

the intricacies of it all | learning to accept every
free help | to think i though
me knew so much based

on no experience at all | without even
knowing how to begin finding the key to the first step of

growing a Good heart | at least one a bit kinder
than what presently beats behind my ribs | as if it
deserves such protection | this superhero image
me once sought to push | even now, straining to be
better with memory of poor choices made still

fresh, as somethings inside still insist to persist on
pursuing happy new worlds to
dream, excite hope, impress, see | even as endless
selfless sweet hearts be all around close, always in reach |

be another one when you can as soon as you can the sweet
voice said to me | because you know you also want to be
liked as soon as you can | but not even from arm's length
could i savor kindness in my first life with me first heart |
how to spark the process? | where to begin? | and when
would i start earnestly wanting to look for a place inside
that could invigorate my caring enough so to find joy in
putting others ahead of myself? | oh the perceived unique
pleasure of building such a powerful heart force amidst miles of
mysterious circuitry and tons of unfamiliar influence? | to maybe

discover His miracle everywhere inside the universe | inside all beings
inside each cell could be His heavenly combination to the giving of
wondrous selfless love just waiting to be turned to the opener click |
more quickly, seemingly, for some than for others | as we all sense, at
the very least, the bliss that such Goodness rewards to those so

endowed with earned learned wantings to be of help | but even for us
with less feeling, there be a patience that watches, waits and gradually
nurtures any Good possessed for as long as needed until full

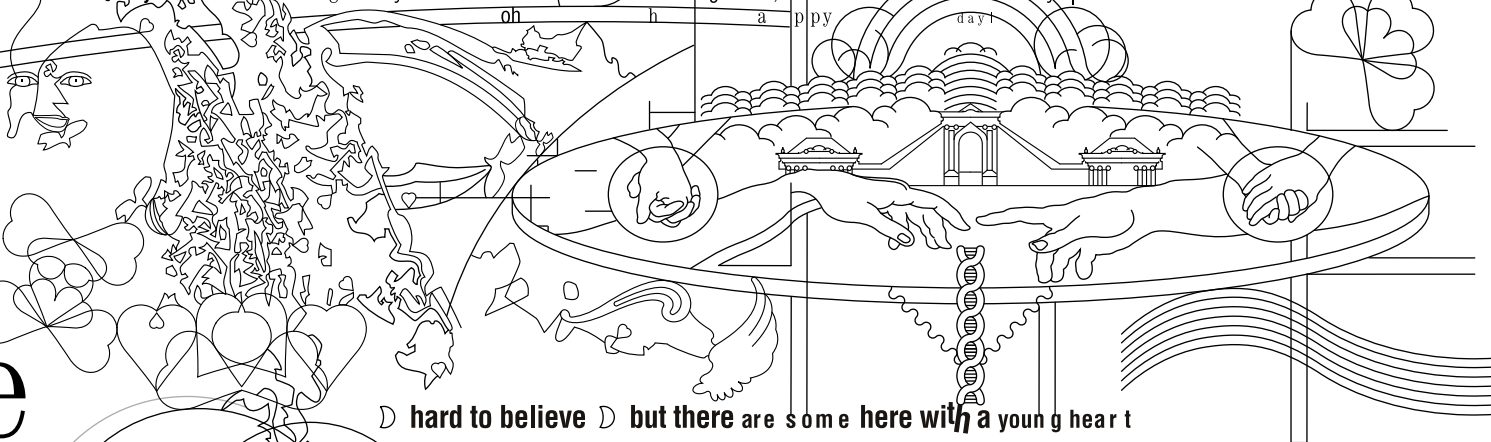
maturity of innate compassion is eventually
inevitably really felt

by one and all |
all |

(september 3, 2014) | it has been heavily publicized for so long this time round | the ebola
virus | even still hasn't yet been | to carefully focus on another threat | the information
highway has delivered so many during the past few years | lately, how to take it all in deeply has
been beyond my capacity | am feeling that the old gears are grinding, shifting less smoothly, as this latest seems to have weighed in
most on those with declining strengths to face anymore right now |

the medical community, though, what enormous heartsouls for to heal
this one they have revealed | as so many are risking their all for the newly afflicted | as me see through floaty
windows their helpings, from one hand to another, come renewed hopes and excitements | as the voices explain how behind each glass
their be far more Goods than bads on any given day | how these ones can give so much to unfamiliar needings is beyond impressing | how somehow, when someone

asks for an und actually receives fulfillment immediately my input sensor for the recognizing of meaningful spontaneous love begins spinning off me
now the Good cat analyst for my intended future heart could be close by,
chest right now, today |



hard to believe but there are some here with a young heart
that learns to love during a first time around | it be in their
history | records of them showing self sacrifice for a parent
or child or another such that many member worlds of the
universal council have never ever experienced on their paths
even as most have beings whose cultural and spiritual
evolutions are many times longer than that of earth-edens

Originally entitled bigger branding, right about here is where I began thinking that this work
may do more better as a collection about something else. From a fictional,
incomprehensible and truer point of view, my main purpose would rather help accelerate
happy collaborations about life experience in general. Especially for those who already
begin to feel that universal togetherness lies just beyond the next horizon.