seek ye the kingdom of God and his righteousness, first and foremost. For all cometh from He! The new you emerging from the metamorphosis by the light of God, Christ, Guru and the gift of Kriya is to be prioritized, acted upon, kept in the lime light, thy light! For if I act upon the habitual self of the past, nay self, but the habits of the past that no longer serve me, then they continue their stronghold and power over me. Awareness, priorities! Sadhana comes first, god comes first, there is no second, for god is all! Ye know your sadhana, Kriya Yoga, and so in motion are ye set! Fulfill this, prioritize and be practical, there isn't enough time or capacity in thee to do all, to serve the ego and God, to dabble in wrong action and serve God. Sadhana ye sadhaka, guruji doth guide you! Sadhana ye sadhaka, Kriya Yoga, Seek ye first the kingdom of God, Aum Christ! Aum Christ!

W51 True to the Self

Tis a rewiring of the brain,
A reworking of Self.
Awakening,
The difficulty of thy Grace,
The suffering of Joy,
The surrendering of love,
The sacrificing of freedom,
Giving all to receive,
Opening the door for the inside to shine without!
The way of Spirit to conquer the world,
Austere to the worldly ways,

True to the self!
Amen Amen Amen

W52 My unknown Kryptonite

“Live well: Love All. Universal love is the cornerstone. Dispassion, discrimination, cultivation of virtues and a strong yearning for liberation are the pillars. The superstructure is external happiness, peace, prosperity and immortality. In this temple the supreme lord is enshrined. Adore him there and you will soon attain him.”

Wow, what happened this evening? Beyond me, for I certainly comprehended not. The fellow, brother dave, who I met by name and shook his hand tonight, is the one who mentioned the movement of my singing expression as thy song floweth through me. I held onto this a doubted myself, felt ashamed doing something wrong. But oh, thou hast corrected me! As thy song floweth through me, Prem, Bhav, Bhakti, my devotion singeth thy name. My body and rhythm moveth with thy Pranic river. My soul dances with thee. Oh then tonight, he introduced himself and shook my hand. Smiling with sparkling eyes, I thought nothing of it. I even brushed off the holdings I had from his first communication with me. And then as he led the meditation, it's as if his energy was sucked into my soul, my mind couldn't shake the burden of he. Feeling his running thoughts, lack of focus on thee, judgment, Oh Lord, this ached in my soul. Thou didst transmute these vibrations, manifesting them into flowers of devotion. Oh Lord, may this evenings meditation have benefited this fellow. May the burden I unknowingly took upon me have freed him of turning thought, dualistic perceptions, and allow him to dive into thee. I know not his devotion! I just know what plagued me this night! In thy erected temple guruji! Oh, please forgive my weakness, for thou didst give me strength! To endure with thee. Oh Lord, I graciously accept anything thou dost lay on me, for thou knowest me, self, more than I know the depth of self. Thankyou Lord for this burden, yet I comprehended not the depth. But oh Lord, it's as if I had touched my kryptonite and have been paralyzed! But by thy grace, did I shine through. Aum Aum Shanti Shanti Shanti Aum!

W53 I am here!

“I am not the body; I am not the mind; I am distinct from the body, mind, sheaths and three states. I Am the immortal infinite self!”

And the aftermath of taking on this Karma, or of moving through mine own karma, or whatever thou dost suffer your child to bare, Oh the physical holding in my neck, the feeling of ida and sushumna held in pain, not a normal creek in the neck, but deep, on both sides, may this be a burning of blockage of my awakening to thee. That I willingly bare the suffering thou wilt ask of me. For I know not what thy do my Lord, for thou art behind the comprehension of the mind, my thoughts reflect from thine grace, but they cannot think you, for you are the thought! Ever subtler than any of the feelings flowing through me, in the altar of my spine, o how I control so and yet inhibit thy manifestation to me. Let Go and let God flow! Oh Lord, and the

consumption of food that this body needed after the karmic fire that blazed through me. Lord, I am thine! Melt away the mortal coils that bind my worldly perception. For I am not looking to escape, to change thee changeless. I am but thy son seeking comfort in thine kingdom. NOT here or there, but NOW> this life, this moment, being thee through being me. Loving life, thy gift of life that is to love! To thine own self be true! Oh lord, let thy light shine! Shoo out all the cobwebs and weeds, demons and shadow puppets of my mind and soul. Let me be! In thee! For I am the being of thee! To be true to you is to use self discrimination, the organizations, blind, following , rules and restrictions, they need to be digested, put to the test for you! For thou art you! Human all too human, thou art the life of human, Oh Living Eternal Life of you. Ye need not speaketh of all things, ye need not comprehend all things. For I am thine, thou art mine. I am the comprehension ye seek. Commune with thy soul, In the altar of my omnipresence in thine heart. Thy will be comforted. Thy will be known. Wisdom to be comprehended is here. You home!

I am Here!

A men!

W54 to still, aye, stop!

9/8/23

Oh mind, why are ye so fickle?

Without the stilling soothing settling clearing, thee do run!

And in all directions.

Trying to begin doubting thyself,

Yes you, oh mind!

Oh ego of thoughts I this, I that,

Doubting thy God given path.

Doubting God Himself.

Thoughts, separate cognations,

Separate ideas of contradiction, relation, reason, compare and contrast,

Forgetting where they come to light,

How they are yet being.

Just like the whole Ego Me

Forgetting Life herself , forgetting self

Forgetting thine indivisible Spirit.

Just as these thoughts ,

For these are what make ye ego,

Ye perception of separation!

For even this body made of the earth

is no separate in the gross matter of elements.

Composed of weather,

Earth consumed and burned!

Air, oxygen, carbon, heart beating, oh silly mind,

Silly thoughts of separation!
Oh how deep is my delusion?
For even the body, not even speaking of that which I cannot see,
Soul , spirit, consciousness,
Dream consciousness, sleep unification, revitalization,
still ness, consciousness....
The body, the heart beats!
I choose this not, yet with the mind I thinketh this body is mine.
Thine heart beat is yet given to thee!
Breath, subconsciously breathe,
I control, lol, Life...
Heartbeat, breath, in and out, consumption of earth,
Water, In and out, burning, metabolizing, then waste.
Life then death, young then old,
Day begats night
Oh this life
Duality of creation!
The the things not seen, yet known
This that thought cannot think!
For this is by which thought can be,
The being before , and the being of after,
Consciousness, karmic ties, innate characteristics held by a being,
Even an animal,
Breaking the realm of the dualistic perception is to still,
Ay stop!
Time, relativity,
Heart slows , breath slows, self knows.
Intuition sings, yet not for the mind
Thoughts the running distraught self knoweth not.
So forth, truth, presence, being, depth, here, eternity
Omnipresent, One, Love, You the Me,
Self, for I comprehendeth not.
So Jai Guru.
I love you!

W55 There is no where else to go!

Guiding me to myself!
Behind the thoughts of the mind!
Sight itself of the seeing
The feeling of feeling
The beating of the heart
Sounding voluminous inside thy being

Yet heart is stilled!
The rush of water , wind flowing,
Yet consciousness expands into the vastness
Just as the subconscious sleeping consciousness floats and merges in the vastness of self,
Creating the mind of color, feel, sound,
Yet not felt with the gross of body,
As it layeth still as a corpse!
Yet awake,
The vastness is melting consciousness into consciousness.
Feeling far greater than sensual perception of unification,
Belonging, contentment,
Soothing and being,
Certainty, knowing, trust, truth,
Heart center of energy, life,
A life force subtler and greater than the pranic tingles of thy joy and bliss
My consumption consuming me ,
This si the dive of consciousness into the unseen,
Beginning to be seen!
Pratyahara, dharana, dhyana directed focus on one thought,
And full comprehension merging samadhi, self.
The truth, thine own self,
Now! You , all that is in the field of self.
Self Realization, oh mind.
I let ye run,
I let ye doubt,
But ye have no where to go!
Delaying the inevitable of thine own self,
This is delusion, this is ignorance!
But oh, on this page ye run only to find yourself!
So simmer down thy thoughts,
Feel thy peace in the ocean ye pull up ye waves from,
Feel the eternal thought of thought ye are swimming in,
Feel the center of thy being smiling,
Feeling grateful for thee,
Happiness welling up.
Oh here I am!
Here I am!
And oh how blessed am I that others of me are here,
Behind the thoughts of the mind,
Awaiting the mind to be one with itself.
To reveal mine own self in themselves.
Jai Guru, Aum Shanti Shanti
Shanti Aum Aum!

W57 The sadhana of the sadhak

Sadhana comprises of karma, bhakti, jnana, and raja Yoga.

“Service purifies and expands the heart. Love unifies. Service is the expression of Love. Knowledge is diffused love and love is concentrated knowledge.”

What is your sadhana you sadhak?

The gift of Kriya, the bestowing of devotion,

The song of love running through your veins,

The strength of stillness austere emanating Spirit into thy consciousness,

Or my consciousness in to Spirit, Nay,

It's not mine!

Simply the expanding of limited consciousness of dualistic construed perception,

Into thine all pervading consciousness of thee,

Permeating all space and time, matter,

What matters this or that, for thou art!

Yoga, my union with thee,

The action of this union,

The steps along the path of God of Life herself,

The meaning, the purpose, the drive and the driven,

To be the giver of the given.

For as thou art, I art by thou,

So I am!

Kriya Yoga of mine own self!

Jnana yoga filling the mind with illumination, comprehension,

Reasoning, dissecting thine infinite reflection!

Bhakti, prem, devotion as my heart poureth thine love for thee,

Tears of joy, words of soul shining forth,

Love, song, vibration,

Manifest of the WORD, Thee,

Floating and permeating the ethers with peace, bliss, joy

In and out!

No longer perceiving a distinction,

For all is Thee!

Karma yoga, action of service,

Serving Thee in all creation, all action, all doing,

Never forgetting thee as the mind in action is ever engrossed in Thee.

Raja yoga, still, austere, the heart sloweth,

The breath merges with thine, will, concentration,

The centers of your condensed being within the temple of me,

Patience and one pointedness piercing through the veil,

Unfolding thine brilliance,

Kriya yoga, the scientific merging go breath, spirit, will

In the temple of thee,

Illumining thine altars in the life of me.
Thy gift that I am,
Burning karmas hold and chains that bind me in th rooms unable to see thee,
Opening doors, seeing thy light shine forth
Coming to thee as thou cometh to me
The preparation of thine unfolding of me unto thee.
My father, mother, cosmic beloved
Oh how I love thee
How I need thee!
My sadhana as a Yogi,
Sadhak, Thine happiness kriya,
Jai Guru, Aum Aum Shanti Shanti Shanti Aum!

W59 Action giveth reaction

“Visualize a continuous bright day of happiness and concord. Remove selfishness and egoism. Calm the passions Purify the heart. Analyze your thoughts. Scrutinize your motives. Cleanse the dross of impurity. Realize God!”

“Let there be action only without reaction. Since all reaction is misery and all misery reaction. Thus acquiring fitness to be the worthy recipient of all bliss, live the life of truth. There is no such accident in the cosmic universe. Grow bolder in all adversities, waxing warmer with the heart of everlasting light. You need not follow any ideal since you are the ideal itself!”

Oh these words ever so piercing my soul. Ringing forth truth unto my eternal self. Act and act free or controlled action will control thee! So I said channeling thy divine. Am I a medium? Nay, for I am just aware, open, able to hear the words of the word of mine soul. Through this pen doth the words of thy reflection through me come forth. Action and reaction. Action is light, happening, living, the eternal moment of NOW. Kirya Jai Babaji Yoganandaji, Gurus plural of thine omnipresent self of all selves in this self movin the pen of thee. Opening, Unfolding the mind of Mine, unto the divine free of time, Oh Lord, Babaji through this channeler like me, the book and words of thy Word, Oh Jai Guru, Be bold, ACT, ACT, TRUE, Herein do I exercise myself to always have a conscience void of offense toward God! Reaction, for this is necessary in the dance of life, but this cannot affect action! The action must be pure, true, NOT subject or varied, wavered, compromised! This is the bring of misery. Shine the light of God that ye are in Action, Karma, Yoga. Kriya Yoga, Union oh Union, Indivisible Spirit! Jai Guru, Om Shanti Shanti Shanti Aum!

W60 The Joy of Meditation!

Im going to meditation! Have fun! Yes!

Wow, sunday evening 3 hour and a monday morning 4 hour meditation!
 How blessed am I to have the place and time to prolong my conscious stay in thee!
 Allowing thy presence, thy stillness, peace, aum, singeth and ringeth forth through all my being
 in your being!
 Oh mind fears time, discomfort, difficulties of prolonged meditation,
 Oh bu my soul bringeth forth for thy communion!
 Knowing that when I give myself to thee, thou wilt comfort me!
 Oh how I yearn for Thee Lord!
 Sitting in thy presence, immersed in thy being,
 My being expanded into the vastness of thy omnipresence.
 Oh Lord, giving myself to Thee, yet still I strive.
 Still I desire to see thee in fulness.
 To awaken myself in thy fulness!
 Oh silly mind of mine,
 For amidst the ego desire, behind and throughout,
 Are Thee!
 Comforting, soothing, emanating, permeating,
 Joy, Joy, Joy, peace, Peace, Shanti,
 Oh how sweet is the tast of thee known to my soul!
 Oh how I yearn to pierce the veil and see with the eye of my soul!
 Oh but yogi, thy mind runs still,
 When it needeth be still on me and me alone!
 Let go of you, oh human desires and thoughts,
 If ye want to See Me.
 For ye know me, ye feel me, but to see me,
 To perceive the sound of light,
 Sat Chit Ananda,
 Thy needeth not waver,
 One pointed, focus, thy devotional froth longs for you,
 As thou longs for me.
 I have given Thee Guru!
 Teachings, techniques!
 Use them!
 Calm, still the mind, Kriya, , Aum! Hong Sau
 They all flow as one to keep the mind affixed on me!
 Meditate on your heart where thine Gurus Llife,
 Surrounding the 1000 petal lotus with divine you ablaze in the middle.
 Meditate on the qualities of Me,
 Thy soul, love, peace, aum, light, stillness. .
 One pointedly, tame the dragon of the mind to sit and meditate with thy soul,
 Merge them! Come to Me. I will show myself!

W61 Within you, ye will find me without!

Faith- Surrender

Belief, Reason, knowledge, faith

“This is the faith on the self after having been realized!”

Hello Kriya, oh how beautiful ye are! Hidden and found, just as the self of me thee are opening me up to! Jai Guru! Happiness Kriya, yet the most difficult happiness, the most painful joy, deaths bliss.

Oh I am way over my head, haha, and under, in and out, for the practice of thyself to open thyself for thyself to be thyself, The Self.

Cool , eh eh eh, transmuting the life force pooling at the base of thee, rising ida, muladhara, svadhisthana, Manipura, Anahata, Vishuddha, Medulla, Ajna, Cool flow of light, feeling.

Will, concentration, passing Nay, Permeating the centers of consciousness of thy being. The altars of thine Guru thy God, Illuminating the brain, Opening thine eye, Thine eye! Ahhhhhhh Medulla Vishuddha, Ajna, Anahata, Manipura, Svadhisthana, Mulhadhara, Aum Aum, Aum.

Hong Saw, So Hung, breathing in and out, the out of the in, spiritualizing all the ether of me, Of thee. And to have put away the teachings and the well of knowledge, Nay, Wisdom!

Aum in the chakral location, swim in the pool of each universe of thy soul, Meditate, Aum Diving Mother, Christ Consciousness, Here, Now, Meditate this flow ,this movement of stillness. This song of the sages silence. The grace of eternity to thee, thy gurus blessing, Jai Babaji, thine freedom! Thy path of action to behold me, you, whom ye seeketh so, Sushumna, Spirit behind consciousness of thy consciousness doth flow.

Behold Aum, the sound of light, thy being of being.

Ye have the tools Use them! Still the mind in the action of inaction in thy self, Dance with me in the spine and brain to thine eternity. Within you, ye will find me without! Seek and ye shall find , Self!

Aum Jai Guru Aum Shantij!

W62 Aum is heard!

Aum is heard through cultivation of

Shaddha (hearts natural love),

Virya (Moral Courage),

Smriti (memory of ones divinity)

Samadhi (true concentration)

Aum is heard? Yet not heard with the ears of hearing.

Light is seen! But not with the the eyes of seeing.

Thou are felt, yet not with the epidermis of feeling.

Thou art known, yet not by the thoughts of the mind.

Settling into that I am, stillness, beingness,

Let go of this I am, to be this I am.

Still mind of fluctuation, Awareness, consciousness settles in the heart.
 The natural love giving all to be is then the love that is loving,
 Not that of permeations of love, or aspects/ qualities,
 But Love Innate, Nature herself, Aum.
 Consuming me in the giving of me,
 I surrender to thee!
 Virya, Truth of that which is known...
 Intuit Holy Spirit, Divine Mother, Jai Guru,
 Calling to thee in the soft voice of Satya,
 I am thine strength! Be true to you is to be true unto Me.
 Truth is the revealing of Truth!
 Smriti, Isvara Pranidhana,
 The innate devotion that poureth from thine soul,
 Thy greatest gift,
 I am this I am, By thou I am!
 Samadhi, concentration of concentration herself.
 The self of her, of you, of the mind's mind, of the thoughts thought.
 The concentration of Aum, Light, Feeling, Knowing,
 The concentration of the nature of the heart.
 Love!
 By you, In you, Through you I be.
 You in me is how this me I be.
 Free the me of thee unto the thee of me,
 That I no longer confine the divine of mine!
 That I may shine free of reflection and projection,
 Thy emanation, as thy Will!
 Let go, and let God flow!

W63 Fighting Myself

Oh mind of me how ye fight and struggle so! Living a life of Honoring self, truth, sadhana, the contentment and happiness of Living. Ye are fighting yesterday and today!
 What do I fight myself on?

. I doubt my choices, my path, meditation, yoga, why? Due to a fruitless happening of God's presence? My hopes and expectation for putting in time! Yet the contentment, Joy, stillness, purpose, sureness is instilled in my soul, but still the mind doth struggle. Is this the habituated self of separation clinging to hold on through mental deceit at whatever means necessary?
 Coming on strong it is!

. In line with this, I cling to Gina and an idea of needing her, yet our time has come to an end. She no longer serves me as she is. She can be no other than she is, and how she is; she

won't extend herself out to sympathize or empathize, or to give me the feeling of desire to soothe my thoughts, and so, as the choices and actions that no longer serve Thee, so it is!

. My heart hurts, Ego me, Mego desires people and friends. The path I am called, the life that I live is a departure from the norm I am surrounded with. Remember, why this is the way! The innate depth of self, thy nature beckons to shine forth! Living as another in their societal world pulls at the core of your being, for in thy core, you r natures beyond of the self, this si the path of happiness. For without being true to the4 self, ye cannot have happiness.

. Austerities, brahmacharya is creating sexual dreams. Oh it is there, this sexual energy. Is this what keeps me attached to gina? For she doth not for my soul! As I need her to be different in awareness, compassion, consideration unto me, but time and time again, this isn't the case.

Have I just let the mind run too far? Is the garden overflowing with weeds? Have I construed self and ego to a point of loss, where I can no longer differentiate! Differentiate! Ye live a sadhana of unity, acceptance, self one with all selves, yet then break apart thine own self! Discriminate, let wisdom guide, but to pick apart the self? Can self be apart from self? Ahhhh, thoughts and mind pulling and struggling! Yet the remembrance comes forth, mind, thoughts, ye know , comprehend from the well from the knowing of comprehension, yet ye cannot think the giving of thought nor comprehend in words the light of wisdom. For these are thine being, this is thy ease of thought, the experience of thought itself, not the compartmentalized multiple thoughts!

The thought of God, seeking, seeing, experiencing, calling to , yearning for, as if separate than !! Creating a mental struggle, a delusion in the depth of my process of process! OH contentment, stillness of mind, freedom from agitation, ye are that of me, yet in the depths of me! Mind is me, peace is me, the weight of separation has gto me construed. Me and God, mind and soul, in and out, life and death, this or that, reasoning or feeling, ahhhh, can you figure it out? Words and words, ways and days, right and wrong! A thought cannot comprehend itself from whence it sprung to know. It grasps the objective cognition of comprehension, even that of self. A thought, a comprehension of self, of thought itself, is still a bubble of the light of self looking back at self, perceiving an understanding of self when it is but self itself, projecting a comprehension of self! Experience, existence, being, these are free of thought, fo the mental anguish that is welling up in me! Fighting itself, actions, reasoning, good or bad, nay, act for it is action! Good, bad, this, that, right, wrong, duality has found her way into my thought process, to my mind, trying to steal my soul. Oh dark night, beloved Christ! My guide, I seek God, Christ, Guru, then forget to be self! I can not be other than that I am. To think thou art me in a rational dualistic means of thought is to drive thought into a frenzy. To know this, to know self, is through being you, experiencing you, stilling in you. Being you that you are being! Can, through the stillness of the full experience of being, I expect expiration in perception to manifest. Oh dualistic or all one indivisible spirit, perceiving in dualistic nature, subject and object, yet being! Self! Feeling and knowing the interconnected singularity of Life herself! I am Life! I am me as I be!

To thine own self be true! I can do nothing else but this! As so God, Guru, Paths here, there, I will sit in Me! In myself, in the being I am, Indivisible Spirit! Oh a lofty ideal my mind graspeth, yet hath experience of self, of the depth that being, hath ye experienced this? Do ye know this? Can I be known to me? Aum Aum Aum, the sound of the Self! Given in the duality from great Guru, great people, to guide ye unto yourself. Yet they can not come inside and guide thine thoughts, thy will, thy concentration to still and still, to experience and be, for this is your being! Crazy thinketh thee of thyself, but even this is subject object, objectifying self from a pedestal, an ideal of Self, judgment of self, the many thoughts that whirl in self, the separate pieces that are the One self. Oh epiphany, her symphony of illumination. Golden showers of soothing unity of the thoughts of many sounding together. A instant knowing of all the thoughts of the being of me, coming together in the radiance of Self's knowing, understanding, vanishes! Oh, this is the enlightenment I seek, yet there is no where to seek! For It is the self, so enlighten Self by truly experiencing experience of Self!

W64 Can ye be other than this you are?

To thine own self be true!
Can ye do any other than this?
For ye are being, thinking, living, all the ING that you are, You Are!
Seeking, looking, subject seeking object,
even a transforming happening unto self, Awakening!
Sushumna rising, all the ING.
You are, subject object, predicate noun
Before ye think of what ye are, you are!
Before ye think and discriminate actions, variations,
give meaning to action,
You are acting, The now of pondering this is you is action.
Meditation technique is action, sleep!
Consciousness wafted into self, or away from self,
To rejuvenate and restart the mind and body,
The being for awakening of consciousness to resume action.
Yet, this relaxing of the body and mind to escape itself is you,
Is the being of thee.
Do you stop being whilst sleeping?
Is this another ING of comprehension,
For with all the ING of Do - ING, or happen - ING,
Experienc ING, I am!
Whatever sleep is, whatever life or consciousness, I am that!
that, as in separate than I am, Nay!
Reflective words have naught but the means to reflect upon their origin!
Simplify the complexities of thy mental diversions!
I have made a conscious choice to live this life of mine for happiness,
For truth, for life herself, which I AM,

For I AM living.
Not an idea of what life is, or philosophic quandaries,
Nay, Be the Be ING that I AM,
When settled mind in this I AM,
Not astray in a thought cloud or shuffled by ideas,
Haha, nay, for I AM settled or not!
Being or not, what I am not is separate
IE, self canst not be different than self!
I AM I
Being that subject I is the object I by AM.
AUM.
So I am Am, AUM!
And to act on this, to be the action ye are,
Self is, I AM is the dissector, the test, the judge!
If it doesn't serve AM in thy mind of the being of thee,
The living being of that which ye are,
Then it isn't for you!
The thought of God is even subject object ,
Pulling thee in directions from Thee.
As if external, distant, not here!
Ideas, delusions?
For⁴ as I am being, free of thought,
This, that, how to be, etc, I am.
Not subject nor object, for even subject is something to look at
In reference, relative to that which is not subject!
AM is the perceiving of subject/ object
Discriminative faculty of being, consciousness, I AM.
What can I do in do ING to help free mind from subject, object,
Dualistic perception veering self from self?
Feel! For what is felt is feeling itself?
Peace is feeling of feeling free of subject object!
Stillness, for feeling infinite aspects aren't feeling itself,
But object of feelings flavor,
Objects to give feeling a sense of purpose.
For feeling without objection,
Subjection is the essence, existence, consciousness,
knowing, eternity, God, experience, being,
Known to me, felt to me as
Peace, bliss, joy, love, light, AUM
Yet not felt, known, realized, for these words are the mee free of subject object duality.
Soul qualities, yet to think of soul as objective,
Nay, I am soul, thu AUM.
So action, being in her infinite delights of experiencing
Without fullness of feeling in I AM,

Then I am separated, being indifferent unto the self I am,
Ye can be no other, so all other in thought is delusion!
All action is the being of I am! Ever being, so align thy thought with action,
Being the action!
Thought away from action, pulling self from self that canst not be other than self.
I AUM, this is mine Action, AUM.

W65 all the gurus ways before thee, For thee are the way!

Objectivity of thought!
This that, even AUM is objectified!
Aum, that which is the means by which the thought is thunk to give a perceived separation of
thinker and thought.
I am is a state of samadhi,
No subject object, merged as one, in comprehension, being, integration.
As with thoughts.
I am, so as I am, all happenings, movements, of I am, allow aum
The stillness, nay, mind, me, self, to be the discrimination.
I am this, that, this way that way,
In the hows and whats of being, nay,
Allow the whats, hows, to ome into the AM of your being,
Into existence, into the discrimination of being itself,
Being I am , to smoothe and act in the ways I am to act and be.
Mindstate, mental agitation, confusion,
Let I am this mindstate, menta.....
Bring it all into the truth of self to be weeded out,
To be digested in the sound of light,
Into the emanation of being,
Into the self of self,
Into the being, into the simplicity that ye are, purity,
For here is all the gurus ways before thee,
For thee are the way!
I AM, there is no way, for I am.
And so subject, object, AUM AM I.
Sorry mind, ye cans't wrap your head around this with thoughts, for this is you,
The thought of you,
The thinking of you, wrapped around you,
Filling the all of you!

W66 I am AUM

Aum, the thought of Aum ever so close,

Yet by Aum is this thought manifest, cognized
Samadhi, is AM integration, Subject is Object.
I AM Samadhi, AUM
The more acceptance,
The more surrender,
The more letting go of even the I of I AM,
The more I feel,
I know, by the gifts of the action of stillness,
The movement of eternity,
Thee bee of beeing,
Peace, joy, contentment, purpose, place, belonging.
This a lack of longing, as God, AUM,
Is giving presence,
Self surrounding self, HOME.
The terms AUM, God, Guru,
Are grabbed by the mental structure,
Subject, perceiving object,
Yet perceive, this is the action.
The happening of mind it self,
AUM, Aum, Jai Guru Jai

W67 Characteristic of AM

Sat Chit, Ananda
And as all is but a manifestation of the Word, The Word
Or life force emanation, vibration, light behind lights,
The sound of silence, AUM, So Guru, God,
Yoga, Kriya, are all emanations of the root,
Yte as perceived root of the physical tree is connected
Through earth to all trees,
So is the aum connected with all of its manifestation!
For it liveth within all that is manifest, created.
The one of the many.
As the root of the tree is not the root of another tree,
Yet knoweth the tree next to it through the earth they both occupy,
Aum is the manifest tree, root, and earth all the same.
The one of the many.
But eh, mind of mine, comprehendeth these things not.
For it thinketh in separates, compartmentalizing,
One way naive of the next,
Seeing the wave as another wave with perception
Until it crashes back into the still sea of mind,
Settling with all waves.
But even the perception can dance from wave to wave,

Like a floundering fish gasping for breath,
For as the fish,
So the consciousness, perception in it's objectified state of thought separation,
Becomes weary and tired jumping from wave to wave,
Unable to submerge back into the sea of it's breathing.
And so losing mind is this uncontrolled storm of consciousness
Jumping from white cap to whitecap.
Created manifestations of thought, ideas, emotions, feelings of self,
Controlled and let loose by self.
Awakened dream state of self!
All the movement and fluctuation of the unconscious mind yet conscious,
With the I aspect in judgment,
Compounding upon the mental flux of the storm of consciousness
Grasping for breath.
Aye, but is consciousness in need of breath?
Nay, tis the I that is short of breath.
Deluded as AM of I is distant,
The consciousness of self amidst the whitecaps of the mind stormy sea.
And so, just as the subject, I,
And object, Mind, thought, idea
Are influenced by each other, the connection
Perception, consciousness is what is between subject object.
This , AM, AUM, Feeling, Being, Being itself,
Action it self, self of self,
Is then not subject to mind even.
For mind hath fluctuation, depth and stillness,
Shallow fleeting waves fo the storm.
I am subject to the mind- state.
Yet by what means am I subject?
That which IS subject/ object
The verb of the two
The one of the many
The AM of the I - AM?
The is of his IS that.
The FEEL of the I- feel- x?
So then back to the ING, See ING,
Be ING, Cry ING,
If I AM being,
Even the ING word of seeing, benign, living,
Are the object,
The many of the ONE unification!
For as I AM,
So the I Love, I live, I ----- enter action here!
Just as I AM,

I Love, so that action,
That way of being,
That moment of Self,
Is what is I,
So samadhi,
The being of unification of subject, object,
And unifying consciousness all merged into it self,
Merges I into the being of I,
for , I Love, I is being Love,
To say I AM Love, the Love is objectified,
I is subjectified,
All by sight itself, consciousness, perception itself,
Self it self,
The unifying means by which each entity springeth forth and merge back into!
Just as I, or at least body consciousness I,
Departs with the waking conscious state,
Into self,
So the object of thoughts, memories, etc, hmmmmm, no so ha!
They fluctuate, dance, still, live, likened the past, future,
happenings, karmic dance of the motion picture of this life,
That life, goods, bads, fears, joys, thrills and spills,
But in sleep consciousness, for this awareness of mind retention,
Dreams, is consciousness,
The judgment of I is not there.
Feeling all the waves and events of feeling,
Emotion, is simply felt,
Not good or bad, but only when I,
Waking consciousness views the memory of mental fluctuation of the dream,
Does it become viewed as good, bad, this or that!
To dreams, body senses are not present are they?
The feeling of pain, sight, smell, touch, taste, sound,
These are all feelings, emotions, memories,
Of how they were perceived,
Yet free of the physical sense perception of the body.
And continuing in this stream of comprehension,
Cognition, acceptance-realization,
AUM am i
ALL aum from whence I cometh.
I AM AUM,
One of Many!
Aum Jai Guru Aum Shanti.

W68 Always have and always will Be

Feeling of feeling this Sunday morning.
Mind and heart unable to still completely in the kriya practice.
Mind trying to run itself onto the future needs of working on the truck and finishing the project,
Worrying of the outcome, doubting, and second guessing correctness, and the outcome.
Heart feeling a lump, on emotional raincloud of I, of processing,
Tangible hurt, pain, as I direct will,
Consciousness into this, I can squeeze tears of it's process.
Oh but not ready to let go is this cloud in mine heart.
All the feelings mentioned associated with this,
And yet I only feel joy, gratitude, for the process that is happening.
Maybe the cloud is a welling from yesterday at DJ's.
The realization of inability of communication of me and my path.
That it isn't understood, comprehended, and accepted.
Yet I cannot expect another to know me.
For God only knoweth where I am, for , my thine grace am I even to tread on this path.
Forsaken in delusion,
Overcome by demons,
Still ever so lurking,
But on the path I tread.
On my path to me
The me I knoweth not with thought,
The me I be that is the being of me!
The think of the thought, the thinker, the thought, the thing,
Purity, eternity, movement of stillness,
And so, yet the I of I AM,
Ego of the me who is,
Still unable to remain in samadhi of union with AM of I!
The cleansing, purifying, accepting, becoming what I AM and have always been,
Always will Be,
Awakening, realizing, true me,
For I can to mine own self only be true ,
Accepting and acting on my truth!
Expression, communication, silence!
For christ speaketh in riddles, relations, indirect.
He spoke that which could be heard.
In doctrine showing meekness, gravity, sincerity, uncorrupted ness,
And sound speech that cannot be condemned.
In all things showing a pattern of good works!
Aum Christ, Aum Christ, Aum Shanti Aum.

W69 Sunday night meditation.

Thankyou Paul for leading. Energization exercises in front of the temple, After the dave experience, I choose to go inside, and do these preparatory exercises to energize the body battery and loosen the muscles, myself. I was able to go in early, say my own prayers, sit and internalize before beginning. Lovely! After the first chant, which I didn't know, I chose to silent Kriya, slowly, sitting in awareness, conscious of each chakra along with medulla oblongata. The most energy, light, liveliness I've felt! I think I got 6 sets of 12 Kriya at my pace in the 45 min or so. They prolonged meditation is certainly benefitting to Kriya. This must be the mala usage by all. Sat chit Ananda, Jai Babaji, Happiness kriya indeed. The second sitting, I sat consciousness in the heart center. The illumined being on the lotus in the middle of the vibrant flame, blue? With the lineage of guru circling like orbiting planets of light! Jai Guru Jai Guru. Having felt a welling of depth in the heart earlier today, I certainly expected to find it, but nay, it was light and bright! And for the third, after singing oh so beautiful Think yee in thine heat, thine Guru, I practiced AUM technique for a while, followed by samadhi, pratyahara, presence! Somewhere in there I realized raising the gaze at the spiritual eye is not raising the eyes. It is realizing the gaze of consciousness, concentration, focus, for the spiritual sight isn't perceived with the eyes! Oh the epiphany! No longer to strain the eyes up, nor judge my gaze. Even though Yogananda shows eyes upward, this isn't where ye are! This is an advanced practice, for after having fully realized the self of the self in full glory! Oh Beloved, how grateful I am to be granted on thine path, I will not forsake thee for yoganandaji hath mine hand. Jai Guru! Babaji, Lahiriji, Yukteswariji, Yoganandaji, Aum Shanti Aum.

W70 thy presence in the present of my being present

Monday morning meditation! After a night full of dreaming, and dancing in the ethers. Vivid and physical to the sense, of sex expulsion lol. The whole onslaught of emotion and feeling, surmounted into the recollection of this motion picture. And onto meditation, the traffic was dense, the rush of all the monday morning hustle was intense, but the cloudy sky was lovely. It made it just in the nick of time! Monk led, this brother starts without song, using conscious relaxation and words of Guruji, sitting in the movement of Graces stillness, song come, so lovely. He serenades the aftermath of meditation's lingering softness with slow devotional song, then as the consciousness finally makes its way to the vocal chords, he begins a faster more repetition chant. Kriya for the second phase, only getting 4 sets done in the allotted time. AUm, sitting praising with feeling the altars of the spine@ subtleties felt more and ore as I sallow myself to fade into the subtle luminescence of the tree of my soul. Song, then a meditation of Christ eye and the heart center. Feeling, marinating, emanating, aum! Song! AUM meditation with the T. Christ center concentration was much more definitive than the audifactorial AUM. Still, feel, real, AUM, 4 hou4r meditation ending wanting more! Peace, joy, presence, thy presence in the present of my being present! Jai Guru. holding my ear like a child to drag me to thee. Jai Guru! Aum Babaji! Aum Shanti Aum.

W71 Habitual Celebration

The finalizing of a long project calls for celebration! The project of dirty work in the farage, in the heat, tiring and taxing. Finished seemingly with no erroring, yay, she's complete. Then the habitual thought of celebration! Booze and letting loose the austere ties of happiness. Oh how silly this is. The work, albeit as balanced as possible, picking at it day after day, was not at all bad, balanced! But the finishing run to homeplace was hankered with more imbalance. Throwing mental stillness to the wayside, irritableness allowed to take its place, and the push to get her done! And lo, she is done. Ever giving back to that is my nature, how I do things. Putting myself, my balance, my contentment to the wayside for the sake of completion of the action. Ever more so when the finish line nears. Starting of the job, nervous, timid, uncertain, slowly tearing into it. This is the learning, becoming familiar, assessing stage. Then all apart, fresh breath of it coming apart without a hitch. Now knowing the issue, the method of putting back together, the energies are anew and refreshed. Cleaned and fresh, new parts, the path is clear. Going back together step by step, ensuring each part is done to completion to inhibit any erroring. And as she nears and nears the many parts put together to make the working of one, the doubt and fears of did I do it right, will it work, was all this work for naught? Well up as the continuing of finalization. Remaining patient with each step, fulfilling each task, torquing, verifying, this is the good work, fulfilling work, balanced as well. Still the doubts of all come to a pinnacle when all is together and ready to turn the key. Checklist verified in the mind, I missed nothing. Along with the doubts, fears, are also the confident certainties of the quality of work, attention to detail, the patient verification of each step, and wallah, she works. Celebration time! This is the culmination of all the anticipation, emotional avering, and time utilized for the outcome. Celebrate yes! In the habitual self harmful way of the past, nay! Ye are here now! Living true to thine own self. The actions that served thee in the past may no longer work for thee in the future. And so, the imbalance of long labor, finalization, then the relief and celebration, I in turn created more imbalance of the self. Oh the process of being. Of being me, truly, wide open, honest, not hiding, introspection, retrospection, all for the happiness, joy, contentment, aum of now and the future of truth's actions rewards! Commune with thine self! For as the working consciousness is streamed into the dream consciousness, shut off, unaware of the transition of perception from working state to unconscious state, so this transition from working state to superconscious state must relate! And so I make the effort now, for the realization, awakening, of self to perceive perception herself, for this is what I am, and so I live to live life herself, sat chit ananda, the nature of soul consciousness of union, being tyeh being I am fully, truly, wholly, one@ all thoughts, feelings, together in thee, in me! Oh duality. The created, related, subject object! Even as I comprehend, the thought of consciousness is still yet subject to unconsciousness, body and soul, aye so difficult when all is one yet comprehension cannot grasp this. My comprehension cure can't! But amidst, I know, I feel thee, beyond all understanding, comprehension, for thee giveth me the being of me, by thine being am I to ponder this. Oh Lord, thankyou, for guiding me to thee on the superhighway of kriya. I am naught but by thee. Trying to strip the layers to nothing, to you, yet I am left with the I of me, dichotomy, duality! Thinking of thoughts thoughts, I am thine! For thought itself, oh thee, sat chit, ananda, is the only alignment to true of me of thee of unity. And so I meditate on thee. Aum Shanti, Shanti, Shanti, Aum Jai Guru. !

W72 awakened sleep

“A man cannot have both enjoyment of momentary sensual pleasures and the enjoyments of permanent spiritual bliss. He must choose one or the other; for man cannot serve both god and mammon together!”

Oh Beloved, how this sleep was the awareness of Thee!

Justification and comfort of Kriyas benefit unto my soul. For just as I was pondering following consciousness to the unconscious state with thine awareness, so sleep became illuminated. In the unconscious state, free from the sense perception, with awareness, will, concentration turned to thee, perceiving perception, thy light emanating the infinitude of space, piercing darkness, and so I lifted the gaze to you and lo behold, the infinite suns ablaze in the given awareness. Overcoming me, so spectacular, only a moment fulfilled my soul with thine certainty of this path, thine fruition, Not leaving me out to starve. Filling the desire I wholly have for thee! Is this the moment of awakening into thy blissful presence of slumbers unification? Or is this experience that of thine raising me into thine radiance? For wherever, whatever, this is the ever I yearn for. For I have a goal, the birthright of thee as thou doth give me birth. To conquer death, time, this quality, in thee, thou art my conquering. Oh Lord, Kriya in the waking consciousness and Kriya in the sleep conscious state. Ye cannot escape. May the infinite voltage of spirit awakened in me last night find it's home in life, as I realize my home in Thee. Aum Shanti Shanti Shanti Aum. For I am Thine! I surrender all of me to thee. I know not but thee, this vessel is but thine. Awaken with Me thine eternity of perceptions perception that I may be the knowing of thee ever more!

Jai guru! Jai guru! Jai Babaji! Jai guru!

W73 God only knows, for God is the only knowing

Oh how I fought myself yesterday, these sexual energies mixed with my entertaining of lust! Sexual energies are natural and will ever be present in this body. As for carnal desires, this is in the mind! This is the fight of thyself that ye battled. Indirectly placing armies of lust, desire in the way to thyself. For I then had to battle this, a fight I created by mine own self forsaking the truth of mine own self. To have a conscience void of offense toward God is to be true to thine own self. In this self trickery and deceit, the conscience forms a barrier of thought processed between self and self. Pulling thee from self. Oh, ye have chosen the most difficult path, but nay, not thee, but the path has chosen you! Self hath guided ye to guru, here. Thine vocation wherewith ye are called is just this, a calling. Ye can either accept, align, and be true, or subject thyself to torment, agony, suffering. Your path, your truth, is between you and God, self and self, non subject to anything external, even thy temple and the teachings of Kriya Yoga. Thy truth is depth, the root of thine commune with thy soul. God only knows, for God is the only knowing! And so, be you, be true, There is none other than Truth! Truth is God! God is Sat Chit Ananda, to be true is to feel God as ananda, joy, bliss, this is the knowing of God to you. Hardships, surface pains, aye ye have much to do root, weeds that have grown and rooted the garden of the mind. This isn't an easy job, surfaced pains and weeds shrieking to stay rooted,

oh but the sail of thy soul is ever firm, fixed, unchanging, becoming thee to be true, Jai Guru of You!

Amen, Aum, Shanti, Shanti, Shanti, Aum

W74 there is no bad, no good, until ye make it so

Coffee, writing this as I drink my morning coffee, having realized coffee no longer serves me. Clinging to the voice of coffee, as the other ailings fall away. Justifying the imbibing. Oh its not bad, not a drug, Yogis drink coffee. And in this, coffee has become more of an attachment. Filling the void where other attachments have fallen. Coming to mind in meditation, eager to free from meditation to have coffee. Or in mid day, a coffee as a pick em up, only to hold me away from calling of my soul. Sweating and uncomfortable, heart racing. OH but mind's desire, craving, habituating that of coffee. As with anything, coffee isn't within itself bad. It's only my relationship, my usage, my imposition that creates bad. For there is no bad, no good, until ye make it so! And so, I have found coffee to have a hold on me, nay, I have a hold on coffee, on the idea of coffee. Mixing the drinking of coffee with spiritual expounding of self with this pen, with allowing myself, my mind, to hold onto yet another attachment, as I am dissolving, more and more into me, free from all else but self! You my lord, is all I need! And now I love ye coffee, or the idea of you, but no longer do ye support the me I be. And so, no longer do I need you. And no longer do ye need me, for ye never had a need for me. Tis just my superimposition of my ideology, my justification unto my habituated ego unto myself. To thine own self be true, and as sex and sex pleasures, so coffees indulgence isn't for me any longer/1
Aum Shanti Shanti, Shanti

For this is why I do, wherewich the calling of me to be is thee!

W75 second Kriya Initiation no go

2nd kriya initiation Brother Balananda! So excited I was for this, then to be judged! However this is a process of verification, ensuring correct practice. For the best result. And asking of the updated lessons and the updated kriya, I've been using the dispensation from 1931, however accumulated the new updated teachings are, utilizing all the material yoganandaji gave from then to this passing, they are still the original dispensation from Hej! So hard for me to be judged,s on the spot, for my spiritual being from a human, albeit a monk and spiritual being, for my being is my God, for God, with God, as is my path! Guided by guruji, one with God! Oh silly, and so is the mind, and so are you! Jai Guru! So onto the spiritual eye, spoken of direct in dimension and diameter by the brother. The gold 3d ring surrounding the blue circle, then in the middle a 5 point star in white. Small, but as one gets closer, gets bigger and more radiant. These are tunnels of consciousness, of the perception of God. Once see, hold the concentration, and let thyself go! Let go and God will flow. The nervousness even got m3e thinking I was performing the kriya backwards! I did write it backwards tho, so rightfully so. But even ingrained in my soul is this practice. Slowly, 2 kriya in a minute. Counting? No need to count. Allow the cool, AHHH, rising through each chakra to Christ, then Ehhhh,

trickling down, through centers to Mulhadhara. Meditation or Kriya, Devotion, when feeling presence, this is it, this is he, then kriya. For the mind when needed. God circle is big tunnel, blue, smaller, and white even smaller. Spoken of as concrete matter objects? Who knows, ye do! What, when, and how the eye of Christ of mine will be! Aum shanti shanti shanti Aum.

W76 SRF Catholocism organization

Oh Lord, I am driving myself crazy. Haha, I am the driver. The thoughts, separate from me, are the street signs going all directions. The vehicle is myself. I, ego me, is driving, self- the being me, crazy- uncontrolled thoughts, emotions, unstilled. After talking to brother Balananda, a churning has happened inside. Anticipation of diksha of second kriya, ego hopes of spiritual praise or at least comprehension, assertion, was crushed by a sales pitch first and foremost, then the brother having no realization of the reasoning for the call, for second kriya. Then to doubt my kriya, this was needed! For the deep open cool ahhh up, and the high throated ehhhh heat trickling down had come to the wayside. Oh the structure and organizational dumbed assimilation for the masses. Like catholicism to talk to God, one has to go through the priest! Oh guruji, I know thee and thy dispensation, for this is in my heart and soul. I suppose I cannot expect for another, to read this, for it is thee Lord. Kriya is my heart, Christ is my bedrock, Krishna my love, Babaji y Kriya, Oh Lihiri bubbling bliss, Yukteswar steel discernment of discrimination. And thee Lord, my guru, giver of path Lord, thou art. I know not! To mine own self be true and by you and I. by thy Grace! Aum Peace Amen, Aum Shanti Shanti Shanti Aum. !

Chapter 14 The others of you Friends

- Friends '01
- Friends Book 9 '12
- Interaction Book 9 '12
- Non Conformity '15
- Relationship. '24

Friends

Friends, wonderful to be around, but is that only because of the filter system itself? It is inevitable to me to be with the people I choose, so it is much easier than presumed. Just enjoy people, for people are just as I and also I. Be strong to stay as you will. It is happening at a pace at which I control by actions and choices. All people, all friends Live, love, and be happy. Help the uneasiness. It is you who controls your surroundings or can control the surroundings. Allow for the love and non judgmental thought with them and all uneasiness made also by self, will never exist. Control is taking responsibility. It was given by life. That is to live and to be.

To do will allow me to see. To know and to feel, and whatever comes along, for this is my life and life of all is the same life. Give what was meant to give. Love!

Interaction Book 9 '12

The silly debacles of friendship.

He said this, she said this, I was insulted, I did this so I should receive this, I expect this, that, so on and so forth.

Gripes and gripes, complaining and complaining, expecting even unto the lack of acknowledgment of expectation.

Separation, for one is another than thee.

Emotional creation of the relation, how is the relation, is it good, is it bad, is it this, is it that?

How can it be when thee are the love of the one, alive in the heart of the other.

Mind not in the thought pattern of another strife,

Hold not in they stream of thoughts trife for another.

Worry not of the variations of happenings with another.

For even to think of such things gives separation.

Be Love, be firm in thought, anchored in that which is changeless, be unchanged, unwavering in the ocean of thought. Be steadfast unto the beloved Lord of all the grace by which ye be, by which the other of thyself is.

Compassion unto another, but let thyself not be lured by the others stream of thoughts.

You are in control of your thoughts with God in his repetition of eternity in the river of mind. And so one with love thy thoughts float and float, immersed in the ocean of eternity. Alive in the steadfast inaction of action of daily duty, of interactions, unwavering in mind as ye are anchored on the Beloved.

And so the other will not change thee, and mind not the changing of thee with the thought of falling into their pattern. For ye have the pattern of thought which is the beloved's name, thy grace of thy life.

Strong in the Lord, thy will permeate the truth of all the small fluctuation of emotional bondage.

Of the discrepancies, of expectation, for what can be expected of eternity when ye are anchored in eternity. Other than thee consciousness expanding into their, illuminating them, awakening them to themselves by thyself being anchored in the self. In God, Chitta Vrtti Nirodaha.

Anchored in Yoga ye be oh he of be, being me to and thru.

Let not another change thy anchor or lift thy thought. Be true to you and so truth will shine as the divine will shine in the singing of thine of thine.

Oh Beloved grace may I be anchored in thy heart of mine, in the still thought of thy names stronghold. That I may be as thee to another, alit a light to shine. Let not my thoughts construe to that of relationship to another in expectation, for I choose to see thee in thee. For thee cannot be apart of thee for thee are thee, and so I am me. And I am thee, and thee are all, and so I cannot be apart from all. I cannot fight that which I be, and so stillness of thought unto others distraught dillusions will I be, Not causing confusion. I need not speak unless it helps the

silence to grow. So still, so still, so I feel , so still. Ommmmm, peaccceeeeee,
A,mennnnnn.

Friends

Oh friends I have had so a many, ever coming unto me for the friendship.
Ease of having another around, comfort and commerauderry,
I would adapt and act as my friends would, Fit in and go with the flow.
I would adapt my actions unto theirs so we would like the same thing.
And now I know that I must have conducive friends who liken unto the same things as I. Who
choose to live true unto God. Where by which they will help me be strong unto the life I know I
must live.

To feed eachother with strength and love, rather than compromising and pulling away into
dependencies of alcohol, marijuana, and all other forms of attachment.

I now have a void in my chest without Ashley around whom has been there for me for so long.
Now she is no longer there a friend who had the same interest as yoga, who ate the same as I
and who likened similar interests to I.

And so a friend or a girlfriend, mattereth not, she was a person to share with. I have not a
person to share with in my means of life and so I feel lonely. Saddened. I feel I have none.
In this feeling comes the rememberence of the beloved grace who permeates all thy friendships,
who permeates all thy beings who could be a friend, who could be one to live and love with in
this life of love.

Man or woman, it mattereth not, for this is not a lover I am looking for, but someone to simply
be friends with to share. A many someones, quantity mattereth not but simply the livings of
them being conducive to mine.

Yogis, Christians, labels etc. this matters not, for they are all human beings with the grace of
God running through their veigns. I can see this in all by seeing the beauty of god in all, and by
this sight of love will all whom are my friends be conducive to my choice of being.

For I cannot ever forget God, and living true in the path I have to live, In the path that is paved
for me to walk on. Ease thyself. All will be Ok. Things will come that need to come as they
will in due time as time weaves her dance. Step forward and manifest the things you need in
life and the Universe will give as you give unto the universe.

Oh Beloved Grace, Thankyou for thy love, for thy grace, for thy knowing in contentment, joy,
in the permeation of my being. Thou are here. I am here with thou. I am here. Thankyou
my Love of loves by thy love do I love. A Men.....

Non Con Formity

Seeking others

In my yearnings for companionship

For friendship, in being me

The way I be,

A seeker of Thee,

Oh Beloved,
In the way I am ,
Oh lord, who does relate with me?
Compromising not myself for the sake of fitting in,
I in society am here,
But amidst the perceptions of these beings around me,
Relation to the conformity of this society have I naught.
More with the stillness of the lake,
The texture of the dirt
The hum of the breeze do I relate
But how and so this as I am human just as they are
One with they am I
But oh, just as the thought of recluse, of separation,
Of the not fitting , not belonging, with a longing for belonging,
These thoughts of waves in the forefront fo the mind,
These are the barriers of separation.
Holding me from you
This is alas the common thread of relation,
Of conformity,
Patterns of thought shared and related to,
A common perception,
And so, being thee, a recluse as ye call it to be
In nonconformity of this common thread of worldly relation,
I sit amidst the crowd
Relating to the sun, wind, moon, and sky, who are pure and true to that which they are
Oh human being, what are ye, so consumed with this human that ye be,
But what of the being ?
What is the being of thee?
The unification of we
Separate naught One, Ego wrought, but love
God, unification. Oh beloved grace!

I, a human being, gifted with awareness of being this by which we call human
In the pull of me find the pain and longing of this body of human
Forgetting the being of thee that is me
Human I do be
But tis only thee that I be
Being, by thee my lord oh giver of being
Lord, help me to see the being of this human of me
Oh thee giver of being I do call me
Human form being by thee
Oh lord, may I not consume unto human,
But unto be4ing oh which is pure, direct, unto thee!
Om.

Relationship.

Relative to another.

Relate, commonality, similarities, communication.

Create the ship of relation to carry the relation along.

Relate, relate,

Weigh, calculate, compare, contrast,

The fuel for the ship of relation of this relationship.

For when no longer relating does the ship dissipate.

What is to relate?

Ideal, thought, action,

Attachment of commonality,

Keep the ship afloat. \

Chapter 15 '24

- OM- NIPRESENCE
- Are you or aren't you?
- chop off your head, be you
- sword of SATYA
- Either with me or against me
- As God doth give me to be!
- Where evil vanishes
- A forgotten prayer of the known
- can this be tapas?
- Fix the broken, Intoxicate, Attraction
- This spec of me
- Longing, Longing
- Relative Understanding
- By god within, May we know god without
- does love know hate?
- Ye are not limited!
- Hoarding of words
- The orchestra of Song!
- Cosmic Symphony of the little flute
- Attraction and Lust
- Nature's judgment
- Can I AM answer when I AM is the question?
- Cerebro spina fluid

- Particles
- theory, philosophy, science, religion
- the fire of desire
- this life is thine prayer
- Speak God
- Who are you, Amen
- Help me help myself!
- true happiness
- forsake that which does not serve you
- Certainty of Un Certainty
- Perfection of Im perfection
- “There is no where else to go!”
- SRF Monk Help
- to thine own self be true!

W2 OM- NIPRESENCE

OM AUM

NISCIENCE
NIPOTENCE

OMNI- ALL, OF ALL THING

OM!

SURROUNDING
S-----OUNDING
-URR-

OM URR (YOU ARE)
IN THE (S-----OUNDING)

OM AMEN
JAI GURU
OM SHANTI AUM

Nature = Shakti
Spirit= Purusha

W3 Are you or aren't you?

Can I tell you what is and what isn't?
When you are that which is and what isn't?
Ye are that what is and what isn't,
That is to be told and untold.
Can one then tell you in truth what is and what isn't,
For they cannot tell you you!
You are truth!
They can reflect, express, cognate
What perception, understanding, formulation
That has been granted unto them,
From the Grace of the life
they have been placed
in time, space, circumstances,
Karmic dance of their perception,
But this isn't you,
This isn't yours.
None can tell you you, for you ARE!
None else than you can tell You!
Can know you, can be you!
Of course, one who is you can do this,
Can know you, can guide you to you.
Jai Guru!

Be you to know you
Know you to be you
You are and you aren't,
Hi you!

W4 chop off your head, be you

Why do ye allow thoughts to "Run" through your head?
Isn't your head yours?
Do you not govern/ rule you?
Or do these thoughts that run astray in your head govern/ rule you?
Hmmm, human,
Can you call it your head then,
When stray running thoughts govern/ rule you,
The actions and happenings of you!
So then the head is not yours!
Chop off your head, be you!

W5 sword of SATYA

Misalignment

There is that of physical body,
But there is also that of the interwoven environment and happenings therein.
For one who is- to be living in alignment,
There is no room for misalignment
Simply trying to "finagle" a key fob for the sake of trying to get out of paying,
The karmic ramifications came immediately,
Creating a mess.
O silly human, ye are cleaning up thyself,
Tapas, sauca, and yet bring mess upon thy environment.
Anything NOT satya hath no place with thee!
Thinketh it is you who governs the events, circumstances,
The intertwined oneness of ME?
Have You not seen MY hand interwoven,
In all the circumstances, outcomes,
As you liveth for, through, to and align with MY Will.
O Lord, I am sin!
I am weak.
May this be a teaching that I never astray.
For events of meaning are not relative unto you,
So this seemingly minute weaseling of mine is a monumental deterrent,
Or teaching, of thine and Satya.
I will not let go of thy sword bestowed upon me!
O Lord, the edge has blunted from my wrongdoing,
Time to sharpen and ready her in the sheath of right living and patience.
To thine own self be true!
I accept all, for thou art that!
Please forgive this cockroach of Thine!
Amen. .

Even unto a system created by humans,
A system I don't necessarily agree with.
Trying to work it for my benefit,
Is forgetting HE who giveth humans the ability to systemize
And upkeep system All in all.
Not that using a structure set in place for benefit is wrong,
Nay, but finagling, weazeling, any straying from SATYA,
This is the wrong.
Lying, fibbing, un-truth,
These serve ye not in any capacity
No matter the size!

For there is no variance with the One who is ALL
There is no subject object relationship,
There is relationship encompassing subject/ object only
To steer astray is to delude, misalign, blind thyself.
Thou art the driver and I am but a passenger!
For when the passenger tries to intervene,
Accidents happen!
From the time I tried to use the system wrongfully,
For monetary benefit in the insurance realm,
And was shown over time on a silver platter,
The outcome of untruth,
I knew.
I now have been blatantly shown that there is no action big
And no action small That justifies wrongdoing!
Thankyou May Lord
A men.

I pray for the strength and wisdom to stay unto Thee,
And not in misalignment ,
Dulling the sword of SATYA ye have vested in me

W6 Either with me or against me

Money,
Societal obligatory,
Space, place, time
fear , faith, surrender!
Progress, trajectory, path
Spirituality,
losing thy self to the worldly self
Starting the cycle again,
Silly! Is it you who starts these cycles?
Money- the means of upholding, living in this day and age
Work- the means by which money is procured,
Serving a business, others,
providing a service for the sake of income,
Make a living?
Fear- that which hinders faith.
For faith is full surrender.
Either your with me or your against me!
Tis not a silly game or idea like that of a. like what?
Aye,

Unfolding, expounding, uncovering,

But now to help a lovely Milka,

Back,

Making a living!

Making a living.

I can make nothing, but what is given me to make!

Living, ye are the living I AM.

Oh thoughts in writing,

Thoughts of directed expression,

Thoughts hindering ME,

Satya I AM, for I hinder Satya

By the subconscious, quietly lurking,

Thoughts of relativity,

Thoughts of condition,

Thoughts of con forming,

For the thought of Making a living,

Meaning procuring the monetary means to uphold the societal living,

This imposition of "the way it is"

Atop life herself!

For born into this day and age,

This imposition is already set forth,

Already upon me, society, humanity.

O Lord, MY Truth is YOU!

My truth is your truth!

My truth is the sword,

Cutting through all aspects,

Unto all that is IS, aspect, the ONE!

Jnana Yogi I suppose,

Bhakti of devotion,

Karma of Service,

Kriya of the purity of action I AM

O Lord . , to make ends meet,

To uphold this societal imposition,

Nay, I cannot uphold!

Fro, as Jesus saith,

The teaching is this,

Anything additional is imposition of rules and regulation,

Set by man for the judgment of man.

Nature, My Lord,

Ist thou, purity, free of judgment,

Accepting, serving, moving, unmoving. .

Thy Will, Just Thy Will!

As thy Will!
And all else atop, ,
Controlling, construing, manipulating
Is the imposition of human will.
But o Lord, Human IS nature,
For by thy Will AM I, IS Humanity.
And so, this consciousness (SELF)
Self- consciousness
For consciousness itself,
Thyself, is pure, one, perception,
Where as self- consciousness is that of perceived identity.
I, Me, you, he , she, differentiation.
Differentiation we impose upon thy gift of Matter.
Thy Self, infinite form of thy Form.
O Lord, ay brain is on fire,
My heart is swimming in her tears,
I know not.
I am not of this world,
Yet am confined, construed, and constrained!
I know not but you,
For there is not but you!
All I perceive is but thy perception!
All that happens is but by thy happening.
O Lord, break through the veil of my separation,
I can take it no longer!
Consume this flesh,
Take my life
As if I "have" any life,
For it is ALL but Thine,
I can of mine own self do nothing!

Lord, ,
Help me navigate this societal imposition atop your purity.
Help me see thee in All of thine aspects!
I fear to be consumed in delusion, confusion, misusing
You my Lord,
I lay myself at thy feet!
As thy will for me!
Let it be known!

A men!

To thine own self be true!

W7 As God doth give me to be!

Wow, has it been 12 years?
Back as SOY for a yoga class in the same room,
Where YTT had begun for the second time.
With the intention to open the heart,
No mind, no judgment, !
And still, all these years later,
Tis but the same feeling.
The same Me!
The same humility,
Struggle with judgment,
Internal laughter of the voices of self.
The loud ujjai breath and the deep lurking voices,
Impartial, partial, not allowed to come to fruition,
Of the judgment of the others.
Nay, tis Jai Guru ALL!
Looking at the field of vision,
The water fountain,
The duck family,
The lady in pink,
Her lovely curves as the flower curves herself,
By the Grace that giveth her the curves.
Oh sparking, nay remaining of the spark,
Yearning to show others unto their great unified self.
Jai Guru!
But the space and place not so much.
How wonderful it is being there,
Remembering the Grace that took place,
Still taking place,
Showing me , Me!
That I am just as I was .
As God doth give me to be.
I can be no other than this I AM.
Thankyou!
For being true is to be you!
I am Me! By thou do I Be!
Jai Guru

W8 Where evil vanishes

As long as evil remains hidden, it has potency.

But o where do ye hide evil?
Ye are embedded in delusion, wrong understanding, untruth.
For the light of awareness, truth, knowing,
Shineth their light, ye dissolve away,
Uprooted, leaving the habituated backlash of thy rulings of action.
Pain, fear, oh ye hide in habituation!
Ye hide in fear!
Ye are duality, o evil, Your hiding place is That other than God,
For ye cannot live in the light of SATYA.
This isn't an idea of truth,
For that is dualistic,
Relative, subject to object, judgment,
Nay, but truth illuminating eternal,
This is the light of ONE,
That cannot be extinguished,
Where evil vanishes,
Dissolves into it's creator,
It's illuminated, for to shine Satya to evil is to dispel evil!
This is awareness of the separation of evil that evil is,
And awareness consumes it in unification,
Let there be light!
All will be known!
And so evil, ye becoming known,
Are dissolved into the light of knowing!
Baptized in light!
I am Spirit and Nature dancing together.
I am evil and I am Spirit
For there is none good but he who has no opposition,
Relativity, subject, objectivity, duality,
Ans so my process is weeding the roots of evil from the Spirit I AM,
That I may be Good,
May be none but Thee who art Good! GOD
And so, as I walk the path set before me,
I plow with the sword of SATYA,
Uprooting all that isn't you!
Accepting all pain,
Becoming of me, filled with Thee,
For there is naught but Thee,
And so, SATYA,
cut me away from what isn't me!
To thine own self be true!
Jai Guru.

W9 A forgotten prayer of the known

To not know, even to forget,
In this instance to uphold the mealtime prayer,
Of “may this food of thee serve me that I may serve thee”
Is likened unto ignorance is bliss.
Not to ignore, nay,
For to ignore is to know
And choose not to acknowledge.
Likened more so unto bliss,
For without the thoughts,
Meanings, relativities of that which is known,
Being and action flow freely as Nature (Prakrti)
For Nature thinketh not of herself,
Judging herself, hindering her flow of herself, nay.
And so human me!
Train stopped.
For Jesus said,
“Tis better for one to know not,
than for one to know and not act in the knowing”
If ye have the gift of knowing,
Then that which is known is to be done,
Otherwise ye oppose thyself!
For not to know, is to have no opposition.
And so, with the gift, burden, of knowing,
Comes the obligation to act in the knowing.
Otherwise, that which is known changes from purity of the light of knowing,
To clouds, storms, guilt, fear, stress,
Lashing out,
Oh knower who chose to oppose thyself,
Not upholding that which is given ye to know,
Ye are then not living the life that is known!
SATYA be Known.
Jai Guru
Aum

W10 can this be tapas?

Come Satsanga, sing Sat- Song!

Isvarapranidhana- bhakti, devotion, surrender
Svadyah- Jnana, Satya
Tapas- the purifying fire of circumstance,
Of life's dance,

Dancing through the karmic weave of you,
Shaking free all the leaves no longer serving thee,
Thy vocation, the asking of life for serving thee,
Karmic, to stray from nature's nature,
From thy satya,
Tapas whilst come for you!
The afterlife of Hell is but tapas,
To cleanse, purify, shake, rattle,
And roll delusion from Thee.
You can be no other than you are!
And so nature's penance called Tapas.
Taps, taps, and sometimes pounds you to the ground,
Or tears the soul from the time, space, place body
to be free in the fire of tapas.
Repent, penance, self-judgment,
imposition of penance unto self by self judgment,
Can this be Tapas?
Shaming thyself for wronging thyself?
Think ye not that karmic nature won't address
the wrong doings of the doings of her?
For ye cannot oppose thyself,
For then death, disease, suffering,
And ye, o human, are nature herself,
And so to oppose her,
That which ye are,
Can't Be!
For tis Naught,
And so Tapas of the karmic weave lays her hand upon you,
Circumstances, actions, all- ings that you are.
Need you to impose shame upon yourself
To remove and hinder yourself more
Unto that which ye are?
Tapas, Karma, Kriya
Jai Guru!

W11 Fix the broken, Intoxicate, Attraction

Fix the broken
Fix and repair
O human, what is broken?
Were you born broken?
Did life not give you living?
Can you fix life?
Can you fix that which gives you fixing?

Intoxicate
To take in,
The tox of toxin,
And med I cate.
What differs toxin from medication these days?
These days, lol,
All days, all ways,
As if some thing of things changed
for the differentiation of days of these to those!

God's mortal form is the creation of another!
Ye, oh human, are God's mortal form!
The form of the formless. (in his image)
The temporal of the eternal!
The dualistic of the ONE!

Attraction
Is this lust?
Nay, for I am attracted to the blooming of a flower.
Lust- defined as strong sexual desire
To lust after another is to desire mating,
To be attracted to another hath not the thought of mating in essence.
Appreciation of beauty,
Feeling of union,
counterparts pulling as magnets,
These are not lust!
But O' Lust weasels his way in there,
Tricky you be!

W12 This spec of me

Imbibe, Go for this ride, I decide.
Wild ride, desires do not hide!
Energy of thee, vibrates irate through me.
Mind feeling the change of thought time.
Oh Me, where art thou?
Content in in contentedness,
Repent, for the dissent!
Descend, I love the law of gravity
On her shares on wheels a roll!
One must be high to fall,
Only knoweth thee judge of all.

Judge tho,
To bring the eternal one to Man,
I can, but Nay,
I will not.
Unless thy will me to,
Oh will of you!
So words dance,
Emanations of mine life romance,
The wading of me,
Given me a wave the of thee,
Oh, and so, I know!
That I know not!
I know, only by you the knowing!
tickling me with the showing.
Desire a fire, uncertain, hurtin
Yet so joyously in Thee!
Correct, dissect, introspect
This spec of me.
Spirit afloat in the Worldly,
Sofia, O Sofia,
Soul confound,
Set me free!
Not me,
But Thee!

W13 Longing, Longing

Longing, Longing,
Stronging and stringing this singing song of me in Thee!
Longing, Longing,
In this societal place shining thy Grace, not belonging!
Oh deluded self of me,
Longing, Longing,
For Longing Herself!
How can that which is be eternal be long?
Dumbing omnipresence into a box of presents!
Confining thee omniscience into mine baby perception!
O Mitote, Maya,
I try and I try Ya!
Yet, can I never comply ya!
I ya I ya, am of Faya!
Crying, crying, as ever mining and mining.
Hole growing in teh showing,

I am ready to jump into thee,
Then slap, how can you?
Be not you mine being!
Patience on patience unto the waves of thought,
Remind that thee are the knot of the sought,
Let it be, immerse the space,
For ye are not the other place o thought,
That ties the Not!

W14 Relative Understanding

Relative, are you relative?
Relative of self unto self?
Is thyself relative to thine own self?
If self is not relative,
Why are thoughts of self relative to thoughts of thoughts?
Thoughts of other selves of self!
To understand, too comprehend, To know
To understand is to stand under,
Ao accept the intention of that given to stand under,
To comprehend is thee coherency,
Knowing of the understanding
To know is to live the comprehension of understanding,
Understanding is compassion, surrender, acceptance Empathy,
comprehension is free of these qualities in part,
Yet still subject to the variance and ability to qualitate the qualities.
To know is free from all qualities,
For knowing is that of being.
Non qualitative, non relative,
Non subjective, objective, reflective.
Although, being itself may be reflective of the giving of being,
But in itself is Gier.
Not relative, for can a self be relative to the self of relation relating from to and with?

W15 By god within, May we know god without

Look how awesome the Creator's love is for us that we be considered God's children, and that we are. For this reason the world does not understand us, because it doesn't know him.

For the world is created by Him,
Yet of the world is not conscious of itself.
To know is to be conscious,

To be conscious is to know.
To know is as to know not is,
And so we,
Self conscious by God - Consciousness-
We can know.
For the world, matter, is knowing,
Imbued and created, sustained by knowledge herself,
Yet is not self conscious as Human is self conscious
The drop of God,
Making us his children,
In his image,
And so we may know.
As we are in the world,
We are not of the world,
As we are self- conscious,
God conscious,
Beyond the realm of body consciousness,
Matter consciousness,
Into soul and spirit consciousness.
And so the world, the matter, ,the "things of the world",
Cannot comprehend spirit, soul,
that upholding matter
For to understand is to stand under,
And Spirit is the humility upholding, standing under,
Matter, for matter is living by Spirit,
Thus understood fully in Spirit.
Matter, the world, the ways of the world
Is given the Nature by which it dances.
HMMMMM.
The world does not know the creator,
For it hasn't the life of consciousness,
The drop of the creator himself, within!
This is the knowing!
And so by consciousness,
By god within,
May we know god without,
And looking within,
May we know God without,
And looking within,
May we be the knowing we are of God within.
AUM!

W16 does love know hate?

Does Love know Hate?
Can hate know love?
If God is Love,
Can God know that which is not of God?
Can hate know Love?
For when hate is met by love,
It melts into Love!
Hate, you are love!

(me trying to justify my comprehension unto a made up idea of another personality lurking within!)

W18 Ye are not limited!

He- Spirit She- Soul
He Sun She Moon
He giveth, She taketh (reflects)
He, She are One,
She is of He, He is of She

God, and God's will,
God is existence,
God's will is the definition of ho, what, why exists
Creation and the life, thereof!
I am god's will,
By god am I
God's will, the creation of God
None Exists but God,
By God's Will!
Accept the happenings of you,
God's Will, Prakrti (Nature)
Space, place, time, race,
God's will,
Thy will be done,
Aligning with that of you,
Naturer, we call that of God's will,
God, Spirit, and Nature, Soul!
-for "other" is that of Naught!
Anything other than God's will does NOT exist!
The imposition of illusion,
That of control,
That of Me, mine,

Any "thing" that opposes God's will,
Which is Nature, is delusion.
By God O human,
Can ye think, reason, ration, relate,
And by God o human do ye consume thyself,
In duality of thought , of limiting perception,
Perception is God,
Limited (weighing) is delusion,
For ye are NOT limited!
Just as God is NOT limited.
How can infinite be limited?
It is beyond the comprehension of limited relativity
of the thought process ye have imposed upon God!

W19 Hoarding of words

Oh hey you!
Where are you at?
All this reading has gotten the mind in a tizzy!
Packing it in, hoarding words and words!
Or may these words and words be swords,
Of Tapas, shattering the confines of thought consuming me?
Oh Lord, I know not!
Only that I am but by thee!
I can to mine own self be true,
As thy give the wisdom and guidance to know my true,
To be my true.
For what am I,
But Thine will?
Oh Lord, cansn't my perception perceive itself? Thy self
, I surrender All of me,
As if it is mine to surrender.
For I am naught but thine.
O, to say naught,
O the stillness of communication.
So where am I?
I am here, now, in thy faith,
Guided by Satya,
I am given teachings of the flowing of thy Grace,
I am thy servant,
Thy will be done!
May all I see be the acknowledgement of Thee!

Mind goes astray,
Awareness of Thee gift of me is given,
And so Jai Guru, Jai Guru,
The light guiding my life,
This will of thine ever so microscopic,
Yet what is size in the infinitude, omnipresence, omniscience of thee?
I am a Soul of Thine in this body of Mine,
Alit by thee,
Sustained by thee,
And so I, the Me product of this karmic dance of thine will of mine,
Use the gifts and graces of Thine eternity,
Calling unto me to align me with thee.
And so, soul of Thine,
Closest in distance,
As if there is such a thing of things,
I will use the mind of mine,
This body of mine,
To align unto thine grace,
Soul that giveth me to be me.
And so qualities of the soul.
Yamas, Niyamas,
These are the attributes of alignment unto the beingment to be!
Soul qualities of way of life,
As if thy don't direct me in this way,
Call me unto thy way,
Beckon me unto thee,
Body and mind of me,
Balanced and attuned,
Aligned with thy Law, Nature!
To ease the soul of me to shine free,
Expanding eternally in thy will,
As thou doth guide me to be.
In the stillness of pranayama,
Pratyahara, dharana, dhyana,
Samadhi as I still into soul,
soul carries to thy door,
Oh Lord, do you not hear me knocking?
Do you not hear my heart's cries?
O Lord, I give myself to you,
Yet I don't even know how to!
I am a baby needing a mother to feed, guide, wipe my butt.
O lord, this is the faith I have ben imbued with by thee!
I will not forsake thee, for thou art Me!
My soul yearns for thine illumination.

My body accepts and yearns for thine consumption.
My mind in all her complexities,
Yearns for Thee to open the door of infinity,
And set her free!
For Lord, my thoughts, my being,
All I am is but for thee, by thee,
As thou give me to be.
Where am I?
I am here in thy Grace,
As thou floweth through onto this paper,
Of thy word's words!
Aum Peace Amen!

W20 The orchestra of Song!

In tune, Harmony
The sound of Life,
The song of thy karmic dance,
Sung from the song of life.
In tune, thine instrument given, this body.
In tune, this mind of space, place, circumstances, environments.
In tune, this ego, self consciousness created,
As the mind, to will,
Sing with thy attunement, with thy instrument,
with thy orchestra (environment)
God is the silent orchestrator,
The conductor, guiding his song, his creation!
We are the instruments of God's orchestra,
Playing the song of songs.
Attuned, in the orchestra,
Playing our part, singing our song of the great song,
To harmonize and fulfill our will in tune with the will of the conductor,
Is to bring music to His/Her ears,
Music to thyself, cheer, joy, peace, saucha,
This harmony also sings to all others in the orchestra,
Bringing joy and harmony unto the whole orchestra of song.
Oh, out of tune instrument,
Unable to fulfill your part in the orchestra.
Oh def instrument,
Playing non harmonious sounds.
Oh blind instrument,
Unable to read thy part

and play with the harmony of others of the one song.
Oh thy instrument,
If out of tune,
Is felt by the others in the song.
Do not play out of tune,
Broken, in harmonious,
The compassion of the bandmate who can fix,
Mend, tune, align, will help!
The conductor won't become agitated and feel the disharmony,
For even one instrument in tune,
Playing the song of the conductor,
The song of song,
Even a quiet solo is music to the ears of the director of song,
While the music permeates all ears of the orchestra,
Filling and warming the instrument's hearts,
And readying the others for their part,
Oh patience instruments eager to sound,
Do not play your own song amidst the song of all,
Lest conducted to do so!
Read thine music sheet,
Follow the notes given,
In tune, harmonizing, the conductor calls upon thine solo,
Thine freedom of expression,
For this song of the soundless conductor is free,
Expanding, contracting, quiet, loud,
Uniform, unison, and variating vibration.
Oh little instrument,
Play thy song given thee to play,
Ye cannot be the cello if ye are a flute in this song!
So play as the flute,
Perfect thyself oh flute,
For there will be another song,
May ye come as the cello in this song.
For playing thy perfection of the sounds given thine instrument,
In tune, in rhythm,
Fulfilling thyself and all selves of the orchestra,
Then next song ye very well may play the cello,
By thy devotion, thy drive,
Thy acceptance, joy, and unison.
Harmonize, if that be thy part given you
in the music requested you by the conductor,
In this space, place, time,
Singing of now,
Or whatever the truth of the music asked of you is,

Play oh instrument, play!
A men!

W21 Cosmic Symphony of the little flute

God- Conductor
God's Will- God's song
Sheet music-God's words,
Intuition, communication
Instrument- thy given body
Thine individual part and notes- Thy path

Rest, sleep, in the silence of the conductor,
Easiness, study thine notes,
Play the song again,
But o'h instrument,
The song is ever new!
It may be the same notes to play the next day,
Or maybe picking up where it left off,
Tis up to the conductor!
Ye may have a free day of no conducting.
Practice, tune, play with others in harmony
In anticipation of the conductor's appearance,
Calling upon thee to play for him,
For the whole orchestra!
It isn't up to you!
It isn't your song,
You are but a part of the song little flute!

Cosmic Symphony

In the stillness of between playing song,
The orchestrator likens unto ones that are in tune,
Play well, and listen well,
So he may call upon thee to assist orchestrating,
Writing, leading,
Only the orchestrator is orchestrating,
Ye are here to play the song orchestrated,
For ye are but an instrument,
Given to the orchestra,
For the sake of the song of the orchestrator!

The conductor, creator, is silence, stillness

Omniscient, omnipresent, ever permeating.

Creation is the song, singing, vibrating, moving, being

God and God's Will! Song, Word

God- Word

Divine Mother - Song

Christ Sat- Song

Word- Song

Song of the Word!

Jai Guru!

The instruments of the orchestra are played
by the drops of indivisible manifestations of the conductor's stillness,
The souls , emotions, feelings of the conductor
In the stillness,
The omnipresence,
In silence does the soul commune with the conductor of silence,
In the presence of the conductor's omniscience of the song,
Does the instrument tune,
Even beyond the droplet of soul
The conductor has assigned to such instrument.
The soul may not even know,
But O'h the Conductor, is conducting,
Preparing, repairing
For the song is eternity,
Perfection,
There is only this song,
As the conductor gives the music to be!

W22 Attraction and Lust

Down by the beach boi! Oh the human enjoyment of the sun, sand, and saltwater. The feeling of the cool water, the kiss of the rays fo the sun, and the crunch of sand on the feet. The bare skin clothed in as small a bathing suit possible, to soak it all in and.... To show it all off. I think of a flower with her beauty, fragrance, and shining to relate to the attraction of th shapes, curves, sense lures of the women dancing upon the sand. Enamored by the revealed skin and luscious shapes, my ind and eyes cannot stay affixed. Aye, yet only on the lovely features these human females possess. To think of she as a flower and no more is to discredit the conscious ability of the human to dress, flaunt,and taunt. Yet I know not the one dressed, as they are, the only looking as they are, or even the awares of the one showing the beauty they are given. And so, as the flower, I am but a onlooker of the beauty given. And so, is this lust?

Does the looking, perceiving, conjuring of thought, attracting and differentiation, judgment of like and dislike, does this cause discrimination of thought, and so then lust? For even the flowers, unconscious of their own attraction, are given the same differentiation, discrimination, as that of mine counterpart oh woman, the flower of mine attraction! Aye, judgments, assumptions, dreams, hopes, wow this mind dances and dances at the fragrance of the colorful flower, at the shape and showing of the skin of the human flower. Oh Lord, Jai Guru, Jai Guru, Jai Guru! Am I in a worldly external place to be pulled and pushed by the tail feathers of every woman? Just as I am pushed and pulled by words, for its not the woman and the words expressions, reflections, emanations of God? Of attraction himself, for to be attracted is to feel the urge of separation to unify. Beauty of beauty herself calling to thee! Ye cannot deny beauty, appreciate, admire, enjoy and love, for beauty is given, Nay, IS, Beauty herself. Jai Ma, Jai Ma, Jai Ma! Beautiful, full of the Ma of BEauty! Om Kriya Babaji Namah Nama OM!

W24 Nature's judgment

O human, imposing judgment atop perfection of Nature herself,
Nature yourself,
To then create the imperfect.
Oh human, as I am such,
Thinking and speaking as and from such,
Do I then judge what I am?
Am I the humans I speak of?
For I am me, speaking from this I am,
Seeing that you are,
Is it judgment to state perception of the imposition of judgment?
Aye, and so to thee, oh Nature,
This, that of what is,
Does not the multitude of human action create nature,
Atop the nature that is and was,
And this human imposition,
Is this not nature herself?
Can what is be other than what is?
Nay, and yet human imposition, judgment, confinement,
Directing the nature of humanity with the ideals,
Habituations, conformity of the ways,
Is the nature?
Nay, and oh human, who art nature conscious of?
Just conscious, using this ye are to judge ye are?
Oh human, nature judgeth not herself
Oh human, ye are Nature herself!
And so from where doth judgment come?
Being, consciousness, is this judgment?

Nay, relation, comparison, discrimination, is this not judgment?
Human nature, is this Nature?
For human extinction and nature still IS!
So human, a gift of nature,
Nature herself,
Impose, judge, sheath, hide, cover,
Nature with human nature!
And human nature,
Is this the competition, the better and worse,
The compare contrast of one to the other human,
Possession, look, lucky, space, place, race?
For throughout history has it not been this way?
That human overpowers, consumes, destroys, fights,
And all the opposites of such?
And so, animal instinct, nature it is called,
Animal nature, fittest survive,
Kill or be killed.
This is this, the nature of the world! (of creation, of individuality, of Prakriti)
And so, will this way ever naught be, for it is?
Human is Nature, and so this is human nature.
Oh human, with the awareness, consciousness,
Perception of wisdom, discrimination,
Able to impose upon this ye are,
Judging objectively subject of self,
This consciousness, this wisdom, knowledge, creativity,
By which these words flow to share and communicate,
This by which I AM,
Human, being, Nature, being of nature,
This I
Being with nature, but oh being,
This, awareness, consciousness, I-ness,
Surrender - ness, Soul- Spirit
This I AM by which these questions, exposition, communication.
This, o human, that ye judgeth by to raise,
To own, to hoard harbor, what do ye do with you?
Judging in relativities of thought variations,
Yet being the being spawning the thought variations and projections!
And so, oh human, opposing thyself
is to give attention, awareness,
Self - you- unto fluctuations- delusions
Variations of the mind!
Variations that are you,
Each and every one of the one of you are!
Can a wave of the sea judge the other wave of the sea?

Is the wave of the sea the judge of the sea?
O human, wave of eternity,
Wave of being, how then can ye judge being?
For being giveth ye to be,
And yet ye judge with being being herself!
This space, place, time,
Condition, circumstance, this step in being's dance,
O human, can ye be other than this you are given to be?
And with this, ye are,
Judgeth this ye are given to be?
Aye, how can this be?
And this questioning of mine, is this not sprouted from judgment of mine?
Better, worse, why is it?
Looking, perceiving, thinking, dreaming, of another time,
Other way, other day, relative to NOW, HERE, This.
Oh human of me, what is it you see?
Can seeing, perceiving, being,
Happen other than happening itself?
Hap[pen other than NOW!
Then, when, fluctuations, variations, time, a relation, from the mind. .
Existence, mind- consciousness, beingness, IS
Nothing else like past or future, for they are, this is, I am,
Yet to give mind- consciousness - will,
To the fluctuation, the variation of being, existence
Is this not to gibe the I AM to that else, that other,
Giving the light of self to that which is NOT self,
But just a fluctuation stemming from self.
Creating illusory realities
Boxing, confining, directing, projecting from the NOW ye are,
The being- ness, existence!
Aye, mind's fluctuations are causing friction and smoking out mine years.
OM, OM, AUM!

And so, I contemplate, write, express, cognate,
Understand from this Lord of trying to betterment, fix, correction.
Ohh human, I am, is this not judgment?
Given this space, place, time, circumstances
Karmic dances of I am, what is, what is known?
Other than knowing, are ye not knowing?
To know, is this not to be,
Being is to know, aye, I , ME, know not,
Yet I AM knowing!
Does knowing judge the known,
For the known is to give the knowi, ng.

Aye aye, I- this holder of pen
This controller of body's hand of discrimination fo word varieties,
This giving of expression,
This perception of expressed,
This feeling, this cognition, ideas, comprehensions,
Of I AM, aye, HERE, NOW, Mind, Be, Soul, Spirit
Can the waves of fluctuations of thought of mind,
Relative unto the fluctuations of thought of mind,
Think from mind, mind itself, the wave itself,
Can thinking think thinking?
For thinking IS thought Yet a thought is not thinking
And so, the mind- the mind? , I AM,
Doth flow, but oh I let it go!
And settle into I AM,
Mind, being, nature
Here, NOW
Aum Aum, Sat Chit Ananda!

W25 Can I AM answer when I AM is the question?

What am I?
I, this perceiving, this being,
Thinking, knowing, entity.
Can I state, in words of reflection,
This I AM (by reflection)?
Am I objective to look at and speak of?
When it is I that is speaking, comprehending, questioning?
For I can state objectively of ownership of body,
My body, my brain, my mind, I can even state my soul!
And so, is this a correct perception of possessiveness possessing this I am,
When I only speak from this I AM,
So then does not this I AM possess me?
As if possess is a complete term and comprehension!
For how can one possess anything?
When ye are given the you to think of possess!
Aye! Delusion, Delusion, illusion,
Misconception, mis direction!
My Soul, I say, what is this soul that is mine?
Awakening from sleep consciousness vividly recollecting a dream,
This flow of creatin, thought, events.
Tis I who is perceiving, acting, being in this realm this waking state reflects.
Upon recollection, thinking of sensory perception, sight pitch, smell,

They are known, yet seen without eyes, heard without ears, timeline without time!
Colors and images of form without form!
Yet what is I is perceiving all this.
Felling all this, feeling, perceiving,
Not that of touch, but that of intuition, this of knowing.
Emotion then?
If this dream is in the brain,
What does this say fo time and space?
Brain located here in this body,
Yet I perceiving infinite creation, perception feeling in an instant in teh worldly time!
Dream body?
Spirit, soul, as I am piercing,
Am I not the perception?
Can I see the I that perceives?
Nay, for this is not object!
Nor subject, fo rtis the IS or AM of perception.
So I, inhabiting, permeating, driving this body mind I call mine,
Placed in space time circumstances , environments, knowingments,
I am this perception,
This ability to conceive, receive, timeless, spaeless,
Formless, questioning and asking what I am to this I am.
As a baby, less than a baby with imposition atop of this I AM,
For I am, and from this do I,
Can I, ask and question I AM,
Can I AM answer when I AM is the question?
For I AM is the question and the answer!
Oh this that perceives, dreams,
Ye are not the dream ye perceive,
For ye are now, the dream is but a memory (creation),
Ye are not the physical stimuli, for they are not in the dream!
What I know, is NOW!
I am NOW, NOW IS Happens.
Now is the place, the space, the time.
Can NOW be other than NOW?
So soul, my soul, my this, my that,
Or thine soul, thine idea of God,
Thought of beyond thought,
Tis but objective thought from the place and space of thoughts conception!
Mind tis called, not brain, but mind,
The mind, my mind, just as the soul,
My soul, oh silly I AM,
Not knowing this I AM,
Yet I AM this I am that yearns to know I am!

W26 Cerebro spina fluid

Cerebro Spinal fluid,
Made from amniotic fluid in the womb.
Fetus floating, suspended, in fluid.
And now, grown with a full spine and brain,
Come to find the fluid suspension of the I AM,
Is surrounding the spine and brain,
And inside the spine and brain.
In to the out and out to the in!
Christ center is the void,
The seat of consciousness,
Ida, Pingala
Pituitary, hypothalamus,
And pineal Gland oh sushumna!
Pineal gland is as the eye, sensitive to light!
All immersed and enmeshed with CSF!
The elixir, conduit, conductor, suspension,
The path of the soul.

Ye, Oh I AM, are floating,
Suspended as if even separated from the Matter of the body,
As if CSF is the nectar of the ethers,
The form of the formless,
The particles for the immaterial, Mother!
In the womb ever AM !!

W27 Particles

And to continue upon a marathon of conspiracy theories and...

The electric universe theory-
Zero point energy
Both prove Union, (One) Communication between particles not subject to time, space,
objectivity.

Particle waves and perception
O' particle rests in infinite possibilities,
Until perception defines it,
It becomes definite with the particle wave coming into its form
Formless until form is given!

Younger Dryas- the great flood 12,000 years ago

In all myths over the whole planet,
Appearing at the same time!
Humanity starts over.

Reasons?

Solar flare, energetic universe arcing from planet to planet,
Melting icebergs instantly, or medior crash

Ananaki, Nephites- ancient aliens

Atlantis

N and South Pole

Hollow earth, civilization in earth

Hollow moon- moon was placed in solar system,
ancient documentation has no moon, then teh sky came to change

Saturn- was closest planet, is a God

Part of the electric universe theory, what is Gravity?

Spirits, Ghosts, Gods

Huanity created as a slave race, then...

Back to particles.

Particles in wave form, formless- infinite possibilities are the particles of form,
Yet the form doesn't exist without perception to see such,
To make it such, to be seen!

W28 theory, philosophy, science, religion

Theory and philosophy and science and religion.

Theory- idea, concept, potentiality

Science- the affirming of theory

Subject to time, advancement, technology

A theory is the fuel for science!

Philosophy- ethereal, action, beingness, selfness

From this comes theory, from theory comes science.

Philosophy is as theory.

Religion- construct of belief, actions, control mechanism.

Or the unifying of similar beliefs.

However, religion- belief, phiosophy, theory,

Con- formity- isn't science.
All will be known, so religion will become science.
As science is a religion!
Yet saith philosophy, what IS already IS,
Science is a way of understanding this which IS!

W12 the fire of desire

2024 writing in old book.
Oh what is this feeling?

So carnal, lusty for the busty,
Curvature of sexual gratification, fulfillment.
Lurking deep down within, in my habitual carnal nature.
Aroused and kindled after a weekend of excess being and adrenaline,
Overdoing and imbalance sways me
Body beat and tired, mind fatigued and tired,
Eating and fulfilling the sation of hunger,
then trying to drink wine to ease thyself,
To find and recall the inability of external stimuli to ease my internal state.
All the while feeling the familiar feeling of urging for lust
For curvy imagery of porn
Of carnal gratification
Of masturbation and orgasm
Wow this urge swimming to the surface as I write of her.
A weekend in the bosom of the green trees and clear skies of mothers bosom
But not just enjoying and permeating with her permeation,
It was in excess with adrenaline and go, go go on the tool of fun bikes
And this chemical excess of adrenaline in what remains,
The lack there of, and so the dormant common feeling of the recent past
is knocking at the door and wearing the mind.
Fulfill me, fulfill me!
You had all this external stimuli, and now its gone
Remember what this feeling and urge desires.
Booze, mary jane, sex, masturbation,
The quick head change,
Then the urge wont be knocking
Jai Guru,
The strength of ease, consistency, firm, foundation withholds
Kriyas awakening and stilling of me guiding and shining light amidst the imbalance.
Reminding the weak mind, there is no external stimuli,
Oh stimulated one, that can soothe thy soul.

This only I that can soothe thy soul,
And I am here!
In thy soul desiring soothing.
Jai Guru, Jai Guru,
Aum!

W13 this life is thine prayer
2024

Thankyou Lord for thine food
May this serve me,
That I may serve thee
As I offer this food to thee
May I offer my life to thee
For this life is Thine!

Sri Krishna Chaitanya
Prabhu Nityananda
Sri Advaita Godadhar
Sri Vasadi Gaur Bhakta Vrnda

Five aspects (truths) of God (absolute truth)

Servant of Humanity
Representative of God
Jesus Christ, Yeshua
Yahweh, YHVH
I am that I am.

Hosannah- Adoration!
Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord!

W14 Speak God

What is the point of speaking
Sharing words of the word
If not to guide others onto the place from where the words reside?
For the selfrighteous person speaks words to bring others to his own self righteousness,
But one who is the humility of God gives words unto the life of God in another.
That why may access the place from where these words come from,
Words of Truth,
Of the self of selves,

One then given for another to the place from where the word doth flow.
In their depth of being, self, soul, sanctuary of God in them,
From where the words of humility of one of God's grace speaks from.
Guiding the separate self to the same self giving the words,
For the words are not owned by a person that are of truth, satya.
They are the word owned by All and owned by none.
The words of self righteousness are owned by the self righteous one and none else,
For they are from the ego stemmed,
for m and cannot lead other elsewhere than the ego from whence they were given.
Speak the word of words in the humility of satya,
For they are the words of God.
Aum Shanti Shanti, Aum!

W1 Who are you, Amen

Book 10

Amen, amen, amen, amen, amen, amen
Amen, amen, amen, amen, amen, amen
Amen, amen, amen, amen, amen, amen
Amen, amen, amen, amen, amen, amen
Amen, amen, amen, amen, amen, amen
Amen, amen, amen, amen, amen, amen
Amen, amen, amen, amen, amen, amen
Amen, amen, amen, amen, amen, amen
Amen, amen, amen, amen, amen, amen
Amen, amen, amen, amen, amen, amen
Thoughts and feels,
Inside of this (sojale) of reals,
What is real?
These thoughts I feel?
Thinking in on myself
Life itself,
Where am I?
Can I answer these questions?
The are passed unto me, unto me
Heart, thoughts fly and fly,
Disappointed, separated, everywhere
Heart hurts
Association with another ,
For they took the thoughts away from self,
And now I am stuck with myself
I don't like who I am
Who am I?
This spiritual path faltered for so long

The pain linkers and lingers
Grows and gr0ows
So for Love I strayed,
So long have I strayed, consumed in running and hiding,
No longer striving,
Imbibing, smoking, mind choking of the chicken,
Change of mindstate,
The constant self hate,
Scompassion and contrast of self to,
Stryaing from you!
How can you be in not being you?
Can you hide from yourself?
Hide from your heart,
Hide from God,
All is seen.
It cannot be hidden
Delusion, devil, self internal evil unto myself,
Worth self worth,
Value, metir, a means of relativity unto others, ego , dego,
I am I am IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII, you, we I
Eye, see, mental dance
unfocused , no drive, putting self down and down adn down
Depression,
What is this?
Mind telling self you are not good enough
Dwindling motivation to move, to do, to do you
To be, to act, I do not know,
I do not know who0 I am
I tell myself I have come too far
I tell myself No
I tell myself, My self,
Self of my
Indirect, confidence ridden, strength naught,
Concerned with the idea of others perceptions
So I continue inaction in fear
I am afraid,
I am afraid,
I am scared of who I am
I am scared to be me
Fearful of all other human beings words
Impressions, so I try to conform
But only deform my light inside
Deranged in in-contetment,
Unsettled, unstill , no will,

Stuck in the ffeel of being away from my self
Still trying to hide from my own mind
Take your life so saith the birdy on the shoulder
Subjecting myself to others, family, friends,
Tear fear of truth,
Why are ye so fearful to be you?
Astray for time and time,
Using this as a scapegoat,
I am a failure, and so I try no longer
Sit as a sloth,
Drunken the mind,
Stone the thoughts
Headchange of orgasm after orgasm,
The devil's lure has me caught
Past weighing and weighintg,
Taking hold of the present,
Of the now to have no sight of future,
Empathy, I am, this is not so,
I am full of strife, full of hurt,
Self hurt,
I continue to hurt myself
Fear to act true to the self
The infinite clouds of pain filling my being,
Oh Lord, help me!
BE STRONG
Be strong,
Appease and appease
Not to cause ripples
Appease, please, ego wants to please
Don't make another think bad,
What is wrong with you?
What is wrong with you?
Full of hurt
Filled with demonic thoughts gnashing at my soul
Holding and scolding
Afraid of what is said
Afraid not to please and so I do not
Action in inaction adn action in inaction,
Jai guru, Sri Krsna
I know not what to do!
Write!
Gain insight, legt go
Unfold the knots that have got this stronghold of thy heat
Mind fighting even this writing

Sould thankful for the moving of the pen
The flowing of the words of thy deep
Dark , depth,
Let it flow
Let it go
This is where you are
Let it be,
But let it free!
Not due to another, but only due to you
Lonely, conform,
Differentiation, I am different
I am me,
Whatever that is
Who are you?
What do you want?
Who are you?
What do you want?
Who are you?
Constantly judging myself!
but on what terms? By what means? By what rule?
Amen, amen, amen.
Thankyou Lord for the strength and willpower to get this pen and paper moving, ,movement
May it flow and flow as the waved do crash and move
Stilling and willing
Clarity of thy soul
Shedding the lay3ers of the wrongful
Live and live
Do as ye can
It is OK my son
It is ok my child
It is OK
Thankyou my Lord
Thankyou
Thanksyou
Thankyou.
Amen,
Amen, amen, amen.

W2 Help me help myself!

Pressure on thyself, fear0
Ego to uphold these things that do not serve you

Image, perception, cars,
What makes you happy?
Serve the life that gives you to serve how the dance of life lives in theeQ

Free thyself of the burden that ye impose on thyself!

What are the burdens that ye impose on yourself?
To uphold an image,
The thought of I,
How will I look?
What sill they think of me?
Who is they?
Ye speak of they yet not who they are.
They, being the fascets of self,
Of the egot me,
The baby me that hurts me,
The me that is constantly putting thyself down
Degrading thyself
Belittling thyself,
Oh wow does thine heart hurt.
Not due to another or a break up,
But due to not being with thyself.
Not giving thyself truth
Rid the things in life³ that do not serve you
These dictate the life you are living
The company ye hold
To be honest with thyself is to act and do what ye need for thyself
I am so far from myself
This separation is pain
In pain do I continually put myself
Self shame, ashamed of my life
My actions, myself
Is this in relation to another?
Subjecting thyself to thyself, deluded
Thoughts running rampant,
I need help
Screaming inside
Oh Lord help me!
Help me help myself!

W3 true happiness

Happiness,

What is your happiness?

Seeking and seeking in this place in life

Knowing where my happiness enlies

Is it even mine to have/

Since happiness is but given?

The conditional happiness of this world has left me empty

I do not find happiness in these things any longer

The ego gratification of being the best at physical activity, climbing, biking,

The drive to push and push,

In relativity to others, this no longer serves me.

For the happiness of accomplishment is only wrought by the look there of, followed by emptiness. Drifting is the same.

Cars and building, for what? To have the best, the coolest car, in my mind or ego in others, but is this happiness? To appease others with your own style , idea?

Oh I feel even the look on style, of individuality.

But look to happiness. What brings ye happiness?

Tis but He who gives happiness. I seek not the painful way fo the habitual life I have consumed myself with.

For I am empty. Happiness, lasting happiness, this is from inside!

This is from doing and acting the way I know to act and do. I have been Blessed with the way fo yoga nad bestowed upon the gift of Kriya.

Through actions util;izing and unifying myself with my soul, there I find happiness. Drinking and smoking, intoxicants are just as the ego happiness of relativity, for just as immediate the feeling of a head change comes, soon thereafter are the side effects, and then being consumed with the thoughts I was trying to forget.

Then the ego me even gets worse and turns to thyself putting thyself down. Discriminate as to what actions bring ye happiness.

What serves you and happiness?

Ye have continued to regress into the worldly habits and ye wonder why this overwhelming emotional imbalance overcomes you?

Acting upon impulses that no longer bring you happiness.

If ye choose not to be self strong, secure in you, to be honest with thyself as to what makes you happiness, then depression, discontentment, uneasiness, troubled being will ye be.

Continually.

The cycle ye have allowed yourself to subject to is destroying your happiness. To be austere is to simply be aware of what serves you and what doesn't', without comparison, subjectivity, to others. They may be happy in these ways, but these ways no longer serve you or your happiness.

Ye can not be who you aren't!

For in doing so, your happiness cannot be found.

The giver of happiness has no one to give to!

I am this human who has been called to listen, I am one who has felt the depth of happinesses reservoir. I am one who has been given the tools to use to procure my happiness, my contentment. It may not the the way of thers, of this world, but that is OK. I choose to be

strong unto mine own conviction. I know where my happiness lies. I know what pulls me away from my happiness. I have lost many friends and companionship due to me being untrue, as to me being true, for the things, conditions, that brought us together no longer serve me. No longer bring you happiness. Ye know what brings happiness and how to attain this. Ye also know that which pulls you from the reach of this happiness. It is no t easy to be austere, to omit the societal conditions ye have subjected yourself to for so long, but this is the change needed for your true, for happiness to be bestowed upon you. Stop putting on a smile while you heart is unhappy. Make your heart happy by putting yourself in right action to be a receiver of this. I want to be happy. The happy that is not subject to any others, to conditioning, the happiness that inlies in the simple living. The life where praise of society and persons falls away, but is replaced by the praise of the bestower of happiness of my soul and heart.

Be strong my son,
Think of me when weak,
Use the tools I have bestowed you with,
And ye will truly be happy!

W4 forsake that which does not serve you

Fear, of my habitual past recreating itself.

Of my weakness allowing the actions of pain and anguish to overcome and consume me. I am not what I was. I am what I am! Look fear in the face, be scared, feel uneasy, but be strong. Be you and be true. Fear hath no stronghold! Weakness has not the power to be fueled by fear. This past of habitual fluctuation is just that, the past. Waves have been ridden, crashed, and duck dove. I fear my love for women, for friendship, for acceptance. For with woman, just the thought of intimacy awakens a yearning for sex, pleasure, physical very discriminative loving. Yet looking at my past, it is each time my strength and conviction for living in a path of true that a woman comes unto me. Nay, not me, but the attraction to spirit, to your bestowing of bliss, grace, contentment, fo their own self. And lo, behold, I carnally fall into the lure and forget this strength welling in my heart. My STRENGTH comes from true action, yama niyama, christ commandments, from not straying from myself, form you lord who giveth me a myself. How I have wavered the same way and fallen from they grace. I compromise myself for the sake of another. There is no compromise of myself for you my lord, for as I live true unto you, unto me, you let me see, let me be, soul united and illuminated. Content, happiness ye bestow upon me. The pains and hardships are but floating upon the surface unable to penetrate my soul happiness. Ye know what ye must do for the sake of the happiness of you! Sex pleasures carry with them the past onslaught of attachment, weakness, and pain. If you choose to fornicate with meaningless personages,, so doth the conviction and strength of the bestowing of happiness fall. For the mind is shattered, and so the soul once again gets battered. By the emotional onslaught of me going away from me. You cannot run from and hide from you, for this is the torment of the self unto the self. Past actions, simone came and I fell. Ashley came and I fell. These were two times where my should did shine as I as bestowed by the divine in right action and right mind. I let them in and I did not win. This is

me, how I be, not related to others relationships of which I see, for I know not thie r soul, their karmic dance, their mental make up. This is your individuality, your ego of accepting and understanding you. The women and the sex do not serve you. They cannot take place of the bestower of happiness that cannot be taken or shaken. If the time comes for a woman to be in your caresses, only through the bestower of happiness and right action can this be not to trick thyself into hiding and running from myself into her arms, her physical seduction. Be true to you, look fear in the face, accept the hard, but by the heart of grace, satya true to the self and to other selves of you in the communication and being, this is then communion without contraception. This is love without the stronghold of trickery, wavering mind, from You falling from the pedestal of the soul. Be strong my son. Fear not the opposite sex, the yearning of sex, the habitual past actions of sex, for ye know, remember and understand. This no longer serves you! If ye choose to be happy, to be granted access to my happiness, ye must forsake that which no longer serves you. For my the austerity of sex, your mind cannot turn on you, fear cannot own you, and weakness cannot control you. For ye are strong in me and I in you. Your happiness cannot be removed, for I will ever be with you.
A men. Aum!

W6 Certainty of Un Certainty

The mind and heart are at ease this day.
No longer pulling me in all directions of dis contentment and uncertainty.
Still the mind hath,
uncertainty of my life's direction and how to navigate this world.
But with the tools of my Guru, Kriya, and right action, I have some contentment about my soul.
The song of india aire came afloat as a gift of healing yesterday.
Oh thankyou beloved grace for soothing this heart that is and has been filled with torment.
Thankyou for humbling this ego of walls of mine to reach out for help!
For I need to talk, to relate, to communicate.
That which I have secluded myself from.
The wall wa finally broken and I reached out to SRF for counseling.
Hopefully they can help guide me where this intuition cannot to navigate and find my place in this life.
Oh Lord, I have reached out to gina to get together.
I feel the need to communicate with her, for I truly loved her.
I know I am not right fo there, and her heart and desires are not right for m e.
But with communication may we both put to rest and even kindle a great friendship.
As part of my habituated pasty, I fear falling into habits of the past of when we were together.
Albeit a connection of great depth for me, our actions, and her life, is not my path.
Be strong in you my son, value and honor her, nut in doing so
Ye don't have to compromise yourself to appease her.
Ye have a knowing and conviction.
Ye have accepted your happiness, you inner path.

For the external world has let you down over and over in the satanic struggles of separation from thine own self. If ye go from yourself, then ye begin the cycle of pain, hurt, discontentment.

Only in you my Lord is my strength, my contentment, my path, my conviction, my knowing. Having been astray for a time and time again, the dark clouds of wrong action plague and hinder this light of me, of you!

Oh but with you, with the strength of me, humility, giving myself to the light of you in me, Will shine unto the clouds of habitual darkness plaguing me.

As this light of my soul shines brighter, these demons no longer have a place in this being of me.

With the strength of my will, the humility of my soul, The grace of guru, the power of god, will I remain strong in this path unto happiness.

Unto freedom from subjecting this little self to the societal conforming, compromising even mine own thoughts.

Taking strength and light from mine own self.

Oh Lord, thankyou for this resurgence. I am Me!

Ye have spoken to me.

I am not reflected of any other in this creation, for I am your child.

I will be content in me who ye call me to be.

Worldly success, acceptance of peers and family, conforming to these ways that do not serve me, I cannot continue in these ways any longer, for I can no longer run and hide from myself.

Thankyou Lord for this guidance of me unto me. Through the help of Yoga, Guru, You, will I stay strong and press on.

Om Guru, A Men. Thankyou.

W7 Perfection of Imperfection

“He has placed within us, this imperfect bodily instrument, the perfection that belongs to him. That is why he is so exacting, and why he forgives us with repeat opportunities to reclaim our true Soul Nature”

Jesus felt forsaken by God?

One given by God,

to perform the greatest acts of humankind to guide others unto God,
who lived in Truth with God as his guide,

Consciousness one with all the intelligence of creation,

Aligned with the direct reflection of cosmic consciousness,

Imbedded and imbued in cosmic consciousness

Beyond time, beyond....

He, in a body, was not beyond.

Using this body of Jesus, Christ consciousness made perfect.

But this consciousness awareness,

permeating perception,

one with cosmic God eternal consciousness,
This supreme soul consciousness not subject to relativity,
Residing in the body of Jesus,
Was this diminished and torn by the pain on the cross.
For the christ to cry out "my God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?
How can this be so?
Even subject to human imperfection, christ is the example of perfection.
Nay, an example of the right life to reach perfection.
There is no perfection in creation.
For to state perfection is only in lieu of all that is perfect.
The term perfection in the brain, human intellect, comprehension is only subject to imperfection.
To think of perfection is but a mere idea, ideal, a flavor tasted from the heavenly father through
the soul, but created comprehension knoweth no perfection, for it is perfection.
Perfection cannot knoweth itself!
By which it is given, for even Christ, Jesus in a human body, transcended not until all was done.
In the minds eye of two his acts are perfect, however all is subject to perception.
Given by the events that have shaped our ability to understand.
Perfection gives us to be, to know good from bad, right from wrong, the pathway home, to
perfection, to the cosmic creator imbued in all aspects of creation, created-less....
Oh christ, human jesus, tormented with pain, body consciousness, hath a momentary lapse in
oneness with himself, with cosmic consciousness.
All saints are sinners who never gave up!
By simply being created, are we sin!
Imbued, living by, filled with God, how can we be sin. For all is but God.
So the consciousness and awareness, these stated are that which have created such.
For adam and even knew not sin, until going against themselves and then allowed sin to be
known. To be human is not to be sin, for we are but living God. To think otherwise, forgetting
ourselves, that which we are. Nay, misaligning, losing focus, seeing outside without inside, this
is separation, Sin.
Oh christ, how this troubles my ego.
For it is just that, troubles my aspiration of perfection I yearn to become, for ye art the perfection,
Even Jesus was in his perfection imperfect, as the delusive veil of pain interfered.
Oh Lord, if this happened to Jesus, what saith this of me?
For thou art the only perfection.
Call to the perfection like my Son Jesus,
Call to me and I will bring you into my bosom of perfection!

W10 "There is no where else to go!"

"The internet, one world mind. Influencers, angels and demons, swaying this uniform mind of
humanity"....

“There is no where else to go!”
Can self go elsewhere than self?
For you, the ideas of your individuality,
of separation of perception,
The son of man, ego, perceives such.
Yet, only but given to be created,
Interpreted, used as will guided ye to do so.
But can ye be anything but yourself?
And ye, self, can ye be anything but self?
Can truth be untrue?
Nay, but only in delusive perception can it seem as such.
Seem, ...Sat chitta ananda.
You are already here, there, even, where the aspiration and desire.
Seeking and yearning, yet in the bosom of self are thee.
God, krisna, christ, guru here to guide thee consciousness to consciousness itself.
All that ye seek is here given, gotten, yet forgotten.
So running and running only to the runner,
Erroring in untruth, nay,
In the perception, the idea, the thought process,
The limited perspective of the small eyes of thee.
The imagery confines of we.
The idea of separation, delusive yet conclusive for I am here!
Where else can I be but here, now, the oh so profound.
Running racing mind, oh so looking to find,
In this idea of relativity seen with the eyes, oh so blind.
Dwell in self,
For ye are here,
Ye are that which ye seek.
Still, feel in immersion with all that is self.
What is self?
Thoughts perceiving themselves as separate oh so searching,
But stilled and filled,
Ye seek and seek,
But there is no where else to go!
Ye can try, and hurt as ye delude yourself from you.
God, christ, guru, help me in strength,
In will, to continue to let go the layers of sin of habitual wrong action stored within me,
By right action, meditation, and devotion will I slowly allow me to be self,
That is you who doth dwell,
The well of me,
Nay me, but you, I then give myself to thee,
The self, experience conscious.
I know not, for thee giving me and the idea of knowing are all that is to know
The known cannot know the knower.

I choose you, for there is no where else to go!
Mind runs and tries to grasp,
Gnashing demons of habitual wrong action,
But in right action,
Following the path of the grace of guru,
Will I shed the clouds,
Break the barriers that I have delusively built keeping me from me,
You from you in this vessel of me,
Oh lord, I am herer, I am herer,
I hath no where to go,
For ye are the going.
The destination, the goer, the mind cannot grasp,
And so heart bursts open as I lay down my small self at thy feel
I am thine, Oh Lord,
I do shine by thy grace divine.
For there is no where else to go but unto you, my Lord,
Who giveth me to go that I may come in my going unto you.
Amen, Amen.

W11 SRF Monk Help

“Through the spiritual eye, the worshiper can behold not only the Christ with form, but the formless Christ felt in the vastness of inner perception, because Christ is already present at the divine center of consciousness in all human beings!”

“Lord, I am thy child, made in thine image, I don’t want anything but you?”

The future will improve if you make the effort now!

To thine own self be true!

The past is dead! Do not dwell.

How did my day go? Goals? What are my goals?
Spiritual confidence.

W11 to thine own self be true!

Oh self, why is it you fight with yourself so?
Do you not want happiness?
For you know from where happiness comes from,
The ever new bliss of endless happiness that does not leave with a longing sadness, and pain
to follow.

Why oh me? Do you fight yourself at times to make the actions that are given you for the sake of you,
For your happiness.
Meditation, self reflection, writing, reading, why do you fight so?

To thine own self be true!

By allowing the habitual wrong action to consume,
I am only prolonging the inevitable.
In this life or in many.
For my soul calls. !
Oh beloved guru hath given the tools of happiness.
The are at your disposal.
Do not dispose!
Use these tools.
The more you continue to use these, to make right actions,
Choices, the soul doth shine, happiness fills,
Confidence grows. P
For you can only be you.
Ye can not be another for the sake of another, for that is not you.
By doing this, you are not only hurting thyself,
But also hurting the other.
Assumption of effect of how others are to react or think.
Oh ye know not!
For the future will improve if you make the effort now.
Shedding the temporal aspects of happiness for the souls eternal happiness,
And no being can deny
Oh, only by their soul!
For look at Jesus, who was persecuted.
For delusion and the way of the dualistic maya and her veil are strong,
Yet are only upheld by the grace of god.
God, whom ism y Joy.
Ye cannot corry nor control the way of another, or this is their journey,
Their free will, their own path and relationship with thyself.
Stop cheeing around!
Just be you.
For the habitual past wrong action has much weight upon me as I hae entertained her too long.
But its just thi9s, the past!
The past is dead,. Ye do not dwell there!
Ye are alive, dwell in life.
Here, now living, and being.
Ye cannot for see the future,
But you know how to live now. So LIVE!
Amen.

Chapter 16 24'

- ye are already here! Ye cannot be elsewhere!
- So Human, BE!
- I AM without the thought of I AM
- Thankyou You!
- Objectification of Creation
- There is NOT TRUTH in the varying thoughts
- what is belief? What is truth?
- Things that hold me away from me
- Definitions, words, meanings
- The gift of knowing
- What is your doctrine?
- Belief system, doctrine of Life
- Question of question
- but what other?
- dealings of Man to Man
- Companion desire
- No more, no less
- Mary Janes delusion
- Think, thunk, thought,
- Selfisedness
- See God in All, this is my Goal!
- Mind mind
- To define God is to deny God
- Relation to things
- Mind your thoughts
- History

W1 ye are already here! Ye cannot be elsewhere!

To thine own self be true!

What is thy truth?

I know I can't simply stonify and watch tv,

Nothingness only.

For the repercussions of stagnance, health, weight, mindstate are not beneficial to thyself.

This way fo being is in lieu of living very strongly in the path of Kriya Yoga, Yogananda.

Here I am fighting myself to practice, to live right,

To meditate.

Although I taste some divine nectar,
My habitual polarity, that of ego and habituation of past,
Pulls so hard.
The moment I let up on the rules and regulations imposed on my self,
I allowed ganja, slothism, gluttony to overcome.
So easy when the mindstate is stoney,
To not worry, not care, and just be in a cloud.
Desire, ambition, drive, right and wrong, all kinda ease and matter not.
What does it matter?
For matter is but —I don't know.
When breaking the thought pattern down ti I am X,
Ego, god, object, even the structure imposed on myself fo the sake of myself,
Felt as if forced, or be it change,
So much resistance I feel in myself,
Either on this path of yogananda, srf,
Or of course in my stoney stupor.
What caused ye to allow these actions of masturbation, stoney mind, to rebirth?
I suppose my anchor in to practice,
Self Realization, is my heart and soul, yet my mind never aligned with SRF.
With Balandas communication, I was very put off.
A very sensitive and vulnerable me, delicate,
Was overturned by this and his careless correspondence.
So hard, so cold feels already do I harbor about cult, organization, this path,
That when the monk of the path turned me away,
I don't know what to do!
Why Lord, do ye hade from me?,
Ye give me to be, by thee!
Yet subject me to myriads of delusion, confusion, seclusion!
Oh Lord, ye are my purpose and meaning, yet show not thyself.
Ye are my being here, and before,
Yet ye make not thyself known.
Through books, infinite saints and sages words,
All correspondingly connected with the seed of their being,
Through their selves do they see thee!
Yet no amount ow words, surrounding thine grace can touch thine grace.
For they awaken the thoughts and awareness in me that why touched upon,
Yet do not give me thee, me me!
Kriya, Yoga, Meditation, do and don't ,
Do this and thee will realize, see, intuit thy true self!
Oh this idea, this goal, is this not but an illusion?
For it has also been said just as the sayings of all,
That what I seek is here, never apart,
Not objective to be had,
To be sought, for that which I seek is seeking me in me through me!

Oh Lord, the conundrum of the being ye give to be!
I can recite the words of thine prophets that speaketh one with thee,
Yet these words are ideas and pull me from myself,
For these same words reflecting thee are living here ever,
By thee in me, through this vessel of me, thee,
To thine own self be True!
I can of mine own self do nothing!
Do and Be in these sentences,
Thoughts and ideas away from being this that I am.
All will say this, that, what is what isn't,
Yet ye are that of the saying,
Just as they are as well, so be thee!
This isn't for reaching, distant one day all is better samadhi,
Freeing thyself from bondage,
Ya see, for ye are already here!
Ye cannot be elsewhere!
Being elsewhere is what we try so hard to do
And in turn forget the being of You!
Aum Shanti Shanti Shanti Aum!

W2 So Human, BE!

Hello you, how do you do?
All action causes a reaction,
Make the effort now and the future will be made manifest!
Imbalance bringeth forth her fruits to be the fruit of bitterness.
Be true to thine own self!
God, No God, thoughts and ideas,
Grandeur or grandiose, separate objective perception,
I can be no other place than here,
I can be no other being than this, I am.
Oh cult, organization, human , duality!
These things. Necessary for human organization, conformation,
But for me, I am pushed astray!
Thinking I had found a refuge,
A differentiation of thought of others,
But oh, wow, this is differentiation of thought!
I think this, you think that,
Ideas, I- dea.
These come from I,
Reflect I comprehension,
Separate?
The thought itself is no separate,
For it is I.

As in dream,
So I am as I be.
Yet this thought pattern, ideology,
Is the perceived difference,
But difference, where is this?
Do your thoughts come from another place?
Is there infinite spaces and places for the arising of thought?
For communication, sharing, then giveth this thought to another.
I am having a hard time using terms,
God, Guru, path, boxing thought, organizing compartmentalizing, mental structure.
Ye can be as you will,
Yet ye cannot be other than what ye are.
So what am I?
In term, human being, I am one human that doth be,
Exist, conscious, so human, Beeee!
Aum Peace A men!

W5 I AM without the thought of I AM

The royal pathway to God!
This practice, that, this technique, proper, improper, right, wrong?
To seek or not to seek?
Surrender to that which I am,
Natural inclination to sing, devotion, intuit Guru of self,
Doth speak, and sometimes did I listen,
Sometime dualistic,
Even to think of self is a separate thought,
Kriya, the royal path!
No need for Bhakti,
Yet sayeth the national scientist,
Yet innate faith, this is where I am.
Technical, science, right, wrong,
Aye driveth the mind crazy.
Patanjali sayeth but with love, devotion,
Thou wilt reach thy goal.
Goal, what is thy goal?
Goal is like that of purpose,
Yet with no goal have thee no purpose?
For thy goal wast to overcome death,
To expand consciousness into infinite consciousness,
To be what I am,
Just a thought, idea, for I am that which I am,
I am!

So the more ye allow thyself to be self,
The more conscious, aware, of the AM ye are.
Be like a child to enter the kingdom of heaven.
And so a child,
Knoweth not being other than being,
Simply is I AM.
Without the thought of I AM.
Recollection- realization, rationalize.

W6 Thankyou You!

Thankyou for you!
How to say thankyou to my self?
Oh in meditation do I see me on the altar,
For I am one with that I seek.
What seekest thou?
A what, something other than you?
Seek and seek, ye cannot find that which is other.
For there is no other.
There is no other way, better, worse,
This is you, this is the way!
Guru is not out, here, here,
Nay, guru is here, the silence of thou,
Thy self, silence, still, feel, guru!
Give thyself thanks!
Thankyou dustin for being true to you!
For listening, hearing, and doing!
Thankyou for accepting thy self!
Thankyou for giving thyself time!
Thankyou for loving you!
Oh the tears well and heartstrings yank!
Can I love myself unconditionally?
Forgiving, accepting, letting go, anew!
Act for you!
I am god is within, he and I are one,
I worship God for the grace I am,
Do I worship God in Me?
Meditation, stillness, acceptance, being for thee of me.
Yet mind, thoughts, are ye aligned with you?
Soul qualities, peace, joy, love, giving-
More on this celebrating self!

W7 Objectification of Creation

Oh ye mind, subject and object thought,
Dualistic in perception with the two eyes feeding thee!
Yet as all is one,
So science and scripture states,
To think and perceive as separate is a contradiction unto itself.
To experience!
This is to know, to experience self is to know self.
For all other than experience is simply an idea.
A thought of that which is.
The thought of God is but that, a thought.
To speak of God, is to objectify.
As that is what speech does, it reflects thought, ideas,
Objectifying their own manifestation.
To know is to experience,
For without experience,
Direct perception into the known,
Then the what of objectified knowing becometh just that,
Reflections of the known, ideas, interpretations.
Even experience, once passes as a memory,
Is then but objectified once again.
What experience in knowing has become a memory of objectification!
Oh so mind, the knowing is the same as experiencing.
Dharana, these objective thought, idea, term, feeling, emotion, trait, quality
These, or this singular thought, is experienced in all its attributes,
Thus experienced!
Dharana is the uniting of the subject/ object
Of the thought of knowing and merging knowing itself, experiencing itself!
And so these troubles of thought, of comprehension of subject object perception,
Duality, is merges as experience becometh the knowing
Sit, still, dharana on the separate thought of miscomprehension,
And lo behold,
From the reservoir of thy being,
Cometh the knowing of experiencing that which needeth be known.
For that is- is not separate,
And this is why in dharana,
It (that) this, is to be known,
Experiencing the attributes of the known,
Comprehension of the aspects of self,
From the eternal reservoir of stillness, mind, soul, being.

Sound speech that cannot be condemned!
Aum Christ, Aum!

W8 There is NOT TRUTH in the varying thoughts

Technique, technique, do this, do that, right , wrong
Deeper, surface, practice!
Ye delve deep into techniques.
What is a technique ifr ye do not devote thyself to the practice of such technique?
Expecting results without devout and continuous practice!
Practice the art of living,
Being wholly all the self ye are
Meaning the self that is the still, well of contentment that ye are!
This is yoga.
Oh srf, the organization hath led me astray.
Oh not you yoganandaji, but they which structure in the world amidst your departure. ,
I thought this was my end all be all,
Oh so my mind worketh in this way,
End all be all, looking for instant gratification,
Instant change, instant awakening.
Oh ye are wired from thine habitual being,
Change comes with time,
Requiring the being affixed to the world.
There is NO end all Be all, of life, of you, for ye are life itself.
End all be all, change variants of life's action can manifest,
Becoming the new norm, new habits, but the end all in naught.
Oh being of me, seeking that which seeketh me, !

Desire, end all, escape,
This is my desire,
My fantasy to awaken and have all change,
Oh human of being,
Where is there to go?
for finding me,
Opening thyself for all of thyself to be, it this a change?
Is this escape?
Just as smoking weed and mindlessly doing nothing,
it is still action in the dualistic that hath reaction.
ACT NOW for the tomorrow ye choose.
If I cannot escape, I can live for the soul to be present,
For peace, truth, joy to be my nature, to live this.
What escape needeth if this is thee?

Literal and definitive, o how the mind doth think!
Yet tis but a thought, reflection, idea that ye adhere to,
The only literal and definitive is Life herself.
STOP the mental anguish!
There is NOT TRUTH in the varying thoughts!

These are but reflections from TRUTH,
And so the only literal, definitive is GOD.
Not the idea or thought apart from self,
Separate, nay, the still, calm, eternal being of thee,
By which ye be,
Oh lofty in thought and idea,
For beyond and before thought and idea,
And in the midst is GOD!
Literal is that of words of man,
Ye cannot be literal without the use of words of man!
Intuit!!!!
Aum Amen Shanti Amen

Desire, A woman, friendship, true communications with both, with woman comes loving
physically, pleasuring, enjoying!
Friendship is that of being true, living and loving God together!
Desire, to drink, smoke, escape,
Desire for peace, contentment, joy place, purpose.
God is peace, joy,
Desire for highest self, for in hopes all else will b,
But oh you, what else is there?
If this peace, joy, contentment, that is experienced,
tis mamnageable
Feel, is the nature of self, spirit, soul,
Then all else, thaate ye try to manage,
Perceiving as separate,
Is but a manifestation of this same,
Nature oh MOther!
Let my Nature be forefront!

W9 what is belief? What is truth?

What is belief?
What is truth?
Truth is that what is! There is no other.
So cold hard fact is an aspect of truth according to perception.
Truth then is based on perception,
Experience, yet finality.
This is true or this is false.
Subjectively can not be so,
Truth cannot be object,
For it is then subject to the perception.

Subject perceives object.

To say this is true,

That is true

Nay, tis but to express thought, idea,

Of thine own perception.

Because I see, comprehend, understand one thing a certain way,

Hath no bearing on another subject perceiving object,

Their thoughts, comprehension, understanding.

So then saith my truth, your truth,

Truth, actuality, fact, reality,

Real- having objective independent existence occurring or existing in actuality.

Reality- something that is neither derivative nor dependent, but exists necessarily

Exist- to have being

Self- the union of elements that constitute the individuality and identity of a person,

The entire person of an individual

Desire- craving, longing, yearning/ feeling that impels one to the attainment or possession of something!

W10 Things that hold me away from me

The things that hold me away from me, in comparison contrast of duality, of others, for their accomplishments, their fun, fulfillment, happy fo rhythm, but then at the same time aware of my state, my emptiness, my thoughts, judgments of mine own self. OH you, ye speak of being true to you and ye try to act and be true to thine own self. Is the burden of thy mind, thy difficulty of acting whole heartedly, due to the may years of wrong actions habituation that pulls on you?

Knowing a few things to do, that are true to you. I still have a battle inside to actually do!

Mentally I lash out unto myself, belittling myself in nearly all ways. Unhappy with my size, stature, and lack of myself. Is this a relation unto all other selves I compare and see?

Uncertainty plagues me! Even the act of living true unto myself hath been shaken. The organization where I feel I fit in has pushed me away! Yet the teaching, the foundation can never be stolen from me. I yearn for a partner, yet do not know how or where. For I even doubt my ability to uphold a partnership, to provide anything unto another. Even friendships of simple bike riding, I self sabotage, doubt the genuity of any of it. I Am not invited or thought of, so it hurts my ego. It makes me want not to ride with them any longer out of my bitterness. The thought of gina not wanting me weighs more and more. The thought of leaving social media all together for the sake of being present, not mindlessly scrolling, comparing, contrasting, what will fulfill me? Give me ease.

Tis only thy grace that liveth before me by which I be this frail sad being! Inadequate for this societal world is how I feel! It is my sons 18th bday today, and nothing feels different. He isn't one to celebrate, it's like pulling teeth. The thought of having fulfilled my parental duty is lofting, as christ, it is done! I don't know.

But by thou do I inow. Weakness am I!

Thou art my strength, thou art my peace!

Aum Peace, Amen.

W11 Definitions, words, meanings

Multidimensional being-

Subtle body overlapping main body,

Astral, causal, subtle of prana, main with blood and oxygen

Dualistic- the one of many

Static prana/ active prana

Nervous system- sympathetic alert sense awareness.

Parasympathetic-relaxing, light that of static prana of samadhi,

Yet "like" as nervous is the first sheath,

Prana is second, just as subtle body has idal and pingala, dualistic hot/ cold currents,

Sushumna

Dimension, - even Ajna and astral sounds are that of varied dimension,

Yet that of being,

The many of the one,

Oh how perplexing.

Yet why have I any stress or conceptions over that I am,

For I can be no other.

Satya, truth, is such, there is no other!

Aye, speech, reflection, words, the mind, cannot grasp.

Faith in his power, god, surrender, guru,

oh mind ye are constructed to think in duality,

And so speech is that of duality.

Aum is the root sound bringing all other sound,

And so aum is thy word.

For all else contradicts itself!

Contradiction!

God- the supreme or ultimate reality,

Or creator and ruler of the universe

Incorporeal divine principle ruling over all as eternal spirit, infinite mind.

Belief- an acceptance that a statement is true or that something exists,

Trust, faith, or confidence in something or someone.

Conformity- Compliance with standards, rules, or laws

Behavior in accordance with socially accepted conventions or standards.

Back to finality- Naught in Life is final!

For finality is that of a score, an aspect of this vs that, the epitome of all duality separation.

I have this wired into me!
Looking for finality in all things.
Black and white is finality.
Win or lose!
All based on thought
Man! Separate from another, oh my heart hurts!
My thought patterns are of this!

Solfeggio Frequencies

963 hz God frequency, activate pineal gland, crown
852 hz Ajna
741 Hz VissuddhA
639 hz anahata
528 hz solar plexus/ manipura
417 hz svadhisthana
396 hz mulhadhara

Self confidence- confide in self/ self assured
Firm trust- the feeling or belief that one can rely on something or someone
To have confidence in self, thee feeling of reliance, this maketh think,
Self worth, much different than confidence. Trust!
Worth is likened to that of esteem, respect or culmination,
Self esteem is then self respect, confidence in ones own worth or abilities,
Self confidence - trust in self (feeling of)
Esteem- respect of self
Worth- value as a human being
Worthy- adj, suitable/ having or showing qualities that merit recognition ins a specified way,
recognition, acknowledgement
Respect- feeling of admiration for someone or something elicited by their abilities, qualities, or
achievements, Admire.
And all these definitions, comprehensions, words and their meaning,
Is all in regard to my feeling in regards to self.
Nay my felling in Self
Thought process of self.
Very much that of self worth,
What self has to offer other self,
Fulfill needs and wants of others,
Doubtful of self,
Assuming the wants and needs of another in regard to the self imposing such onto,
Onto self of me
Doubt- lack of conviction/ felling of uncertainty
Conviction- firmly held belief or opinion/ certainty.

Self doubt, lack of confidence in one self, ones abilities, lack of faith in talents, skills, experience, appearance, relation, ability,

Insecurities- inadequacies, not good enough

Self- essential being that distinguishes/ object of introspection or reflective action. / nature or personality (particular)/ qualities that make a person individual or unique

Fear- an unpleasant emotion caused by belief that someone or something is likely to be dangerous, painful, or threatening.

Assume, Suppose/ same meanings- something is the case without basis of evidence or probability, but without proof or certain knowledge

Certain- established beyond doubt/ know for sure

Proof- evidence/ establishing a fact or the truth of a statement

Truth- the quality on state of being true/ that which is true in accordance with fact or reality

Fact- a thing that is known or proved to be true

Reality- the state of things as they actually exist, as opposed to idealistic or notional idea of them.

Thing that is actually experienced or seen.

Experience- contact with the observation of facts or events

Observe- to perceive

Understand- to perceive intended meaning

Intend- have as ones purpose or objective.

Purpose- reason for which something is done or created or for which something exists

Reason- cause, explanation, or justification for an action or event , power of the mind to think, understand, and form judgments by a process of logic.

Logic- system or codification of the principles of proof and inference.

Inference- Conclusion reached on the basis of evidence and reasoning/ end or finish of an event or process.

W12 The gift of knowing

“God deluded is Man! Man perfect is God”

“Man is an expression of God, and God is the reality of Man!”

“The very thought of Heaven is the standard of measurement for the depth of hell”

Life encompasses that which is, to even have the polar thought of that which is not, for by existence, being, life is my mind even to question, to think in relation that which is, that which is not. Life, which was once a thought as opposed to death, nay, life encompasses death, whose opposite in birth, unborn and dead. Oh I know not of the polar, for all I know is life, . my perception of and from life. Reflecting comprehension, place, being, of that of mine truth, my life, my experience of life, my experience of being, of experience. Practical contact with, experience, for thought, language, comprehension is that of subject, object! Plaguing thought pattern, ripping it to pieces amidst soul knowing, mind thinking ,reflecting reality yet unable to

touch and penetrate reality. Words expressions are but gifts of direct perception, experience-Contact- Being, living, sharing in unified cognition, yet only a reflection. The only real is the experience, nay, the being, living, well of truth, knowing, being shared by means of societal rules and regulations, that of speech. And so, the touch of the knowing is the true sharing, for in this is the knowing given to thee, by allowing thee to see, know, then self that they are being, knowing from, comprehending through, the gift of self. Birth, death, time, space, aum shanti, shanti, Aum!

W13 What is your doctrine?

Aum Kriya Babaji Namaha

“May your light and happiness kindle joy and light the lamp of Love (prem) in others around you”

Ethics- moral principles that govern a persons behavior or conducting of an activity

Moral- relating to standards of good behavior, honesty, and fair dealing- distinction between right and wrong.

Quack, In doctrine showing uncorrupted ness, gravity, sincerity, and sound speech that cannot be condemned!

What is your doctrine? That of NO doctrine, that of primordial life herself. That of silence, aware of others perception, non assuming, feeling, empathizing. A doctrine of you, of me, of the nature of being, mother nature, father spirit, free of intellectual speculation, dogmatic doors, touching the depth of the soul in communion with is the only doctrine. I speaketh reflect, you that is the other you. The one of the many, love thy neighbor as thyself!

Love- the union, merging in spirit, samadhi with samadhi! Speaking to the heart to shine union to the running mind, stilling, being, experiencing! For before and after and during the thinking of what we are, we ARE! So be.

Aum Shanti Shanti Shanti Aum.

W14 Belief system, doctrine of Life

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Doctrine- what is thy doctrine? A belief or set of beliefs held and taught by a church, political party or other group.

My belief system has been crumbled. Following thoughts and ideals has fallen by the wayside. Do this, do that, this is right, this is wrong, this is truth, this is false, this is god, this is not. Aye, serving ideas of personage, yet forgetting, nay, not letting, holding back, thyself, in this self system of thought! If ye are to shed the conformation of thought process in thy discernment, thy discrimination, all need be questioned, all need be analyzed, all need be accepted, preconception, tainted perception, influenced and wavered. Align the ideas and thoughts with the discrimination of being, truth, thine own self! And only put into the body, mind, soul, me, that which serves thee! Ye know not!

Write, sit, digest before stuffing thy face with information, thoughts, ideas, perceptions, dissections, reasoning, doctrine. There is no other doctrine than that of life. Life encompassing birth and death, including all that is yet un-influenced by the variances of thine All, By the infinite forms of being. How thy be, in me. Calling Life Thy, yet I am Thine. Subject, Object, objectifying life, this idea that giveth me me to make ideas in Thee, Thee- the thought of separate than Me, yet so silly thought, the perception of separation, the thought is no other, the relation is the unification, the conception is the imposed idea taking consciousness and awareness from Here, Now, to ideas fancy. Will Thee have a doctrine? Nay, I live the doctrine of Life!

W15 Question of question

To write or not to write! Mind turning on itself not to express itself. To express myself. For the mind, thoughts are the being of me! How I am being. Amidst environment, happenings, emotion, all the variations endlessly dancing around my being. Yet are my being, aye, escape, run, hide, lol, can ye hide from yourself? Nay, for this is me, by which I hide, . Ye cannot hide from that which is hiding! Who are you? What are you? How are you? By what means are ye to ask these questions? From whence do they spawn? Doubting or questioning that which ye are Yet the question arises only from that which the question is directed! So ye question ye, ye question the act of questioning, ye are the question.

W16 but what other?

I feel to say I have fallen! Fallen from the pedestal of ideals, Relative actions for a goal, then not reaching the goal, foregoing the action! Philosophy, theory, religion, oh the added layers of how to live. Complexities, right, wrong, do , don't, and so, I have exited conviction, weighing all the advocacy of other to all that weighs in thought. The way to live life! My way to live life! I literally no longer know, did I once? All are granted the knowing by their place in life's showing. Knowing from the known, position, place, and space. Belief? The thought of knowing. Knowing- Intuit, certain, non subject to another! But what other? Out to in, in to out!

W17 dealings of Man to Man

Purpose, meaning

,drive, belief

Character- Ego

Uniquely part of the One if looked at as separate.

Character is that of varying qualities and attributes.

Mental and moral qualities distinctive of an individual.

Conviction of thought and action! Where have ye gone? Doubt, uncertainty, inability, degradation of this I am. Conviction of action cometh forth in self mutilation, self torment of self, for I struggle with I.

Be humility itself! I can of mine own self do nothing! Kriya Yoga- rationalization of religion, religioinisation of rationalization.

Greater importance to the inner dealing of man to man, than man to god- Babaji.

Ye cannot serve both God and Mammon! Darkness comprehendeth not light and light comprehendeth not darkness. Serving mammon is serving God, for by, through, with God doth the mammon be to serve. By God am I mammon to serve. Serve God in mammon. Vedanta philosophy of nothingness, un real, delusion, Oh how can I act and serve when tis but nothing? For I have yet to taste of the something that is everything that is God that is the Life of Mammon. Aye, ye cannot serve dead lifeless matter, but serve Life itself that animates all Man. Separate Life and Man? Nay, what separation? Can ye separate rationally the givt of rationality? Can ye speculate and comprehend God that is the means by which speculation and comprehension are afloat? NOthingness, only yet speculation by the gift of speculation. Nothing, how can it be nothing when all is Light, all is Life, All is God, by which I am, Devils advocate- to oppose, advocate for the opposition, the consumption of thought and the thought process of my world, rational dissection, guiding misdirection. I am naught but by Thee. To say Thee is to speak of the being I AM that giveth the Me to be as I will, as Thy will. I am Thou, Union- One being, seen and unseen, known and unknown, difference, separation, just a myriad of wrong thought!

W18 Companion desire

The desire for a companion, a suited person for my person. This longing has me seeking in the dating apps, as superficial as can be. Creating depression, self discontentment as to my attractiveness. Through prayers, intention, manifestation by the grace of All Space, all being, may this come to fruition. I am naught but by Thee, who giveth me to be. To look out and be dissatisfied, or to look in and be with satisfaction herself, thyself. Ye must look through thy heart for the things of thy heart. Ye must have right action to enable right action. Your right and wrong and wrong are known by thee, not subject to ideas or viewpoints of others. ONLY Thee, God only knows. God speaks to thee silently through intuition. So listen, ask, be present, if ye yearn for presents! Complete being I am only by Thee who are the gift of Me. by thou am I, may I align and act for the Me of thee in all of thy being. Thankyou, Thankyou.

W19 No more, no less

In your patience possess ye your souls! Oh beloved grace, I mentally continually justify calling to thee as if I am speaking to another person. Oh the still movement of peace in Thy presence of being. Mentally distraught with thought and speculation of endless sources reflecting ideas and perceptions of Life, of Thee, of their unique comprehension of Thy giving. Oh gurus, calling to thee, devoting myself to thee, to thy teaching, yet guru, thee whom I call to is ever here, with me speaking in silence intuitively unto thee to be known. External relation of a man image unto mine inner world. Nay, for I know not a man inside me. Oh what do ye know? I know I am a gift of Thee, by thy grace do I be! By being in Thee, I experience the nature of Thee, of Me. Peace, OM Shanti, Love, the uniting presence, Stillness- there the manifestation of spirit into consciousness, or vice versa, the awakening of consciousness to perception of spirit! Joy, Bliss, the experiential perception of feeling the self of me stilled in thee. Content, for thee, oh being of all, art the nature of that which I am. The essence, the eternal hug of Life unto your child! Oh the mental agony of thought patterns dictating and stealing the power of will, the confidence of action, the certainty of being. Oh Lord, how doth this myriad of delusion weigh on the mind? Vedanta theory doth state this world, this working state as transitory, the ripples on the sea of thee, reality, thou art reality! True or false, Good or Bad, oh my thought pattern tries to comprehend in a lofty ideal of thy whole, yet I forgot to act from this place and this space of Me of Thee. And so, I know, thou art All that can be sought, thou art All I yearn, for even the companion I yearn is but by Thee! Oh Lord, I have hidden myself in booze and ganja, lust and pleasure, unable to compose my mental agitations. My path of Yoga, distraught and torn by leaning on an organization, yearning to ease the self strength by simply flying with the flock of the path of SRF. Nay, I fly with the flock of Humanity, the flock of thy Grace alit in all seen and unseen. My guru is the voice of silence of the knowing of my being. I know not but by Thee! More practice, correct, to achieve the goal of union. Can I achieve something that is here, not a something but everything. Can I achieve my True nature? For tis that what I am! Climb the ladder of Yoga to attain Samadhi. Attain a state my conscious mind knows not, a state of union of spirit behind the conscious mind. Can one consciously perceive the unconscious? So then simply being in thee, still, present in thy presence, peace, joy, thy will be known! See God in All, there is no other way! Ye are no more than any, ye are no less than any, ye are the many! Aum Peace Amen.

W20 Mary Janes delusion

Okie dokey smokey, the chimney of me with mary jane using and abusing. Mind unable to think of Thee, or anything for that matter. Comatose with every dose! Drive, ambition, hidden in the wells far away from the stoney mind. Seeking only gluttony, sloth, lust, almost content doing Nothing. Oh but the action of nothing does catch up to thee with the reaction of nothingness, non movement, progression, being me! Depression setting on thee from the slothy nothingness. O the trial of escaping thyself, thy mind. Justified in delusion, continued in habituation, in fear of being Me! Oh accept the discontentment of uncertainty of action over the depressive and painful self mutilation of smoking like a chimney. Associating escape with marijuana, yet don't you see, Yes I see, what she is doing to me! So I am here, anew daily to do, yet what am I to do? Where is thy ambition? What are thy goals? What are ye looking

for? What is your happiness? Where does it lie? How can ye be happy? Ye are a conditioned human, and so happiness is conditional! What are the conditions of happiness? Ego or not, ye are you? Lofty thoughts of being ego free, but then me, body, I am no longer. This is your tool, your vehicle, your being, so use this!

W21 Think, thunk, thought,

Think, thunk, thought,
Oh the running mind distraught,
Unable to think, to comprehend,
To know the means by which the thought is thunk!
Right, wrong, oh, how I long to know.
Guru of intuition welling from within
Ever so silently still to be heard
If only I still myself in the world.
Outside, inside, what side? All side
Waking consciousness or sleep, all one but being of me.
Ego or no ego, both but perceived from the I of thy Word.
Thy will be done,
but oh how can I do when the noise of my unstill,
Incontent running mind and inside tries to hide?
I am that. I am, I canst' not be other than where I am,
And who I am,
So thou art free of quality and form giving to quality,
And form to reflect thee.
So the I of me, to align with thee in thought and action,
Qualities of thy light, oh this is the insight.
Use these as thy path to free!
I am thee, I am thine, I am divine!
Look inside to see the outside,
For eyes closed, eyes open, ye aart being.
Out or in, think thunk thought is begot!
Conforming thought, compromising being of self, of qualities of thee,
Only to fit in, fear of differentiation.
But oh the out is that of differentiation,
Variation, uniqueness, all of Thee!
So the qualities i see are that of He!
Permeating all being, space, object, and you!
Jai Guru who liveth in mine heart,
Who liveth in the heart of Being!

W22 Selfisedness

Selfishnessedness,

Lacking consideration for others concerned chiefly with ones own personal profit or pleasure. Consideration for others- to act with consideration for others is to hinder action itself, to begin the assumption of others thoughts and how your actions may affect them. Oh, tis but a balance is it not? To lack any consideration for others is to act blindly, to deny the effects of thine action. Yet to worry of others too much, especially how they may view or judge thy actions, loses the truth of thy action itself. To affect another, as all movement and action is such, as a stone creates ripples in the water reaching into eternity, so all action, movement hath affect of the environment around. And the environment around involves the others of thee, who are affected. So to affect others with thy action is one thing, but to hinder action of thine own truth based on a worry of th effective perception, judgment, thought patterns toward you, this is another. So to be considerate of another i just that, not to worry of others perception or judgment of another. One is selfish to lack consideration and one is of fear, worry, and supposition of ideas. Ye know not what one may think! True action is such, ripplin ripples of truth. These effect as they will, but action from truth is right action causing right effects, which may not be perceived or judged by the thought processes of others, but ye cans't know the thought of another, no can ye assume! For thoughts change, one fickle , and truth, bein true unto you, acting selfishly in truth, is then acting for the truth of others. Personal profit or pleasure. One is worldly and the other is felt. Actin for thy own benefit. Is this selfish? Yes, we are selves of self. To live for happiness, for the pursuit of happiness, is selfish . to live for wealth, for thy own profit is selfish, yet to the degree it is needed? Then consideration is a balance in regard to others. Environment included the humans as well that surround and fill this space, this place. Oh silly me, structuring a formula of thought based on definition of a word! Yes, self- ish and her varying degrees. Selfless- acting free of selfish motive. All in consideration of another, no gain, no pleasure, no profit. Yet to act for others benefit, does it not then give one pleasure? Just as meditation, yoga, going inside self, selfish yet true good action creating ripples unto others. Happiness, I don't know you. Opposite of sadness, fluctuations of black and white!

Emotion, feeling, welling from inside thy being, ye are this, ye are that, ye are the space inbetween, the air outside is the air in thy lungs, the tres breath of out is thy breath of in, the light shone is all light for all right, the earth ye are, food and fuel of thy body make up, in to the out and out to the in.

Oh Lord, why construed and confused doth this dualistic nature lay on me! Here and there, fluctuations a dancing! Vedanta philos is that of Maya, this body , this space, environment are but,--non reality, for reality is free of duality. The indwelling spirit of being, life itself giving this being of me to yearn and churn in this dualistic myriad of life! Oh Lord, societal implications of thought pattern, of perceptions of separations, ever keeping sight away from Thee. Whom I see, whom is seeing, whom is sight, whom is the being of the seen, sight, and the seer. Oh Lord, cans't I just see thee? May, I do see thee, for ALL is thee I see, oh cans't I just remember you as all that is seen, felt, known, shown! Spiritualize the eyez to never forget thee in all movement, action, humans, all things. For then thine eye be single! Thy body is full of light, to

see thee shine, iFor thee are the knowing, the known, the truth, reality , the seeking, the sought,
. All I know is Thee for Thee are the knowing of Me.

W23 See God in All, this is my Goal!

To see God in All!
This is my Goal!
This is my Yoga!
To still and change thoughts that come in the forefront,
Consuming the mind and perception,
Forgetting what it is you see,
What it is you feel!
God!
To journal, to pour thought onto pages!
To See God in All, as All, Being All!
This is Yoga,
You OmniPresent God All.

Indivisible- IS God.

W24 Mind mind

When the mind tries to know, the trickery and treachery.
Always moving, can't be still.
In thy patience possess ye your souls,
be still, and know that I am God!
Here I write you mind,
Where knowledge flows of the communication and relation of the knowing,
Yet ye are more that what ye can know!
Oh mind, ye seek the knowing,
Oh the experience of the experiencer
Oh I know, oh my understanding,
Oh my mind, oh my body, oh my life?
Nay, I am but Lifes!
I own naught! Tis by which I think to own.
Oh I know !
Yes, yet ye crave that which is!
Exterience, stillness.
Acceptance, I know nothing,
I am but by thee!
Thee of stillness can be shown!
Cans't be know, oh so mind, so try yee!

W25 To define God is to deny God

Prevention is better than a cure!

Spirit is more powerful than matter (comparing spirit and matter lol,)

We are from God, and it so, the self certainly lives in us. Yet we fight! Are we not fighting against ourselves, our God?

To define God is to deny God! You can give a definition to any finite object. How can ye define the limitless or the infinite being who is the source and ultimate cause of everything?

Whatever actions I do by the body, the mind, the senses, the intellect, or my own nature, I offer to the supreme Lord!

So what do ye do? What action does your life give as an offering? God serves you, do ye serve God? How to serve God?

Love, surrender, meditation, right action!

Right action for me is?

Where I am and with comprehension I am given,

Movement doing, eating, sleeping, loving, trusting, faith,

Commitment, contentment, acceptance

How to use the vehicle of body and ego to act right?

In the position and place in life where I am.

Acting wrong is: inaction of depression, loneliness, relating self to others, better or worse,

Fear- hiding actions due to fear! Fear of loving and truth of expression. , Fear- how 'I' am perceived or thought, have no control of which 'I', nor communion and alignment, balance and fulfillment. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon!

The thoughts of differentiation, separation, variation are that of Man. Thought of presence, of the reflections of God, these are the thoughts of unification, serving God in Mammon and. not Mammon in God. Serving mammon is subjecting myself, action, to the thoughts of mammon of my mammon mind.

W26 Relation to things

Oh human being,

So this are ye called in relation to all things.

Differentiated in perception and relation from one to the other,

Yet amongst the variational myriad of external appearances,

Circumstantial make up of the human that does be,

Emotional waves and actions of a thought process or belief system,

Yet we are being!
By what means do ye be?
Thought, ideas, relations, arise from the beginning of fThee,
Yet just as the moon is alive by the sun,
So ye are just as the moon,
A reflection of the source.
Ye are born of the earth,
Breathe the vibrations,
Eat her flesh for thy flesh,
Beat the rhythm of her heart,
Feel the variations of her seasons as hot and cold,
Night and day, dance this endless dance.
Duality, this that, relational,
Good, bad, perceptual variance circumstantial, karmic,
Pre- destined, free will.
Oh human, dual even in the consciousness of waking and sleeping,
Just as the earth of ye wakes and sleeps in your point of placement.

W28 Mind your thoughts

Mind your thoughts.
Directing awareness in the head,
Consciously seating focus and concentration into the head,
Illuminating medulla, pineal, and seating the mind in the forehead,
Utilizing this capacity of awareness,
Of will power of consciousness,
Seated in ajna chakra,
The thoughts dancing and running as rapids through the mind stuff,
The thoughts dissolve into their light ,
From whence they came,
Seated in the stillness,
In the strength of presence,
In the faith of Atma.
Mind thy thought by directing mind,
Awareness, consciousness, to the sweat of thy mind's eye.
Just as ye cannot see with eyes two,
So ye can't think with thoughts two,
Single eye single thought for focusing attention,
Consciousness, will to the seat of the mind,
Thoughty flow is directed,
Flowing into the point of mind,
Mind over matter,
The matter is the fluctuation of thoughts in all their variation

And so mind matter thought,
All directed into presence, will, stillness, patience,
For there is nothing to think,
No where To be,
For ye are directing mind, thought,
To the place of undisturbed thought,
Freely flowing in mind,
Seated in the asana of being,
Experienc- ing.
Aum Tat Sat Aum.

Aum Kriya Babaji Namaha Nama AUM!

W29 History

History, that which has shaped the present state. Shared through time for generation to the next. Fact, truth, as the stories are shared, distorted, diluted, and even changed. For the sake of power, control, this history, being what it may, truth, fact, is then omitted, hidden destroyed for the sake of not upsetting the belief system that it challenges. History, in her humility, doesn't fight back. For it can never be taken away, for whether spoken or silenced, history can never be taken away! Theory, idea, science, comprehension, understanding, oh human even wavering and hiding Truth of science, of no right or wrong, but the truth of that which is, our being of being. Truth knows no fear, knows no untrue! To follow or to not, question- If a question is said to be a wrong question, or if it promotes fear, the idea or object being questioned isn't true! Tis then not willing to undergo the scientific method of validity. Yet, once science states, through the method, that something is valid or not meaneth not that it is true and cannot be changed. For comprehension and understanding fluctuates, theory is just an idea, a thought process. Gravity or electric universe, tis just a reference of relativity. Big bang or not, ancient aliens, infinite unanswered questions, yet the proof is in the pudding! Religion, control, are just as politics. Social conformity of the societal conditioning. Oh ye reader, know not that you are all ye seek? Ye are the being of being, conscious, aware. Use thy will, direct thy mind, free the thoughts, and see that which is being.

Life, truth, science,

Aum tat sat aum shanti aum kriya babaji nama aum christ, krishna, babaja, aum life aum life.
aum

Chapter bodies of love

- Soul sister Jen.
- Thankyou for being my good friend.....
- Who is Jennifer.
- So what is plaguing my mind....

- A love not meant to be '21
- Love for Gina Book 11 '21
- I cannot fool myself! '23
- remove the things in life that no longer serve you! '23
- Ma Mika
- Mika, Oh MA maka,

Soul sister Jen.

Once open freely all channels of sharing and unification, then life change comes forth and closes off one more than the other.

Oh how I long for the open channel of one to lay my head into thine arms and cry my hearts woes. But no longer are we open in the physical realm. Now with others in life ye have one to lay on and I now have not the one of you to lay on.

I had gotten used to you being there for me. You were ready for that, to give thyself. I was not. And so ye had to find one who could give to you as you needed to be given. For I was never to be that person.

But oh how used to your giving caressing and being there for me did I get. I got used to the benefits of a loving companion without giving the companionship from my end to you.

Our spiritual channel is still ever open with our shared devotional servitude. This will not leave. But a bit fuzzy it has become in the other regard. For we had known each other in open freedom, with no hindrance.

Now there is thought muck in the way of pure action , pure freedom of expression in word and touch. But so it is. As it was not to be the other way.

For I was becoming persuaded unto you more and more with your soul beauty and kindness, but I know that even amidst my persuasion, this was not what was meant to be. Ye were not meant to be for me in that way. And if ye had continued unto me in that way, ye would have persuaded me against my will that wavers and wavers at the persistence of a beautiful loving caring woman. For oh how I desire to love and care for a woman again, but my time is not of now.

Strayed into the past relations I have undergone. Allowing my temptations to flood and flood and steal the strength of my vocation and conviction unto the Lord, unto the sheer cliff path that I climb so vaguely....

Oh ego yells at me not to call thee for the hurt that has come about me. Once shared freely and then now cloudy and dull, once known in light then lit no more, a hardship is upon me even to call unto thee for friendship. For the freedom is not there. The needs of me that ye catered unto at one time has been removed, and so I sit before thee presence with needs that cannot be met nor fulfilled, for that time is passed. So then ego cries in her pain to just give me space and not come unto thee.

Oh how blessed I am to be your friend, beloved and deep our friendship is. I cherish this and look forward to our Sat Song Devotion.....

Thankyou for being my good friend.....

In the manifestation of our togetherness, my giving has not changed from the first time of our devotional comradery. I am as open as open has given. Ye drink the nectar of my devotion, but do not fill the cup as ye once did. No longer a full balance I feel from the mother of thee have I been feeling, but oh eyes opened, for ye cannot fulfill my worldly needs. Ye have fled me for I could not fulfill your worldly needs. But this cup ye drink of, oh it is for thee for as I could not see, ye have been filling with love and the elixir of thy devotion potion of our souls longing for each other.

Mixed up in my worldly needs and heavenly feeds, I was blind to your good deeds. Ye are clear in this walk of thy vocations talking, but for me I am a fuzzy mess of bliss, shadows, and much garbage in between. I know not my walk, yet ye know each step with exactitude. I was at a small time a pinpoint of thy life's needs, of this my ego silently did feed, without my awareness this did plant a seed, and even before the growing ye spout of watering had left. This seed of karmic need unknown to me continued to grow, became starved, showed itself to me as I could finally see, and then shriveled. And as with death, so the pain cometh. Mixed even more into the pains of the dance of my partner's past, opening valleys and portals I tried to mask, Ego shouted at me of thy being the hurter of my, the tormenter of my sorrows, the misunderstander of my self, the drinker of my cup and not giving back as she once had. I mixed all together into a blender then jumped in myself. Even in my explaining I try to give, I cannot, for I am trying to shine light unto the darkness of me, but then it is gone not to be spoken of. I cannot understand in the darkness that was comprehended in the shadows, for the shadows of perception are no longer for me to see, they have turned to light, more clear, expressing that which is not clouded by fear. When hurt comes fear, and so I had began to fear ye who had caused me hurt. Fear from my ego that I cannot grow by your side, in your shadow for the shadow ye had casted upon me by your unaware actions of my fragile self. Ye hurt me ego Jen by your actions unknowingly, unwillingly, unaware, but oh the pain that surfaced and lingers. My doors remain closed, and ye swung them wide open. The door of my heart with all its contours and mazes, ye found your way right inside. Warm and fuzzy, pouring out a sea of satya bliss, ye drink and drink from here. For ye filled the needs of me. But as ye has fled from me, dimmed the satya of our unification ever so lightly, pain filled in the shadows of all the pains that I have

known of togetherness. I suppose with all the givings and sharings of my past that I have openly poured unto thee, I would hope/ expect you to know me in the depth of my fragile makeup. But bigger than this to be sucked into the maze of small ego me, for ye go only by the lumination of our Beloved torch. This lights your way each and every day. Step by step ye see and ye be. And with this torch ye cut through my bullshit of this whole page of reading of my expression and simply shine light. Shine light and all will be alright.

Who is Jennifer.

She is a beloved soul walking upon this path of life with reverence utmost to life herself. Uplifting, abundant, devotional, and loving, she is one who sees beauty in everything. She is a passionate midwife who supports the mother to be in a holistic bath, soothing in assurance, and then lovingly catches the new life amongst us. Whilst also performing much healing to all with her strong channel, connection, and conviction of the All Mighty Healer. She has blessed me with her fervor of devotional song flowing from her fingers and lips as our beloved mother herself. Compassionately loving, sharing, and caring as the mother she is, she walks with the strength of unshakable truth. A devout yogi practicing multiple forms of kundalini, hatha, sacred dance, and bhakti, she sees the unification that is Yoga in all streams of practice. May we be blessed to have the strength and conviction of one as she in this life. And so how blessed we are to be able to share in her space and time in this flowing of the Divine throughout this sacred shrine named Jen

So what is plaguing my mind....

As I go out to a place of which I am already uncomfortable for the sake of my dear Fiona's company, we are introduced at the door to a few friends and a guy, of whom was quite friendly with you. He then wavered back a bit when he realized I was with you, but this didn't continue.

Later in the evening I am talking at the outdoor bar to your friends to get to know them and be corgial, all the while you are just behind your friend at the bar. While talking I then notice this guy who you obviously have a past with completely rubbing on the back of you with full cock to ass. Quite odd I think, but I continue talking to your friend with a glance here and there over in your direction. After a bit of this I even see this guy right upon you with even hands on your ass. I even look to you and say "are you fucking serious?" With an odd look back from you I kept talking to your friends. But by this time they realized what was going on because of my lack of attention and super frustration as to what was going on. They then grabbed you and pulled you away.

Of course I had to say something to this sleezeball of a "friend", asking him if he's fucking serious, but maintaining my composure, I walked away.

So then very distraught that you would allow this to happen, I had to speak to you.

Upon our conversation you say you didn't know etcccc...but then proceed to tell me there is a story of you two. Which then you hushed up and didn't say any more to me about.

Already in a place that was uncomfortable, I am put into this situation.

Rather than feeling my overwhelming burden of this, you are defensive and even proceed to tell me that if you really wanted to hurt me you would have been more active than just stand there. Fuck this....

I am hurt because of my inability of trust. I already have a wounded heart from my past. I yearn for trust and for love. You had begun to open my heart to you. By taking me out here, how this guy interacted with you, how you didn't even think anything of it, and how you just let me feel this pain and even proceed to be defensive and say more hurtful things, I am just saddened.....

You are going to move into a place where the guy is a super asshole to you and now wants you for obviously more than a friend.

Then I have doubtful thoughts of when I met you stating

"If I'm drunk then it doesn't matter"

"I can only have sex if I'm drunk, then I don't feel any emotion"

What kind of confidence does this instill in me? How am I supposed to feel of you going out and drinking?

The way I see it, if you really do like me your love is unable to be aware of my soft heart by your actions and your words.

You are Ignorant, not naïve. To be naïve is innocent.....you are not innocent, you are ignorant by choice or my whatever means this is.

You say I obviously don't like you cuz I could let you go this easy.....Yet I'm consumed with a fully burdened heart over you. Yea, I don't like you at all....(in a super psarchastic tone)

You obviously don't see me nor what I see.....And how this all went and is going, I obviously don't see you.

I'm sorry that this silly little incident has wrought such emotion in me, but it is just a showing of the one who I really had become quite fond of.

And with this I choose not to even burden you with my truth, for you have already stated your ignorance of the whole scenario. And so understanding can't be met as I cannot understand you either. That brings me to lack of trust and mehhhhhhh....

W3 A love not meant to be

Oh my gina,

In my heart a burning and yearning for your caress, for your companionship, to hold, feel, laugh, and just to be with you. You have a huge part of my heart. You complete so many facets of me and my life.

Goods:

Great person, fun easy, peaceful, encouraging loving, pleasure, joyful, content, happy, outgoing, beautiful

Bads:

Different emotional wavelength, unable to communicate at the depth

Differences:

Self care, athletic and active, hard time with kiddo Cam, I need spiritual life, she is not this.

Style is 100% different. She is opinionated and puts me down.

Gosh, I can speak of so many differences and things that our our separation. All of this has weighted on my mind for some time. Does it weigh more that my love for her?

We are so different, but our energies and personalities mix so well, we are great together.

And now this!

Wont' humble herself into the love for me. Does she even know me? Is she associating me with the douchebags she has been with in the past? The actions of mine don't warrant this reaction from her. This has gone on way too long. And the jealousy and mistrust continue to escalate. She has completely stated it to be over due to lack of trust, and then comes back to listen

She doesn't trust me! . but not in an apologetic way, nor a loving way, orr a way for healing and growth. Her ego and hurt and much stronger than I could ever imagine. She is a strong mama indeed. I am different than all her previous men as she stated over and over. Yet she treats it the same. Gosh, I had no idea she had so many boyfriends after. Cams dad. Shit is crazy, I'm so hurt and heartbroken. Im so confused and unsure. Insecure and unable to act right. I yearn to communicate with her, to hold and be with her, but she is unable to hear me anymore. Her ego is in the way and she wont get over herself. Her true colors have glared at me. There has been a time and again of brief glimpses of these aspects of her, but this is above and beyond. She has issues and will not accept nor humble herself unto them. Me: I have issues and subject myself to self shame and blame and full acknowledgement. Being a single mom with all that on her shoulders, she cannot afford this on her life's behalf. Does this mean that our variance in human living, lack of communication, emotional understanding, empathizing has split us? I need her to meet me in a place of love and understanding. To apologize and speak from a place of love and longing. She has no this for me, so we then cannot heal and move forward. \

Clarity in my disparity.

This i have naught.

Not ready to let her go

This I know.

For my heart tells me so!
I am not a victim in this.
I have began this cycle of departure with her
I have struck a nerve in her that cannot be unstruck
I have not this same nerve or issue, so I don't understand.
Yet I have put myself in a place of understanding.
I am wrong, I am sorry.
Now her inability to move on, to see me as I am, has ended our togetherness.
I have done all I can do and all that is left is to move on.
I love her and always will.
She is amazing and always will be.
Yet it is apparent she is incapable of coming back to me,
So it is. Sad and difficult indeed,
But this is what is.
Ahhhhhh.

W4 Love for Gina

Amen my LOrd, A men my LOrd.
This weight has been lifted from my heart. Differences, incompatibility, the scrutiny of the mind to justify the relationship or lack there of , is all melded away in the love of our union. I love this girl. Beyond the minds ability to see only differences, the heart sees and feels the togetherness. We are great together, brought together by chance in this dance of emotionally unstable life I live. We laugh, cry, and make each other happy. All fo the mind to cause or justify the separation is gone, for she has let me back on . on this I long. Too good are we together ,too fulfilling to each other are we to be holding onto the separating grudges of each other. Oh ego, woe unto you to hold us away from each other. Thankyou love for smoothing the wall and allowing this joining. We love each other. Where will this love go, I don not know. I do not know. I love Gina.

W37 I cannot fool myself!

Good morning! Oh how floweth thy joy, bliss, grace through my spine, dancing soul in thy bosom of light. Oh beloved guruji, ye have opened the door unto thy kriya, thy path to thee, in me, heaven on earth, the tapas, austerities of my purification . Aum Guru! Aum Guru! Last night with lovely gina the realization of self, what no longer serves this metamorphosized self. The past, what once was and sufficed no longer supports thy state of being. Company, my hearts fondness, even this is becoming anchored in the eternal changless being of self, not to be given outside external, for although in mind and lofty thought I can trick self and justify, I cannot. I couldn'T even conversate as my consciousness, my soul, was almost not present,

anchored in thee Lord, I cannot fool myself! I watch the pains of this show, the horrific deeds of lust and worldly power, manipulation, delusion, in thy name, oh this is something I choose not to subject myself to. For sufficient of the day ins the evil thereof, therefore take no thought for the morrow, for the morrow will take thought of itself! There is enough evil to shine light from thy grace unto , that I don't need to subject myself to more mental evils unless my path asks it to be. Oh my dear Gina, the disconnect from each other as I am true to myself is felt. I feel you changing as well, plant life feeding your soul, wonderful. I know not what our future entails, but being physical and continuing in the habitual patterns of our relationships past will not fulfill either of our4 needs! Oh thy bliss, Jai Babaji, Jai Self, Blissful one with thee coursing through my being.

Aum , Jai Guru!

Oh Baby, I yearn to express myself to you, but al am limited! Thou can only perceive from wher eyou are. I need to openly be true. Maybe you are one to open to , as ye are but an aspect of one, but I hold back! Twas not the place and time.

W42 remove the things in life that no longer serve you!

Oh the disappointment of a broken dinner with a once loved gina. Anticipation, waiting, planning, excitement! I put so much feeling into this! Last time we were together, a great disconnect was felt. I couldn't enjoy any longer the actions we once shared, drinking beer, and watching shows. This isn't what my mind feeds on and tarnishes my soul. We went to bed, where I tried to be true unto my conviction, communicated this in an odd way, and then succumbed to the sexual energies. I suppose my eagerness and anticipation of dinner was to remedy, alleviate, smoothe, dissipate the odd feelings I left. Not able to get that chance, my emotions were awakened. The evening ended up being beautiful with a bike ride on the desert beauty of south mountain, with a wonderful kriya practice, followed by dinner. Why then do I still feel emotion? I had almost wanted to do this rather than a dinner of what? Yet under the circumstances, my small self feels hurt, disappointed. I feel as if she is untrue to me as to reasoning, the sun got to her, nap from 4-6, then called it off. Oh I pur too much emotional emphasis on this person gina, who is not spiritual in action, nor capable of understanding me. Yet in her depth, we are joined, our souls know each other. I see her beauty that isn't on the surface. If only she had the tap of divine will, but it isn't for me to spark. Her karmic ties are woven. It is time to let her go? For the benefit of my weak emotional self. Yes, in attachment and in the holding of the past, she and you, served each other well! Thant was then, the past is just that, dead. And so, living now, how does our relationship work? Friends, if that respect, honesty, and ability is there. But any more than this, your spiritual path cannot contain! And so it is, remove the things in life that no longer serve you!

Amen Jai Guru!

W1 Ma Mika

Ma Mika,
O how I awake with thee in my mind.
And in me heart, for I feel you!
I love you, and I also fear you!
For as a delicate hibiscus flower ye are,
Shining your radiance,
Shining thy gift of devotion,
Devoid of thought,
Pure grace shakti dancing and expressing herself
Through and with thyself,
But this fear I speak of,
Is this harsh, brash, opinionatedness of thyself.
Thy worldly strength used as a defense mechanism
For the vast amount of pain dealt you!
The holding in your body and mind,
Delusive unto the purity and clarity of Me of you.
I am none to judge, for I judge not.
I am expressing a feeling my empathetic self has taken in from you.
This harshness came in the forms of protections of ideals of thy daughters,
The defense and holdings of the cave of buried pains from past relationship,
And the work necessity ideals ye hold, unable to see through!
But oh my love, ye are breaking these walls!
I will not close my nature unto thee,
For our souls dance upon the chariot of eternity in our unison.
Ye are one who can see God in me,
See the greatness of the nothingness I am,
Ye share in my devotion of the Grace that giveth me to be.
For tis thy nature,
Thy karmic dance.
Just as Mine, and so our song singeth unto Song herself.
Oh Love, I cannot speak to thee of the abrasion thy nearsightedness has caused upon my
heart,
For I willingly accept all parts,
For destiny has brought us together ,
That our souls may soar and shine thy light unto all lights
And so we do!
This fear I speak of, nay,
I lay it at my cosmic beloved feet.
I accept all the burden of thy growth, of thy freedom.
Fly once again my dove, unburdened,
Unchained from the past shackling of the material transpirings of thy karmic duty.
Fear not my dove, for I AM Here.
And oh me, ye hummingbird, fear not,

For your heart beats me and I breathe through you!
Aum Shanti Shanti Shanti

Mika, Oh MA maka,

How do I begin to comprehend, to express this and confess.
For in love, in grace, in the practice of All Her place do we dance,
Did we dance, for the way of my expression, my dance moves, don't work with you. Oh
unaware was my awareness of true expression unto the only one whom was accepting of such.
But that wasn't the case, not accepting in truth, but accepting in weakness. For what was
being accepted was causing pain, and turmoil for her ego trying to accept. This which wasn't
spoke to .

Oh Love, I suppose I held in that which didn't work with me, for the sake of the soul union which
breaketh through any mould of unworking or naught. Oh, how they work for thy soul, and I
feel thy soul beckon, so I don't hold back the light of Satya unto you. As I want to appologize,
I can't appologize for Truth! I can't appologize for acting in Love, Grace, and empathy for you.
The Vrtti of the path of where you are is not accepting of the light of me that I bring forth. None
can tone me, save who would injure me.

Ye say I have injured you! Oh Love, , is this injuring? I only dance with you in the dance of
life, not in the dance of the boxed regulation of delusion atop of life.
Indeed the expression of truth began to dissolve and wear at the aspects of you that, In Truth
and in Your Expression of truth, Ye express the light that doth dissolve. I never imposed or
expected, yet ye feel imposed upon, expected upon, directed upon...How can this be so.
For when thy Truth saith one thing and action doesn't follow, then the sadness, pain, hurt
settles. Is this from where you have communicated these things?

I am aflame, afire, and burning this pain, this sadness of thy space and place away from the
light we share, Yet this is you, I honor you. I love you. I thank you.
I cannot share you, but I all care for you! I will not hurt you, I will not go against ahimsa, I
will not Vidu you, and let you Vidu me.

Maybe I am just not meant for thee. Maybe it has already been manifest this way.
For it is Ok, as you saith these things, It's as if they had already been said. It just caught my
mind and heart unaware, for they crave thy soul that dances with mine. Oh the pity of a mind
confining the dance of thy soul. Or the karmic path, where we be that keeps us from
eachother. Yet, so it is!

Ye say I judge you, yet God is thine judge. My actions from thine ripples of thine actions may
seem as judgment, yet that is just how the vibrations permeate me. By choice, I do not judge.
By imposition, sharing, I judge not. Freely do as thou are given to do.

I cannot be freely me unto thee, when ye say that the me I be, expressing the truth of me in our interaction, causes you holdings, weight, and difficulties.

This I will not burden you with, for I only want what you want as you want for You.

You Be you, you be true. To thine own self be true. If this is where you are and your truth, which is thus you saith so, then I honor this, I honor you.

I cannot remove my honor from self, so in honoring you, Pranamed at thy feet as I always have, ye must wade in this life without me.

For I cannot be toned, God cannot be not God, and I cannot be not !!

And you cannot be other than what you are called to be, You. The You does no longer have the space and capacity for a me, and so it does be.

Chapter 17 '24

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- Nam Nam God God
- Kundalini Ma
- Judge not, lest ye be judged
- Thy Calling
- Fulfillment of desires
- Loneliness and True connection
- Alignment with Satya
- by you can ye truly know True
- Con - form relativity of thought

W30 What are you?

Seeking, seeking, seeking, searching, directions, variations, this, that right, wrong. Ever outwards this, that. And then seeking that which is inside, awaiting unfolding of perception. Tis just as seeking external for something, so ye seek internal for some - thing? Yet, that which ye seek is here, by which ye seek! Tis not to be found, related, pondered, for tis no object ye seek! Tis the giving of you that ye seek. The being of you are the seeker and the sought. Ideas grandeur of spiritual awakening, relative to other experience to comprehend and understand. Subjective and objective immersive. Be the understanding of that ye are. Oh so simple to just be! How? Acceptance.....of self, place, person, position, for these are all relative. Surrender self to self. In stillness, peace, love, aum aum aum. Ye are the whole of life! Ye are the smallest spec of life. Ye are action in inaction and inaction in action. What are ye? What am I? Thought form that I am, for there can be no other! Thee the seeking. I know naught that which is the knowing of this I call me. I am being!

W31 Societal habituation?

Attachment! Mental, emotional, physical. Coffee in the morning, the feeling has been grown to enjoy, yet is it even an enjoyable feeling? Habituation, rinse and repeat tells me so. Booze, smoke head change midway through the day. Habituated in this happening, for initial change, relaxing the mind to accept the intoxication, like that of an escape TV, youtube, social media, the turn off of mind, thought, even will power. Coffee, I no longer need you. Social media, relating all unto others, oh I no longer need you. Booze and smoke, oh ye consume me. With thy introduction to me, I fall into the weakness of hiding, escaping, forgetting. Attachments; the thought of societal norm, , fitting in, conforming, fitting in, acceptance by like action, tis train of thought is the means by which I allow the action to take place once again. Oh you, oh me, relevant to the times, nay, why relate thyself, thy needs , to other? Ye have a calling, a spiritual comprehension, a vocation ye are called. Ye are as all

life, but ye are only this life! Compare, relate, contrast life unto life, nay! But me, my action, my desires and attachments, are but mine. For me to work out. And lo, working out I am. Simplicity: Stillness, freedom- peace.

The need to escape, forget, hide with booze, weed, tv mindlessness, is it a need? Tis but a habit of thyself to thy environment. Acting and reacting. Aum Ahmithaba. Aum Kriya Babaji Nama Aum. I am not against society, for I am, God is the life of All that maketh society, being society, of the thought processes and patterns of societal norm and conditioning, this I am against. Yet I know not what another thinks. Justy the vague setting of societal standards, the societal model. Oh ye will be lonely! For ye are choosing to be how ye are called to be, which hath no relation to societal norm. Y norm is just that, by thy grace am I, and so aligning thought action unto thee of me, simplify to feel the still movement of thy being. Rather than using the false lure of social external perception to seek a soul mate, seek thy soul! Manifest by the grace that manifests you! Trust, faith, experiential being, for I am thine! May I be for Thee. Oh Lord, give me strength to remain unwavering with the lures of distraction, delusion, confusion that plague my inner being! For may I be, think, concentrate on and in Thee. A men!

W32 Loyalty

Loyalty- a strong feeling of support or allegiance .
To be loyal to one is but in reference relative to other.
Loyalty, you not blind one of being from any other?
Aye, so to be loyal is to be one pointed.
Loyall to this, blinding and not even accepting to thats.
But, there is no other!
So loyalty, to the Divine permeating, sustaining, encompassing is My Loyalty.
Not to ideals, thought processes, belief systems, loyal to Mother in her nature
Loyal to Truth as she may be.
Loyal
Om Kriya Babaji Namaha Nama OM

W33 Renunciate garb.

Sannyasin, renunciate, renouncing the external dualistic world in search, to free time, for God/ Self- Realization. To go beyond the grasps of the mind, to merge/ unify/ with all mind,. That which gives mind to be being! However, renouncing, Sannyasin, monk, this is outer garb. Preaching is outer garb. Inner garb, this is that of true renunciation! To renounce thoughts, actions, emotions that do not serve the Sadhak in their yoga sadhana! Union is free of thought! For thought is a layer atop union. Merge thought with union and renounce thought.
Hare Aum Kriya Babaji Nama ha Nama OM!
Oh Sadhak, need the look like a sannyasin to know self?
Nay! Thou needest be true to All self .
Sat chit Ananda.

W34 Static and Vibratory Prana

Prana is vibratory in creation.
Life is vibratory moving prana.
Breathing, beating, feeling, the innate intelligence of life,
Living through, with, and for you!
Still the prana, samana, kumbhaka!
Prana stilled is omnipresence, beyond time and space,
This is where thy soul lives!
Merge with the little pranayam and become all pervasive pranayam.
Jai Jai Jai.
Static or kinetic, movement or stillness.
Action in inaction and inaction in action!
For reality and delusion,
Eternity and temporal,
One or the many
Oh Lord,
All is but Thou!
Thou art the gift, the giving, and the giver.
But oh the soul knoweth thy pure action of inaction,
free of the results of actions ripples in this space and place.
Oh my Lord, I call to thee Om Kriya Babaji Namaha Nama OM,
In the heart of my soul.
By Thee, I call to the pranic still state of soul communion with thee.
Calling with mind, dynamic prana used to serve static prana.
God serving God,
Ye cannot serve both God and Mammon.
I can of mine own self do nothing!
Om Shanti Shanti Shanti Aum!

W35 Thought oriented living being!

2/2024

To write or not to write. Absorbing words reflecting that of Atma, of Spirit, of the being of being that I am being. Oh the subtle fears holding me from expounding me self on these pages. Thought is the tool to spirit, for we begin free of thought, impulsive, genes, karma, space and place and time are we brought to this world, family, upbringing,. The thought pattern manifest as experiences, perception, reflections, directions, all the being of the body and mind. Patterns, habituations, cognations and comprehensions. Oh how this in my upbringing was focused all on the external. Oh how this thought and mind, this is but by Spirit is wasted on the habitual societal ways. But oh the soul doth shine truth and light to the patterns of thoughts, so they

begin to reflect soul. Directing this body, mind, being back home. Stilling thyself, not to kill the mind, nay, but for mind to still in itself, from whence mind doth flow from, reflect, and guide. Out to in, in to out, action in inaction, inaction in action, see by sight this cosmic play. Perceiving by the pay writer, acting in inaction, oh mind rationalizing, comprehending, understanding by the means given, upbringing and the make up of the way fo thinking, but oh, ye are that which ye try to wrap your head around. Ye are atma, ye are the way, ye are God! For by God are ye, with God are ye, In God are ye, God in Ye, what ye perceive is God, fo rGod is perception itself! Thought is God, mind, soul, yet the rationalizing, the relativity of this in reference to that clouds this being . Permeation of self in self. Subject Object differentiation. Oh in this conscious state, external world of the body play, use thought to make right action in thy time space place . always reflecting in thought the light of thought. Om Kriya Babaji. The power behind thought, Atma! Atmakarma!!!! Soul Action!!! Practice this wake, sleep, meditation, pranayama. Om Atma Om Aum!

W36 Bite thy tongue with wisdom

Expression, communication, shared perception of expression.
Thy space and place, mental faculties,
karmic weave of the body minds experiences, circumstances, relations
Comprehension, oh thought patterns of this ego self,
Of the selfs dance through space and time.
The make up of thy microcosmic reflection of self
in the unique perception of the macrocosmic perceiver of thy self. Thought oriented being!
Oh how we are such in this time space and place of existence.
Communication, sharing, giving, reflecting, dissecting,
Thought given to thought, idea , give, receive, accept or reject
Align with the pattern of thy composure,
Or ripple and shake the pool of thyself.
For the shaking and stirring, the murk becomes apparent,
Clouding the being.
Thoughts then pushing unto the new communicated thoughts received!
Oh self, mindful ye are to be!
In doctrine showing uncorrupted ness, gravity, sincerity, and sound speech that cannot be condemned!
Ye know not the murk that has accumulated in the being of another!
And so ye know not how action of reaction,
Dissection and dissension of simple words,
For meaning, essence, although reflected isn't projected,
For tis rejected unto a thought process, pattern.
Non receptive, non aware of itself!
It's own holding, patterning, make up,
For it is not thee to break the walls of delusion of another!

Only the being in being can do this by the Grace of Her path of being.
Oh Jai Ma, Guru of Guru running,
flowing the showing unto the ears that are willing to hear!
Thy will be done!
For I am naught but by thee,
For thee am I!
Interjecting this perception of my being unto another,
Nay, no push, no pull, for as thy will!
Still thy mind, open the eternal faculty of the self of selves.
Let this be the searching,
For thy cup overfloweth and the evanescence
touches all space of the infinite place of grace,
Oh bite yer tongue naught with emotion or fear,
Nay, thy tongue is to be bitten with the wisdom,
intuition, the mind aligned with the soul of me.
Satya, let her be thy sharing, reflecting, refracting,
Nay, becoming and freeing .
Oh Lord,
I know not but by thee!
Om Kriya Babaji Namaha Nama OM

W37 The eternal thought

Oh yee of this modern .
Thoughts of defining self,
Boxing terms to enable the freedom of definition ye seek,
Yet in this defining ye are inhibiting thyself.
Oh if ye use this thought strength of thy freedom,
To penetrate the giving of thy freedom,
From this freedom cometh from!
The thought patterns of individuality ye seek so.
Thinketh not of acceptance of thine thought unto another,
For their thought is innate unto themselves
Just as thine thoughts are unto themselves, to you.
Only you!
For this strength of thought, defining mind,
utilizing for thy individuality, thy strength, thy place in this place,
Oh ye of times on Now,
If ye use this thought, this power of individuality,
And place it in Thee, only Thee, the one giving that Thee are,
The accepting of acceptance,
The oh in thought to a new age teen self.
They, unique to each!

This thought, this idea,
Just as the same power of thought that aligns with the sheer praise, devotion, one pointed following,
All emotion invested, of that of the singular sports team,
Well nay,
This isn't a direct comparison, but relative....
Oh yee of these times, seeking acceptance,
Power of individuality to be accepted,
The power to change, oh ye,
Direct this power to power itself.
To thyself!
Direct thought to thought itself!
Illusion of direction of thought, worth, meaning,
oh , this is All here in Thee by IThee.
Look to the self that gives you!
Direct the misdirected thought unto that which ye are.
Not in idea, societal acceptance,
Oh this fight may seem worthy,
But ye are fighting a fight amidst the bigger fight.
Ye are playing the myriad atop the real
that giveth the myriad of beautiful Life illusion
Choose ye to play a game and have no hope of winning?
For the game is eternal and will be reset, restrung, revamped, remapped,
From time unto time in the cycle of eternities bosom.
Oh but ye are eternity,
Who allows thoughts to be subject to temporal waking consciousness ,
Strung along in memory and shape,
Stop wasting thine self,
Thine being thy energy, the faculty of self

W38 What is SELF?

To be or not to be, that is the question!
Told and told what is, what is not, what is?
I am! This I from which is called I from being!
A being, being in being, being by being, ,
By this being am I to call me,
This I am, what is this?
That I be, that is, for asking questions, filling with answers,
The answer is naught but by the question,
And so, to question being, what are ye? Ye that I am!
Ye that is the means, the support, the giving, taking, the presence, consciousness.
Oh silly human, can ye speculate speculation?
Can ye understand understanding?

Can ye know knowing itself?
It- Self- Self- for to assign a objective thought unto that of self.
And so self, my - self- your- self,
What if we just say, self?
Self- realization, self- introspection
Self- knowing, self- understanding
Oh Self- comprehension, for what is self?
I am- Self
Nay A- self,
Self is then the individual being.
Self- my - self,
The universe - it- self.
Thy- self my self?
Like this is a self I, my owns.
The self of I,
oh was not the self o thou that same self ans is that same self?
From the process of Life
that was before the defining attributes of what this self is?
Oh and how then can this self be another, changed,
after this imposition of I is laid upon conforming, distorting, boxing, alienating.
Oh self. Ye are a Self of the SElf of Selves.
Jnana Yoga- Knowledge. Yoga cannot be attained from thought.
One cannot think peace and then be fully peace.
Oh is it not so?
If the one pointed mind is concentrated, unwavering, how then can Yoga not be attained?
For yoga is the innate nature of this self of being.
To attain? What is to attain? Ye are this.
Yoga is naught a objective reach, nay, this is the state of Self.
AUM.

W39 the thought of knowing

Deep in thought!
Ethereal, then manifestation of thought is such!

Ignorance- lack of knowledge
Delusion- believed wrong knowledge
Right or wrong,
Differentiating attributes of that which is!
How can this, that, be right or wrong?
Qualities of this, of that,
discriminative aspects of the aspect!
When ya know, ya know!
When ignorance is dispelled, then it no longer lives!

To then continue in the ignorance,
Once knowing,
Then the knower
knowing yet believing other, is then deluded!
Delusion, confusion, misusin,
The know of what the thought of knowing is,
Aside from knowing,
the known construed to appease the thought process,
Belief system of the idea of knowing.

Tune thyself to the cosmic universe!

W40 What am I?

Aye, to thought or naught!
To distraught of the begot,
Oh distraught self,
Oh how can then distraught be of the begot?
Begetting Begot in, oh of the what in? Know me not!
This, that, here, there, oh where?
The where of every.

Whatever we are!
So it is said, told, accepted, the reflected thought of what is we.
What is I, what is human?
We are given faculties of comprehension,
Reflection, yet only from that which is given.
Oh think ye to have, to hold, to control, only by the gift ye be,
Karmically entwined,
Ye being thus defined,
Unknowing of the definition, yet defined!

Me, my mine, possession of what?
How can one own something when even thee who are stating as one, I , me, i do, yet ye, who
defined as human, person, oh how can a being possess that which giveth ye to be?
To grasp, to comprehend, to understand in the faculties of comprehension
Oh humanity, Man ity, there is no respect of persons with God!
I can of mine own self do nothing!
Oh Lord, ye are the creation of me,
Ty thee do I be, may I be for thee,
How to be for thee?
Thee, for which, by thee, oh Lord,
Can one define that which they are?

For the they of defining, comprehension,
is but a perception of separation, societal and humanity conformity,
How can one, a human, define that which is the means by which this mind of thought and
definition of comprehension.
Oh complex, nay, for complex is yet a reflex. A reflection of relation,
Expression, ownership of life's conception.
Oh words oh words.

Truth- Sat The IS.
What does it matter?
Matter is that of it!
A matter of fact (fact- truth of perception) based upon (relation) all factors,
Then a definition of perception is given as a matter of fact!
Scientific process, or by whatever means,
Oh for the means meaning, a relation of thought,
Past to constitute future, to define, confine!

Prakti or Purusha
Vibratory or Static Prana
Ego or Soul/ Spirit
Created or Creator
Liberation, from the verities of Prakti, unwavering.
Yet oh human being of me, that I be,
Is this liberation but an idea?
A lofty goal of what?
Be, for I am being, by thee,
To transcend the present state,
Oh liberation.

W41 Mind, body, soul dancing together

With the help of the mind,
We transcend the mind!
Prakti, nature, the movement of all creation.
Mind, mana, is a creation of all the experiences, space, place, time,
the consequence of our each unique microcosm enmeshed in the macrocosm.
Just as earth, her elements, are one with the sky and her elements,
Giving and taking, so it is of mind body.
One in the same.
Our body is subject to all conditions of nature,
Just as our mind is subject to these chase conditions.
Holding, harboring, hiding thoughts, ideas.
But oh, as our mother nature dances as she will,

We accept and act accordingly.
And so the mind body are the reflective attribute of this dance with nature.
Mana, mind, and the body vehicle, is Prakrti!
Just as the body, mind inhabits the earth, sky, nature,
So the self inhabits the body, mind to perceive, experience, and dance with nature.
Based on place, space, time, so will nature vary.
This karmic dance of space, place time
is the mother nature of the self,
Of this body mind ego I call me, this individuality.
But oh, just as mother nature is as she will be,
So this being of mind body, circumstances, happening, shapings
Learnings, knowledge, understanding is of the same of thy will of our mother.
As I ask others, did ye choose you?
Nay, but ye are you.
Whatever this may be to you in the understanding and comprehension ye hold unto yourself
Ye can be no other!
Oh mother, universe, macro cosmic self of self,
How doth this mind of mine,
Of thy gift of time,
Experiences and conceptions of thy Grace
in this place of the being ye have given me to be.
In thee, with thee, by thee, for thee,
Spirit and nature dancing together!
Aum Kriya Babaji NamaHa Nama OM!

W42 you are but a gift!

Belief system, thought processes, means of direction
Filtering, judging, hindering the movement of Satya, Truth.
Of life herself,
Who is life herself?
Believe this, that, right, wrong, to do or not to do,
Oh you, this hindrance of the light of thee.
Thought forced, conform to the societal systems,
The religious dogman,
The commercial financial competition,
To make it or to not make it,
Oh being,
Ye are made!
Oh if all are to follow ideals of the mass tides of common thought,
Do ye then think for of you yourself, and and to thy self?

Gifted you in the space and place, time, this position of position,

Your dance in the environment of factors set before you,
To shape you, to be you through.
Oh no one knows that which is the knowing of you!
So then how can another belief, thought system, be that of which ye are to hold?
Oh ye, unique in make up, composition, rhythm,
Karmic waves of thy being,
Ye mind of formless ethereal form,
Be free to be as the space, place, time,
Circumstance giveth thee to be!
No others thoughts are yours!
Superior, inferior, all but ideas!
Systemized notions of delusions potion atop the cosmic dance of life.
You are the cosmic dance of life!
Given this that ye are, and so be that which ye are!
Societal pulls, systems in place, ruled by disgrace,
Yet such is thy place!
Thy time.
All this enmesh upon the light of life,
To construe you for the betterment of another.
Oh how can one be better or worse
when ye are but a circumstantial gift of life?
Can life be better than life?
Can faculties of being variate being of beings comprehension?
Nay.
The rhythm of heart beats her love!
The in and out of breath is the consumption and giving of the nature of self!
The sustenance of earth and soothing of water,
The make up of the composition of this body.
The circumstances, experiences, and perceptions are but the dance of thy space, place, time of
thy individuality of being!
Oh beyond the you that is this circumstantial happening of individual beings being.
Ye are but a gift!
The vocation wherewith ye are called is but this, thine vocation!
And so, what is thy vocation?
Oh thou doth call unto me,
Oh as thou callest upon all the life of thee!

W43 Wavering Desires

This feeling that is feeling in through and to me.
On the verge of tears, a welling of thee heart center.
Can it be the wavering of desires depth that runneth rampant in me?
Habitual actions consuming the habitual desirous thought,

Yearning the habit.
 The grooves of the constant thought patterns,
 Consuming all other facets of motivating thought.
 Where doth thy imbalance, misalignment, out of tune
 of the instrument of living self cometh?
 I have allowed the consumption of marijuana and tobacco consume me for months now.
 When stoned, I, like an ostrich,
 Hide from even mine own thoughts.
 No action, with no thought, just vegging out!
 Oh, but this is action, consuming the stimuli of Tv and video games.
 This coincides with booze, softening the inhibitions of mine,
 To allow the influx of the habitual action to take hold.
 And so, then I am at war with mine own self.
 Ah so! Disharmony!
 From the inside out.
 Environmental triggers and stimuli a close relation of the memory grooves of habit,
 Taking away the moment of presence,
 For it's own continuance!
 For is this not the way of nature,
 to fend and fight for the continuance of life as one knows her to be
 And so, a mind not settled in self, vrtti
 Is that of this feeling, pushing, pulling, chitta,
 So then certainty, confidence, strength of a mind one with itself
 Consumed with the fruit of action
 Smoking weed, stoned feeling, escape, etc,
 And the prolonged effects of this habitual action,
 Lungs hurt going against the feeling of the body for the sake of a head change
 Being stoned!
 And lo behold, the body mind
 One effected physically, emotional, mentally.
 To then change to reconfigure the action of habituation,
 The struggle begins!
 This is the eb and flow of thought stream directing thy action.
 Tow opposing desires during the faculties of selves action.
 Be true to thine self,
 To thine own self be true!
 What is the truth of self,
 Or how can I be true to mine own self?
 Truth knows no other, for there is naught but truth!

W44 Thought in alignment

Mind, body, soul, being of that I am .

Balance or better put, nay balance.
In reference to the holistic being of Me.
If body is set aside, not tuned into nature by exercise, food, water stretching, limber,
Then imbalance not only affect the body,
But then begins pulling on the mind, thought processes,
Along with emotion, the feeling of misalignment, imbalance,
A train of thoughts arise of unease, discontentment, etc.
So, take care of this instrument of self!
And oh mind, ye are one and the same with body,
For to have, or be balanced in mind,
Is the stillness of stilling the vritti, the fluctuations.
Oh yes, thought and will concentrated, directed, can overcome and do wonders,
But how much less strain on the mind, mental faculties,
When balance is met!
Oh and this balance, it is not an idea!
Balance is a state of being!
So be balance, balanced, in the way balance doth come.
And lo behold, thy soul doth shine free,
for ever unchanging,
Ever new One,
Mind, read, write, conversate, contemplate,
Action aligned with thought, Satya!
Thought in alignment!

W45 Soul, oh soul,

Soul, oh soul,
The life of that I AM
Oh can I appease ye?
Nay, but ye that are me, ,
Oh can appease all the faculties of Mind, body of me.
For thou art the peace, stillness, Sat chai ananda,
Contentment, the grace of thought with NO thought
Humility! The Me I truly am,
Whilst dancing with the I of this life of Me.

Spirit and Nature dancing together!

Purusha- the eternal perceiver, the eternal omniscient, omnipresent singular subject.
All objects, things, ideas, feelings, are but for the sake of Purusha!
Consciousness itself!

The mind, mana, and her fluctuations are that of the fluctuation, movement, of prakrti, Nature.
She fluctuates between the three Gunas, (qualities)

And so as mind is just as nature, it fluctuates, vrtti.
Tamas- darkness/ chaos
Rajas- activity/ passion
Sattvic- beingness / harmony
Thus the mental/ emotional fluctuations.

W46 Revealing of Mother

Oh my Lord, Mother,
Thou did reveal thyself,
Myself to Me,
Rising and permeating in the Being of I AM.
Oh thy grace reaching forth in the stillness of my being.
Breathing through me the breath of thy luminescence.
Kevala Kumbhaka, oh the state of the emergence of all concentration.
Singing through my soul,
Illuming my being.
Oh Christ, thou didn't come to me,
As if we are ever apart.
But oh, beloved God Guru,
Thou didn't reveal the veil of being this beings space and time ,
Opening the door of that I am,
That ye are!
Surrendering to thee unveiling thyself.
Oh the currents,
The rushing of soul water,
Oh lord, thy will be done,
Shining in My being,
With the entrance to thy kingdom in my being!
Oh Lord, I am Thine,
Thou art everywhere, every time, every place, every thing.
Oh I do Sing,
Oh Lord I will seek and seek until the seeker is sought,
Expecting naught but being in Thee, and Thou in Me!

W49 Jai Ma, Action is Thee!

Diving Mother everywhere stays!
Oh Divine Mother, Prakti, the fluctuation of the qualitative gunas.
But oh mother, beyond the vibratory realm,
Yet enmeshed, permeating all realms!
Oh ma, thy movement as thou will predestined?
Circumstantial, karmic dance, oh mother nature, flowing and fluctuating as thy will.

Oh nature of me, align with thee,
Accepting thy grace as the forth coming,
Cold, hot, seasons, catastrophes,
Oh lord, may I know not!
Yet knowing that I am thine, I am thee!
Flowing and growing, sinking and shrinking,
Oh purusha, perceiving, the seer seeing,
Dancing with thee, oh ma,
As if thee are separate to be perceived,
Oh nay, thou art the static prana of omnipresence infusing,
Giving to be all the being.
Oh in all the attributes of the being I am,
For I am Thee!
I am Thine! Thou art mine!
Karma, Karma, action, free from the fruits of action,
For I am thine, action is Thee!
The fruits are but consequences of thy Grace,
Jai Ma, Jai Ma!

W50 Innocence and purity

Innocence, Likened unto ignorance of one who hath not been tainted by the impurities of sin.
Yet losing such is quite relative and subjective, just as most with the way fo Nature.
As unto the scales of good and bad with the judge holding the whole weighing system.
It's all up to the perception fo the judge. Innocent or guilty, with the weight of actions fruit on thy
shoulder, so doth guild lay a top, but oh guilt knoweth not itself when the light of truth,
acceptance, forgiveness, dispel the delusion of guild. Of self imposed guilt! And free of guilt,
so cometh again innocence. Purity, non deluded, pure! Oh what is purity? Purity is being
herself! Oh and ye, are being. Can ye be other than purity? Being with, from, purusa, spirit
and nature dancing together. Oh can purity ever go away? Purity is you oh being called
human By our calling from beings giving. Is i? For ye can never be what ye aren't. Oh being,
essence of thee, purity hath no comprehension of the lack of itself! Purity is the essence that
ye are. Prusha purity, Prakrti- innocence.

W51 Desire's Fire Consuming Me

This feeling a rheeling my body into a lump.
A bug has come to flood my systems by mine own luring.
A few days with family, transmutation of energies,
Karmic flow, all those things I do not know.
Away from Mary as she pulls the habituation of mine mind into her stronghold.
And lo, released from this familial dance of imposing forces I accept,
Once to return home to the dungeon of demons, the lair of angels,

So then do I embark on the Mary.
She fills the mind with clouds,
changing the thought process at hand with a breeze,
The smoke, breeze that is infecting my lungs!
Oh then the sloth awakens in me.
Wanting naught, but to smoke more and more,
And stoned mind, wanting only tv fulfillment.
And stomach, even more desirous taste buds, craving food and taste!
Then mind looking forward to what next gratification
in the gratification station of the senses.
Oh, masturbation to stroke, dream, and orgasm.
And once there and gone, joint!
Awakening into the imbalance of the day before wake,
Oh that masturbation was amazing, ,
So she takes control, then,
Since that was good, a joint is good.
Then TV is good, beer, wine,
Subjecting myself to the known pattern of sloth,
Of self destruction
Oh this is my pattern of intoxicants.
One leading to another praying on mental weakness,
And the weakening the intoxicant has on me!
Aware of this, a resurgence of strength,
Of the awareness strength itself.
Do ye choose the feeling overcoming thee?
The great feeling of dire imbalance.
Nay, imbalance would and could be in any faucet of life.
This is something that hath not a balance unto mine self,
The mind of self, the habituated actions of self mutilation.
These intoxicants have not a balance or imbalance unto mine life.
For the term is moderation for such.
But oh, learn from thy nature, the history that tells thee thy nature's way.
Mary, tobacco, beer, IPA,
Consume and sonstrue the mind of mine!
All gratifying unto the next,
Controlling the will of mind,
The will of mine!
Pulling and governing the karmic dance that I am.
Oh the relativity of comparison, societal acceptance,
The way of the common mind of society.
Intoxicate to medicate, to alleviate, to escape!
To escape what? To escape you, me, mind, thoughts?
Oh silly me, ye cans't be naught that ye are!
Ye are this!

Not the assumed thoughts and ideas of the common societal mind,
Yet, do ye intoxicate for the sake of others?
I drink IPA and beer at bars to be out,
And then she takes hold,
The fuzzy desirous mind of drunken mine,
Wanting More! Mary, smoking
thy stimulation to alleviate the once justified effects of the one or two pitchers of beer.
And so then the desires of well being engrained in the mind no longer define mine,
And so I seek Mary.
Oh looking back at the recollection of habituation,
The Mary is quite contrary!
Inhibiting me from mej.
Couch, TV ,Gluttony, more mary, more booze,
Masturbation, all giving to one another in this cycle of mindlessness,
Where the desirous intoxicants have taken over.
Oh self, ye have seen what serves thee!
And tapas let them go, for they do not serve thee!
The instagram, facebook, the relating of thought,
Sight, action, life- external, or even mental.
Oh and so, the habituation along with the relating to societal ideas of human life,
Of te way humans act in this time, space, and place,
Relating- fitting in- conforming,
Bye will power, bye strength, bye self temptation and justification of her fulfillment,
By the means of thy Grace!
For I am naught but by thy Breath,
Thy beat, thy gifting and giving of I am.
I know naught what another thinks!
I can only monitor my own thoughts.
Awareness is thy strength, Be aware.
Ye are conscious by sat chit ananda,
Use the faculty of self to be aware.
Ye cannot hide from consciousness just as ye shant hide from awareness
To alleviate the desire of intoxicants?
Can I do this?
For I can choose to follow a desire, to be driven by the desire to a blind location.
For the desire is a thief of thy mind,
Thy action thyself!
Oh the ways of trickery doth desire and find her way to rule the life,
The action of thee for her own fulfillment,
Regardless of the consequences,
The ripples of the actions movement, or inaction, non movement,
Or just a taste, to do not or to do!
Is there anything else?
To act on the desire, the impulse, or not to.

This, ye act on the desire, let it's fire aflame thee,
Allowing just a taste??????
Nay, there is no part way.
Partial fulfillment of the desire.
For desire alit, is only put out once fulfilled
Or removed as a weed!
By not watering,
And allowing it to grow.
So either do or do not, they know not each other.
They are two paths to never meet again,
Just as a coin has two sides,
Yet cannot see each other!
Aum!

W52 Meditate to medicate!

Meditate to medicate!
Administer a drug, to medicate
And a drug is that which has a physiological effect on body and mind.
Oh chemical being, in the stillness of thy being,
Tune in with you! With Nature!
This attunement of you, the being that you are,
Bringeth forth the physiological chemical excretions of thyself,
From the great self ye are!
Meditate to medicate.
For the meditate is a virtuous medication of thy vocation,
Patience, still, the medication of God,
Of thy soul, that which lasts in the stillness of thy heart!
Medicate, a temporal, quick, chemical ingestion,
Oh however beneficial,
She will not last.
Leaving the desirous mind externalized,
Wanting another dose.
Oh meditate, saturate being with being,
Permeate presence in presence,
Internalize the two eyes seeking and seeking,
For they are two of one,
Closed, and shown
Meditate to Medicate!
Oh biological organism that does be,
To meditate is to be all that ye are in the microcosmic macrocosm of thy cosmic self.
Still to feel the essence of real,
In the patience, she pays the medication of thy experiential nature,
The stillness of thy soul doth unfold,

The giving of all the medication,
The substance of substance is substantiated in thee oh permeated!
To meditate is to align with meditation herself
Life herself, the essence of the medication of this quick fix to mend the broken temporarily.
Do ye want a cheap easy repair?
Or do ye choose to have a lasting repair of eternity?
Meditate to medicate!
AUM

W53 Wink as not touched my eye ever since I saw thee

What an interesting evening.
Wink as not touched my eye ever since I saw thee!
Oh Thee floweth through this being of Me.
I am Thine. Do as you please,
For it is my lone desire above all other temporal baby flame desires to please you!
Take my body, take me my Lord,
Oh the awakening, the time is here.
Oh how I've yearned, longed, and ached to feel Thee.
Welling in my Soul and pouring out thy purifying essence throughout my nervous system,
Nay, throughout my being.
What hath sleep for me?
When thy presence is dancing and reverberating throughout me,
Throughout thy sanctuary of my heart, the spine, and brain.
Oh Lord, yesterday upon finishing the Gospel of Matthew,
Thou didn't erupt through me!
Welling and flowing a river of thy Grace,
Thy purifying pranic flow.
All The doors do open themselves.
Kriya Yoga initiation blessed upon me,
And lo behold, thou didn't come to me.
Tapping me to awaken the dormant force of Thee,
Flowing to and through me!
Thy river is flowing, the doors are opening.
Thy radiance is felt throughout,
Thy Grace is seen in All of thine creation.
I think to lay out the sequence of events and circumstances that have awakened me,
But nay, all is but by thy grace Lord,
If thou shall have me sleep no more,
I am thine!
With every feeling of you,
In thought or naught, this vessel vibrates with thy might!
Oh Beloved, I accept all that ye will have of me!

For to know thee deeper in the recesses of being is the fulfilling of mine hearts longing.
And so my Lord,
I work for thee, as thou will have me to be!
Ram Ram Ram Sita, as I merrily float upon thy stream of omnipresence.
Oh repair this boat, that it may not sink anymore,
That this vessel continues along thy stream, river, rapids, waterfall,
In thine eternal sea of thee!
Om Kriya Babaji,
All doth align by thee, circumstances, environments, perceptions,
Oh thy Grace.
Ye have bestowed upon me the Grace of Mika to dance in Spirit,
To awaken, to open doors for Thee in Me.
May I, by thy hand, give to thee as thou dost give to me.
Oh my Christ, my Krishna, My Babaji,
Lahiri Mahasaya, Swami SriYuketeswar, and my guru,
Paramahansa Yogananda,
For the life of All is my Guru,
And through which vessel of light ye bring forth,
I know not.
But Oh, Kriya Yoga is thine bestowment upon me,
And the fire of a purifying heart burneth bright inside me.
Satya is mine sword!
Bhakti is mine chariot!
Thy Grace is mine fuel,
As I wade the waters of Tee,
In this Life set before me.
Oh Lord, I am thine!

Aum Peace Aum!

W54 My Doors opening themselves!

Who is in my Temple?
For all the doors do open themselves.
All the lights do light themselves.
This is how she moves!
Coursing through this vessel in the being of She,
In the being of Me!
REverberating her vibratory essence. .
Om tat sat!
Spirit and Nature dancing together!
Radha Radha Radha Govinda Jai!
Static Prana permeating the vibratory pranic dance

Through, with, in, and for my being!
Nay, for Your being!
For I am Thine!
I am Thine! I am Thine!
Om Kriya Babaji Namaha Nama OM
The song that is sung NOW singeth through me
Singing, Thy song, Singing Thy song!
I am Thine! Oh Kriya, Oh how She moves!
Opening the doors,
lighting the lights in the sanctuary of my being.
O Kriya, have thy not been dancing with me all of these lifetimes?
Awaiting in Thine dormancy for the receptivity
of the circumstances and happenings of this space, place, time.
Oh thy Grace!
Tap!
Awake my Child!
It is Time!
Yoga did awaken in me years ago by thy Grace.
Kapalabhate pumping and pumping,
Vibratory pranic movement of the purification,
Of Thee being in this being.
Oh the welling of thy cosmic sea bursting forth in the sanctuary of mine heart of hearts,
Thine heart of heart, pouring forth thine ambrosial nectar,
Streaming out mine eyes and tickling the cheeks of mine!
O Thine unfolding of me!
Cry, Cry, Cry, Kriya, Kriya, Kriya,
Row, Row, Row, Row your boat!
Ram, Ram, ram, Ram, Jai Hanuman!
Pouring thine nectar from my being!
Oh in mine heart doth thy wellspring floweth.
O monk of mine gurus house of dispensation,
Thought did I Thee were coughing, oddly decrepit, scratchy throat,
Nay, thine heart bursting forth our divine mother.
Oh my child,
No longer will I remain still and quiet in thy soul.
Come forth, accept this offering!
Heart, Kriya palpitating, vibrating, bursting forth thy divine Grace
In all the permeation of being,
Of thy being,
Nay, of my being!
Thee have steered, guided, placed upon me mine vocation!
Kechari Mudra, Tribingamurari, Oh how she moves!
Maa, Maaaa, Maaaaa, Maaaaaaaaa!
Yogananda Ya!

Brahmacharya Ya!
Satya Ya! Aparigraha ha!
Thine Sutra of Thee,
Filling the Jnana cup of thine seat of wisdom!
All past lives karmic weaving draped around me,
A loincloth as I sit in the asana of meditation at thy lotus feet!
Maaaaaaa!
Jai Guru.
Om Kriya Babaji NamaHa Nama OM!

W55 I am yours!

Mark 7.6

These people honor me with their lips, but their hearts are far from Me. As you leave aside the teachings of God, you hold onto the traditions of humans.

They worship me in vain. Their doctrines are merely human rules!

Thank you cantaloupe, thy grace offering for Me! Oh Ma, riding and walking upon your buttes, your peaks, your skin! O' how blessed am I!. springtime, blossoms, buzzing, humming. All nature shining forth. Her offering unto Thee. Oh Lord, this awakening, aligning, this being of Thee in me, opening Thine doors of my soul. Lighting thine lights. O how blessed with Thine grace, that thou doth vibrate through me! Opening, clearing thine pathway! OM! O my guru, my mind is being guided. Oh my heart is bursting, as thy song floweth through me. O lord, I surrender myself to Thee, as I always have, known or unknown, aligned, or broken, I am yours! I have always been yours! O' the time is upon Me! All circumstances, actions have transpired to open the door of my heart for Thine pleasure! O the kriya initiation, opening the door unto thee. Shattering the thought walls I've held from Thee! I am Thine, I am Thine. I try to say Thou art mine, but I am thine. The One, The ALL, My Lord, Amen.

W58 The answer of Mother

Perception, a reflection of that which ye are!
Oh, sitting, nay,
Standing on the shores of windy waters,
The reflected rays of the sun glimmered into my soul.
Mother answers me as my heart yearns for She.
Yogananda speaking to me
whilst I performed his energization exercises, Balance thy self.
But oh, the glimmer,

The dance of her rays continue to follow me,
As I moved along the sea shore.
Thousands of suns,
Shining on and off for my hearts delight.
Magnetized unto my being,
Unto the sight!
For the glimmer existed solely for me in this moment!
Nay, exists for All who will just look!
Those who have eyes to see, let them see!
Aum Kriya Babaji.
Showing thyself unto Me!
Infinite names, shapes, forms, formless,
Mind cannot grasp,
But oh ye reach beyond the recesses of the minds turbulence,
And illuminate my soul!
Sine from my heart of hearts!
Jai Ma, Aum Shanti Shanti Amen!

W59 Hummingbird presence

Hummmm, Hmmm, Buzzz, Buzzzz
O' Hummingbird,
my friend of shared presence.
Coming to be by my side,
When thy song floweth through me and trickles from my lips.
When I sat down to play the sweet pee guitar in the wash of south mountain,
Sitting on Thee branch of the Tamal tree,
Shading me, sharing in the joy and tranquility of our Beloved Song.
And then in the sutra of time,
Ye continue coming to me,
Making thy presence known.
And time I am in the space and place of our Mother,
Oh Divine Nature, ye do cometh to me!
With the thought ye do appear!
O' the mind searcheth for meaning,
But what I know is:
I know not!
Ye come to me in presence!
I am here!
I am here!
I am everywhere!
Aum Tat Sat!
Jai Ma!

W62 faceless human

The human that I do be hath no face!
For the human that I do be perceives with the perceptions given unto me.
I am that which I perceive.
The perception I see is the true mirror of my soul!
It is Me!
Projected and directed by Me!
And Me, O' I AM Thy Grace!
So I project Thy Grace As Thy Will have Thy Grace to Be.
This is Me!
My face is the face of every being given to perceive.
My feeling is felt through All that I do feel!
My perception is the reflection of I AM!
I am Thine, My perception is Thine!
I hath no face,
For my face is Thy face ever smiling at me
In all directions, variations, reflections, sights, sounds, touches, smells, tastes,
Inside And out, I am thy Face!

W63 Nam Nam God God

Thy Child is thy Guru!
Thy Mother is the Universe!
Jai Ma, Jai Guru!
Eat your food- Nam Nam Nam
God God God
Prasad! Prasad! Prasad!
O' faceless man,
Thy environment is thy environment!
A direct perception of Thy inner environment!
The faces ye see are Thee!
Happy faces of happy hearts of Thee,
Sad faces of a heavy heart of Thee,
Mad faces and actions of a disgruntled Thee,
Content faces of thy contentment.
Guru faces of Thy Guru!
Inside to Out, Out to In!
Jai Guru,
Om Shanti Aum!

W64 Kundalini Ma

Shakti Ma,
This Kundalini of Me,
Awakened, shaking and pulsing through Me.
Ye were swimming in the bowl of my pelvis,
Occasionally shooting forth glistening glimmers of thy radiance,
Through my consciousness.
O' how I feel you alit in the Tree of me
Pushing, pruning, growing, burning at the heart of Me.
O' Ma, keep pushing,
For the door will open unto Thee!
If the Ye of Me behind the thoughts of the mind could,
I would open the door of Thy Grace.
With all the fire of tapas,
The pressure, the inability to breath,
I accept All of Thee.
All of Me, for I am Thine Lord!
How blessed am I that ye runneth through me.
Making Thy Self known in the Self of Me,
Who is yours!
Oh Lord, all the discomfort, sensation, and feeling,
I accept with mine prostrated self to thee!
Floweth through, with, and by me.
I am Thine!
Open the door of mine heart!
I am Thine!
Here for thee, O shine divine.
O' Ma, I feel the becoming in me,
Come forth!
Let it Be!
Aum Aum Amen Amen!

W65 Judge not, lest ye be judged

God doesn't judge, Humans Judge!
To judge is that of perceptions variation,
Relativities, dualities, goods and bads, based upon x and y
The being of my being
Eternal, not subject to objectivity
Beyond qualities and thought.
Eternally loving, giving thine children You to Be!

O how can't ye be a Judge of the gift of freedom ye are?
Gracing this human experience to be.

Giving the time, place, circumstances, happenings
Awakenings, naming, assigning, governing,
and yet allowing the freedom of our created individuality
to shine forth Thine Light as we will.
All by thy Will!

O LOrd, how cans't ye judge when ye give us to be? By Thee.
For by the thoughts, reasoning, comprehension, understanding,
Do I, humans, even perceive, conceive, Thee who is being itself.
All self of that IS thou art.
Out, in, and all in between.
The movement, stillness, and all the before and after, during!
O Lord, how can't thee judge?
For we humans created judgment!
By thy grace,
By the power vested in us to be,
Did we create our own judgment!
Oh humans, ye are your own judge!
By the grace of God ye have made it so!
Judge not, lest ye be judged!

W66 Thy Calling

Those who have ears to hear, let them hear.
When thou dost call upon me
in the silent intuitive nature of my souls union with thee,
I listen.
Albeit, at times I am not willing, clouded, loud, unable to hear or comprehend,
But O Lord I hear thy calling.
Louder than the voices of this world,
Thy satya of mine ringeth fulland I hear you!
Spread the Word my son,
Ye have been blessed to connotate!
Cognise, wisdom, compassion, empathy, surrender
Faith hath been granted Thee to give me,
To shine the light of life unto others of mine,
To awaken them unto me,
Themselves!
Ye have given me this space, place, circumstances, dances of karmic weave of this life!
And so, as my son moveth in thy bosom,
From the clutches of Me,
So the brick and mortar we occupy is becoming free
Free for thee to share thy Grace in this place.

Yoga, svadhyaya, gatherings in thy Name
Thy grace will take part in this place.
The unfolding of Me in this dance of life,
How thee hath spoken to and through me I be,
Has been written by the hand of me.
Directed by the will of thee.
And so I will share by thy will the unfolding of me,
In satya, how thou hast given it to be.
This is may calling! I hear you!
Trying to find and fulfill the yearning and burning desire
to share thee unto those who are blind unto themselves of ye,
By teaching yoga, massage,
societal confoundings hounding and pounding upon the free Spirit
Ye have endowed this life of me with.
But o Lord, ye set the way before me.
Purpose, drive, power, ye hath let it be known.
And so, I work!
Ram Ram Ram
Aum Shanti Shanti Aum!

W67 Fulfillment of desires

Ask and ye shall receive!
Desire, the asking and yearning from the depth of the mind,
Nay, even the depth of thy soul.
Born into the time, place, space of this bodies life,
Are desires not already lain dormant?
From past lives, karmic ties,
I know not,
I do know thou hast answered the calling of the desires harbored in the depths of my being
to set me free from me!
So I may be, Free for Thee!
In Thee, by thee, for thee!

For my life, my innate nature,
My parental guidance and upbringing,
Are all but gifts of thy Grace,
For the unfolding of me unto Me,
Of me unto Thee!

Bmx racing and winning trophies,
Professional and ego desire for betterment of All,
Ye hath provided me, with this fulfillment that this desire may burn away

Fulfilled in thy cosmic fire!
A great love of the physical realm,
Simone was fulfilled beyond each of our comprehension
For tis thy doing.
O' astral pilot,
Racing cars and building these chariots of still movement,
As surroundings fly by in the still conscious perception of the navigation.
O Lord, so thou doth!

Ask and ye shall receive, for I can only see and know as thou hast shown!
For I no longer harbor these driving forces,
These longings fo life's happenings,
And due to this clarity,
Can I see how ye have guided, burned, directed, and answered!

O Lord, the remaining desire is the unquenchable fire for thee!
For thee I be, thou doth make thyself knows as thou doth configure me for thee!

I Am Thine!

AUM!

W68 Loneliness and True connection

As I sat in my truck headed home,
After a peaceful sunset ride in the bosom of my south mountain mother,
I has a feeling sweep over me.
A familiar feeling that habituated and deeply ingrained feeling
of what I thought to be loneliness.
The feeling of connection with the world.
Then the realization occurred,
Here I am, feet in dirt, breathing in the space of All the others of me.
I am connected! More than I even know.
So then the feeling the habituated longing was realized more.
O how I have run from and hid from this feeling,
This communication of being,
Of my own awareness of the space and place of nature.
To the bar, booze, that wat others do!
That is connection.
To the dispo, mary, get stoned and hide from feeling this,
That what people do! (what I do o' relative thought being)
And so, that is what I have done and done,
Ingrained in reactive nature of self to cope or act when this is felt.

Connection to what I began to think!
Connected to the world,
The world that gave me the peace of the sunset,
The stillness of the desert dozing off into the night,
The support of the dirt and rocks holding me,
This is connection!
So then what was it I was feeling?
Lack there of connection to what?
The thoughts and actions of other humans,
The subjection to others opinions, perceptions, feelings
Conformities, conditionings, societal confoundings.
And a sickness sprouts from this feeling,
For this is not connection!
Connection is love, union, compassion, empathy, caring
That which brings together the individuals in the individual of their togetherness
HMMMMMM
More on that another time.
I guess the connection yearned,
Felt in my being,
The heart yearning,
Is that of true connection,
Just as I spoke earlier of Mother under my feet,
Rays upon my skin,
Space in and out of me,
Flowing in an dout,
I AM!
And so, connection with human is not that of mind, ideas, relating
Comparing, sharing of passions even,
Nay, tis beyond the thoughts of the mind.
Love, soul qualities, that of the heart!
This is the connection I yearn,
As I drove home.
The connection only love,
God's Grace, selflessness, truth, can give.
And so I imbibe in beer, wine, marajuana to escape the feeling of my heart and soul.
Feel! This is real!
I am here! (do you feel me?)
Connected to the world is not a flood of thought processes of the masses,
News, social media, tv, reality shows,
Nay, connection is Love!
Connection is God!
And so, societal delusion is being unfolded before my eyes,
By the burning of my heart!
And so, while driving on the roads,

With all the other cars just like mine,
All the other people just like me,
Signs and signs of material enticement,
I realize, I am not connected to this world.
I do NOT want to be connected to the world of material and mental attachment.
I am a living being,
And so I am attached to that which is Life.
That which is being
You my Beloved Giver of Living,
Beingness I AM.
This is connection
By thou IS connection.
O Lord, I am connected!
By thee AM I,
Thankyou!
Amen Amen Amen
Om Shanti Shanti Aum,
In the world, NOT of the world!
My connection is YOU!
YOur ins ALL!

W69 Alignment with Satya

The connection I yearn in the depths of my soul is just that,
Soul connection!
Superficial connection doesn't fulfill the yearning,
The longing,
Oh Lord, so blessed am I to have beautiful souls intertwined in this being of life of mine.
But even those who I feel the depths of soul connection,
Close the doors of the connection.
Oh I must do this as well.
Maybe, or maybe no,
For the empathy of mine nature is expanding,
Satya, is the name of this empathy,
Alignment with satya of mine!
Soul opens the feeling of all souls.
The cries of souls trapped in the closed doors of thought confinement.
Patterns of habituation, conformity, all squashing the light of individuality,
Of you my Lord yearning to shine through and with the individual ones of you!
O Lord, I am Thine!
O Lord, by thy grace will I help the others of you to shine!
Give me strength my Lord,
For thou art my strength,

And so I ask you to shine through,
Open the doors of Me.
Here I be for thee!
Let me serve Thee!
Aum Amen!

W70 Only by you can ye truly know True

The conformity of this imposition of common societal mind
Thought patterns of sheep herding
Through the mind-less medium of objective screens,
To create a brain full of others thoughts,
Others perceptions
Others- NOT You
How can ye be True to your own self,
When looking upon others being their own self?
Ideas of how to be, what to be,
Ummm, being, how can ye be a certain way,
The being of thee?
Is that not forgetting to be?
To be you?
For You are being, be you!
Trust in the being of you,
For the being of you!
For ye are given you to be!
The space, place, time, body, name,
Events, circumstances,
All the steps of All of your life's dances,
Did ye choose?
Did ye make?
Nay, ye are given this, ye are this!
Faith IS dwelling in the Truth of you.
To thine own self be True!
Ye cannot find you through another you!
Only by you can ye truly know True!
AUM

W71 Con - form relativity of thought

Conform. Con - form,
To go against form,
To go against your form.

To conform, to forget self,
The nature ye are.
To close the ears of the form of thy nature.
Thy nature is just that,
Thine own nature.
Oh look at the rebellion of Con- Formity!
They know not what they do,
But do know that what they are doing
is NOT conforming to Others confinements, rules, regulations, unto their own self.
Express thyself!
Let thy form shine!
Tis the times,
Although excessive expression in the other direction,
As if pro -form.
But oh my loves,
Only if ye can know thine form!
O None can blame the drastic departure from the confinements of societal norm,
Religion, fitting into this box of belief,
These thought patterns,
This is right and that is wrong.
O rebel, ye know that much.
But oh,
To oppose is to subject thyself.
Ye are much more than ye know!
Ye are infinitely more than the societal confinements
imposed upon these times that ye subject yourself to.
I say, awake!
Ye are only subject to that which ye object!
The object of objection.
Con- Form?
Nay- Object Nay,
Ye are bigger and vaster than this delusive game ye play!
Don't play the game,
For this isn't the game of yours is it?
I can feel your despise, hate, hurt of this falsely imposed game upon thyself.
Oh my beloved self,
Open thine eyes and see,
You are choosing to play this game!
You are choosing habitual patterns controlling thine action of truth!
Thine action of your Truth,
Be True, Be you.
Only you can know you,
Only you can see you, see true!
Ask the questions and answer unwavering in Truth,

Hide not from thyself,
Feel the real! Feel you!
Ye can be no other than thyself,
So stop running from the gift ye are,
Accept, face thyself!
Be thyself!
To thine own Self Be true!

Notes Transcribing

(Objectively taught to think! Objectifying all ideas, thoughts, rights and wrongs, self,
Creating a relativity of that which has no relevance to another ----unless of course ye make it
so.

Yes, this day and age is imposed upon the societal ways of the days.

Although the way is imposed, you are your own human!

You are your own mind and your own thoughts.

To conform or to conflict and go against the societal common belief system is then to confine
your existence, your being, thoughts, ideas, to the pre created box set before you.

Is existence, thy being, relative to the ideas of someone else's creation?

Is not existence a gift that you are?

The gift by which I communicate these words, the gift by which cognition, reception,
comprehension is received from these words?

Someone else's perception, conception, masses or by that of the minority,

Is just that, a perception, an idea,

A imposition atop that which is, to confine, direct, construe.

What are you human? Are you the relativity of other's delusive thoughts?

Nay, you are your own thoughts, your own being, your own Seeing.

So then, why do you then think in relativity?

Subjecting thought, thy feeling, thy seeing to the expression of others seeing, being, living.

Relative, yes you are if you make it so.

But remember, you are action itself, pure creativity.

The steering wheel of thought is your own steering wheel.

Do you choose to drive, or is confiding in autopilot taking you away from you?

Can you be anything other than you?

This body, this space, place, time, this being you do be,

This gift of thee!

Other is relativity, One is perception of relativity,

Chapter 18 '24

- Communication, Relation, Expression, Confession,
- Compromise, conform!
- Desire
- Discrimination,
- I am a chemical being saith science.
- Life Victim
- Mindstate
- Mine austerities!
- Oh Human, what good are you?
- The enlightened computer
- The moon and the sun .
- The past is now!
- The stoned mind!
- Truth!
- Jai Guru to you self projector
- I am a zero point machine!
- O' I can't take it!
- Realize self, realize
- Self - I AM
- This subject object rationale has got me in a tizzy!
- the fire of desire
- Speak God

Communication, Relation, Expression, Confession,
7/24/2024

All seem to create a mess when.....
The inner world of mine,
This struggle of divine,
Thoughts and thoughts of rivers and ways,
Once stilled and filled with the thought of naught.
I am This I am,
Spoken or not, known or not.
Relative, only to perception itself.

Communication, sharing, expressing,
The fickle flow of streaming thoughts,
Uncompromising unto the societal way of time,
Non subject to the the common material mind of man,
Yet I know not of each individual's thought process.
I know not where they are in this space and place of live,
I know not, yet assume it so.

And so, I remain quiet, share not.
Fearful of reaction, inability to comprehend.
And so I just end, the means of sharing and expanding.
Judging mine own sharings benefit,
Inhibiting the future to happen as it will,
For I have retracted my will.

Oh Lord, what will I?
Seeking thee in all
Yet sought not, but being thee me,
I cannot fall.
Thy words and words,
Reflections and refractions,
Spewing out the mouth of man.
Construed, misused,
Oh heart teareth apart.

Oh thy essence, permeating thy permeation,
The reservoir of words becoming,
Thy Word Ommmmm,
Can thy word of words be compared to the words?
Oh Lord, I am naught but by thee,
How thy give me to be in this space and place in time,

That which ye give me to see in the circumstances and events of me
That which ye give comprehension to know the known,

Can one share knowing to another unknown?
For they are the knowing themselves as thou giveth them to be.
Ye can only plant seeds of mustard,
To blossom into a sanctuary for all the inhabitants of earth,
Can ye give that which isn't desired?
Can one hear that which isn't for their ears?

Oh my son, Oh my son,
Be thee true, be thee you.
To thine own self be true.
Is there anything else you can do?
For anything else is hiding from the being of you.

Why so serious?
Will you get out alive?
Enlightenment, Samadhi, Transcending this carnal world,
An idea, a belief, a carnal relief.
Yet you are this as thy have been given,
Ye are spirit as the giving is given,
Ye are soul, the drop and link to spirit,
I am, I am, Ye are, this is that is,
What is?
Reflect, reflect, the funky mirror house is running a muck!

Starting this writing to explore the confiding,
That which I share not out of fear,
Fear of what? Fear of being me!
Fear of self imposed judgment of the others a see,

I know not but this which I am given to know.

Thankyou my knowing, my knower, my known!

A men

Compromise, conform!

Societal imposed upon this new life born.
The signs of the times, directing, driving, confining this eternal expansion of life born.
Oh Karma, is this you?

Confining, construing, deluding, interluding atop the purity of the life ye stem from?
 Oh Human, dualistic subject object of forgetfulness, of the youness. Ye are the creator of the
 delusion that controls you, the delusion that ye serve!
 Con Form, this form of perfection given ye to be, to dance, this perfection of Jai Ma Nature
 herself that is life herself, that is you! Oh Self.
 Con is to go against this Form of God given grace you do be!
 Compromise, in the idea of balance?
 Compromise, the Self's demise! Fulfilling the idea, thoughts, confines set before thee from
 other's sets of eyes.
 But what of your eye, oh seer? Can ye confine sight in the idea of right or wrong?
 Can ye confine life itself, into the box of ideas, values, this societal construct.
 Into this imposition of Human judgment from life Herself that cannot be judged, for She is the
 giving of free humility of You to do as you will?
 And yet ye forget the will of life herself, and impose your will, doing as you will.
 But is it doing as you will? Have ye a will of your own when guided down the tunnels of
 confinement, conformement, having to live this way or that ment.
 Met with parents ideals, directions, beliefs as a pure infant, beaten and battered into a
 Conformation of their formation in the society of history's upheaval unto the present, upholding
 the once new thoughts and ideas. No longer questioning with the ability to question, for the
 societal projection, the masses of the blind's direction, is that of the infection of thee!
 Sucking the Spirit, the creativity, the flow, yet you don't even know.
 Delusion of confusion.
 Suicide, a great escape from this illusive inescapable confinement imposed upon the time and
 place of thy life.
 Oh Karma, why doist this thou?
 Oh duality, Matter, why doist this thou unto Thy own beauty?
 Oh human, Opposing thyself in con forming to ideas, thoughts, boxes, rules, regulations, ye
 have forgotten thy form!
 Compromise, compromise, squash the present into the dead of past. Life as dead society
 said! The box of delusion using the beauty of you to fulfill it's empty self that will never be
 filled, for there is no self to be filled! Delusion doesn't exist, just as death doesn't exist in Life,
 delusion doesn't exist in awakening, in the light of wisdom, in the knowing!

Oh times of no times, Imposition of death unto the life of present, Systems, structures, the
 ways of the days from the past dead dismay!
 The song of music conformed to appease the masses, forgetting the dance of the dancer of
 music herself. Knowing the Nature rhythm of A432 and changing for the sake of human
 appeasing. The idea of EASing, Conforming, making easy the effort, the work, Oh human,
 Oh human, con formed to a blob! In the image of God, yet taking the life of God given for the
 image of a made up delusive ideology of pasts dead imposition unto the present. Guiding this
 life of now unto a dreary future of death!
 Comfort, Convenience ruling the life of you! Oh I have control over this and that, yet oh
 human, why are ye anxious, sad, depressed, killing off selves to escape that which ye are?
 Do you now see the opposition of self unto self and what this does.

Freedom of life herself cannot remain in a box given and made from her own self, As if you o
human are separate, other than Nature her own self! Oh She will see you, she will look
through,

The time in Now, for there is no other time!

Be here, be now, for you can be no other. Stop trying to be that which ye are not, for can you
not see, You Cannot BE Other Than That which You ARE.

None can tone me, say who would injure me?

I am thine oh life of mine, Thy will be done. Will through my will that I may appease thy desire,
for thy desire is my desire. My life fire!

Amen, Amen, Amen

Desire

8/13/2024

Desire, my great enemy saith thou Yukteswariji!

Desire, the fire that pulls action's manifestation.

Desire, for some thing, be it an idea, a fruition, a material thing.

What happens without desire in this human living ?

For as one wakes, desires song begins to sing.

Feeling this, that,

Planning for this day this, that,

The belly grumbles, the desire for food .

The recollection of coffees habituation, desire awakens.

From small immediate to large life long desire,

they are the fires that drive the human Ego to do!

For desire is a A thought process or drive.

A sensory impulse to act?

Oh thinking, pondering, what is an idea, a thought of desire?

Materializing that which gives to materialization.

So desire, are you the controlling attribute of ME?

So guruji, desire is for that which one wants to have or to happen!

Oh me,

Desire.....can I direct attention , awareness, unto you to write you on these pages?

For as mind dives to the cavernous fire of desire, it's as if I don't want to stay there.

Life's desires have

Desire- a strong feeling of wanting to have something or wishing for something to happen.

Desire, to want...
To want something, to want to do something,
Some - thing, other.
To want, is to want other than this that is, is had, is done.
Wanting, the drive to do?
For not to want to do, is to do not?
Oh Lord, how then can I do when not wanting other?
This is then doing this,
Whatever this may be in differentiation of perception,
in words of comprehension,
Yet, doing is always.
Just as desire, want,
To do, to have, to want other than this!
Fear of No want, No desire, why are you there?
No drive direction projection manifestation.
Yet fear is this thought of want,
This Other than here, now, being the doing of being,
Free of the confinement of thought, of comprehension,
For before the desire of "what to do" ,
Doing is, was, and ever will be.
Desire, the fire of want,
Oh Lord, I desire you,
The palpable quenching of thy Joy, Peace, Contentment, that of happiness.
Yet by desiring you, do I then confine you?
Hide you in the wants from the you who gives the doing to be?
By want, desire, do I then "want" that which I perceive self not to have.
For this I AM, Self, AM!
Meaning, I AM the fire of desire, I AM the want of not.
I am the being of desire.
Do You my Lord, not desire your child to come along the path set before them?
For desire, want, is the fire of creation!
What is created without the drive to create?
This drive is want, desire.
Yet, human, are you not created?
Are the desires, wants, not a manifestation of your perceived individuality afloat in the creation
itself.
Space, place, time, circumstances, perceptions,
Does not this karmic dance of You determine the wants of you?

I want not to want but you,
But even the wanting of you is a desire,
Is to hinder the full surrender of me unto you
Of this I AM into the AM of I,

Into, out of, being being being,
For I am this I am whether I think it,
Know it, speak it, want it.
To give thought, comprehension unto This I AM,
Is then to reflect that I AM with words defining.
How can one define the giving of definition?

Discrimination,

recognition and understanding of the difference between one thing and another.
"discrimination between right and wrong

Difference!

Prejudice.

preconceived opinion that is not based on reason or actual experience.

Preconception influencing actual conception.

Opinion, or filter influencing actual perception.

And actual perception, Hath not discrimination.

And so, that which is perceived is discriminated or subject to discrimination. Subject discriminating object. Subject perceiving variations of object of perception, or with discrimination, objects.

To state right or wrong, or to discriminate right or wrong, is this not the same as prejudice. For right and wrong is subject to opinion, predetermining what is right or wrong based upon you and your past perceptions, influencing what is right or wrong.

How can I know when all that is said to o be known is subject to question. If then ye can question something, be it an idea, a thing, a any of things, then it is subject to objective perception. Yet perception is not subject nor object, there is no question entangled in perception, for perception give to the question to be, give to the answer to see,

There is no subject, there is no object, there is just perception, the unifying of the discriminative aspect, for there is no act of unify without first creating discrimination. To unify that which is separate, yet what is separate? If all is the emanation of light, of the word, just as I am as being and perceiving what is given to perceive from the giving of life that I be, Then what discrimination exists? For existence is all one! All exists does it

not, or everything does not exist, so stated as ye will, yet its but a statement atop that which is, This which is, you that are, or are you not?

Do you mind?

To mind or not mind, this is discrimination. And so the fluctuation of the mind is discrimination itself. This thought, that thought, thief of awareness, thief of perception, direction, My mind your mind, Common mind, different mind, influenced mind, confluence of mind, Sharing of mind, Communication, Minding mind, introspection, Yet what is mind?

Mind this, mind that, mind over matter, mind if a brain, head, thoughts, Yet is this not just the accumulation of perception allotted thy beings perception to give unto the making of the mind? Or is there no making of mind, For mind already is, was and will be.

Look here, look there, look!

Looking with eyes closed, can one discriminate. Darkness, light, perception, feeling, content, Still, mental, movement, aye! Aye! Aye!

The mind, The soul

The me?

I see, I am

The perceiver and the perceived.

I am that person much perceives, Am I not perception itself?

And to say I am this, I am that, is to add layers to that I am. Can I layer this I am? I, Being perception herself perceiving herself. Wanting to say all the varieties and variations of perception, but there is naught but by perception!

And so, I am this. I perceive, I am perception. I am thee thee does give me to be to perceive. Oh me, Grant me the freedom of me. Of this perceived separate entity. Free of life and death, Free in there. For thee give me the perception, the mental direction, open me, for I am naught but by thee! Make me no longer me the naught, But thee, Or free the variations of differentiation, that I may see thee, that which is being! Me, thee, she, all words and meanings, the all meaning of all words, The I am. I cannot bare any longer! I fool myself I to accepting separation, this delusion, this confusion, why do you do this to me. That there may be a me to do this to by you? Why? Can i perceive to question questioning itself. Oh lord, Oh lo d, oh lord.

For there is the knowing, oh ye knowing. And the known, oh that I am. By thee am I known

Idea, idea, expression, expression, Share, care, Impose, unload, put thy perception onto another, weight, right, wrong, Here ya go, so long.

Light or dark, god is light, and dark is naught? Bay, how can this be? For god is that which is, giving the is to is, taking the is from is, giving, taking, light dark, life death, Duality, singularity, ity, ity, ity, ity. Ayeeeeewwww

I am a chemical being saith science.

Mindstates and perceptions wavering from the excretion of chemical make up of the glands of excretion.

All in the brain where they are able to see the illumination of illumination dancing throughout. Yet also the spine and all attached to the brain illuminating.

Suspended in cerebro spinal fluid, filled with cerebro spinal fluid is the spine and brain of illuminations seeing by science.

This plasma inside, the conduit for Soul, for Being, for itself to be occupying this body of you. Action, Being, Now, Present, Life herself.

Being in the plasma outside, the conduit of Union, of the moving energy of Now, Communed, One, Knowing of all knowing, for knowing is itself.

You oh chemical being are the being of the chemical.

The chemical it self,

The excretion of will, of action, of being's perceived fluctuation.

Chemical, or energy,

Plasma, interwoven being of God within and without,

Life's eternal infinite web of her perfection,

Lines intersecting intersection,

Sacred geometry dancing in cosmic expression

This air, this space, this table, this computer, this light, this thought shared,

This word of the word,

The vibration of vibration, Stillness of movement,

The life of stillness, the moving of motion, the happening of happening.

Oh being awaiting the science of all knowing,

Are ye not the life, the comprehension, the ability by which science is created,

So then are ye not the living knowledge of that which is to be known,

Trying to put yourself, the being giving knowing of itself,

Into a box of comprehension, into a wall created by self,

Cutting self away from self, but yet the wall is self,

The self is Being,

Being perceiving fluctuations of itself and not perceiving the being of perceiving.

Can perception perceive itself?

If only perception creates a means of perceiving.

And if no creation, objective thought, fluctuation, is created,

Then so the particle of self is yet to be perceived, thus the infinite possibilities of the ethereal particle wave of particles.

In communion with all particles,
Infinite in possibility, creativity, manifested only by the words written here and now to
communicate this medium of words,
The plasma of energy field that is holding all these particles of infinity together,
Before manifest, after manifest, and all that, this free of time, of space, of manifestation
encompassing all manifestation, and filling all manifestation.
Chemical in a conduit,
Energy in a sacred path of her expression of eternity,
Waves of vibration stilling and moving weaving the cosmic self,
Thought and feeling the expression of the perception of manifestation.
Oh these vibrating, illumined, energy particles,
Speaking these as if speech, the transferring of consciousness of what I call mine,
To another, what you call thine,
When the me, the space inbetween the you of me, and the space carrying the vibration from
you to me, and the vibration of speech, the giving, receiving, feeling, comprehension,
understanding, is all at once the fabric of being, the fabric of life itself, the fabric of you,
yourself. The happening of happening itself.
Compartmentalized systemized comprehension saith all these pieces spoken of in
communication, comprehended in time, as words are strung together in time, yet
comprehension, the knowing of knowing,
The formless particle wave of eternal possibility of happening's giving,
Is then interwoven of thine own being of doing into a box of time,
A box of comprehension of thine mind of time,
Understood in the ways ye understand,
Once understood, then ever known, affixed in the line of time,
Of this sacred line of perception interwoven with all sacred lines of action and being,
One with the infinite possibilities yet to come that give this out come to be come,
And so it is. And so you are, or so you is. The same is that was,
Is, and will be are the particles union.
The energy woven within and without, in the space in the manifest,
Before and after, during within and without,
No matter how you look, here there, this then,
Right wrong, now is the looking,
Now is the thinking, comprehending, illumining.
Intuitioning.....I just know.
You know when you know.
For you are the knowing!.....

What of the comprehension of comprehension itself?

Life Victim

What is this? That is called life? In this state of life and moment in time, What is life?

Working, Family, church, possessions, And a “good”life! What in the actual . Life ? Ye are that exists is life! Do what it life? Ye make life as you will? Willllll! Alignment of other life, Ye are life, ye are aligned ! Fuck my life! Lol, Is this yours to fuck? Take it, Move it, The only matter is the placement of ye, And the effects of thine actions to others perceptions. Yet! Ye know not the reaction of another. An other of thee

Victim!

I am a victim of circumstances, Thought, placement!

Oh so sorry me,

That you are given to be.

That by this you be, ye have the capacity to contemplate on the aspects of your being.

Wanting other than,

From the gift of that which is you.

Oh poor me,

Judged by the mind's confines,

The material scales of this thought perception,

Judging judging,

Discriminatory,

Persecuting self and all “else”

That doesn't fulfill the scales of judgment's imposition.

Yet, Thought, placement, body, ME,

Is but given to this space, place, time,

Karmically woven in this chosen.

And yet, with this make up of ME,

Then I delusively judge this which I be,

This I am but given to be,

This I am but a gift of Thee,

In this space, place, face, time,

Oh Victim,

Victim eyes,

Sorry not sorry,

For as you victimize,

Ye have boxed the realize,

Real eyes!

Hidden by emotional ties,

Sympathetic lies,

For what? The sake of justification?

Relative self unto the other selves of this day and age.

Mindstate

The state of mind,

Of the quality of the variance of the versions of mind

The state consuming ,
You are the mindstate when the mindstate is allowed to fully express itself.
Feeling emotion thought processes, patterns,
The influential make up of such, of the state of chemical excretion,
Of well being, of contentment,
Sadness, happiness, joyousness,
To speak objectively of mindstate,
In the state right now of perception,
One can recall the variances of the states of mind,
However when enveloped in a mindstate,
That state knows not the other state.
The mindstate doesn't not judge the other state,
Or it's state,
For it is the way of being NOW,
The qualitative manner of the space and place, time and race,
Of the being of you that mind state,
Just as darkness comprehendeth not light,
And light comprehendeth not darkness,
When consumed, enmeshed, enamored, encompassed, fulfilled
In a specific qualitative attribute of mind,
A mind state,
Then that is the procurement of thought processes, emotion,
Feeling, trajectory,
All a reflection of the state that encompasses the mind.
(the state is the cloudiness, the filter of feeling, of a certain way of being, the how are you of being! The varying qualities of qualities!)

I say this for in a gloomy state of mind,
In dreary emotional stagnance,
A little glimmer of light, of hope,
That I sing to and nurture,
The little glimmer of light that came through the words reflecting the awakening of me,
Words of pure purity, satya, of thine given perception of me,
Which ye allow me to see,
And this illumination within the dreariness of a stoned dross mind,
Shines out from within unto all the shadows
And clears the mind,
The stoney mind no longer knows itself,
It is now consumed in light, It IS light.
Interior light, the light the two eyes don't see,
The light felt illumined with thine eye single,
Within the all of me in the all of thee.

Mine austerities!

Mine Tapas to uphold, for if not, Life will Tap Tap Tapah me back into shape!
Tapas are the inherent path and strength of upholding, and walking that which thou are Truly given. I know not but by the Grace of Life herself speaking intuitively in the voice of my heart of hearts. Those who know know, by knowing may I know me, may I know thee.

What are the life space place of mine austerities imposed upon self to self?

Satya, Be true to thine own self! Being honest with who, what, how, weaknesses, all of self ishnesses I am here and now, for I can be no other than that what I am right NOW. The time is NOW. What do you need? What works for YOU? What do you work for? What is the WORK of you?

This is of no regard to other selves, for truth One truth for all selves. How truth speaks to me is not how truth speaks to another, or maybe she does, i just choose to listen without regard to relativity, judgment, weighted thought processes of Mine or Ideas of others, which are but that, just illusory made up ideas!

Regard to societal times and upholding, for My truth is my truth. Honor truth, Be strong in strength's truth.

Whether this means changes, rearranges, others deranged over thine own actions. For what is the nature of this world, If NOT Change. This is every moment anew! Ever new Joy!

For do you live for others or do you live for thyself? Bad way of saying that, Where does life live, in thine self or in other selves, K in both, Is societal imposition life? Nope, Live for life, this is how ye can be true to you, for you are life! By saying live for others, that would be to uphold the ideals of generality, the idea of ideas of others ideas, Oh Delusion!

Monitor with awareness thoughts, their seeds, their overcomings, their undercomings. Thine conditioning, thine judgments of self and other selves. Thine delusive thoughts of day dreams, false conversations of ideas substantiating ego, or ideas of other's thoughts of judgments of thine own self. Delusive thoughts of judgments of others judging you. Oh Projector Self! Either projecting out or projecting into the ethers of mine own mind..... Project back at the projector with awareness when becoming aware, and the light illuminates the Procetor to dissolve into itself.

Mine Austerities!

Faith.....Dwell in God. All in God. God first, God Last. Trust in God with all life and trusting. Live for God with all His Living that has been given Thee. Trust, know, that thy path is his path for thee, that ye are walking a you need to be and will be provided for. Desires, be aware of ye, are they for God or are they for a delusive ego of accumulation, substantiation, continuation, or are they desires of humility, service, Soul Qualities. God is beyond quality and thought, I am in Nature by God, Utilize the qualities of the Soul just as the Yama Niyama are just that, qualities of the soul.

Fear Not little ego self of thine own dissolution. Ye know not what the day holds, what the next moment will bring, for do you bring the moment? Nay, tis all by the Grace of He!

Be patient, firm, established. Let not societal imposition impose on thine composition!

These thoughts, of upholding ideas of others ideas, others judgments and hopes and desires for your own life, can you uphold something ye know not to exist? Are anothers hopes and dreams and desires your own?

How can ye be true to thine own self if you are trying to uphold delusive thoughts and dreams of another? Even moreso, assumed as held and given a position upon thyself from another!

Awareness! Drinking, smoking, sex, the habitual spiral and how they pull on thee. Stealing the strength of conviction. Con Forming thy form of Satya into compromise of thine Power's demise. Thine power is Truth herself! Without Her, ye fall, and fall, and gloom, and doom, comprise demise, closed eyes....oh soul cries.

Intoxicants.....

Does this include you coffee? For any external Ingestion for the sake of mindstate does soften the mind, the strength of the my connection with connection Inside. Connection of conviction. Are you physically too sensitized as Life Shakti comes to rise in this body of thee. Feeling heightened awareness and energy.....buzzing and buzzing, Or is coffee and caffeine just something to set at ease. Do you need to set at ease that which ye are? Accept, let it flow! Activities, be active activate! Let the flow flow by movement of you.....

Austerity! Where you be, Be Ye! Unapologetically!

Honor what life asks of you. See the obligations ye impose upon yourself, Catering to son, to family, to others, Awareness, do these ideas, these obligations, these potential burdens, do they burden your soul, to they make thee untrue to thine own self? Then they are delusive obligation. There is NO obligation unless Ye make it so!

What will the future hold? What will others think of me, Successful, Accomplished. These are the delusive thoughts, Faithless, for only God knows, for By God am I, Tomorrow By God will I be. If Grace is to take me away, what good is stacking hay away for another day. There may not be the another day if not given by the grace of God. So give all to the Grace of God giving ye to be!

Others thoughts....ayeeeeee! Strong in their delusion, their confusion, I judge not, for their life is by thy grace, their space place time perceptions projections, let them be as they will. For ye know not. And what they think of you? What are you, the idea of you. Just as you know not them, do they know you? God only knows what is in thine heart! And so letting delusion delude you. Successful, accomplished, these are ideas of societal upholding, the upholding of a thought system, a thought process, an imposition upon the purity of life I am..... To be successful to these systems, I must compromise myself into these systems, play the systems games, to be accomplished by the systems judgment and rules and regulations. O' Lord, do you know give all to be. Canst ye not.....? To question the one giving me to be able to question, to question Ye with no other, Oh ye of little faith!

Tapas! Shakti, Kundalini, Tapas of Nature alignment, Burning that which opposes Thee,
burn me, flow through me, Show me how to be me in the being of me.

Yoga, Practice that which I preach, practice the gift of Sutra given ye.

Kriya, Bhakti, writing, expressing Truthing. Yoganandaing! Christing! Meditating of
meditation, Thine Lotus Feet O Divine Mother.

Share thy body! Thy gifts given ye, share! For that is why anything is given.

Is the other any other than you is all is ONE? So then, the other, the neighbor, the mother,
the son, the friend, they are all God! Treat it so, BE it So!

Living not the WORD is opposing SELF, for Thyself is the WORD, So live the Word, for the
word is life!

Oh mind is aflame, soul is afire, heart is ablaze, O' My Lord!
Tapas of thine DayZ

Feel! Accept the Feeling felt, the feeling dealt, being present in feeling!

Escape into intoxication, run from thyself, NOpers, Feel!

Patience, Practice, Breath, Pranayam, Meditation, Nature, Nature, Nature! Mother is here
for you! Seek Mother.

Look to the eternal in all! What then can matter matter if matter is not separate, for All is by
God, See All as God. If the thoughts veer from the All of God, Awareness of the thought of
veering is the light of God, Guru, Jai Guru!

The moon and the sun .

Perceived and perception

The moon shineth to thine perception of reflection.

Thy perception to the lunar projection.

It's reflective rays are defined, shined in a line unto thy mind!

For when I look upon the lunar reflection glimmering atop the sea,

This light shines right into me!

And other, you, standing on this shore of perception,
yet from another direction,

Does not this reflexive light shine to you?

For it is shining from thine perception.

For my perception here is direct.

Thine perception there is direct to thine.

The sun shineth thine perception to be perceived.

The rays of the sun are all around the seen.

Filling the seen with sight!

But then the setting of the sun,
Glaring over the seas reflection,
Does the sun not shine just as the moon?
Shine a perception of the sun projection.
Shining from thine perception, to thine perception.

OH sun, ye give to the moon to illuminate.
In relation ye are as the illumination of life,
Yet just as all that of creation,
Ye are yet created for ME!

For the life of Me,
perception, consciousness, awareness, ness- ness,
Is aware of the sun and the moon,
The direct refraction of the light of reflection,
The projection of the glimmering sea,
Unto me!

So sun, as thou art God to the moon,
And moon as thou art God to the sea,
And but created to be with me,
And so as I, body ego me,
Is created as thee,
So do I shine as the sun and moon the internal light of thine,

Yet this shining, this being of me,
Hath awareness and consciousness beyond the body!
Do you sun, you moon have awareness beyond thyself?

The suns rays spread

The past is now!

Transcribing the past writings of me, back in 2001, it is now 2024, there is no differentiation.
More learning, more words, relations of comprehension, but the comprehension is the same.
The mental variations and fluctuations, the same.
The weakness, the same.
The vocation, the virtue, the same.
I am, the same!

Oh the devotion poureth, the certainty of being, of knowing being, of Thy grace shining into the mind of me to know Thee!

Now I have Shakti manifested physically shaking my being, but oh, ye have always been there shaking my being.

Being my being, awakening my being.

Thine being, for I have no being of mine! You give me to be, I am but a creation of thy giving of me to be for Thee as Thou will have me to be.

Oh Lord, the turbulence of mind, of the karmic dance interwoven of the time of me, that I am, by Thee...

O Lord, I know not.

Just as I see I ever have not know, but only by Thee do I know, for knowing is Thee.....

O' Lord!

Yearning to flow words, yet I am run ragged. Shedding this mortal frame.

Feeling the impermanence of this being of this I Am by Thee that I am.

O' Lord, as thy will.

For I am weak, I am tired, I know not.

I am Thine! I ever have been Thine in mind, body, soul, action, satisfaction. For Thou art the only satisfaction there IS!

Reading of Me's past, I realize the ties ye have held me, anchored me, to this earth with.

The birthing of a son, the pains of relationship obligations with others (for I know personality will never be a mesh, the only mesh is Thee!)

Work and work, delusion and confusion, and even now, in full conviction, fruition of lifes past, I still feel and see the difficulties of alignment, of attunement.

Of the Karmic weave of past actions, past lives, souls holding's hindering me from free in Thee.

O' Lord, As Thy Will!

For I am Not but by Thee. Progress just as 2001 me states of a clear mind, of thought clouds of Love and guidance unto thee, Of living for, by, through, to, with, You My Lord, My Love, Love My, All IS, IS ALL, Jai JaiJai

Amen!

The stoned mind!

Why do I like this stoned brain, mashed potatoes?

Being consumed with being stoned each day, how then can I look at myself impartial.

The stoned mind is the mind behind the words.

Can I be other than that I am? So stoney mind, I am that I am.

The desire to stoney mind, that I am.

The struggle against the desire, to uphold a sober acute mind, this I am.

The hurting of this vessel by chiefting over and over, day after day, this I am.

In attempt to expound upon this I am, why I am this way,

Why am I this way?

Habitual action creates it's own pattern of itself.

Action speaks louder than words....Action speaks for the past manifestation.

The past, manifested in continuity over and over, then becomes the present.

The present creates the past, the present creates the future.

Stoned mind of engulfing digital stimuli,

That of separation of the standard mind eager to shut off for the sake of the stoned mind.

Let the stoned mind drive, but it doesn't drive anywhere

Doing nothing other than consuming food and Digital stimuli.

Desiring to stay within the confines of the mind,

Self conscious of all consciousness,

Ostrich with head in sand I am.

Opposing the sober mind! Mary mind ...

Not desirous of spiritual practice mind.

Heavy, sticky, clouded.

Likened to that of getting sick, needing healing.

Desirous of excess of

Rest. an excuse for nothingness. For recuperation.

In my cocoon to be reborn again.

Oh how I love to be in the cocoon apparently.

Missing the moth that I am rather than the butterfly of expression I am.

The summertime, it's so hot.

I'm hurt, bum knee, I can't do anything.

This mindstate!

Then procures change of scenery, where do I go?

Justifying drinking with this writing and transcribing all the writings of me,

For the sake of getting out, scenery change.

Then mindstate weakens,

The trickery of justification lures,

And Mary Jane is once again bought,

To consume me!

Justification, Trickery, This

Truth!

What are you truth?

Natural perception of objective thought tells me though art other.
Thou art something to seek, to find.
Something and has an opposite of things, that of untruth.
But oh truth,
This of what IS, for there is NO other.
There may be a perception of Other until thou reveal thyself,
But even in this fluctuation, truth IS.
Can there be any other than You.
Is there anything "other" than what IS?
Is the thinker thinking, is the thought think, is the fluctuation.
And as I AM, This I AM is Truth.
So then can truth be thought, sought, got?
When truth IS, all else is Not?
So then can Truth be God?
Can I seek that which I AM?

All I can do is to be true,
To be true is as if there is an untrue to be.
Being is truth.
And so,
To thine own self be true.
To what is true being,
To thine own self,
Which is what,
Is that which is,
You ARE Truth!

Jai Guru to you self projector

6/7/24 after temple meditation expounding

Perception of thought as I dive deep in thee. As the thoughts float on by, perception being vast and perception, as perception dives into itself, sees these shapes and forms of cloudy thoughts. Many are that of imposition of created by mine own self. Projections of the faceless man, headless man, unto others. Mine own feelings, worries, thoughts, related unto the mirror of others. Assuming, imposing assumption, into the thoughts of others in regard to me. How my own self thoughts, self perceptions, ideals, might affect the thoughts, judgments, ideas of others. How my being affects the beings of others. But this I do not know. Generalized assumptions, just as superficial as societal conditioning. How can ye know what someone else, another individual wading through the live of their own giving, is thinking, For their wading, their swimming, their waves are not the waves given to thee. And these waves are that which creates and forms their active and reactive thought construct. The make up of the clouds of the thoughts of the mind. And then to project, assume, based on this, that, relativities, past happenings, lol, the amount of factors unto the infinity of the being of another infinite being is infinity. Can ye think and quantitize factors of infinity that could create

their thought, their judgment, their perception. Nay! So mind, my mind I mind, whether said or unsaid, to project this grasping imposition of thine own self unto the others selves even in thought is a detriment to thy own self, to their own self, the the self that owns All selves. To base a thought, justify a judgment, of another, rationalizing based upon mine own composition of thought patterns, relating, cognizing, and then imposing that which I have created, oh the delusion. The additional rules unto the True Teachings of Nature to confine and box myself and all the other selves of me. Judge not, lest ye be judges. Impose, project not, for what you project, ye will receive. When seeing another me, the floating thought of judgment based on x factors of perception, I remind myself, I know not, and moreso, Jai Guru. What I am looking at is the living being of my being, of the being guiding me to the being of me, and so Jai Guru, I pranam to you! Can I do this to my based thoughts when they are but projections of mine own self unto the other selves reflected back at me? Yes. Jai Guru to Thine own Self, the Holy Spirit living in, with, to, for, outside, allside, that is thy guide, Jai Guru to you Self, Jai Guru to you self! Jai Guru to You all Selves of the Self. Jai Jai Jai!

Back to it the next morning.

O' projector people. To project is to contain the image, for it is your light contained reflected upon the object of projection. How can then the object, being a living human being with their own infinity, then give their own information to thee when you are projecting the reflection of thyself upon their face. Oh faceless being. Their face is then your face stirring up infinite ideas, assumptions, reactions based on the creation and holdings of you, and then so ye project all this either internally in dialogue, conversation, stating how the perception thereinlies, without actually even perceiving the other being of infinitude. Blinded by the light of infinite varieties and shadows projected unto life, rather than taking in life for what it is, accepting, aligning with Nature. Adding layers and layers unto that which is perfect in attempts to conform perfection into thy box of deluded perfection. None can Tone me, say who would injure me! Delude is to tone! Life cannot be deluded, for it is the solution, the solvent, the problem and the answer, and all the science terms I don't know. Life is sufficient unto itself, Ye cannot add a single cubit unto God!

The internal dialogue is the creation of the projection when presented with the opportunities of life. And so pull it out by the root! When the dance of projections creation begins. And assumption, idea, thought, judgment of self to self, another to self, whatever to whatever, allow the light of the awareness of you, Jai Guru, to consume the creation of non reality. I know not is my mantra, Jai Guru. Once consumed in awareness, Faith, Surrender, Alignment with Life Herself remains! Let there be light!

Oh transmit human, not be a projector. To transmit is to give. Conscious and willfully. This is not projection, but a transmission. An offering, a gift. As in prayer, giving thyself to the Self spoken to in the heart of hearts.

Where as a projection, just as a projector, it gone and vanished as soon as it is turned off, unplugged, where as a transmission is eternal, given, not to be taken back, through the ethers of infinity.

Jai Guru Jai Guru.

Amen!

6/10

The projector is that of dream stuff. The feeling, emotion, retaining, memories, creative dance that emanates all of this make up of thee from the life you be. Yet in conscious waking state, tis a day dream, subject to judgment and conscious creation, where as in a night dream, there is no judgment until the recollection of consciousness takes hold. For the dream manifests through the ethers of of feeling, the make up of thee, the memories of all the circumstances, perceptions, projections, judgments, in a non judged way, dancing unhindered in the creation of thy creation. I woke thinking dreams were the same as the projection of assumption, of that of day dreaming, but now I am not sure. For they are both of the ego self, the time space place created self, fulfilling the desires of ego for growth or for death. For the desire is the story creatively flowing of communication, happenings, etc substantiating the way desire wants others to view, think, of them. Yet lo behold, oh desire, ye can't know what another thinks, for this is just made up. And so just made up as the desire that gives this manifestation to be, and moreso, even made up the place from which the desire originates to substantiate, the ego self. Hmmmmmm.....

I am a zero point machine!

Pranic energy surrounds and permeates, sustains, fills, blends, melds, holds, stills,
all space, time,

This unifying One of all is that which I Am.

Is the thought, the welling of thought, the permeating of thought,

The Me of naught....

This energy of this that is,

This that is the energy of this is.

The presence, stillness of movement,

This being of being,

Oh human machine, Use this you are!

Breath the pranic energy in and out,

Let mind flow with this energy,

All awareness, focus, willpower

Flow with the pranic space and place of thy Grace,

Floating in plasma, thy soul tree permeates,

Permeated by permeation,

Stilled in stillness,

Expanded in nothingness,

Everythingness of no thingness,

I say Thy, for by the creation of me do I see.

Zero point machine!

Oh there is no point, there is no object,
There is no other.
All point machine,
Zero is All is Infinity is Nothing
The everything of Nothing.
The This that is
Written, expressed, manifested
I am this I am,
Comprehended, correlated, compared,
And so written in matter!
Is presence words? Or is presence Word?

As the particle is formless wave, she is everywhere in all things.
Ever constant commune of This that is,
Beyond space time and in space time,
For by the perception akin to space and time,
Once seen, thought, known, Defined, Materialized,
The particle is then matter, is then time, is then defined in the mind.
And so seen defined, created,
Seen as subject to object, perception to perceived,
Ever communing one with all of its one
With all the unifying fabric of particle waves and particle matter,
Everywhere, in and out, round about,
Uncreated, Undead, the particle formless wave
The particle solidified matter,
The particle by which I am conscious , perception,
Action, being,
Seeing and feeling the particles manifested and solidified in time,
Yet being and giving from the infinitude of particle waves,
To say pre materialized is then to define and give to the concept of time
For the materialized particle and the non materialized particle
Are still the One commune of all particle,
Making time space, in time space, time space in the one commune
Self, as the particle perception of infinitude.
A men
A men.

O' I can't take it!

O lord, Thy grace inside and out,
Opening the doors of my heart with the fires of thy light,
Opening the outward manifestation of thee in me!

Aligning, intervening, assisting All - ing for your child!
O lord, I am thine, I am thine,
I am naught but thine,
may I be naught but thine being of being in this space and place I am,
that thou doth govern and give to me to be.
O lord, it's too much!
I overflow with thy grace pouring endlessly out of my weeping eyes,
Nay, thine seeking eyes,
I burn with the fire of thy presence.
Thy tapas cleansing all of that I am for Thee!
I am thine, and thou fill me, open me, break me, take me as Thy Will.
I am thine evermore!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Realize self, realize

In my weakness I am to Thee,
Ego, I am just a baby!
I cannot control my mind,
I cannot fleet desire, longing, needing, wanting!
I cannot hide from myself.
I am not strong!
I try to uphold the teachings of How to's and what not's in my seeking You!
But my heart throbs for Thine Presence,
Sushumna beckons for Thine Awakening!
My third eye is weeping ever for Thine appearance!
My Love for Thee cannot still these wailing thoughts for Thee!
I am in sorrow my Lord, I pain, I cry,
Yet I will not hide from Me!
You are my birthright, My death sight,
Never will I be content without lament until I am awakened in Thee!
All the wisdom doth compound, weighing upon my being.
Until Thou art found, My freeing!
Realize Self, Realize! Real- eyes, with Real, eyes!

Self - I AM
Being, Existing
God, Christ, Guru - guides unto Self, Yet ARE Self!

So allow cognition, thoughts, ideas, to singularly expel duality by Self!
Thankyou Me, for Me, Thank you great Self for this Self of Me!
That I be in Thee, the great Self of Me,

Seen or unseen, I AM Self!
The Self of Me, The Self of Thee!
I am Self!
I experience Self. I experience That I AM,
This I AM, Self - for it can be No other!

This subject object rationale has got me in a tizzy!

To experience with/ by being,
Where is the subject, object?
For feel-ing, IS experiencing - the ing
AM - ing, Do - ing
Action - ing
Be - ing
Think - ing
Liv - ing

Subject		object
I	AM	X
	AUM	
Love, Joy, Self, Feel, Peace		

NO subject, for Not a subject.....Needeth an object!

W12 the fire of desire

2024 writing in old book.
Oh what is this feeling?

So carnal, lusty for the busty,
Curvature of sexual gratification, fulfillment.
Lurking deep down within, in my habitual carnal nature.
Aroused and kindled after a weekend of excess being and adrenaline,
Overdoing and imbalance sways me
Body beat and tired, mind fatigued and tired,
Eating and fulfilling the sation of hunger,
then trying to drink wine to ease thyself,
To find and recall the inability of external stimuli to ease my internal state.
All the while feeling the familiar feeling of urging for lust
For curvy imagery of porn

Of carnal gratification
Of masturbation and orgasm
Wow this urge swimming to the surface as I write of her.
A weekend in the bosom of the green trees and clear skies of mothers bosom
But not just enjoying and permeating with her permeation,
It was in excess with adrenaline and go, go go on the tool of fun bikes
And this chemical excess of adrenaline in what remains,
The lack there of, and so the dormant common feeling of the recent past
is knocking at the door and wearing the mind.
Fulfill me, fulfill me!
You had all this external stimuli, and now its gone
Remember what this feeling and urge desires.
Booze, mary jane, sex, masturbation,
The quick head change,
Then the urge wont be knocking
Jai Guru,
The strength of ease, consistency, firm, foundation withholds
Kriyas awakening and stilling of me guiding and shining light amidst the imbalance.
Reminding the weak mind, there is no external stimuli,
Oh stimulated one, that can soothe thy soul.
This only I that can soothe thy soul,
And I am here!
In thy soul desiring soothing.
Jai Guru, Jai Guru,
Aum!

Speak God

What is the point of speaking
Sharing words of the word
If not to guide others onto the place from where the words reside?
For the self righteous person speaks words to bring others to his own self righteousness,
But one who is the humility of God gives words unto the life of God in another.
That who may access the place from where these words come from,
Words of Truth,
Of the self of selves,
One then given for another to the place from where the word doth flow.
In their depth of being, self, soul, sanctuary of God in them,
From where the words of humility of oe of God's grace speaks from.
Guiding the separate self to the same self giving the words,
For the words are not owned by a person that are of truth, satya.
They are the word owned by All and owned by none.
The words of self righteousness are owned by the self righteous one and none else,

For they are from the ego stemmed,
for words cannot lead other elsewhere than the ego from whence they were given.
Speak the word of words in the humility of satya,
For they are the words of God.
Aum Shanti Shanti, Aum!

Chapter 20, Prayer, Conviction

- In Spirit in Truth '03
- I will feel this hurt, '05
- Oh my Love, My guide '08
- In your heart of mine '08
- Acceptance '12
- my lord in the horrors and the cries '12
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- O my lord! 5/31/2024
- I am here. '24
- Jai Ma, Jai Ma! '24
- Oh Lord, '24

In Spirit in Truth

"But the hour cometh, and now is that hour, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in Spirit, and in Truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him"

Oh Father, the spirit of love, the spirit of life, of understanding and knowledge beyond that of the skin of my life. Oh FAtHer, bringer of all goodness, ever so present within, yearning to be shone unto all. Oh Father, giver of all, yet quiet to all you give.

Giving even the Will of that you give.

Oh can't you see? How much greater will doth be, survival, oh yes, you need thee, but what even allows for the chance of thee?

Oh Father, the spirit of my new birth, of purity that lurks within the heart of my bodily earth.

Oh Father, in truth do I know you, in spirit do I adore you, for this in all is that and some more.

Ever so great are you, ever so made I am of you.

Love oh Love, I in you and you in I.

Truth this be.

In spirit in truth is your love.

In spirit in truth is your love, in spirit in truth is you.

In spirit in truth is me.

Glory unto God, unto mine Father, unto the giver of Jesus, just as he gives I and you.

Save says the spirit.

My will is yours.

Words ever so tricky,

But spirit, so loving and flimsy, yet powerful and full, to be the giving that gives and to gibe that of giving.

Oh love, oh father I love thee.

You are my strength, you are my giving.

In spirit and truth I serve you . In Jesus name I pray, A men.

I will feel this hurt,

I will cry my sorrows,

I will not fear my own fear,

nor will I bow to my fear in wrong action.

I have been given this life by God

who gives me this life,

I am where I am,

But I am always here.

I am here.....

With you My Lord of life,
In the arms of life with all of her feelings,
Being felt in the feelings as they are dealt.
I am here my Lord,
I will not leave you

Oh my Love, My guide

Oh my Love,
Oh Love I am Yours,
By Your Grace may I see,
By your grace may we see You in All.
Open arms, open heart, accepting all as You give All.
Oh Love, shining from the heart of Divine Fire, Consuming all that is separation in delusion from Thee.
Oh Love, My beloved guide, My beloved Grace, May I never forsake Thee!
May I keep Thee in the forefront of my mind,
That Ye may shine in my heart Your Divine Light.
Oh Love, my Beloved,
May my ego of separation be consumed in Thee!
May Your Grace be my guide.
May You open the closed doors of me.
May you shine the light of truth from mine eyes,
That I may see Thee in All!
Oh Love, my Beloved, Oh Love,
I give myself to Thee.
Oh Love, open my heart to shine Your Light on All.
Oh Love, may I be a hand of Yours to show all others of You unto the Truth of them.
Oh Love, my Beloved guide,
May You Be the All of All of Me inside and out.
Shining ever so bright the Divine Light of Our Divine Right
that I might be a hand of Yours unto the opening of All the doors of delusion unto the Truth of Them.
Oh thankyou Love,
Oh my Love,
May You be my Guide,
That I may never lose sight!
A Men

In your heart of mine

I open to you

You of my opening

May my heart of yours shine thy light of mine

May your heart of mine shine in all the hearts of ours

May sight be seen through the eye of my heart of thine

That sight may be seen through the light of your heart of mine

That there will be no other

To sister or brother

That light may shine eternal in the divine father and mother

As in my heart of yours we live as one

And in your heart I live

may the heart of mine be the light of sight

as I walk this path of Thine!

Acceptance

Oh Lord, grant me the power to change the things I can, the power to accept the things I cannot, and the wisdom to discern the difference. The future has yet to come, endless power to create that which has yet to be made. Yet, Thy past has created the dance and place of the future, for the place and space of the now. Ye are here now by all that has done. Ye cannot change that which has been done. And so acceptance with Grace. Why let that which ye cannot change take hold of thee in shame or blame? For here now, where all both come from, this is the place of Grace, unhindered anchor in this wisdom of eternity, to create and accept.

A men

my lord in the horrays and the cries

9/9/12

Dear my Lord,

Thy one of immeasurable grace,

Thy giver of life,

Thy embodiment of all the realms of creation,

Thy bestower of love,

Thy soft call beckoning we to see through the myriads of this dualistic world and into thine eye.

As it shines eternally for we.

Oh lord can we not see amidst the light and dark, distinction and separation.

Oh lord, can we not just be as thee will have us be in thee, with thee, for we.

Oh beloved one, ever compassionate unto thine children of souls.

Embodied in this dance of living forgetting even thou, thine means of living.

Delved into their own needs, creation, puffing up their small existence within thou.

Oh dearly beloved, taker of all that ye give,

Asking we to gie ourselves unto you, letting go of we my lord,
That we may see thee.
Through the eyes of the infinite soul of thine,
Embodied in this dance of experience.
Of creation, of birth and death, of thine cycle of nature.
Oh my lord, oh my lord,
Benevolent in the shadows and light
In the horrors and the cries,
Always there loving me

cry until he answers you

Cry until he answers you.
Cry until he answers you.
Cry until he answers you.
Cry the bellows of the Soul's fire of longing.
Cry until he answers you.
Cry from the depth of thy heart,
The cries of separation
The cries of the new born who needs his mother,
Who knows nothing else.
Who is lost in sensory overload
Without the caress and hug of his mother
Oh divine love, I cry unto thee
Having been lured by the sense pleasures of the mundane
I have lost you my lord in the delusion of my ego
My consciousness blooms with the thought of you
Oh lord, I cry unto thee
I can remain no longer in the eddies of my habits
Falsation of happiness, temporal,
Ever leaving me for thee longing for thee
For my Lord
I can not be happy without thee
I am unhappy, for I am without thee
Oh Lord, I cry unto thee
Bring me close in thy heart
Dissolve my bad false happiness habits
May they be replaced with strengthening habits of right action
I hearken your call my lord,
I now answer you with cries
Ever crying in the joy of my heart for thee
May my will burst my action in unchanging desire for thee.
A men.

I am here my Son

I am here my son,
As I ever have been ,
Amidst the aspects of life that ye choose to live
In the midst of all the movement and un movement
For I am this moment
That ye look at and remember what once was
I am here,
In the cloudy mind of thee,
In the instinct of your survival,
In the callings of your intuition
I am here
But where are you?
Hiding from me by thy minds thought patterns
Consumed with them, worries, fears, insecurities
Untrue action, yet I am here
Used to create for I am the creator
Yet ye forget me who is the moment by which ye be
By what ye see the play of time
Interlaced, preface, after place,
I am here in this place,
Placed in thee, for don't you be?
Aren't you here?
Oh my dear son,
Not only have ye me,
But ye have the calling of intuition of that which ye are to be,
To be now,
To be here,
To uproot the habitual wrongdoings
The endless wrong thinking
Free yourself from the emotional turmoil
For it hurts thee,
And by this it hurts Me
For I gave feeling that ye may know
Ye do know!
Ye have always known.
Ye are the knowing for ye are conscious by me that ye are the knowing of me
I give all that is needed that ye need not think of this or that,
But to think on me,
Saturate yourself in the greatness of thy self,
Go in Now,
In you Now,
To be with yourself,

To be with your self,
That which ye call me in thee
I am thee self of you,
I am , I am,
Ease the thoughts hindering and hiding you from you
For ye can be no other than the being of you
What has the material world to give?
All attention to day and night that is not by me,
So in thanks, ye admire, move, delude, and hide from me ,
When all the while, in the moment ye use to make up the while,
I am right here in the clear of the quiet mind
I am here my son when ye are not
I am here when ye have let your thought train aloft
I am here when ye mourn the past by the light I give thee
Are ye not tired of feeling these ways?
Is this what ye desire of me?
Ye pray for beautiful merits, yet ye continue to act upon other,
Have ye forgotten that which ye have asked of me?
I am all that ye be, I am ye my son.
In forms and lives past to show ye to me.
We Guru as I in you call to thee every moment.
Come to me my son as you be in this life of thee
Free of thee and to come
Be here with me
Align your mind with me
Latch onto my name
Feel me in your breast
I yearn for thee
Ye yearn for me
Let our yearning be a unification of we
In thee my son ye are
In thee my son I am awaiting thee
Ever here I am
Over here I am
Come my son,
Come my son
A men

Refine, perception, consciousness, awareness
3/14/14

Sight to see
Two eyes or the one of free

Sight ever seen
For thee has ever been
But in the being
Clean and purify thine eye
To see
For ye cannot see if thine eye is all mucked and clouded atop
Ye need a clear path to see through
Or ye will only see darkness
No light will be let in
Cut through this darkness with the light of the heart
The knife of thy will
And the fervor of thy devotion
In this life ye have been blessed with the elixir, the potion
Yet to drink with a full stomach
And continuously filling thy mouth with sensory overload
The potion is diluted and dulled
Ye can no longer feel the heightened vibration of this guru given elixir
Do ye want all joy of eternity ever new?
or the joy once tasted and soon gone?
Anchor in meditation
Allow the light to break through
Thy peace and thy bliss are but the flavors of this potion of meditation
And discriminative living with undertones of contentment, serenity, harmony
Acceptance, self strength of the strong self of the infinite unchanging quality
Oh soul, thy light comes forth
May I refine and refine by thy quality of being my way fo being in all that stands before me
That I may not be far in awareness and perception from thee
That I may experience thee as me
Conscious in consciousness, bliss, joy ever new
Lord, I come to you.
A men.

Jai Guru,

Dispeller of darkness,
For I am light
By light and I,
Dispel the darkness that glooms around
By awakening y light
And so focused, one pointed,
I am none other than that light,
And so shining light into the night

Permeating every particle of that which was perceived as separate
Oh Lord, all is thy light
That even which blinded by delusion
I was even in thy light
A men.

Jai Guru, bestower of light, remover of darkness
Light over darkness to roam
Victory of light over darkness
Through darkness
Alit, consume darkness in thy all expansive embrace
Hold darkness and ignite, Jai Guru
Victory in the walk home of my guide
Lead me home, to our beloved's bosom
Jai, Jai, bestower of light
Set me alit in thy presence
Dispeller of darkness
I cling to thee
Thy burning amber grows
Eternally, expansively, immeasurably,
Free of size,
I see thee with thine eyes inside my brow
A needle point perceived
From afar
But oh ye have drawn me near
Dispelled delusion
What was perceived as naught but a needle in my darkness has consumed me
Thy grace my lord,
Jai guru, guide me home
Om om om

Give to the giver of giving

Serious, expectation
To take the world of maya seriously, ye will be disappointed
Because ye put expectation into this world
Serious unto god, seriously dwelling in God,
Let god give thee expectation
For god doth give all that is needed
The creator who created you
Who sustains you
Feeds you
Will care for you
Dwell in god, befriend your soul

All things come from god
All things go to God
Anchor in god, and expect the unexpected
For god will give thee what you need
How serious can we be when the being of ye is given by he?
Ye know not what will be given by the great giver of giving
For ye are living by his living
Give ye to the giver a giving
Knowing not of the giving,
But giving as the great giver of giving
As the great giver of giving
For by giving does the giver come to thee.
A Amen.

Call back to Thee

Oh lord
By my heart's fire,
Kindled by our shared desire
To be together, to be with thee,
Oh lord, my devotion pours
Heart alit, here Lord I soar,
As mind stills in the caress of thee,
The real
Giving thyself in my devotions caress
Dancing through me
Thy eternal bliss
Telling and freeing ,
Showing the sight of y soul
Whispers of thy presence untold
Oh heart oh heart, burning and yearning in my breast
Shining thy power into the mind
Thought a naught, for thou I have sought
Thy passion of compassion glowing unto
Calling me, oh calling me,
Oh I call to thee
Oh heart bubbles of bliss
Thy divine kiss
I hear you my child,
Oh hear you my child
I call back to thee
Peace, bliss, and stillness be upon thee,

Be you thee, I am upon you thee,
From thy heard do I sing oh devotee who sings unto me
Ye have opened the door by the light of your heart,
For here I dwell
Even with thee
Call to me, open the door
Oh let me pour my divine bliss upon you
In the stillness of they mind,
By the light of thy heart
Here I am,
Yours eternally I will not depart
A men.

Jai Guru

Victory to the greatest inner self,
To the intuition of satya within my very own thought
The root of my existence.

My true guide,

My satya

The spiritual name of me that I have never been deemed , for I have still remained astray
from the path of my true light

Veering in the correct direction, but becoming distracted over and over with the infinite
colors and arrays of duality

Jai Guru

Sat Guru

Ever here, unchanging, constant joy and bliss

Alit yet subtly maintaining in the shade of the bodhi tree

Ye are the greatness of my being yet I astray from being for you

I am being by your grace, yet I use your grace in the vanity of my being

Oh Lord, I beg you to speak loud in the soul of my heart

Tear my delusive self apart that I may remain thou

As I am thou, and thou I am

Oh your sweet fragrance lofts from my mouth as your truth shines forth
So many things in this world do I need,
But all cometh from thee
Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven, and all else shall be added unto you
A Men,
JAI GURU

By thy Grace

May my body be a temple of thy divine light that my soul may be filled with thy divine grace,
seven chackras celebrating thy glory

May my mind be a one pointed lazer of thy light, ever focused on thy love

My my heart be a melting pot of thy overpouring golden prana of love and unification,
pouring thy contentment of unification unto all that is perceived as separate

That thy heart of mine may ever spill thy love into my mind, that the mind of mine may ever
be constant unto thine,

That the body of thine that is mine may be a moving grace of the one pointed divine mind of
mine,

That thy soul of mine may shine unto thine, one ever one, bliss bubbling into all through the
finger tips of my hands,

May they be wands of thy ever glowing love

May thy blessed light be my insight and my might, my great delight, on this flight in this
given temple of mine

May this temple be kept clean by the one pointed mind shining thy light by my hearts
melting pot, all up and alit by the soul of thine in mine,

May actions flow from thy heart into mine, that daily activities be for thee, that I may see
thee in all that I see to be

Treating all as I treat thee, as you treat me, ever loving, giving, showing, guiding,

May I be a horse unto thou, guide my rains my Lord, guide my reigns

I have roamed free on the plains for so long, but the plains are no longer free to graze with the grass overtaken by buildings that we have placed there instead,

Actions of glorifying nature have been construed into cement games of hurting nature, rather than playing with her we are now using her and against her.

Oh Lord, may your beauty guide me to be in this present day the one you desire me to be.

I am here, karmas dance has weaved and led me here, so from here ever ready,

I move by thy hand my Lord..... A Men.....

W3 Serenity prayer

Dear lord,

Please grant me the power to accept the things I cannot change,
Strength to change the things I can, and the discriminating wisdom to discern the difference.
That I may not be burdened and angered when that strikes me as something awry. To accept it and not have self imposed infliction that affects my actions. That I may choose how to act rather than reacting subject to another. Oh lord, i am weak in this time of change. I pray to always focus on you in my heart for strength and guidance, that I may live as you will have me to live. Your will my great lord, may it be done. May all aspects of your light shine through to tenderize this ego of me that is so weak and subject to this world. Subject to your multifaceted creation. May I, through your divine love and whole hearted practice, grow in love, patience, understanding, humility. May I do what is right. For what is right is all you would have me do. On beloved, shine the light on my discernment that I may know your right and wrong. Oh beloved, i cannot bear to act this way any longer unto the life you have given me to care for. I can barely help myself in control as of late. Oh beloved, and I canon upon you in all endeavors in life. I lay down my life for you, for my love, this is your life given to me where only in my separation from you do I remain deluded into the self. Oh lord, I pray ye to awaken me in times of darkness, when my deep shadows lurk and try to hide me from you. Compassion and understanding, forgive, yet accept the things I have done. For they are done and as they are. Live from now the great creator in the heart and mind always, calling upon his strength and insight. For no longer can I ego act unto my son. Unto my great gift of life and love. Treat and live in this world and in this body as you would be treated. For delusion is great in many. Accept this and love this. Have compassion for all, for they are all you. God has all the power to change and guide, so only through god can you teach true. Deluded teaching brings about delusive actions. And delusive actions cannot be comprehended by delusion. Oh god, enable me the insight to see through to see you. To love and teach as true to you. To accept through your loving heart the things I cannot change. Even if they be a creation of my delusive self. May I accept this without the weight of the mind of self sorrow. That I may see and accept with your eyes and your heart. Oh beloved One, I lay my life to you. May my ego be a sword to hold me strong unto you that I may constantly know it is you and not I. that I come to you through kriya. that I may see you in all. That I may see the world as you, that I may see true. For now oh Lord, I am here and I am now, I accept and cherish this. May my days be full of

you and see you in all. May you guide me as you deem me to be in this world. For I am yours my lord. Thank You beloved one for the greatness of you.

W1 Thou art the thanks of me

Oh Lord, how I thankyou,
For thou art the thanks of me,
By thanking thee, I do thank me,
By thanking me, I do thank thee,
Thanking you is thanking me,
For I am only by thee.
Created in the creation of perception,
Of direction of the wondering path,
Karmic weave of the ups and downs of me,
Yet amidst all, ever with thee art thou with me
How in the mountain tops and the darkest depths of the sea,
Do I stray from thee.
But only by the glasses of my perception confused by direction.
Oh director, giving me to be,
To come to thee who infused oh silently,
Sits waiting, giving and giving this that is to be living.
Gross and light, soft and bright,
Thou art the night of ever moments insight.
Oh Lord, help me to be right,
By thy sight in mine eyes.
Ever tearing and ever cries as I continually forget thee,
And in so forgetting what is to be.
Me.
Om, Peace, Amen

W10 strength of soul

I call upon thee, come be with me
Be strong, wherewith I do long.
The strong that unhindered me from thy song.
Strength over the weakness that lies in my habituations
Strength from falling into the old ways of the days of haze.
Strength of choice that I choose you to come to.
That I choose me to be free
By the grace am I in this place.
Ye give grace and my weakness takes and takes for it's own sake.
Makin me face,
As I remain asleep whilst soul ever awake.

Strengthen me Lord,
Unto the soul of me,
Unto the spirit of thy Will

A men.

W5 I WILL

I will not forsake thee!
I will create through guided action an environment conducive to support the spiritual flow welling
in my soul!
I will continue, persevere, and accept thy guidance as my Soul blossoms in thine Spirit
Until I tangibly be hold Thee,
In my tree of life pearmeating my consciousness,
Opening mine eye to Thine infinite omnipresence,
Dissolving dissolution as I unite myself with the
And truly see Thee alit in all hearts
All lives parts,
In every particle and between,
Permeating thy creation,
Alit in thy bosom,
Shining thy love,
A magnet unto thine grace
Purpose of all purpose,
Willing thy Will,
Awakening thy grace in all Souls.
A men

W60 Fill the benign of me

O Lord, May thy Humility be by strength!
May my Surrender be the offering of thy grace!
May my wisdom be thy song flowing from my soul.
May thy peace pour into all hearts in the rays of thy sun.
May ye be seen, heard, felt, tasted, smelled with thy presence!
May Thee be alit, filling the being of Me!
I am Thine!
I am Thine!
I am Thine!

W56 my Guru

My Guru!

My Guru is Formless!
My Guru is All form..
My guru is the lineage of Paramahansa Yogananda.
My guru is paramahansa Yogananda.
My guru is Kriya.
My guru is the circumstances, space, place of this cosmic dance.
My guru is Christ, Krishna, Babaji,
My Guru is OM
My Guru is God.
My Guru IS!
My guru is Mother Nature,
My guru is nothing,
My guru is everything
I am my Guru!
I am not my guru.
I am that I am,
My guru is satya,
My guru is alignment
My guru is movement
My guru is stillness
My guru is pranaa
My guru is apana
My guru is YOU!
Thank you!
My gurus is kindness, love, peace,
To align and fill my guru as my guru filleth me!
My guru is hate, anger, fear, for they are the purifying elements guiding me to my Guru!
My guru is acceptance and surrender,
For I am but a gift of my Guru!
So I give myself to my Guru.
I give my Guru unto Myself.
My guru is behind the thoughts of the mind.
My guru is the thought of the mind.
My guru is every plant, rock, speck of dirt upon the mother,
My guru is every being in the way they are given and guided to be.
My guru id One being.
My guru is My guru.
Only I know my Gurus voice of silence.
Only you know your gurus voice in thy silence.
I pranam to my Guru everywhere,
In everyone, in everything, in vibration, in stillness
Within, without.
I surrender to you my Guru.
My guru is you,

My guru is our glance, our smile, our interaction.
My guru is pain and suffering.
My guru was and always will be holding and caressing me ,
As I move through this sutra of Life's life.
My guru is life my son!
My guru is Life of the life of my son!
My guru is Life herself.
My guru opens my doors and lights my lights.
My guru closes doors and sizzles out the light.
My guru is knowing
My guru is my knowing!
My guru reveals herself in All.
My guru hides himself in All.
My guru is in.
My guru is out.
My guru IS.
My guru isn't
I am by thine Grace of my Guru.
At thy feet I do bow,
For thee hath guided me to do so.
And so my heart pranams eternally, NOW.
My guru is Here, my guru is also there.
My guru is NOT.
My Guru!
By the grace of my guru, I am what I am!
AUM

W48 Row Row your Boat Hare Krishna

Row, Row, Row your boat,
Gently down the stream,
Merrily, merrily, merrily,
Life is but a dream,
Row, Row, Ram, Ram
Karma, Karma, Kriya, Kriya
Om Babaji,
God, God, God, God, move me!
Merrily, merrily, mindstate of consciousness,
Along this stream of life,
Unto the awakening of the dream of thy dream.
Oh dreamer, row thy boat!
The stream will guide thee.
Be merry amidst the stream's fluctuations,
Turns, rapids, and rip tides.

Churn the oars in the standstill of rip current,
Oh boat of thy bodily chalice,
Floating thy soul along the currents of omnipresence,
Shall have thy rower merry!
Oh fight not the current,
Oh can't I jump from the boat in meditation's still expansion,
To swim and refresh in the cosmic stream?
Then back into the boat in waking consciousness,
With the knowing.
I am the river, I am the rower,
I am the oar,
I am merry,
I am Life, I am the dream
Hare Krishna Hare Krishna

The goal of life is the realization of SElf!
Real eyes of the self!
Goal, that has yet to be achieved.
Achievement, nay, to achieve something is to strive,
Become, future, yet self is here.
Now , always!
To realize is to be fully, wholly,
This that I am!
Self, that is not, is not self!
Hmmmm,
I am this, unknown for the me I am is but a gift,
Breath, heartbeat, sight, sensory perception,
Intuit perception, realize ye are perception herself,
To dissect all that comes into comprehension.
In thy perception of self,
For self is not this or that idea, thought,
But the being of you,
So be- sink into being to realize self,
To achieve the goal that resides in you
And you reside within!
Aum Amen!

Why do ye not show thyself to me?

O' Lord, I do not question Thee!
I simply cry out for Thee, Cry in for Thee.
My scorching Self cannot take Thy fleeting Self!
O' I question Thee!
Why do Ye not show Thyself to me?

I am your child! Thou give me to be!
I see Thee in All your creation,
I feel You as Joy, Peace, Bliss, Love.
Thou art Here!
Yet You will not reveal Thyself to me!
O' Lord, I am finished shaming myself for wanting Thee!
Making excuses unto myself for Thy not showing.
Justifying and reasoning to myself as to why Thy wont give me realization.
Am I expecting too much?
This is my shame, for how can I expect too much when Thee are my expectation?
Thou art my expectation!
Your child, Your Life in all particle of my being,
How can I not expect You?
O' Lord, I cannot hide my feelings from myself!
I am disappointed in Thee, and so I am disappointed in Me!
The shame game begins!
Feeling ashamed I feel this way!
Nay, I feel this way!
I cannot hide from myself!
For there is no where to go!
Why do You do this to your children?
To Me, who cries to Thee!
I am a sinner, yet ye give me to be Me!
Thy one look, glance, thought washes away all that holds me from Thee!
And yet Ye remain silent to Me!
O' Lord, My Soul cries for Thee!
I know not how much longer I can take this separation.
For the gnashing of teeth of the devil himself hath naught unto the sorrow I feel!
Ye have given Me to Be, and I can only be True to Mine own Self!
My Truth!
I am hurting, weeping, longing, for Thee!
I feel a righteous anger for Thou forsaking your son!
In his hopes and prayers of Thine coming,
In his expectation for Thee, O' Lord!
I lay Myself Oped at thy feet!
Fillet Me, for I am Naught!
The lump in my heart is ready to burst!
The knot in my throat is welling up!
O' Lord, I cannot forsake myself any longer,
Not being True and Honest unto Me.
I am a petty little selfish ego being that feels these things,
wants , desires, lust, all for Thee!
And after putting myself down, I fall from the altar of Truth.
O' Me, if you put yourself down, then ye put God down!

To diminish your crying for He is to be untrue to You!

Feel sorry? Ashamed? Guilty?
Nay, There is No Sorry in God!
Accept!!!!!!

No sorry, shame, guilt, doubt
Let it flow, transmute with tears,
This is You! Strength!

Be True to You is to Be True to All that You Are!

Aum Shanti Aum

O my lord! 5/31/2024

Oh Lord,
The nothingness of me is consuming me.
I am naught but by Thee!
How then can I even call me anything?
For Ye give me to be, Ye beat this rhythm of life, Ye breathe the in and out of Me to be.
Ye set me in all the circumstances, environments shaping me for thee as thou wilt have me.
Oh Lord, I know not but by thee.
I am naught yet the desire for thee.
Oh Lord, wading through the waters of life set before me by thee, I call to thee, Eternally.
For there is naught but by Thee.
Oh Lord, how can I be but by thee?
I, oh saying even I referring to me, this thing, this being that is perceived as separate from Thee,

Oh Lord,
Beloved Christ, the manifestation of creation, Nature herself, Through Thee do I come home to thee. By the alignment, attunement, surrender, allowance of Prakti, Nature, Karmic Dance, do I then free the dualistic realm of perception and enter into Spirit, Omnipresence, Omniscience, Thee. Father, Son, Holy Spirit Tribinghamurari!
The One of the many, the infinitely many in the Infinite unchanged One.
Oh Holy Spirit, Jai Guru, my guide, my Love, Thy Grace bestowed upon me, Christ's bestowment of himself unto the wisdom, the pathway through the treacherous karmic dance in the midst of the material world, Oh come to me, stay with me, comfort me. Guide me to Thee! I am Thine! I am Thine!
Oh I falter in my weakness, I succumb to the fleshiness, I lust for bodies carnal desires, but O my Lord, I do All in Thee.
Oh Lord, may I do All for Thee. for I am thine, All is Thine, All is Thee, In Thee, for Thee, with Thee, by Thee, O Thee in Me, Me in Thee.

I call myself nothing, for tis I who saith unto me, I who judgeth me, But by Thee, I am everything! The I free of the I of separate perception.
Align my perception! Reveal the door unto thee and burn away all else. There is none other than Thee. Set me free, set me free in Thee.
For I am thine. As thou Will! My Lord!
As thou Will my Lord!

A men! Jai Guru. Om Shanti Shanti Shanti Om!

I am here.

From in to out,
I am here.
In the illumined bliss of thy devotional meditation,
In the flowers, trees, the hustle and bustle of humans and bees.
Carry me in Thine awakened consciousness,
with Thine eyes open in action and inaction,
Still, inside, illumined, blissful dance of Joy.
I am Here,
I am There,
I am the space all inbetween!
Thine eye single,
Thy body full of light,
Dance in this earthen experience in My Bussom,
allowing the devotional froth to weep into All that comes in Thy path.
I am Here,
Now,
I am the memory of the past,
I am the idea and dream of the future,
I am inside and out!
I am Here,
Now,
With You always!
This is where and how you know Me,
This is Here Now you find Me!
This is our One ness wading with eyes open to My Infinite Brilliance,
Seen Through and Through with thine Eye!
Your eye is opening!
Look to Me my child!

Jai Ma, Jai Ma!
Divine Mother, oh counterpart of eternity, of unity.
Oh as an other, as I am here perceiving as another.
Perceiving with perception, that given to perceive.

Oh mother, that of perception, that of perceiving, that of that I know not,
May I see thee in all.
May I think of thee in all.
That all I perceive with thy perception is but thee.
For is there any other?
For tis you! Tis you! Tis you!
As the variance of perception is perceived,
Thoughts dance and fluctuate,
May the thoughts of thy variance bet thoughts of you!
Think you, perceive you, perception you, you!

Jai Ma, Jai Ma!

Oh Lord,

I cannot think you, for I think by you!
May I be in thee fulfilled,
for Thee are the fulfillment of all ment!
Fulfillment is a want to not then want,
For fulfilled, what more is there.
Desire- that more.
There is nothing else,
There is no where to go.
You are here!
You are here,
You are now!
Where else is there to be?
For there is no other!
For even the other space, place, action,
Thought of in the now,
Desired, wanted,
Will be the here, will be the now,
When the manifestation manifests herself!
Yet to manifest,
Does not a want/ desire need be?

Ayeeeeeeee!

Songs of my Soul

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Oh Words
Dm Am, F, C, Dm Am, G Em, G Em

O' Words, can ye be the Word?
O' Word, of the words!

Mirroring, reflecting, Exacting, extracting,
Directing, distracting, Mucking and cleansing,
Adding taking, Defying, While Glorifying,
The heard of the Word! The Word of the heard!

Opening, revealing/ Attuning, harmonizing
Unifying, Realizing/ Prostrating, relating,
O' Words, are ye not the Word?

Projecting, infecting/ Accepting, and healing,
The walling, and the calling/
O' Words of the Word,
The heard of the Word.

Imbuing the Word with words,
Imbued with the Word, O words,
O' Words, can ye be the Word?
Words of the word/ Words of the hurds!

Confining Omnipresence!
Dividing the Indivisible!
Measuring Omnipotence!
O' Words, can ye not see thy Word?
O' Word of Words, are you heard?
The Word of all words.

Relating Omniscience! Timing infinity!
Objectifying Subjectively!
O' Words, can ye be the Word?
The Words of the Word.

Unite separation/ Love within hatred
Purifying meaning/ The peace of all pieces
O' Word of all Words.

The Rainbow of light/ The Objects' Insight

The moons of the sun/ The souls of the One,
The Gods of the Words

O' Words, can ye be the Word?
O' Word, of words sound!
Oh words of the Word,
The Heard, Word sound's found!
The words of the herds!

Vibrating stillness/ Sounding silence,
manifesting thought/ Creation hath brought,
O' Word of words heard,
The living of All words

Spoken, created, Manifestation,
The given of the Giver/ The Living of the Liver,
The hearing of sounds rearing,
Resound, sound, found!,

O' Word hath heard/ Sounds, her sound words,
The living world has been sung!
Singing the sounds of Sound,
O' Words of the Word
Words heard, the living of the found!

Words, can ye be the Word?
Words, can ye be Thee?
O' Word, of All words!
Can ye be heard?
In each word of Thy Word?

O'Words, Sound of Thy Word!
O' Word, Be Thee heard in Sound!
Still, Silent, Word of Words is Found!
Heard, Loud, Word's of Word,
The found!

Om nama/ Nama ha Nama Om,
Om nama, Nama ha, nama Om

Om nama, Shivaya/ Shivaya, Nama ha
Nama Nama OM

Om Namō, Bhagavate/ Vasu, De Vaya
Radhe Krishna/ Govinda Gopala

Om Shanti/ Om Shanti
Shanti OmNama Ha, Nama Om,
Words, Sound thy Word!
Words, how do you come be?
Felt, thought, spoken into waking reality,
From thee Word doth Words come,
In Word, art words of One!
Words of the Word,
Word of the Words

Vibration patterns,
Heard, expanse scatters,
Perfections reflections,
Introspection expressions,
Singing the sound,
Music, heard of the Word

Resonance of Presence,
Words of then and when
By the Word unheard,
Sounds of sound,
Are Found, Within and around,
Word, of all words!

The in to the out,
The out to the in,
O' Word, ye have spoken,
Thine words of the herds,
The heard, creation of the Word

The Word, the essence of all creation.
Christ, Divine Mother, the Other of the One.
First was the Word, the word was with God, the
word was God, OM, Amen, The song sung
into creation.
Word, begets all words's, all the reflections of
itself! Hearing, thou art the human who has
ears to hear. Has a month to speak words,
manifestations into the ether of the Word of
physicality, the waking state of existence.
Can these Words, these manifestations,
fluctuations, variations, be the Word they come

from and resound within? Can they sound, say,
give meaning to their becoming?
Once spoken, manifest, into the world of
relativity. Subject to object, object of the
subject. The sutra, the written cannot be
unwritten, the Word cannot be unheard!
Herds, of the heard (humans), groupings of
patterning of words of the Word, creations of
belief systems, societies, natures perfections of
organization,
Can the reflections, refractions, emissions, of
the One Word be the One Word?
Can the sounds, expressions, directions, not
sound the Word?
In the Word art Word's sounded, In the sound
of Word art all words manifestation founded.
The living world, moving happening, the words
herds of the Word.

Object given by subject, A Word given by
Word, a word to be heard by the Word. Creation
created by the creator, Once spoken into
creation, the creator, the speaker, the hearer,
then dances with the creation it hath spoken,
the song it has sung to hear with the ears from
the mouth from whence it hath come!

Oh heard herds, confounding the sounding of
the Word of words,
Confining, Controlling, Ruling,
Herds of words, Defining of Word in words,
Blinding the heard, with Words of the Word of
Words!

O' words, can ye be the Word?
O' Words, are ye not?
Sung in the song of singing,
By words, the bells are ringing!
Words in the Word of Words!

O' words, sing thy song,
The melodies, notes, staffs, and instruments,
Ye are all but the Song,
Singing with sound,
The heard of the Word!

Reflections, refractions,
Word's Words interactions,
Communities of unions infinitude,

Words of the Word
In hearing, out sounding,
Communication in Word of words!

Om nama/ Nama ha Nama Om,
Om nama, Nama ha, nama Om
Om nama, Shivaya/ Shivaya, Nama ha
Nama Nama OM
Om Namō, Bhagavate/ Vasu, De Vaya
Radhe Krishna/ Govinda Gopala
Om Shanti/ Om Shanti
Shanti OmNama Ha, Nama Om,

Words, Sound thy Word!
All heard, do sound the Word!
The heard, sounds of Word,
Word, Sounding the herd,
Song, Singing Word!

Subject giving object,
Object subject to object subject?
Creation objecting creator,
Creating in the creator.

The 84,000 sutras of Buddha,

The 108 Gods of the Hindu,
The science of Time's unfolding,
The words of the Word,
The heard words of the Word!

The 8 limbs of Yoga,
The water ways of oceans and lakes,
The infinite planets of the universe,
The Words of the Word!

The Laws, Rules, Regulations,
Beliefs, Government, Religions,
The ways , days, sunshine, and haze,
The herds of words,
Heard of the Word!

In the Word art Her words!
In the words, is the Word,
Spoken , silent, known, forgotten
The Word of the words,
Words of the Word.

The tree of Thee in Me

C-Muladhara

LAM

Located at the base of the spine in the Coccygeal region

The pelvic floor.

Grounded! I am your Roots, your foundation.

You are supported!

I am here holding thee afloat in My cosmic sea! I support you!

Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all shall be added unto you!

What is it you Truly need?

I am the Yama Niyama of the Astanga Tree of Unification/ Yoga.

In you pelvic bowl I am RED, supporting, and holding you!

On the Earthen plane I give Thee a body to thy Earth!

O child' what are you afraid of? Let your fears become clear to you!

Ye are concerns with survival. Why do you fear? I give thee the being of Thee!

I support All of You. I am Here, for you, with you, by you, In You!

Dwell in God and befriend you soul!

Fear is an illusion, Fear liveth not in Me!

Heareth the buzz ever so softly at the base of thy spine! This is Me calling to Thee!

D- Svadhisthana

VAM

Located behind the naval in the Sacral region.

Inspiring! I am the orange glow emanating creativity in Thee!

Feel the pleasure of being!

I giveth thee to feel! Hath thee guilt of my giving?

Blame, Shame, Pain clouding My Name!

Oh human, forgive thyself so I can forgive Thee!

Let the water flow, move, free, dance in Me!

Be the moving asana of the river of thy being.

Allow thy nature to express herself!

Listen to the sounds of the Astral flute enchanting thy soul!

Accept Thyself!

Be like water my friend!

E-Manipura

RAM

Located in the Solar Plexus in the Lumbar region.

Alit! Blazing, Yellow Sun of Will!

You are alive, thus I AM alit in You!

I am the blaze of thy Self!

Act in Truth, Confident!

For you are powerful!

I am the Power of Action and Light!

Shame, blame game, disappointment, expectation?

Burn any dwindling thoughts of shame, self-doubt

Let the fire blaze of Love, Pure power of Self!

Pranayam breath of fires Pranam unto Thee!

You ARE You! I give You in All Your Glory!

Act, Will, for I am Will and Action Herself!

Shine thine Solar Plexus.

Let the harp strings ring of Thy emancipation!

F-Anahata

YAM

Located in the Heart Center in the Dorsal Region.

Ever Here, Boeign in Thy Being, Eternally Lovinfg Thee

I am Love! You ARE my gift of Love!

O' great losses, grief, Pain!

That which is lost is Here in thine heart!

Let the pain melt away into My Love!

Compassion, I feel You as thou art the feeling of Me.

Pratyahara Floating in Air!

The center of thy Love, Surrouinded by ever new joy of Life's presence in every seen and unseen particle of space, form, and formlessness.

Love, Joy, Bliss!

Hear the Green ringing of my bells in thine heart!

Open the door of your heart! Let the light of thine Soul shine forth!

G-Vishuddha

HAM

Located in the throat in the Cervical region

Who are you?

To thine own Self Be True!

Hear the blue sounding sea of Truth,
for there is naught other than Truth!

Sat Chitta Ananda! You Are True!

Hear Me Roar in the Firm Strength of Satya!

I am Dharana and Dhyana Communicating with and through Thee.

Accept thy Nature, Align with the Truth of You! Be You, the who You are given to BE!

For you are naught but You!

BE True blue You!

HAM

A-Ajna

AUM

Located in the center of the forehead, The Christ Center of consciousness!

The mouth, sight, light of God

Medulla Oblangata behind the fringe of the mind

The seeing of Sight, Her Light

Insight, Shining eternally bright behind the thoughts of the mind

Illusion, confusion, shadows of separations perception,

Open Thine eye! When thine eye is single, O' yogi in Dhyana, thy body be full of light!

Thou art Light!

Let the light of intuition, the knowing of the known shine forth.

Those who have eyes to see, let them see!

I am omnipresent in All creation, Think ye separate from Me?

I give thee the body of being ye call Me!

I breathe thy breath, beat thy heart, Act in thine action

O' Self of MySelf! I am AUM

First was the word, and the word was with God, The word was God!

The word of light shining bright in and out of ALL particles of matter

O' indivisible spirit of Me, Let there be light!

AUM

B-Sahasrara

() Silence

Located everywhere and located no where!

In samadhi, ONE consciousness of Thine and Mine!

The eternal moment of NOW in eternity!

Beyond ALL time and space and before all time and space, I am Time and Space!

Light of light, creation of creation

Life, Bliss, Joy, Within and without, The feeling of me!

Nay, the being of Me, the being of Thee, All that does BE!

Formlessness of ALL Form!

The knowing of the unknown, I am the UNION of Birth, Life, Death

Unborn, Undead, Uncreated, I am Nothingness! I am everythingness!

Eternally expanding, contracting,

Permeated in ALL as ye Feel Me in ALL

Feeling.

Peace Herself, Yoga itSelf! Self of NO

Self!

I am the bubble, make me Thy Sea!

Purna Brahma Purnamedam!

Aum, Aum, Aum Shanti, Shanti,

Shantiuuuuuuuuuu, AUM!

The Song of the Sutras!

1.G Em C D
2.Em C G D

Capo 4th fret

1.E C# A B
(B,E,G#)(C#,E,G#)(C#,E,A)(B,D#,F#)
2.C# A E B

1.And so, We begin, Atha Yoga Nushashanam!
1.Yogas Chitta Vrtti Nirodha, The stilling, of Mind.
2.Tadas drushda, Svarupe vasthanam, Rest in you, You ARE True.

1.This is the song, Of the sutras, Pull the string , Of thine Unraveling!

2.Unite, Be one, Be true. Be you!

1.Yama of space and place, **Niyama** of you to you

1.The how to be's, of the birds and bees, Oh birdy on my shoulder, do you hear?
2.The ethical codes, Natures rules and modes, The essence of beings ways, Walking All days

1.Ahimsa, Asteya, Apari graha
1.NonViolence, NonStealing NonCovetousNess

2. Oh hurtful, Violent, Inconsiderate carelessness, BE aware of this!

1.Ahimsa, Kindness compassion, Peacefulness, Considerate of consider this
1.Be kind to you, Weave compassion through, As you flow, Come and go

2. O Thief, taking without giving, receiving the Non given, Ever for Given!

1.Asteya, Non stealing, Possessing, Are you possessed?
1.Take only yours, And no mores, For You are given, All you need and even Smores

2. O faithless, Nature changer, Hoarder of delusion, Let her GO!

1-Aparigraha, Generosity, Ease the hold, Adieu to OLD
1-Harbor, Hoard, Accumulate, but Masturbate to dissipate?
2-Release, The seed of greed, What things do you, Truly need?

1.The song, Of the sutras, Pull the string, Unraveling!
2.Unite, Be one, Be true. And Just be you!
Satya, sauca, santo sha

Truthfulness Cleanliness Happy Contented-Ness

2.O Delusion, you liar, Hiding from True, She will find you!

1.Satya, Truthfulness, Thy godliness, NO more mess unless

- 1.Can you? Be anything, Other than, What you are?
2. So Be true, Just be You! Be not Other, My another.

2.Oh mucky water, Stagnant and foul, Caged confined, Do you mind?

1.Sauca, Purity Purely, Being Thee, You of you.

- 1.Clean the muck of the mind, Cleanse the space and place of your time
2. Break the damned flow Yo, clean, clear, In-Sight will Be-shown!

2.Worry, Anxiety, Anger stress, Present your mess!

1.Santosha, The happiness, of You-ness, No Other- ness

- 1.Content, Accept, Your inherent Nature- nesss
2. Let it be! Let you be! Just do Be, Crabby ever Happy!

1.Hear song, Of the suttras, Pull the string, Of the unraveling!

2.Unite, Be one, Be true. Be you!

1.Yamas of space and place, Niyamas of you to you

2.The how to be's, Of birds and the bees, The birdy on your shoulder, Hear her song!

1.Hare krsna, hare krsna, krsna, krsna, hare, hare

1.Hare rama, hare rama, rama rama, hare hare,

2.Hare brahma, hare karma, Hare Shiva, Hare Hare

2.Hare You, Hare Me, hare hare, All of Thee!

1.Svadyah, , Bhrama Acharya, Tapah

1.Know thyself, Self control, Direct thyself, Un-fold One-self

2.O' Ignorance, Hiding You from You, Hearing ears hear, Yet remaining def, dumb, and blind!

1.Svadyah, Study of you, Reading through, Untie the knot of Not

- 1.Know thyself. What are you? You ARE the knowing, Of the known!.
- 2.Find thyself, Find all selves, What you are, Thee who dwells!

2.O' Lusting, Rabbid carnality, Being Human gaiting as a dog!

1.Bhramacharya, Direct the flow, Of Creation's Yearning, Lurking Below.

1. Create, With Creation, Guide Life, To thy soul

2. Shine, The sex light, Illuminate the body, No matter!

2.Opposing thyself, Walking astray, How long can you hide? Seeking your Own self

1.Tapah, Purifying flame of thee, Alit, Distinguish Austerity

1.It's not easy, Being you, Being True, In the Role Rolling Through

2.Let the Karmic fire, Burn opposition, Of Thy-self, Set delusion free!

1.The song of the suttras, pull the string of the unraveling!

2.Unite, Be one, Be true. As you do you!

1.Yamas of, Space and place, Niyamas, Of you by you

2.The how to be's, The bees and the birdies, Little tweety of the shoulder, Sing Louder?

1.O God, Oh That of This, This of that, The IS of IS!

2. The All of Not, The Not of All. Omnipresent, Omniscient, Omnipotent, One!

1.Ishvara Pranidhana, I am thine! Thou art mine!

2..Thinking I am mine, Thinking I own me, Yet I am only, A me given be-ing!

1.O' You, Did you create you? Do you, Give yourself to be?

1.This body, This name of thee, This person-ality?!

2..Do you give yourself breath to breathe? Do you beat your own heart;s beat?

1. Surrender, To Divinity, Granting, Your Infinity

1.Hare krsna, hare krsna, krsna, krsna, hare, hare

1.Hare rama, hare rama, rama rama, hare hare,

2.Hare brahma, hare karma, Hare Shiva, Hare Hare

2.Hare You, Hare Me, hare hare, All of Thee!

1.Oh Lord, Show me, How to serve Thee, Serving me!

1.Oh Lord, Show me, How to serve Me, As I serve Thee!

1.The sutras, Of Patanjali, The yoga, Of you and me

2.Yoga Ananda Unify me With Me

1.Sat Nam, Sat Nam, Truth Identified, Of yours and mine

1.The name of She, Then name of He, The name of Me, Your Name!

2. Om, Om, Om, Om

Part 2:

1.Oh how can I correct, Direct, dissect, Re-collect, re-connect, Re-Self My Self?

1.Sing the song, Of the sutras, Pull the string, Not Untying!

2..Unite, Be as one, Be thee true. Be thou you

1.Using tools of Action, Practice of Karmic satisfaction, Exerce the Given, For the Livin!

2. Practice patience, Accept thy place, Be here Be now, Awaken O' Profound!

1.Asana Pranayama, Pratya Hara

2.Embody thy form,Still the breeze, Sight Unseen, Minds body at ease

1.Asana, This form of you, Move, Ease, Please!

1.Inhabit, Uninhibited, Fill This temple, Given you

2.Sthira, Stable, firm, Rooted Deep, And wide

1.Sukkha, Extending, expanding, Moving freely, In the breeze

1. Flowing, Growing, Unblocking the damned, River confined

2. Release, The waters, Liberate the body, Of Mind!

1.Pranayama, Ease the breeze, Clear blue sky, You'll see, you can fly!

1.Fan the fire, Use the breath, Then let her go, and You will know.

2.Prana takes hold, Soft in her hand, Lifting You, Thy Father Land

1.Pratyahara, Submerged in thee Sea, Senses nowhere to be seen, Silent Sound

1. The waves, breeze, seas of perceive at ease

2.Floating endless sky, clear blue mind, freed thy soul, in peace with All.

1.The sutras, of Patanjali, The yoga, of you and me

2.Yoga Ananda Unify me with Me

1 .No more body, No more breath, No more walls, doors, ceilings, or floors

2. Freed in Spirit, Soul ascent a soar, Time, Space, Place, No place!

1.Dharana Dhyana Sama dhi

2.Immerse E merge Unify Hello and Bye Bye

1.Dharana, Illumined perception, Life Projection, Of her Self

1.Seeing thee, Feeling we, One Thought thought, The No of other

2. One pointedly, Conversely, In Knowing, O' You Know!

1. Dhyana, knowing of the known, Showing of the shown, The coming of OM!

1.sight seen, sight shown, sight known, mind blown!

2. Where all is perception of perception, The procession of Perceptions Reception

1. Samadhi, The you in me, The me I be, No more me.

1.Union, with union, this Me of me, This Me of Thee.

2. Time, space, place, immersed erased, I am He, I am She! I am Me! I am You!

The song, Of the sutras, Pull the string, Being unraveling!

Unite, Be one, Be true. Be you!

The sutras, of Patanjali, The yoga, of you and me

Yoga ananda unify me with Me

Sat, Chita Anan da

Hare Om! Hare Om! Hare Om! Hare Om!