

by Milai Paul

A collection of poems, stories and

essays about Man and Existence

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A present of love

Foreword

There are many ways of saying 'thank you'. Some imply flowers; some require tears or acts that would prove to the other the gratitude one feels. My way is through the written word; by exposing a much hidden side of myself and not letting the anxiety that I sometimes feel when vulnerable and prone to others' judgement and ridicule, stop me from sharing my song with the world.

All these poems and stories were not intended to reach a wide audience. For most of the time when I was writing them, they were just a way to get out of my mind and heart a feeling or thought that kept going in circles. And I discovered something incredibly therapeutic: I saw that the more I released what was inside, the more I felt rejuvenated and light like a feather. I would write at 1 or 2 a.m., when really I had no intention of doing that when I opened the computer; and afterwards I would sleep like a baby.

So what am I trying to say 'thank you' for? Why, for the very fact that I can write such things and can think of

such ideas. That I can look out the window and see a beautiful sunset, or walk in the park and hear birds sing. For my beloved, for whom I am grateful to have in my life; for my family, for my friends, for peanut butter, for good songs, for emotional movies, for the beauty of nature, for the untouched silence from within. For all existence really; for every crevice of it, every vale and every peak. It is a marvellous process, this life of ours; and for this I am grateful beyond words.

What I can do is overcome my fears and anxiety, releasing all these beautiful thoughts and feelings in the hope that whoever gets to read them will experience a piece of the awe and grandeur I hold for Life; maybe a switch will turn on within you and will open the gates of your soul for the world to see the divine light that beacons, from the bottom of your being.

Thank you.

Poems

The love I bear

The love I bear is indescribable;
The love I bear is indecipherable.
The love I bear is something out of this world;
The love I bear is anything but bold.
The love I bear is quite unique;
The love I bear is cosmic.

The love I bear will take me far away
And will engulf you without delay.
The love I bear is for all that moves,
The love I bear has very deep roots.
The love I bear will not be shaken;
It, truly, cannot be broken.

The love I bear is for human kind,

The love I bear is always blind.

The love I bear is for plants, animals and trees;

The love I bear will bring hate to its knees.

The love I bear will shatter every obstacle,

The love I bear is fantastical.

The love I bear keeps me up at night,
The love I bear makes me shine so bright;
It can move mountains in their place.
The love I bear can save the human race;
She is might and tall, for all to see
That even I am, forever, at liberty.

The love I bear is not jealous or constricting in any way,
It cannot be for she has no thought to be delayed;
Nor has she any future or past
Which, together with it, can never last.
The love I bear is always present
For in life there is only the actual moment.
It doesn't delay nor come to early
For the preceding moment is forever buried.

The love I bear is ancestral

For the simple reason that I come from the eternal.

The love I bear is who I am and what I breathe,

It is the existential obsolete.

The love I bear is what keeps all from falling apart,

The love I bear is a state of art:

It has God, Devil and Man in its entity, It forms the biblical Holy Trinity.

The love I bear is eternal and has no beginning,
The love I bear is anything but condescending.
The love I bear is easy to understand It only takes an absent mind, to not command.
It is so simple that even children can see;
They know how to practice it: just let it be.
Let it come forth, don't cover it away;
Leave fear behind and let it run astray.

The love I bear makes me feel alive,

The love I bear is what makes me, as human, strive.

The love I bear is kind and gentle to the heart;

The mind might hurt but those are two worlds apart.

The love I bear cannot be contained,

It can and does leave on everything a stain;

A colourful one, do not worry
For it gives just light and it's never blurry.

The love I bear is friends with all creatures the same,

Yet, sometimes it craves for one with whom to play.

The love I bear will search for someone like you,

Because she knows what stands as an eternal truth:

That the love I bear is grand yet can grow much more

When it meets something with the same core.

The love I bear needs the love you bear. It needs something at which to wonder and stare: And when finally they will collide The whole world just might turn blind. No man or creature could, even if they'd try, Stay away, for our love is smart and sly: It can slip in all myriad creature's hearts, To begin with, is what made this ball of fire start. The love we bear is what the Universe implies; It is found in earth, in sky, trees and rivers, lion and fly. The love we bear is what the stars churn. The love we bear is from what reality is born. The love we bear can never be forlorn: Ours smiles, even when demons take form. The love we bear will burst through Hell's smoke; The love we bear is not a sport, it's quite unique, it is God's own work

The eternal light that fades away

It doesn't give light nor keep you in the dark,
But it kills your thoughts when you think yourself
smart.

It doesn't feel soft nor heavy to the hand,

Just kind of weary when given sound.

You want to have it but keeps slipping away,

When you think you caught it yet again, it runs astray.

It is neither patient nor is condescending,

It is your best friend when you stop pretending.

We leave as pilgrims far and far again,
Only for a glimpse of the mother's reign.
We forget ourselves and the world together too,
Until we start crying and don't know what to do;
Only then we see and bask in Sun's light
And wonder how our mind was ever so tight.
We let go and see it come forth,
Just so it can slip, yet again, into the Universe's growth.

The wish I wished

Twinkle, twinkle little god, Show me who you are! Come out, come out, do leave my mind And rest in my guitar. Help me play the song of life, And pacify the soul. Show me how this bright to shine And I'll give you all I own. Take me up into the sky, To leave this world behind: I want to be among the stars, With brothers, this Universe to grind. No worries to trouble me. Nor craves to drive me all around: All I want is just to be, Without the heaviness of Man's crown.

You call me out into the open
Without knowing what you say,
Asking me to lift the burden

Of being a god of clay! Into the light you want to go, Together with the stars. Little do you really know They'd torn their shine apart. They envy you for what you are, So fragile is your crust. You sleep the nights they have to glow, Feeding endlessly their lust. They're all alone into the sky, No beauty to behold: No matter how much they'll try, There is no hand to hold. No lips but once to kiss, Nor hair to ever smell: All they can is to give dreams To man, and not themselves.

Is this to say I'm forever bound
Within my flesh to live?
Being able to touch but ground,
No clouds behind to leave?

Why torture me with a sky above
If all I can do is watch?
I'll always think I'm not enough,
Afraid to leave my lodge.

The sky is empty and far too big
For you to see it all;
Know that here life chose its spring,
Where all stars wish to fall.
You hold the answers to all you ask,
Fear not - truth will prevail.
In eternal light is for you to bask,
For you`re God`s favourite tale.
You have the power to create
The heavens and world`s hell.
You are the master of your fate,
And the caster of the spell.

Over the hill

I stretch my arm for it to grab

Yet, nothing`s there; maybe my mind is flawed.

Scared, I draw my hand quickly back;

Maybe someone saw me, believing I`m mad.

At times I wonder how that would be...

To see the world through the eyes of insanity.

Maybe it would be fun, I can never know;

I hope for the best, not sure which of it should be.

I'm better off being normal,

There's nothing to it but troubles and fear.

How would you otherwise explain?

All mad houses bursting to the Moon,

The sky filled with screams and sobs...

That's not something I wish to go through.

To see people where there's no one there,

To hear sounds when the night is still;

Sleeping under my pillow so I don't see the light,

When in my room there's none, no window in sight.

Maybe they're ok, in their world secluded,

Without anyone bothering them - Who would?

They themselves should be mad.

Imagine hearing a constant whisper,
Telling you that your hand is not needed.
Who needs two of them when one does the job?
And you find yourself bleeding.

It would be easier to live life that way.

No work to go to, no people near you;

They would run like hell, nobody would stay.

Try playing a prank, pretend you are mad,

It's easy to get in, a bit harder to leave it behind.

Try explaining your doctor you're sane,

There's nothing wrong, no more voices in your brain.

Smiling will make you look really off the beat;

Thinking you fake it, that you hide your disease.

How easy it is for them to give you pills;

Way much easier than listening to you,

No mention of dropping a tear.

Careful what you wish for, maybe it will be granted;

Then the devil is out of the bag.

Running wild with your head under his arm.

Your whole life will be a curse; even your grave will be branded:

Here lies a mad man, poor soul since birth lost...

Life was not favourable with him.

To his last breath he screamed with wrath;

He thought he is normal, poor soul, so much he wished

To smile without problems, not feeling constantly

watched.

He was known to speak when alone,

Laughing with tears when no word was ushered...

Thinking life is a dream; hurrying to wake up

You left us behind with your mess!

Not that we're sorry, we are glad for your success.

You are with God now, forever forgiven,

No madness in Heaven, just angels with work to perform.

Think of it, they're just like you,

They laugh out of nowhere, thinking of life as a game.

Maybe you're better off there,

Giving us someone for whom to pray.

Then you realize what you would miss:

Sunrises with coffee fuming from your palm,

A really bad movie watched `till the end,

A book found on the corner of the street with a message inside.

The girl of your dreams, her eyes full of love For nobody but you.

How stupid you'll be all this aside to shove.

The sharp metal object falls to the ground.

You ask for a meeting with Doc; but what could you say?

How to convince him there's no need longer to stay?

You fret long and hard, from wall to wall walking again;

Asking your friends, waiting without breath for their

whispers to come -

An idea of what could be done.

A sound at the door startles your nerves, no longer calm.

You look out the window, yet none is there;

But that, of course, is just a detail.

Night comes and sleep cannot hold you down,

You plan in your head how to look normal, Without noticing the bleeding nails at the end of your palm.

Days come and go; still no plan is made...

But wait! In the cafeteria all mad people are sane.

You ask them how they do it; how natural they look...

They give you a smile and invite you in the absolute.

The secret is learned, just ask your angel and it is done.

Nothing to worry; tomorrow is happening!

I'll feel the air once more from over the hill.

I'll drink my coffee, the sunrise making me shed a tear.

I should draw my hand back or someone will see;

They'll think me crazy, keeping me forever in my head,

With all mad people that are lurking in here.

Fear

Fear, you lousy coward,

Why are you here to ruin life's flower?

You bring questions and insecurity

Where it should be straight forwardness and dignity.

You blow away the Great Mystery

And put in its place the mortal misery.

I fight to conquer you
When, instead, I should give you hugs and kisses;
Even just a few.

I realise you are not at fault
Only when, aware, I stare into the dark.
I see you`re just another child
Of the Great Mystery itself, just running wild.
Hurting is not your game,
Though you do scare people insane.

Fear is good and full of teachings.

It is a great master that shows you your beginnings;

There is where she reigns,

Within her layers made of experienced stains.

Learn from her and hear her song,

And maybe you'll be welcomed back into your soul,

Where you've always belonged.

Yet, I look at me and weep in grief
For the fate I have, that I'm condemned with:
I'm doomed to suffer, to tremble in fear
When I hear how my own fear is constantly near.
You can't get away because it is you!
Then I see what stands as an eternal truth;
No more reacting, all embracing
I witness my fear as neither I, nor mine,
But as being just a scar.

The moment I realise this Fear turns very pale,

To the point of extinction!

Looking where to seat

She finds in a corner a dark, humid pit.

And I'm left alone, baffled and frail.

I often go visit and tell Fear it's fine

To come out in the world again,

Into love's glorious shrine.

In time she heeds my good advice,

Her own fear left behind, to live again under the sky.

Now we walk hand in hand, away from worries,

Until she sees a shadow and fill my head with stories.

I laugh out loud, she gets offended;
I tell her it`s fine and calm her from shaking.
We start exploring to see what can be there,
To learn that it was but a strand of hair.
We blow it away and keep walking forward
Into the Great Mystery, full of wonders and terror.

The Mind

The mind is frail yet, it governs the world,
While the heart is strong and always ignored.
We trust our mind to teach and see it all,
When, truly, it is blind and quite preferential.
It is so childish and condescending,
While the heart is patient and always forgiving.
That's not to say the mind is not worthy,
Only that sometimes it should be herded.
Immediately brought home when it runs astray;
Scolded, kissed and tucked in, being taught how to obey.

It has its flaws and ventures, in rush,
Building opinions, images and such.
It makes one question what's real and what's not,
Which can be fun - as long as we know that is all just a
game

And it doesn't feel wrong.

If we make decisions only with the mind We will slowly forget how it feels to be kind.

The mind on its own shouldn't be the master Because, when this happens, it is a disaster.

It will ignore the self and others alike,
For the sake of a principle, merciless, everything will
strike.

It would slaughter millions and burn countries down Just because other people's gods are not its own.

What it cannot understand forever will condemn, Because the mind is weak and fearful, always in disdain.

It can create marvellous things Black holes and theories of strings.
It can raise cities from the ground and give them new beginnings.

You'll see its strength and capacities at work

And take pride in it, but there's where the Ego lurks.

This one is deceitful looking to earn your trust;

Little you know that he wants, through you, only to feed his lust.

He can sing a beautiful song to distract you with,

Not to see he is in the wrong when baring his teeth.

Give him no heed and nothing will go wrong,

For he is helpless, nothing but the heart's pawn.

The mind shouldn't be the purpose, barely the means;

It should be a tool, for the true being to use.

Like a horse always at the gate

For the master to ride, on its own to recede.

The source of clarity must never be blocked,
Intuition constantly to flow in the mind's boat.
From beyond let it come forth, quiet your mind and listen;

The Universe knows your struggle and will counsel you,

Through God's whisper.

Anything new cannot be attained in constant noise and movement.

Settle your mind, brush its thoughts and keep them secluded.

The more you explore and leave the world behind,

The quicker you realise you're in the Universe's mind.

Of course it has one - not separate from your own
And it is present in all creation,

From human to stone.

The longer you look to see how it works
Without recognition or preconceptions,
You connect to the source.

Then you are home, your mind turning mad; At least so it seems to others, who live in a bag.

They don't dare opening their eyes

For then they will see what reality really implies:

That all is but a dream, the Universe, the world,

And you're on a stream of light, gently rowing your

boat.

There is no self, others, reality or dream,

The world is a leaf in the wind compared to what lies

within.

The treasure is light yet cannot be removed,

If you catch its sight you, then, look into the absolute.

It has no value to the human touch
Yet it gives light in the darkness,
Similar to a torch.

It has no bottom and cannot be consumed;
There is no depth, no need to be refilled.
In this nature the mind is similar to It too

Yet, in this realm the mind is a slave, under the other`s rule.

It is the essence of gods, what stars are made of.

It is present in galaxies and trees, some call it mindstuff.

Others the Great Mystery or the Unknown,
The Big Electron, Atman, Anima Mundi, the Ultimate
Concern.

Call it Great Mother, Infinite Mystery or Divine Presence;

Be it Cosmic Consciousness, Holy Spirit or Highest Essence.

From The Tao, the Great Unified Field, Shiva, The Force,
To Universal Oneness, Vishnu, God or the Source;
The name is not important as long as you see
We're all talking about the same thing,
Nothing there to disagree.

We cling to reality; the mind does, at least. It cannot comprehend life is but a fairy-tale

At the end with a twist.

For that would mean we're just a breeze,

A leaf in the Universe's mist.

We fool ourselves time and time again,
Only to forget that life is just a game.

Without the mind life would indeed be boring,
It could be an endless bliss but with no back story.

We fear death might come too soon or too late,

Dreading we didn't live entirely, didn't fulfil our fate.

What if when we die we don't just disappear;

Nor do we go in heaven or hell
Whichever you prefer, they're both here.

But we actually awaken... from a lifelong nap,

To our true nature, that of Buddha,

Through which we can create a world in a single clap.

My shadow

As i turn around and look at my shadow, I jump frightened, for it seems to be shallow. I ask myself: what did you do wrong?! Why is it so awfully pale? With nothing to grasp at, but shreds thin and long That to one might look as anything but male? You should go out and build it strong and steady So when danger comes I won't feel weary. I don't want to be weak and absent to all: I want to be powerful, frightening and tall. Little I knew how much was I wrong, But all I wanted was for me to belong. The shadow when big and powerful is heavy, And little poor me will never be ready. People will try to tear it apart, While I draw back and cry in the dark. Nor will they see me, for who I really am, Through my dark shadow, which is just a scam.

A thought

(translated from Romanian)

A secret, a thought, a part of myself
If this isn't me, then I wonder whom?
No one or nothing, I sometimes think;
Maybe I'm a pistachio, I will never know.

A god's sneeze or stardust,
I only know I am part of Mother.
A morbid creature yet, full of colour,
I am an entity with a flashing light.

I hunt eternity and ignore the moment,
When, truly, in the world is only the present.
I fight with myself and condemn the world,
When all I have to do is just be calm.

Light from light, part of everything,

I am everywhere yet only in a single place.

I've been around this realm from the beginning,

I live in a wink; not even... maybe in a thought.

A loving mother

I came into this world quite alone,

The only soothing thing being my mother's tone.

She kept me nine months yet, keeps me still

Into her arms and heart, never giving me a bill.

She scorns and punishes me; but for a good purpose,

For she sees the world and knows what can be worse.

Life happens, making me sad; then I find myself on the

line,

Calling my mum to make everything fine.

She counsels me and bakes a pie.

She is the president, a God, soft as a butterfly.

All I need and search is to know the right choice...

Though we all know - nothing compares to a loving mother's voice.

I love you, mother! And I am all that I can be, For you gave me a tremendous treasure, A feeling that will last for all eternity.

A strange world

Oh world! Vile, wild beast!
You make me cry, yet everything is bliss.
The storms you bring in people's hearts
Compare to nothing,
For they are God's work of art.
I linger to witness how far can it go...
When I think it ended, there comes the eco.
Again and again, it sings its tone
Whilst from dust and mud a new love is born.
As I turn my eye to see it breathe,
It gives sense to all the blood, every vile deed.

Man is a feeble creature with a tender soul,

Love is his purpose

For which life is led in turmoil.

He fights and begs to keep it close

Without realising how tight is the noose.

No human sight can see it,

No human touch can break it.

It is there, has always been,

Since dust was king and water queen.

From beyond through it we came to be,
For love we live, it is our destiny.
Man knows not the essence of himself...
If he would, for the Universe he could delve.
Stars and worlds together brought to dance
Within man;

So far away, it might take a glance.

Instead he trembles, lonely, in fear

For his precious treasure, nobody to steal;

So much so that life is denied,

Until the end of time, with precaution as bride.

The flame burnt low, not to stir God's wrath;

Little he knows, when dead,

Serene

All in life one hunts is peace,

Trough work and wants

We hope for bliss.

Read and train, serene to be

In the hope of, one day, reaching eternity.

We roam the Earth for it to find;
Beg and steal, plundering life's shrine.
Yet, when truth is learned one can't believe
How simple it is Serene to live.
We listen in disdain
For it can't be so;
All one has to do is just let it go?

What of the brain - that beautiful tool!

Ideas and theories,

Without them I'm surely the fool.

How can I know what beautiful is

If the mind is not there to give it a kiss?

Listen here, you unborn fool!

What the mind touches,

Will become dull.

What makes you wonder is not what you know.

Don`t be a scoundrel,

Witness and grow.

When the mind sees but doesn't give name,
You'll finally know without a constraint,
That life is a mystery
And mystery is life.
Then without even starting,
You have arrived.

Serene you're born 'till the first cry,

When your life is up,

Serene, you will die.

There's nothing to reach nor train to become;

You've always been and will be

God's own realm.

If you choose to wake, no more pretend,

You'll be the mystery;
The Universe, at your will to bend.
Sit on the throne without laying claim
And you'll be the master;
Serene,
Forever shall reign.

Anger

Step by step we penetrate our life, Emotion and feelings making us feel alive.

We have our favourites
Yet, pretend we don`t choose,
We like the colourful and forget the morose.

All are children of life itself,
Have none ignored,
And in heaven you can delve.

Of one such child I will now speak:

It has gloomy eyes,

Patience, broken with a tweak.

Anger comes and sweeps one`s mind,

A little budge and you turn blind.

You want to crush all in your path;

Even a mosquito will unleash your wrath.

The Earth has storms,

Man has rage;

What are we,

If not actors with our own stage?

We seek solace between thoughts

Yet, all we find are dots among dots.

Man accepts not what is out of control;

For him the Unknown equals turmoil.

What is anger if not beans spilled?

The container broken and the contained removed?

From deep within it boils inside us,
Free from its cage,
Wishing to dance under the stars...
Who can condemn it?
Truly, no one can.
For Anger is lonely, banished by Man.
It comes and goes as waves in the sea,
The way to calm it
Is by witnessing it be.

How poor is one who knows nothing of it...

Not once to meet Anger

Is like having a match that will never be lit.

How to know who I really am

If not by befriending all,

From the vast, within realm?

Thus I greet Anger
Giving it my bliss:
In Tartarus ¹feel welcomed Bring life in the abyss;
Control to keep forgotten,
Forever to be missed.

¹ In Greek mythology, **Tartarus** is the deep abyss that is used as a dungeon of torment and suffering for the wicked and as the prison for the Titans. Tartarus is the place where, according to Plato's *Gorgias* (c. 400 BC), souls are judged after death and where the wicked received divine punishment. Like other primal entities (such as the Earth, Night and Time), Tartarus was also considered to be a primordial force or deity.

A revered darkness

Give this world a sense anew,

Plunge in pain and pleasure will follow;

Sleep at day and walk in the night,

See what it means to live with the shadows.

They tell stories of past lives, now lost.

They know how light looks, from afar.

Secrets flow through their veins

Because Man is nothing without them;

And where best to keep them than in the dark.

The river is nothing without its stones.

Nobody appreciates what lies at the bottom;

All one treasures is the first glance,

Which few men might see as shallow.

Give way to feeling and leave impressions behind,

Then, maybe, some light might enter you.

Finally stepping away from the darkness,

You can say you lived as a human.

Chew some grass and tell me is bitter,

Embrace a tree and fell all its years;

Then come again and ask what you are...

Maybe there's no need,

Tomorrow will follow.

Stars glimmer in the darkest place up there,
Giving us some beauty to speak of...

What does that make us when we lurk in the shadows?

Maybe a reason for demons to write poems.

Would there be possible for devils to laugh?

Or would they transform in angels at a first smile?

Nobody knows... but maybe I do;

I just have to put my drink down.

A snore is filling my ear-drums at night.

I would try a nudge but don't want to wake her.

Maybe the Moon feels my torment
To see the light without giving it a squeeze.

How does she feels - the Moon that is
Looking all day, from her darkest corner,

And see a Sun all shiny and loved?

No wonder the night is gloomy and blue,

When all that Moon wants is to hang by the stars...

Luckily for us, there's none to support her, Nowhere to pin the end of her life.

The smell of burnt incense

Smoke rises and the process begins:

Worlds are created
In the mist of the smoke in the room.
Warriors rise and take the grey shape,
My walls become a field of carnage where lords punish
their enemy.

What delight to see the reindeer jumping around!

From my bed to my living room,

On the bean bag they rest.

The music steps in and joins the game of smoke;
It gives the rhythm it missed, as a muted movie does
When you see them laughing, but can only imagine the
noise.

Now appears a princess in a golden robe.

She looks towards me and smiles,

Revealing the beauty of a royalty long forgotten.

Shapes of all kind come to life,

Waves of grey smoke penetrate my nostrils;

They give life meaning and the world a sense anew.

Where's the need for work?

Maybe when I ran out of incense sticks, but that's all;

Not even that - for the moment, I have one...

Tomorrow is not here and will never be.

I don't know, may never do;

Just the now and the pale dance of smoke.

Swirls and galaxies are rotating in my palm...

The draft comes in, sweeping away my worlds;
In its wake leaving only ash and the smell of burnt incense.

But what a delight!! What a treat!!

Gods renounced their thrones in heavens and joined me in my room.

We hold hands, together gathered around the stick,
Witnessing our lord's arrival.

God is present and takes a humble form;
It cannot linger but continues to come out of the red dot,
Circling us, bestowing us with eyes to see and nose to
feel

The smoke and smell of burnt incense.

Stories are told; old as the world yet, as new as my breath.

Legends come to life and share their secrets;

All can learn and grow if one could stay still, and listen.

Voices within are all quieted by the mystery from without.

They strain their ears to hear the hissing of the dry flame,

And I laugh aloud at seeing this.

What marvel and simplicity, what sorcery I am given to see!

Not the greatest magician can overcome this show,

Not the most skilled swordsman can move with such

elegance.

Nothing can match the divine dance.

No geisha can be neither more delicate nor sensual;

The sin of man pales in contrast when matched with it,

Yet, nothing is wished by the humble stick when,

careless, it burns.

Small clouds appear here and there, Lingering long enough to see them disappear. No trouble; they go in heaven where sons of gods await to play with them.

I bow down and thank the Earth and the skilful master of the stick,

For all answers to man's suffering lie within my reach.

They cannot be uttered, for they are but a split of a second here.

Smiling, I look at how beautiful life is

And how lucky I am to feel the smell of burnt incense.

My thirst for truth is settled, calmed by not a drop of knowledge

But by an eternal present moment, which feeds the infinity of my being.

With each breath the world succumbs completely in my nostrils,

Only to release it yet again, so masters can craft their work.

Man is no different from this stick: We light up at birth giving the essence of a lifetime,

Only to descend in ashes at our end and give a last wisp of smoke,

With trembling voice and a smile on our lips,
As we return home, where nothingness resides;
Thanking the lord for a world of dance, music and the
smell of burnt incense.

I

I am not myself today

Looking from within at my own eyes.

I am not the image in the mirror;

I am not my hair, neither my body nor soul.

I am not who you think I am;

Not even who I think, not in the least, not at all.

I am not the sound of my voice,
I am not what I think, what I breathe or what I speak.
I am the son, brother and father of no one;
Never was nor will I be.
I am not my name - I have no name.
I am not part from where I was born;
I have no nationality, no race, no religion.
I am religion.
I am not human, and cannot think.

I am not the friend of my friends,
I am not the one you call after, when I leave.

I get lost in the wind.

I am not a good listener for I have no ears.

I cannot counsel for I do not utter words,

I am not beautiful but I give birth to beauty.

I know many a thing yet I know not where I come from.

I am not the wars we bear,

I am not the cries of sorrow that you hear,

I cannot give happiness; I don't know what it is.

I might make you cry but I'm not causing it;

You'll find me in your tears when they touch your lip,

salty and queer.

I give sense to my own being,

I hang at night on a theory of string.

I am around the sunset and in it too,

I am what dolphins talk about when they relax under the sea.

I might seem elusive but I'm not, I'm common;
Still, people don't see where I am, thus I linger in my
eternity.

I am in whistles when teams play,
I am the violence among fans at the end of the game.
I am the rivers and their stones,

I'm on top of mountains and at their core;
Among wolves I run, enjoying their howls.
I am the song of birds and humans alike,
When you play your harp I come to life.
I dance with fireflies around the light of a post.
In the middle of night I loiter, until sunrise comes.
I am not mankind's technology neither its art,
I come and go in their mind without them noticing;
I give them bright ideas to tear their world apart.

I am between drops when rain falls,

I am behind colours when the rainbow shines.

I breathe worlds and stardust is my medium;

I hold the Earth down and heavens up so they don't collide,

Only when is needed to give illusions life.

I am in the sandstorm but I am not sand.

I am not the plates when the earth shakes.

I am not the animals that run, fly or swim,

Yet I am present in all, in humans too, marvelling from within.

I am not separated from anything, neither are you;
The air that we breathe is the tissue that glues us together.

I am the sound of a single hand clapping,
I make the eternal eye blink.
I am the abyss and the highest mountain.
I am darkness, I am light;

I am love and hate mixed together until all boundaries dissolve.

I am born and imagined by I,

I am looking at myself with a thousand eyes.

I am the hermit and the peasant with their hearts

beating as one,

I am spontaneous and unpredictable; I might wake up and end the world.

I try not to try and get lost on the way.

I don't know who I am nor do I wish to know,
Only once in a while, when I get bored of life,
As to remind myself what is the purpose,
Finding but a big laugh as answer.

I don't know many a thing about myself,

I might say I don't know at all.

I just know, when I wake up every day,

I look in the mirror and utter,

I am.

Do it by not doing it

Give it sense and see it perish,

Let it flow and by itself will grow.

What is art if not life itself?

With a stroke of brush the Universe is revealed.

With water the tree alone will grow;

Of that, outside is plenty.

Blank of mind is hard to grasp,

For when it is conquered the mind is full.

When problems arise be grateful,

For you are being shown a lesson in truth.

Beauty is not contemplated, but witnessed;
Same as a flower's perfume needs no image,
A sunset requires no translation.
So love is felt, not described.
You want to achieve it? Then let it go;
Do your Zen by not trying.
Let life flow and happiness is here.
Try to keep it and witness its destruction.

A joke gives laughs until repeated,
A magician wonders until explained;
So life is marvellous by itself.
Enjoy and smile, for the moment will perish,
But worry not, for it flows eternal.

Rhyme

What is rhyme if not a trick?

To comprehend the abstract

By a mind which is a bit thick?

It gives words melody

And can make Shakespeare entertaining,

From a simple rhyme your ear is playing.

It gives way to creativity,

Making one's responsibility

To bring his game forth,

Showing others what he's worth.

Kids do it all the time.

Rhymes are fun,

Can make frowned faces shine.

You'd think it silly,

But just at first;

Once you play it

You'll feel the lust

To never let it end,

'cause words are chocolate

And rhyme is the crust.

The tree is me
You are a bush,
You'd think it misplaced
But then you throw in plush.

It makes no sense!
Who, really, cares?
If you have time to judge
You're caught in a snare.
Play with me, if you like.
If not, don't worry;

I'm not alone, can never be, Because I have my rhyme.

All is fine.

A place under the Sun

I trust my mother to take care of me,

I trust the Earth with my entire being.

I trust the sky to fall its rains at the right time,

I trust the lakes to be filled to the brim, sparkling in the sunshine.

I believe the Sun will return on the morrow,

The same way I believe my soul is to grow from all this sorrow.

I trust the Universe to provide for me all things, from small to big;

I trust humankind will reach one day enlightening.

I trust this will happen in its due course;

The magic cannot be rushed,

One should just listen to its voice.

Let the music penetrate your being,

Trusting it comes from a luminous entity.

Let the waves take you far into the sea,

Trusting Poseidon will invite you later in the afternoon

for tea.

Let worries be gone,

Let the sun shine with its full force from beyond.

Let your light burst out into the world!

Trusting one another to bring heaven - as below so

above.

Trust at night when you go to sleep

That your angel is guarding you, driving away all that is

filth.

Smell the flower and let it live;

Trust you will find along the way many more to give you bliss.

Wave at strangers and smile to yourself,
Feel the mystery - in its magnificence is for you to delve.

Trust the world and it will trust you back.

You will find living easier to handle,

With no mistake being actually one
Just a show of lights put on for you especially,

To forge in your illusion a small crack.

Through here gods will peep at you, being their laughing stock,

Their non-stop entertainment, their creation on crack.

Trust them and they`ll show you mercy;

They even might give in their little secret,

Whispered under the moon, around the fire at night.

Said with fear of not stopping the game,

Putting an end to the show, throwing everything in

flames:

That they are us and we are them;

It's all one, nothing left out or deemed to condemn.

Trust them and they just might come out of their hiding spot,

Living through you, eternally, giving you more peace than the whole lot.

Bringing to your mind and soul the love all around,
Showing you how to live, content,
Within your place under the Sun.

A whisper came forth

From beyond a whisper comes forth;
I know not the language that is uttered in
Yet, I understand its worth.

It gives me knowledge of a world unseen by most.

It says how incredible it all is:

How secrets of the Universe lie in a grain of sand, Everywhere you look they can actually be found.

Imagine a world imagined.

Can you imagine that? That`s what is happening out there,

Beyond your eye lids.

There's movement everywhere,

Nothing can stand still.

Nothing can really last, everything is new.

Give it a chance to amaze you and hold on well to your seat.

The curtain once lifted can never go back down.

You won't see anything else but wonders, whispers

whispered;

Even when no one's around.

You'll rub your eyes off trying to wake up

But, you should know, you're already awake in the

dream you dream about life.

You are the dreamer and the dreamed,
You are the servant, you are the king.
You are your neighbour, your enemies, your lover;
When you'll figure this one out
You'll fall back in wonder.
The song is sad... so sad, that is beautiful.
Once you listen to it you'll be charmed,
Nothing will seem like what it was the other day.

The birds will call your name Ignoring at first; then you`ll turn your head,
Shaking it in distrust.

Don`t be alarmed, the birds are also you,

The sky with its clouds, the sea with its waves too.

There's a beauty that cannot be expressed In the song you hear outside your nest.

Is the song of life that never stops;

The same for the tears that flow from within.

Trying to drown the sadness of the soul.

There's nothing to be done, just sit and enjoy

The song of life which will never end,

The marvel of the Universe which will always pretend

That's something trivial, and not the golden thread.

We hide the truth from ourselves,

It is too powerful, too sweet for our taste.

We retreat in illusion where we lie to our eyes and heart,

Telling them all this is important, when truly, nothing significant is about.

When nothing is, everything becomes so;

That's the beauty of life, the incredible secret of the human world.

If you choose to ignore it, worry not;

There, you will return.

But why not have it now, together with your life,

Smiling to gods at every turn?

The sound of silence

The notes are falling off the sheet,

Looking where to go.

They see an open window towards the street,

So out into the world they flow.

They carry along a dreadful load,

To keep life safe from its embrace
A silence heavier than the entire world,

Which could succumb existence

With just a note,

From its eternal, everlasting place.

So dense the sound of nothingness,
So deep the fall, so low,
That light itself cannot escape
With all its mighty glow.
Foreign lands beyond the reach
Of man and all his thoughts,
Forever secluded from mind and speech
For the land of silence with its sound
Are quite impossible to breach.

The silence goes round and round
Engulfing worlds in its embrace;
Until one distant corner of the world,
Where life gives birth to sound.
Here, so much is taking place
And Silence is quite afraid to touch the ground
For she knew but emptiness,
And now the lord of land is sound.

They greet each other and try to make
The other to come close.

But quickly they realize, without mistake,
For one to be the other must pause.

They fight to conquer the other's world
But soon they come to know
That neither can ever succeed
In this task, with just one's mighty blow.

Around Fire then they sit,
Asking for his advice:
How can he summon both forth,
And together to survive?
The fire smiles and falls within

His memories long lived,
When once he too fought to live
Against his enemy, the wind.
It took him years and years to learn the trick
Of keeping his flame alive,
The secret was not fight
But, through eternal love to strive.

Doubtful were at first the two,

Not knowing what to say.

How could this ever do?

Instead of hate their love to reign.

They trusted fire
He was their friend,

And peace was wanted most of all.

So, together a pact they made
They would heed his advice

On one remark:

Each will respect the other

And live life worlds apart.

Still foolish, they agreed...

Soon, they learnt is quite the deed

To have between silence and sound Any other living thing around.

Again they met,
And talked, and talked,
Until something happened They realized the obvious plot.
They heard each other and followed cue,
When one was quiet the other would rule.

Soon the truth came forth,

How incomplete was one

Without the other`s work.

The sound would go on and on

Without ever stopping, as if spell-bound;

But now, he can call on silence to come around.

And silence would feel lonely
In her white world of stone,
So with sound together,
She played her well known role.

So beautiful their game, So powerful their glow, That Earth split apart

And Day came forth from deep bellow. They mastered their craft. So much so That Sun danced `round the globe. Existence found its flow. But Sky was empty at sundown... Inviting Moon to come at night, He offered her a royal seat Among stars shinning their bright light. Seasons soon were born. Creatures of all weird sorts. Until one, in particular, gave birth To its own creative works. Man noticed sound and silence Playing their eternal game; So much he fell in love That music he learnt to play. So perfect their concert, so full of heart, That man quite soon became The wonder of God himself, from all apart,

Sound and silence, forever, able to tame.

Of dreams and death

And, as gentle, my body is decaying.

Soon nothing will be left,

Only a memory quickly forgotten

About a boy and a dream.

An unreachable dream full of dreams itself.

Building a dream ladder up to the sky,

Supported by the clouds of mind

Enough as not to fall,

Not to decompose, as the body now does.

That dream, however, is alive even after many centuries past;

It will never die - for dreams never do.

They linger in the air, waiting,

And waiting still; even now.

Waiting for an open heart to receive them again,

To be brought a bit closer to fruition.

It might take a series of lives to complete only one dream,

But, when fulfilled, that dream will lift the entire world;

Will bring it in the domain of angels,

Where gently they wait and guide their successors of dreams.

As gently as my body decays,

So gently my dream is being fulfilled.

And I believe, more so I know
One day I will rejoice at its success;

For dreams have a quality that nothing can pervade it:

They have the gift of eternity in them.

Even in their completion they still, gently,

Fill to the bream the heart of man, angel and demon;

In equal measures, for none are different.

As no dream is above another,

So all must be pure as the white of God's robe;

Unstained even by the dirtiest of sins.

For dreams are not from this world,

They come from a land far beyond the reach of reason.

From a land where the power of love

Gently turns the skies and rotates galaxies,

So that Man can dream, gently, of a world unseen;

A world of fairies with golden robes and circles above their head,

Whom are the perpetrators of faith.

Faith in a better tomorrow and a perfect today,

Where life rises gently from the ground,

Under which my decaying body, gently, rests.

The tree of life

Deep bellow it has its roots, Lower than the earth, beyond the power of thought. They spread from corner to corner, Entangling all space, without a trace of emptiness. The roots hold seeds for all there is, Gathering them close together, knowing no difference. So stars sit next to ants and deer. Humans hand in hand with snails and planets. A trickle of water falls from above,

Deep bellow, where all rests and waits for light to come.

The tree of life springs for the surface: Penetrating all barriers, all dreams, it becomes real. The sun bathes the little plant, Showing her where to grow her feeble body. With it all existence crawls into the light, All the seeds burst from their shells. The tree grows tall, taller than the sky. It goes beyond it and reaches Nirvana, Where Gods and Demons sit together.

So splendid it is! The world is mystified by it.

It towers all there is, from flower to suns,

From ant to man and deeper even,

Where ideas rest and dreams fade away.

The leaves hold secrets about the fate of Man,

The trunk is a stairway to heaven and hell.

Only the few can travel its width,

Here big as a hill, there small as a cricket.

Flowers give life to scents all around,

Blessing each thing with its own perfume.

So powerful that it cannot be depleted;

For a lifetime it lasts, different at noon, different at night.

Seeds fall gently to the ground.

The earth opens and swallows them whole.

They are not lost, but travel bellow;

To grow somewhere else, where life is needed.

A small twig is broken from its mother,

Ripping to bits the web of a spider.

That creature is safe, only its lair destroyed;

But that lair is Cosmos, where Earth resides.

No trouble for him, there is still enough life left
For many a world alive to become;
No need to cry for a poor little twig,
That during its fall, so much brought to life.

Why cry for leaves that die? For Autumn is here,
And that's what she does; so beautiful she is!

There might be no green to be seen,
But worry not, spring will come and the tree will

awaken

Full of wonder, as much as ever; even more.

For the tree of life can never run dry,
It never succumbs deeper than its roots,
Where nothing happens, yet, life awaits
For a baby to spill his morning milk,
Slowly to trickle under the ground,
Kissing the seeds that so much they hold,
So much life, so much love and beauty to behold.

Darkness

Into the void I jump,
Where darkness quietly awaits.
She opens her heart, darker still,
To welcome me in her embrace.
There's nothing I can do,
Not that i want to;
For she soothes me, gently.

Worries fall to the ground
Heavier than iron,
Succumbing the earth all `round.
Light is absent, forsaken now I feel.
From her depthless compassion,
Darkness smiles at me,
Banishing my loneliness.

So calm this realm, so absent minded;

Nothing stirs, not even happiness.

There's nothing I can think of that I would rather do,

I have no thoughts.

It is hard even to see my whereabouts

With my eyes tied in knots.

My ears are falling - i have no need for them;

In this world no one talks,

No one acts, there's nothing to condemn.

So i throw my tong away,

My nose, my body too.

i need none of them from now,

Of what will happen I haven't a clue.

It matters not for I'm not here,

No more that is, my body rots.

There're just my thoughts that are absent still,

Roaming the darkness - why? I know not.

There's no thing here, not even I.

Darkness turned me into a void,

Hiding myself to hear my plea.

i am the darkness all around,

I can fool myself no more.

Yet, i play both roles

To hear my cry once more.

There's nothing of interest

To keep me here
No questions to ask, no answers to learn,

For i have neither thoughts, nor ears.

There are no angels to hunt,

No demons to slay,

I feel my end is near.

I look behind once more, to see
What might have brought me here;
Darkness waves her hand and turns around,
Shedding not even a tear.
So i get born into the world,
I come to meet fear.
With angels and demons all 'round,
No darkness, only happiness Into the light i disappear.

Before I go to sleep

Other worlds await my falling asleep
To become available under the waves of thoughts,
Where mind is no more; sunken deep.
Finding them awake is impossible;
I start looking but to no avail.
How can I find something that does not exist?
It might be real, but only in dreams.

I slide into that state unaware I try to keep up but, miserably, I fail.
There's no need to know the way
For I have arrived!
But the mind will always be a child,
Wanting to prevail.

I forget where I am,
It's not a dream anymore;
All becomes real and is under my control.
What a bore to have it all,
To be, without constraint, a God

In a world of imaginations where all exists because of me.

No unknown land for which to crave, To put my life in balance, to become free.

I stroll around from place to place,
Looking for a purpose, for a call.
There's none around; no clouds above,
No wind to mess my hair.
No white rabbits running with clocks,
Delayed by my intrusion.
Only wholes full of darkness;
But, even those I know them all.

Under a tree I find refuge from the world's beauty,
From time to time bothered by a leaf,
Gently to her death succumbing.
The day turns dark, from night comes day;
There's no rush to go about,
No appointment from which to be delayed.
I close my eyes – no difference whatsoever.
The show goes on, and I play all roles.

What I fail to notice is the gentle breeze
That pushes my mind around,
It engulfs my body whole
Without making the smallest sound.
I'm carried away from my dream world,
I'm led into the unknown, astray.
Bewildered, finally I wake
With heavy eyes and aching back,
I've slept like being dead.
I know not where I am, how thrilled I feel!
To be a stranger in a strange world;
What more can I wish to be?

With heavy steps I walk outside,
There's so much to behold.
Gently I look from side to side
And discover I'm anything but bold.
I fear what I know not
And right I am in doing so,
For life is not a game!
It is a dream that feels so real;
So easy to forget its name.

I focus with all my might
On a single strand of hair;
To my horror and delight
I can't do anything but stare.
I grab a tree to pluck its fruits
But to my will he does not bend,
To my command he will not listen,
I am left with an empty hand.
I try the skies to clear them all
Of the grey blanket, from end to end,
Instead of seeing the sun shine
All I get is wet.

I curse this world for here I'm weak;
I can only compare
How before I was king, now a beggar,
Left by myself at large to fare.
I worry not for I remember, still,
How under a tree I fell asleep.
So this is a dream, it isn't real;
Soon to my Self I will awake.
But, before I was also dreaming...

Is this to mean that I'm not aware
Of what is real and what is not?
My awareness being bound to glare
From world to world,
From dream to dream, condemned,
For all eternity to compare?
So tired... it all makes me want just peace.
So I lie down under a tree,
Close my eyes and glide into a world of bliss.

The world

So full the world of colours,
Gracefully adorned
On dirt, on animals and sky,
Indeed a privilege to behold.

The wind is gentle and inviting
To the man that meets his fate;
The world around to travel,
Following beauty's bait.

One is deemed a man of glory When, gladly, throws away All that is dull and ephemeral, As a life lived in dismay.

Not to jump into a ravine

Dumping life into a bin;

But to let one carried by the waves,

Facing Death with but a grin.

Living life is truly art,

More so than art itself!

For living is forever changing,

Sweeping sorrow, sweeping wealth.

Instances and scenes alike
Are each a given chance,
For Man to see the wonder,
To witness Universe's dance.

From fairy-tales long forgotten,
When witches still walked the Earth;
So far plunged into the past
That true stories to myths gave birth.

Man has been the witness,

The guest, if I may so speak,

Of marvels, ends and new beginnings,

Brought about by just a tweak.

Present time is not so different, Stories but in detail change. Nothing much, if you consider

That forms of life still dance on stage.

The world is grand, quite overwhelming

If you try to think it all,

There aren't enough people

To grasp the concept whole.

Go around and touch the ground,

Test each point of view.

But be content with what you get,

For moments like these are few.

Many folk are on this globe,
As many ideas and beliefs;
Even double if you count
The stranded few on mind's cliffs.

Save the child from within yourself!

Play, and don't stop wonder.

Because the world is really lonely,

All you have is one another.

Alone you come into the world,
Alone you'll live an entire life.
Matters not if you're within a crowd,
Alone you'll leave this world behind.

Learn to cherish every moment
And a king you'll be.
Nothing will contend your joy,
You'll get the world for free.

Places wait around the globe

For a young, curious mind

With whom to share their little secrets,

The purpose of life to find.

A hint or whisper is all it takes
For reason to fly away;
Leaving you to face your Self,
To learn colouring the grey.

Then you'll see without constraint How marvellous this game!

How all can be learnt By looking at a candle's flame.

You'll need not travel anymore
For you now know Truth.
But why not do it anyway?
Smiling, to face your absolute.

Living as man

Before this body I lived in a star;
There were myriad of creatures I watched from afar.

Day by day, night after night,

Curiosity grew stronger

`Till it became master of mind.

From high above I saw but little,
I came with a crash, and became crippled.
Into a man I turned,
Thinking there is some higher realm.
How foolish I was,
Now I`m trapped in a scam.

What else to do than to live my life,
Thinking once finished I'll return on the sky.
So I died once, yet, on Earth I returned.
I lived twice, thrice, a thousand times To no avail, my cause was forlorn.
Memories in the abyss of my being rot,
Knowledge once mastered now lies beyond reach

And the key is lost - hidden in the past.

Angels can no longer hear my plea,

Even demons stopped from visiting me.

I am left alone in this sea of people.

What can be done from the point of view of a freckle?

God has forsaken this land,

There is no creature that hears my command.

What drove me to come here?

Why wasn't I content without shedding a tear?

There is a place for everyone alive

Yet, I feel un-welcomed; here I cannot thrive.

Accepting my fate is all I can do.
I should stop pretending I`m not a fool.
So much time on my return I wasted
That I missed eons of happenings,
Looking for the exit.
My wish came true and I am now a man,
What I once was should stay behind.
I am more than anything can be,
For my reason allows me to marvel at a flea.

I thought so little of everything around,
That I didn't realize: God can be found!
It lies beyond every single tree,
With all flowers it blooms within my heart,
Releasing my spirit from bond,
Leaving it free.

So many a miracle show their face,

That a million lives are not enough to witness all grace.

The river flows wild

When the heart is open, to let life strive.

A day alone feels like a blessing,
Walking the Earth without ever stressing.
Man is no longer man, mountains turn blue;
All life is a miracle, witnessed by only a few.

To know this is to be God,

To feel this is to let in the flood.

Experiencing love is my only purpose,
I stopped long ago to think of life as a curse.

I am grateful for what I am,
I see pain as a divine realm.
Through there is my escape to another world,

Yet, I choose to stay here, away I do not turn.

The day comes to an end, so does my life.

Man becomes again man, no place for strife.

Mountains come together to form Mother-Land,

With life so beautiful, the Universe is grand.

Closing my eyes I enter a tunnel at the end with a light,

Thankful, I welcome it; somehow it feels right.

I say my goodbyes to my human side,
With flowers and drums I join the sacred rite.
The fire burns high, its flames the world succumb;
Ridding the smoke I return to where I'm from.

Among the stars I will forever rest,

Looking behind at my master's jest.

I was given to live a miracle, to walk the Earth,

To witness beauty, to understand life's worth.

For a blink of an eye I was God,
Wind blew my hair, Sun gave his warmth,
While I washed the world with the human cloth.

From the bottom of my being

From the bottom of my being
I look out into the world.
Even with my eyes strained,
There is no end which to behold.

I see the essence life has,
I breathe it, take it all in.
Yet, nothing is more mysterious
Than myself to whom I cling.

Forests deep and old reside
In but a strand of hair,
Stars are moving and worlds turn
With just a breath of air.

Life and death are both my children They give everything new meaning.
Worries, fears and broken hearts,
All are healed with new beginnings.

Untitled Poem

A veil of fog hangs heavy around my eyes,

The chain of fate keeps me still in place.

I see the key but cannot use it,

I have a scissor but it is still blunt.

From street to street I wonder attentively,
In search of answers that I might recognize.

My love is shining through all my eyes.

In search of places with shadow to unveil

I make no sense of what I find;

No need to,

I understand without comprehending.

Layers no longer needed are peeled.

Once protective, now only heavy,

Fall to the ground creating a ripple;

A scout in search of light.

Wounds are painful if seen as wounds;
As doors they are mysterious.

Pains and aches are all but lessons

For a brighter future, that is yet to come.

Forever searching; for what I know not anymore.

Tired, I stop to look around for something familiar.

I find all to be my beloved friend,

Wearing but a different costume, a mask, brand new.

The bags are heavy,
Full of souvenirs gathered on my way to the house of
thunder.

They serve as pillars for my reality.

What would happen if I drop them, I wonder?

I just might, in a moment of silence.

For how else can I reach the stars?

How to break this veil of fog,

To cross over as a thrice born man?

Rays of sunshine

Climbing up the stairs,

The handrails slowly disappear.

Can't make heads from tail anymore;

Everything is new,

Yet, somehow familiar.

There's a fragrance in the air,
Where my body used to be.
There are no more ideas in my mind,
Only knowledge and awe.

Where i am is not of this world;
The abode of angels is beneath.
This light pervades my entire being.
The shadow I cast is home for myriad of creatures,
Each thinking they are the centre of the Universe.
Yet, I remember we are all but rays of sunshine,
Servants of the Absolute.

The light at the end of the tunnel

Shadows on the ground;
I look up to see who or what might it be.
The Earth is deserted now,
So you can imagine my surprise.

A dog, a mouse, a rabbit and a duck.

"What a strange gang of friends", I think to myself.

They stopped to look at me, in my corner of dirt and blood.

A jackal attacked me last night, you see?

I was too weak, from not eating for 7 days, to fight back.

The first bite hurt; and the second.

From the third one onward I didn't care anymore.

I had just little left of my legs and right arm.

He left me my lefty; maybe to scratch myself or drive

I didn't ask.

the flies away.

The dog came over to sniff.

Two licks on my face and he left me to die.

It felt like a farewell:

"Bye, bye now", it seemed to say...

"Good luck on your journey", said the duck while she flew next to me, upwards, to the sky.

The same jackal waited in the stars.

But he was somehow changed - wiser, older, more impersonal.

He nodded only, before turning his back to me.

I followed him to the entrance of the Nether world.

It was a bright star from afar and the closer we drew to it a gate could be distinguished.

I got the feeling it opened only for the initiated.

Was I being initiated?

Or maybe he felt bad for eating my legs, leaving me to bleed out.

I would have died anyway.

He didn't say anything, though.

The light burst through the crack of the opening door.

Light brighter than the star, if you can believe that.

If you can't, imagine it then;

For my sake.

The world behind me faded.

Thoughts got drawn.

My soul disintegrated.

Only a spark left, floating around.

What my eyes were seeing!

I couldn't believe.

You wouldn't either, if I told you.

So better that I don't;

I'll let you be surprised, as I was.

If you leave yourself be eaten alive, that is.

Maybe for you it will be different.

It does look a lot like a book I read.

Or was I dreaming of reading it?

I can't remember.

No big difference, really.

All of it faded anyway, together with the spark that turned into a star.

Eventually, that is.

But that's a story for another time.

Life certainly was, so why not Death also?

Bye, bye... for now.

Off into the world, I go

Music carries me in the jungle of life,
With the wind squeezing through my hair.
Fragrances tipple my senses,
Stopping mind in its place.

The horizon gives birth to new horizons;

My adventure will not end.

Beyond death is a new beginning,

A new melody waiting to start.

On foreign land I lose myself,

Hoping to find me here.

What I think and want a little matter,

When divine forces work for me.

Thunder and lightning are preparing my entry
In the empty heaven that awaits.
It's empty of ego and principles,
That would freeze life on the spot.

The sun comes out to melt my fear away,

Making space for my dreams to flow towards

fulfilment.

Thus, love fills my being, Shining in the sky full of stars.

I close my eyes and listen to the song in the background,

That on its wings leads me to truth.

My eyes are tearing, but not of sadness;

Behind the wounds is a divine smile.

My ancient forefathers are waiting
To offer remembrance of whom I am.
To show me what I am capable of,
I, mere mortal.

To teach me how to wash away sins and pain,
Light into souls to bring.
I'll dance the divine dance!
Little do I know, I already do.

With my steps I paint a colourful fate, Hand in hand with love towards the sunset I go.

I'm not bewailing my life, nor my death,
Because there are crystal glasses waiting for me,
From which immortality I drink, to a new dawn.

If I were to die

(translated from Romanian)

If I were to choose what to die of,

It would be to die of longing.

To die of sadness...

But, a beautiful sadness

That slowly penetrates the Soul,

Within making room to grow

A burning wish, of giving –

Of giving all that's possible to give:

My Life, my Soul, a crumb of love.

If I were to die let it be of drowning.

To have my lungs filled with a scream

That bears inside the heaviness of life
Too overwhelming a beauty,

For a mortal's brittle chest.

My words to be immersed in the depths,

Powerless and without their ability

Of stripping existence of its divine allure.

My mind to be cuffed,

The key worn by the Soul;

Left free only to bear witness

To the miracle of life and death.

If I were to die – may I die slowly,

To have time to thank

Each and every one,

From a grain of wheat to the last myriad creature.

To ask the wind to carry me

In the mysterious corners of the world.

To kiss Mother with salty tears;

In the place where they fall flowers to grow,

So that other hearts can be drowned in beauty.

To be able to scream of happiness,

To sing my immortality,

To die slowly, to die of longing,

Longing for you, my life,

If I were to die... let it be so.

Short stories & Essays

A sacred existence

On a cloudless and moonless sky the stars shine their brightest shine, penetrating the farthest corners of my mind. The fire tells the tale of eternity and I get lost in it. The waves crushing on the shore whisper in my ear the secret of who I am and it echoes through my entire being, through all my layers and imaginings within which I try to contain myself. To no success now, because the silence reached my core and melting it, gave birth to a new one instead.

The more I breathe, the more galaxies turn and planets revolve around their sun under the ever shining brothers and sisters on the eternal sky. The same eternity lingers within me; but that's not all. I find it hides behind every speck of dust and droplet of water. It stays there, quiet, hiding from itself. Why, I know not to keep the game going on and on maybe, not having to sink back into the vast silence of existence. So, I join their folly.

But every once in a while a rage stirs behind every cell in my body and the abundance of creation pours forth. dragging with it the shadows of destruction. But, the shadows have no power up here, on the crest of the wave. So they join the game too. Up and up it goes until it can go no more, starting eventually to fall; but creation is creative, so it uses the force that drags her down and with a skilful manoeuvre it turns sideways, moving now in a continuous spiralling movement. The hair on its back, its horns, whiskers, eyes, together with every inch of its being gets the cue from their mother and, from nothingness, they summon the spiral of life and extend in millions of arms and legs giving birth to an entity as never seen before. It keeps galaxies in every pocket, with infinities hiding in every grain of sand and stars that shine a light as beautiful as the tears of a woman in love.

She plays with every part of the creation, blooming with every flower, laughing with every child, and also suffering with every loss. She enjoys every bit of it; so much so that, in the marvelling at it, she forgets. She forgets it's her hair that grows on the hills, that it's her sneeze starting storms and herself also giving birth to herself. She forgets - so idly she sits around the fire, getting lost in its flames. But then, she hears a whisper.

A dreamed reality

There's a story I like to tell myself about the reality that we live in. I envision a random evening, spent by two eternal beings around a fire lit in the middle of a far off desert, in the infinite space of a grand reality. There is no sound, apart from the cracking of wood in the flame of creation. The stars glimmer above their heads from the deep indigo of the Universe. Because the two beings were eternal, every moment they spent was eternity itself - an eternity of eternal moments, sort of speak.

They were telling each other what they saw in the flames and the coals that were glowing like devil's eyes. One was telling the other about one of their kind that once, he too was around this same fire. How he went into a journey through the flames into the far corners of existence; and of how he camped the night there - a solitary place, yet abundant in life. He was mesmerized by the place - with its serene waterfalls and silent canyons; the murmur of leaves in the chilly wind of the mountains was telling him stories of creation since its beginnings. He would spend eras in one place alone,

which in such an expanded view of time the landscape became alive with changes and fluxes. In time, he got acquainted with the spirit and discovered the Feminine, for the spirit was the Mother of all Nature. He developed such affection for her that he soon fell in the depths of love. He developed a method to bring his spirit to her layer on the spectrum of existence. They merged their essences, from which man was born through the process of evolution. Man resembled their fellow brother, so he called Man his son.

Man inherited the deep, serene and indifferent mood of the eternal being and the warm, passionate and beautiful energy of creation that Mother embodied. He said that even now Man is a teenager still, discovering his identity and learning to control the surges of sentiments and the moods they bring with them. The infinite being sat Man down and explained all this to him. How we get all our creators' infinite energy, regardless of our accepting it or not; it is for our benefit alone that we should open our gates and welcome it in our life. Nature is doomed to perish, for she herself has

death embroiled in Her garments. It is up to us if we will liberate our spirit, in order to enter into the infinite and thus transcend the duality present in life and death, male and female, up and down, love and hate, pain and pleasure, good and bad, God and Devil, black and white, yin and yang, me and you.

The eternal being that was listening was brought back by the vibration that echoed across the world. He found himself alone. The storyteller was gone. It felt like he was alone all this time and the story was told by a part of himself to another part. Another sort of feeling came, but it was disguised in knowledge. He became certain that the vibration he felt was within his body and his experience of reality is part of a greater Self, present in a different layer of the spectrum. He found he could go beyond that, until a sense of total Unity took over - a unity that allowed separateness. If that was true, then the direction can be changed and he can travel through the flames into, yet, another layer. He realised that he was the traveller the story was about, and Man was his son. More so - that he is the Son and the Father in the

same time. He deduced that every part of existence is infinite, therefore the space in between the states of Fater and Son is infinity itself; so he named it the Wholly Ghost - but it goes by many names as people love to caress. So others might know it as will, intent, attention, Tao, prayer, inspiration, genius, karma. energy, Knowing that there is a state between the states, offered him the opportunity to direct his attention toward it and store that force, channelling in the present moment the karmic forces that brought it to fruition. If he could move between layers and become them, it meant that at some level he is also Mother Nature - he then realized that her cycles were mixing with change in a harmonious way, incorporating all three states of existence (i.e. present state, the future state and the state between these two) in one feminine whole.

*

Maybe we are creating our own individual reality with every thought and action we each perform; and with all our actions combined we create a greater reality, the world we live in. It could go on to infinity and if I kept

saying it I would become one such reality and every part of it. If, however, we keep adding to the reality we live in the actions and feelings that we would like to see perpetuated between us, we just might be able to change the world; a relationship with our environment that is beneficial to both parties would flourish. We just might realize we are more than only ourselves, and that we can grow, if we open our gates. With enough sustained effort, eventually, one day we'll end up living in such a reality. Give enough water for enough time to a seed and it will grow. Changing the world will take a lot of watering, stretched across generations; but, when we know we are our sons and daughters, there isn't a seed strong enough to resist the karma of eons of good deeds, trusting we will get to relish in it through the one consciousness we all are.

I might be wrong, but I also might be right.

A world of shadows

He kept going, aimlessly. With the speed of thought, yet never moving, stars and worlds together were left behind. He forgot where he came from or what it was he was heading towards. He long renounced trying to figure it all out. Neither of his kind knew what was happening; the knowledge was that they were and that was that. Neither a destiny ahead nor a history to show one the right path, or a path; any path really. That is how the strange shapes were everywhere, mostly gathered around galaxies, loitering about stars, looking for something to do. Every one of them was crossing the vast and empty space in the hope of finding some form of entertainment, for in their world, paradoxically, considering the whole Universe was their playground, boredom was the master, and a cruel one for that matter; one could be wondering for ages with nothing crossing it's path.

Quite recently, as it happened, few galaxies ago, he heard this rumour that in one corner of the Universe there is this new place of great interest and quite fun, at

times. The tale was revealing some kind of creatures, forms of life that one could use to shape matter. At the time he gave no attention to it, as such talks were common around their kind. Now, however, the discussion reached his ears yet again, and the fervour with which the talker narrated piqued his interest. With his schedule completely open, the decision to go and visit this place called Earth came easily.

In a moment he travelled the cosmos and was now facing the galaxy which comprised the much discussed destination - Milky Way, as some called it. Here he discovered this young, small star figuring its way around the place and dragging around her a handful of rocks, each more colourful than the other. One stood apart from them all, with this vivid blue dominating the planet, green and brown mixed in spots all across it and a grey cloud muffling it in. But this was not the best part. What fascinated our traveller was the thin glow-like layer which seemed as being emanated by the blue ball. It bore the same lively shade of blue that his skin emanated, but it contained something else also; similar

to a magnetic field, a force that emanated energy and life, that attracted him mostly.

From it few shapes were coming out, while from different parts of the cosmic landscape new ones were replacing them. Some of those that were coming out had a strange feeling about them, none similar ever encountered.

With a hesitant step, he headed to the surface of the planet. Not a long time passed until a call was heard. It was similar to a reflex to head towards it. He found that the one giving it away was a peculiar creature, connected to a cord. It had five extremities coming out of its main body, one matching with just one other of the rest, remaining with a fifth alone in its appearance. This one was denser and oval, with holes poked in it. Seeing how delicate it was and scared on top of it, he decided to stay with him in the dark. Barely getting a chance to sit, some door opened and gave way to light. Not the kind given by a star, but dimmer and shaky. Together they crossed the doorstep of their cell and, as one, gave up a first cry of victory.

He helped the little one to move his arms and legs as the thing couldn't do much but lie on the back and yell. Looking at it, he witnessed how it grew and changed appearances. By now the human grew a strange, soft tail that covered part of his round head, as now he learned what all the five extremities were. The colour of it was as dark as any black hole he ever encountered, and this fact fascinated him deeply. Soon, they were best friends and did everything together; not that Cezar, that's how the weakly human got to be called, could do anything alone. He accompanied it everywhere, in the form of its shadow, the technique learned from his kinship. All that the thing was, he had a saying in it. Thoughts, interests, curiosities, in all he meddled and shaped it as he saw best. Not in bad spirit; on the contrary, he got to care about it as after himself. They were now one.

In the course of time, as time here was present, governing all humans, they came in contact with different people which, most probably, had masters of their own hidden in the shadows. To see others how badly were treating their puppets, driving them to do

horrible things to one another and their selves, was beyond anything he imagined. Not even in his worst nightmare did the episodes taking course in front of his eves ever occurred. Some might have been explained by different circumstances, but the ones that had no reason were the most troubling. They were feeding them the corpses of other creatures, of different kind, forcing it upon them since infancy. Murder was a card often played in settling petty disputes of minor significance, such as one regarding earthly possessions. In most places there was a ruler that could decide one's fate with a clap of hands. Horrid scenarios, one such person could bring to fruition. All, without doubt, brought upon their mind by the silent puppeteer lurking in the darkness. In contrast, beautiful things were also their doing, with impressive buildings and communities that had as purpose the well-being of the ones that comprised it. Different forms of creativity were the peak of mankind, with religions, art and music that delighted one just witnessing it all. It was hard though to keep it pure, as malice took root in the hearts of some, driving both human and shadow alike to terrible actions, put up with for the few graceful outcomes of the two beings' cooperation.

In time he grew to hate everyone for what was happening. His strongest belief in this new, incredible place was being broken to pieces. The idea that one could channel his energy through a human, thus connecting to the core of the Universe's energy, sprouted in his mind somewhere on the way. While in his natural state, only a sense of the here could be experienced; being part of the All, but with too little awareness of it. Now he was given the chance to create a passage towards the edges of space, where no one could ever reach any other way. Regardless how fast one would go, one could still not surpass the speed of the Universe, that is the fastness of its expansion, therefore one being unable to catch from behind the outer edges or reach the inner one by failing to defeat the wave of space and matter coming from it. The spirit long wanted to give meaning to its existence, to understand where all came from and to what end. He was baffled how others didn't share his interest, this being one of the ultimate goals of existence in his opinion, and was close to leaving it behind after seeing all that took place around him.

Soon, however, this strange, kind creature managed to change his heart. Seasons came and went away. Joy and warmth entangled them in the eve of spring and summer, while winter and autumn were turning both into melancholic and dreamy friends. They got a habit of talking for days about all and nothing, important and trivial subjects alike, just to be followed by days of complete silence. The harmony was never disturbed; on the contrary while sitting without uttering a word the concentration grew and understanding of the other's feelings came naturally.

If his initial goal was the one mentioned, while Cezar was growing he gave in and the latter's goals became his. Therefore, together they battled the world in abolishing hate and manipulation. To no end though, as every time they were taking a step towards the light, obstacles from ahead and behind alike were tangling

their way. In a clear night, when all stars were visible, he remembered how he used to travel and how all places at their core were the same. In this dreamy state the revelation of venturing out in the world came. As befits a saviour of mankind, alone they went in the land the rock was possessing and resolved in changing the world one small piece at a time. Through teachings and kindness, together, they managed to build something beautiful and untouchable by spiteful ones of his kind. Different names were bestowed upon them, but he clang to none. He compromised with the others in naming himself Teacher and be done with it. He believed names are of no importance; on the contrary, are harmful for weak puppets with a clumsy master or inexperienced one. Names tend to create a feeling of individuality, or the idea of difference between everything and everyone, thus leading to egotism, hate and other dreadful characteristics one could adopt.

Some time passed in this manner, and in spite of all efforts, crime and mischievousness continued to rule mankind. One fateful night, the place they got to call home for the last months, fell under bad fortune. Riders with incredible body strength started filling the town from every side burning and cutting with one swing everything in their path, leaving but ash to follow. They wore bone cloaks, from the shape of it human most probably; and instead of a round shaped head horns and fur were taking the place of ears and hair, giving it a demonic appearance. Not the smile of a baby could persuade them to stop with it all, nor the cry and shrieks of heart broken humans and souls alike. He could see how the masters were not hiding in the shadows, but were towering human and beast alike to better see the result of their doings. The way in which primordial the energy, even. once pure itself corrupted by the joy of some pity ambition left him abashed and made him feel sick only by thinking about it. Sick with them. With the world. With him, most of all, for failing to change it for the better. Through the efforts of some of the villagers, the now white haired Cezar managed to escape and reach a cave in the mountains. Not long after, he couldn't overcome all the grief anymore. No matter how much he struggled, how

much he meditated, he still couldn't stop it from flowing through him. Stopping it meant he was ignoring it, approving it. Such thought could not keep him sane.

Beside himself with sorrow at the realization, he decided to leave it all behind, and, after dropping the strings to the ground, turned and left with the speed of thought, never looking back. He went beyond the limit of time, as, in the process of assimilating himself to the Universe, time stops exerting an influence upon him. All that counts now is the distance; and he could travel it beyond imagination, in an instant.

He wanted to forget it all. After millions and trillions of galaxies crossed, all memory disappeared; but for a remembrance of a home like feeling which keeps lurking in his mind. A place somewhere back. In the corner of the Universe he found himself in was nothing to keep him; so he concluded in searching for that place he vaguely felt, and see what it could be. In a blink of an eye the shadow finds itself in a dark hall. There he met Yeshua and befriended him. Soon, the door to the world

opened and together they stepped out to give up a first cry of victory.

The story of a torn jacket

Story written for Novelty magazine, with the subject 'the exception to the rule'; edited by Novelty team

Human nature dictates us to cover our self from the outer world with clothing. Maybe it's Eve's fault for having apple pie cravings but alas, it doesn't matter now anymore. What it does matter is that every person has a jacket, sweater, jumper or a cardigan <more often nowa-days, a cashmere one of course>. It is only normal to cover our private parts from the rest of humanity, so we don't get hurt by the cruel environment. One would not need any kind of garment if one was to be a sage of some kind, for whom the sun alone would suffice to keep him safe and happy. Yet again, we talk here about the mundane world, with us mortals and sinners travelling the Earth from one place to another, flashing cool, expensive jacket to one another and exchanging opinions about them, behind our backs.

Here I am, in my 20's with my awesome jacket; unique if I may add, for I stitched some hidden pockets here and there and flashy writings that can let one know from a mile away who I am and what's my business in the area. I love it of course and treasure it as if it is an extension of my self. I keep it clean and polish it with every chance I get. My heart can never let me lend it to anyone; I'm not myself if I do so. What I really like about it is that I can wear it forever and ever and not need to take it off. I can't really remember the last time I did undress it... maybe when I was alone that day and some dust particle got in my eye and I cried as if my dog died. Yes, that's the last time; huh, funny enough, my dog did die that day. I felt so warm wearing it that I almost tore it apart and threw it off the window. Thank God I remembered I have to go to work the next day and afterwards to that party and didn't have what to wear. That would have been embarrassing. Sometimes I find stuff tucked in some hidden compartment that I even forgot is there. Some old rusty toy that I used to play with when I was a kid; long before I got this cool jacket. I wonder what I wore back then?

What is really intriguing, is that everybody else has a jacket almost as incredible as mine; some even more incredible than it, but I don't know them intimately. All my friends have pretty much the same rugs, is just that thev don't talk about theirs: maybe thev`re embarrassed by it. They do smile and turn from one side to the other when looking in the mirror. Maybe to see if it got dirty or scratched more than it already was. I also have few holes in it and some dirt that doesn't seem to get off when I rub it. I don't want to tear it more than it already is so I leave it like that. What I really don't like is when someone else deteriorates it. I am careful not to let anyone close to me in order for that not to happen, but even I can't be vigilant all the time. This last weekend an old friend of mine was joking around and threw a rock at me when I wasn't paying attention and it got me in my arm. It didn't hurt my body, but the clothing got an ugly smug of dirt all over my lower arm; I was only capable of not hitting him so I left him then and there and didn't spoke since. That should teach him a lesson. I do miss him though...

Not long ago I met a girl and we went out. She admired my jacket so it was only natural to compliment hers in return. It wasn't bad either, so I didn't feel I was dishonest. We wanted to keep it casual for the moment being; we wouldn't get undressed so nothing ugly and private can surface. It did happen every now and again, when she took it off half way to the point where it got really interesting, but then decided to pull it back up; she said I had to do it also if I wanted to see the rest. What nonsense. Sometime went in this fashion. We had some good times and also bad ones muddled in with the rest. Now I manage to take one arm out of my jacket alone with her. She then undresses when I`m completely and I can admire her light. It is so bright and warm that it compels me completely. I've never seen anything like it. I wonder if everyone else has an inner light similar to hers. It is hardly probable, but what if God had this sick sense of humour? That would really make one think seriously about all the life decisions taken henceforth.

Last night something I couldn't quite understand happened. She wasn't happy anymore with seeing just my arm out, therefore did the stupidest thing someone could ever do to another: she ripped the rest of the jacket off me to the point I stood bare in front of her, shaking like a leaf. I forgot how good the breeze felt over my skin. I was without burden, able to jump to the sky and see in the Garden of Eden. She looked so much more beautiful without any clothes, that she was enlightening the entire room with her glow. She was divine.

I felt weak and vulnerable without anything to cover me. This kind of state was something new to me, so I reached for my clothes to shelter myself with them. She looked at me and out of nowhere she dressed and left, but not before telling me that I should lose my jacket for good or else. I did only what any normal human being would do, and rushed her out the door with a shriek or scream; not sure myself what it was. I know I'm just better off without that kind of negativity in my life.

Nobody gets to break my jacket and still have my esteem. Not today nor ever.

I don't know when time went by so fast. It feels as if vesterday I was rushing to work excited about my new position that came with a whole new attire altogether. Soon enough though, that started to worn down and holes took their place on its entire surface. My old jacket that I had to wear under the suit, got also scabby and started to smell at one point. It didn't bother me after a while. The worst part was that others could feel the smell tenfold. In the beginning, probably out of sympathy, they said nothing; but not long after, not even my closest friends nor family could stand the smell and ended in leaving me alone. I am quite content with my own company and my jacket, though it would be nice to have someone fetch me a glass of water or dial the ambulance.

The rule is that any jacket will start to smell sooner or later, regardless the efforts put against it. Some will be content with suffering through the odour for one's sake, others will not and would prefer leaving. The exception to the rule is to lose the jacket altogether.

A tale of creation

*deep breath

Tiny steps bring her to the edge; swirling in the wind her coal black hair gives way to myriad of shapes and creatures. The song kept singing, her brothers and sisters giving the strength and confidence needed for what was about to come. In spite of being Home and flooded by love from every little spec of star, the force pulling her had a greater purpose behind it than her Self. She knew that there were incredible things waiting to happen, thus giving birth to more manifestations of the same divine presence that now nudged her to take the leap of faith into the vast unknown.

All were gathered to witness this act of trust and surrender, saying their farewells for what might, very well be eternity. A warm feeling could be felt in her stomach; a movement that was unknown to her, yet felt natural. Until all will gather once more around the eternal fire to tell the story of their travels, each had to go gather those tales. Her blue eyes were keeping a

fragile tear in their corner, but not of sorrow; it was a tear of thankfulness for this beautiful fate that awaits her. From her green lips a silent thank you was uttered, signalling her body that her mind was ready also for their journey.

From the high hill of ideas this beautiful young girl plunged head first into the abyss of the Universe, metamorphosing into a bird that when passing a star presented a mesmerising spectacle of colourful feathers and a piercing cry that would announce her coming. She travelled for many eons knowing that her new home awaits somewhere, patiently, for her arrival.

She wasn't so much searching for the place, as the force that gave her strength for the jump was acting like a magnet to only one specific destination, her only remaining duty was that of trusting the force and letting herself be guided. And to a fruitful result, for she felt that the place was close when she entered the domain of a young star that was shining shyly his warm yellow light all across the kingdom. She stopped to greet her new guardian and the moment their eyes met a

connection, that was to stand unshaken for the rest of their time together, was formed. They hugged, the girl falling slowly on the currents of love that dominated this beautiful and sincere creature of light; so much so, that she almost forgot about her designs. They both knew that their love, as fulfilling as it may be, cannot pose even a shadow of doubt for the purpose given by their providence. They promised each other, at least, to never spend a moment apart, for which reason the girl didn't go too far away from the star yet not too close to be drawn again in his powerful currents.

Such was the chain of events that brought the girl to the third planet from the Sun, this position serving as a reminder of a third presence, appart from themselves, more divine than they can fathom - as paradoxical as it may seem, for they were in all their aspects the embodiment of this primordial presence. The land was divided in two, water and land. 'So fitting', she thought to herself, her mind reviewing the duality that is present in all there is, summed up in the Yin and Yang symbol that she'll grow to love with the creation of people. She

found herself on yet another edge of a cliff, taking deep breaths for the jump that was due. Her hair was shining in the Sun's light, his warmth reminding her of the love she received back home from all her siblings. She wasn't sad, but once more thankful for the gift received. The feeling turned into an avalanche of sentiment and a tear appeared in the corner of her eve; this tear however came from the depths of her stomach where the movement divided in two, a part traveling up while the other went the opposite way turning into a drop of blood. With this division, her body started to lose density to the point where only the two tears were left levitating for a fraction of a second, followed by the same silent 'thank you' uttered between them; then the plunge into the unknown.

The tear from the eye found the land of Earth in its path, while the blood drop fell in the ocean. With the force behind their fall they shook the entire planet. The earth part of the globe, splitting into six major chunks, gave way to an ocean now pregnant with life, legacy received through the young girl's grace in the form of a droplet of

blood. From the depths of the planet the movement continued its course and, over time with incredible persistence, resurfaced, taking the shape of bacteria, plants, creatures of the sea, creatures of the land and ultimately man in all its glory and resemblance with the divide providence; not so much in exterior appearance but in the beauty and intelligence that lurks at its core. After the life process on Earth was set in motion, due to being imbedded with the required intelligence for all future progress, the two drops slowly allowed themselves to be absorbed into the core of the planet, taking once more, the form of the young girl. Within the Celestial House, with twelve rooms and four roof-less pillars, she will spend the rest of her journey, guiding brave souls to merge with the infinite.

Tales of the primordial journey are still told to this day by men of old, and it can be witnessed by all, given the Primordial Intelligence is rekindled in the depths of their being. One thing which was not forgotten, and keeps the memory of the tale still alive, is the girl's name - beautiful, melodic and full of feeling; the same feeling that governed her entire being on the precipice of the unknown - that of trust. By all her brothers and sisters, stars and planets alike, she was known as Nature; but for a few, those myriad creatures of the earth, her children, she was Mother Nature.

A present of love

Story edited with the help of Sofia Calmicova

Darkness is all around. From the outer world, beams of light bash in the field of impenetrable images. Hope is almost gone for the little soul. Weighted down by the towering trees and creatures lurking in the shadows, he didn't dare to think there is something else besides this in life. He renounced any hope of change. In fact, he now doubted that his fading recollection of a life without suffering was part of reality; perhaps it was only in his imagination. Some crazy dreams maybe, which took him in a land of fairies and blue skies, while fever was hijacking his wits. Days, years and centuries passed by, one muffling into the next. A grey, boundless cloud rained on him from all sides, but for the few times he would manage to find a shelter, until...

Trembling in his weakness, he dares to look up from the ground. Somewhere in the deep forest of thoughts, a strange plant appeared. It was colourful and radiated a

crown of warmth around itself. As a dance of spells, it called him with giggles, songs and feelings of affection.

With feeble steps, the soul approached it and wondered at its glory. He knew it wasn't from this world. He dared not touch it, in order not to break it. What to do then? The more time spent close to it the better he felt. In a short while he was able to flatten his frowns away from his temples and a smile was cropping on his lips. Suddenly, the wondrous plant was sucked into his body and spread its roots across his entire being.

As if the forest grasped what took place, it too began spreading its branches so light could come through from the outside. The heavy and sinister trees metamorphosed into beautiful protectors, full of life, guiding him onto the path among them.

If before he was afraid to go beyond known surroundings, now he ventured into the unknown with full force. He saw rivers, mountains, stars and galaxies. Birds were singing all day through; flowers were blossoming beautifully, only to let his gaze rest upon

them. He saw his creator and his end. Death smiled and waved at him and bid him farewell, for now was not his moment.

As time went by, he learnt that he can shape the forest and the stars, coordinating them into a magical dance of mysticism. He made friends with all animals that came across his path; he played with them and told them stories. Life was a bliss and he couldn't conceive of asking for anything else; yet, a longing for something more crept under his skin whenever he stopped to reflect.

The further he went, new miracles happened at every turn. Trees were bringing their branches down to the ground and lift him up into the sky. Whenever he threw himself into the abyss a bed of feathers opened its embrace, catching him; then, as if by magic, he would end up under the shade of a tree.

The trees fed him in abundance. Every fruit and vegetable he could think of, nature and its children provided. One was sweeter that the other, yet

no comparison was needed as each one was a testament of nature's greatness.

Every sunset was inviting a night sky full of galaxies and falling stars, which kept appearing only for his wishes to come true. In the mornings, father Sun was timidly picking him up from the womb of mother Earth, stroking his cheeks with rays of light and warmth. He was their child and they were his teachers and protectors.

One day while basking in the glory of light, as any day was now glorious, he heard a shriek that made his eyes close on their own, as if hiding from what startled him. It wasn't natural like the sound of a flowing river or the roar of a bear, but strange and deep; it seemed he felt it with his body rather than actually hearing it. At that moment the forest trembled; the ground swallowed entire valleys and all that was part of them.

Scared, yet drawn by it, he came closer to where his feeling led him. From the summit of a high hill, he finally saw it. There it was, at the end of the slope, within a

forest. A sphere darker than night and deeper than the Universe was vibrating with screams and sobs. Slowly, the air around it lost its colour and vitality, as if disease infested it.

He went closer and tried to peek inside. It hurt him when touching it, so he kept his hands away. For days he stayed nearby and walked around it, creeping back a step or two when the shape came closer. Every night he would fall asleep, praying to Earth and Universe to show him what to do with this obstacle in a world so perfect until now. In his dreams, only a crying voice would surface and utter one word through its sobs. *Remember*. The following mornings he looked perplexed, scratching the top of his head, trying to understand what it is he needed to remember.

One morning, just when the night was saying its farewells to the new day, he had the same dream. This time, it so happened that the sphere grew so close that it touched him again. With a violent pull he woke up, having tears in his eyes and the same word on his lips. Somehow, the feeling of being hurt felt

familiar. Pondering for a few minutes, he deliberately touched the field again, only now keeping his hands longer in the dark area. Tears were rolling down his cheek and the salty taste brought back the memories of another life. He ventured inside with his entire body and started walking towards its centre. As his eves adjusted to the grim realm, the air cleared up. He saw a small silhouette at the bark of a tree, all curled up, holding its knees at its chest, crying and hurting uncontrollably. Suddenly, his previous life - the dark forest with red-eved creatures, came back pouring in his mind's eve. He remembered an infinite of lightless days and nights, where the prospect of happiness was of the realm of fairies. Captured by his visions, little attention he gave to the steps taken. When he came back to his senses he was in front of the silhouette, which turned out to be another soul, just like him. He wanted to hold her and take all the pain away. He couldn't bear seeing such a delicate thing suffer so much. He wanted to rip his body apart and give her all of him, even if just for a moment of stillness.

There was no separation between his thoughts and body, both were one. A light started shining from within, casting a spell of songs, giggles and warmth. Soft branches of light entangled the hurting soul, lifting her chin so she could face the light. He wondered if back then, when he found the plant in his forest, he looked just the same. The wonder spread all across her face, followed by tears of appreciation and thankfulness. This was something he'd never seen before. No miracle witnessed until then could come close in beauty and feeling. The more he saw, the more he was willing to give away. And so he did.

Their sombre surroundings began to brighten to the point of being colourful; the tangled shadowy tree, behind her, transformed into a fruit bearing and wise inhabitant of the forest. The red eyed ghosts turned into squirrels, deer and birds. All started to come to life, but somehow stopped in the middle. Everything that was going in her mind was being reflected in her eyes. Her searching gaze tried to make sense of the stranger and his magic. Who was he, and what trap did he set for her?

All lasted for a fraction of a second, yet felt like eternity. Then, looking back at the glowing light, she knew it was the essence of life that called her in. It became clear that there and then, in her dark, cold forest, a divine presence was what she felt. And she gave in.

In response, all surroundings exploded in colour and dazzling light, with darkness scattered as one would make a balloon pop. Hand in hand they stood, looking each other in the eyes and smiling uncontrollably. In synchrony, they hugged one another and the ground started falling under them. They were now among stars, shining as bright as any. The Sun and Earth stood witness as the Universe tied their fates to one another. They lived happily ever after; and they still do - through me and you.

On choice

Every moment that I am given to live, there is a choice to be made. Only one. Whatever might happen to me there is always a simple choice that I face and take, consciously or unconsciously - either I let it, whatever it is that is taking place, to affect me or I don't. I often don't realize when this choice is made and I end up living the consequences of my habits. Because the moment I let something take a toll on my mood it creates a path for that same reaction to take place in future instances and, if I don't notice this, I will end up blaming fate or, more often, others for my misfortune. Every event that I am witnessing, every person that I meet, every instance in which a thought is produced, there is a choice to be made. Will I be accepting what is happening or will I deny it? Will I take it personally or be objective? Will I defend myself or will I open myself? Will I make an effort to understand it or shut myself in my own beliefs? Will I listen to what others are saying or not? Will I accept this advice or deny it? Will I forgive or not? Will I feed the good wolf or the bad wolf? A

simple choice, which can cause so much inner conflict and produce consequences that I'll have to live with for a very long time, if not for the rest of my life, in case I don't mend this decision.

It might seem trivial but it is what defines my mood, my personality and ultimately, me. It is the cause of so much suffering around me and within me; because it got so much spin to it, I can hardly control it anymore. I blame the politicians that are running the country, I blame the corporations that are drying the planet of its resources, I blame others around me for my misery, I blame everything and everyone apart from myself. I don't do that, because it hurts. Plus, more often than not, I can't see myself as easily as I see the ones on the other side of my skin. I do this because I'm not paying attention to what is happening and what I am doing. I am not attentive because I fall for all the distractions around me and forget about myself. Because it is easy. And, because I am like that, I will teach my children to be the same. I will condemn everyone that will say I don't raise my children the right way, because it's not

their child, so they cannot decide over his or her fate. It is mine and I will raise him the way I think is right. Not only that, but I will restrain him from being more than I ever was because I am afraid of what is out there, for I never ventured so far as this 5, 8, 15 year old is trying to. I am afraid of the unknown because at some point I rejected it and enclosed myself to only what I knew. It seemed easy at the time; the next time also, so like that I ended being afraid of what I cannot control, because who knows what might happen. What a tragic paradox: never being truly alive because of my fear of death. But if life knows how to do something, is to bring instances of the kind that will force you to address the problem you have. There's a Buddhist saying that a tree cannot grow its branches up to heavens if its roots don't reach down to hell.

So I make the choice to pay attention. Most of the time I will forget, but even if today I remember to be attentive only once, maybe tomorrow will happen twice and the day after three times and so on. I can only give my best every moment of my life. I try to bring into awareness

the choice that will decide the next moment. As anything that I do, it will require practice to be good at it. Then, even more practice to perfect it. Even more practice on top of that to become a habit. Then, I have to pay attention to my habits and break them. I would have to go through so many cycles of this sort, that it might take me a lifetime. I might even pay attention at the moment of my death and bring my awareness over the boundary of existence. Who knows? What I do know is that paying attention now keeps me in the present; and the present is the only time that I can experience.

By being here I can allow life to flow through me, the same as a river finds its course one turn at a time. A mind that is paying attention has to be silent, so it might happen that I ignore certain things. But I do that consciously, because the choice is made over which event to fill this moment. I then can observe and take part actively in everything that is happening around me, no distractions nor unnecessary occurrences. Now I cannot blame anyone, anymore for my life. More so, I thank everyone for what challenge and test they bring

forward for me to pass and thus, grow. I bow my head to my oppressors, making them wonder at my reaction to their violence. They might start paying attention to themselves when there is no opponent for them to focus on. My children may be allowed to venture beyond the threshold that I reached in my life, with the choice to believe that something good will come out of it. These children will dip their finger in the world and might not like the bitter taste that it has, so they decide to change it. They will become the politicians that will guide the world and establish companies that will help the environment.

More attention in the world will propagate even more of its kind. People will see others asking forgiveness from them for something long forgotten by themselves; or will see kindness instead of bitterness and will dare to ask where it all comes from. The ones that answer will make the choice to share what they know, but not for their own gratification. They will pay attention to their self-importance and will bow their head when they speak. The listener will then face the choice of thinking

himself important or not; but something will draw attention to this inflating ego, stopping it from taking over. The learned will teach and guide the lost ones and the later will rejoice at their discoveries. Every event will jump into awareness, revealing the full meaning behind it, so far unnoticed. The Sun will not rise anymore as a consequence of the Earth's rotation, but instead, will be a blessing from the beyond. The blooming of a flower will be witnessed for the miracle that it is and the animals cherished as the embodiment of the Great Spirit. Men will look upon men with the reverence and esteem each requires, as a manifestation of the divine that they are. Together will learn to see life for what it truly is - a celebration. All will join the festivity and each will bring their love and attention as an offering to the cosmic dance. Man will regain its place among the gods, together manifesting a world of miracles.

The day will come when one such Man will make the choice to unite all people under one beating of the drum. A great fire will be lit and man's original sin will

be purged through the flames and rising smoke. The heavens will be warmed by it and the clouds will open the path towards a new dimension. Then every soul will make the conscious choice to give itself up, to renounce its selfish desire to exist as a separate entity and will throw its Mind into the fire. Left in the body will be the pure energy of existence, marking a new dot for the vortex that will form. This will become so great that the entire planet will be engulfed in it; body and spirit will get lifted through the gates in the sky, passing into a new existence. It shall mark the beginning of a new era for man, a new path to follow, another obstacle to overcome.

This will be the greatest adventure so far, yet, only the cornerstone for what is to follow. This is written into our fates, our DNA. We might not believe it because we make a choice not to. There is, however, so much waiting for me to make this step into total awareness. So many unimaginable things and events waiting to unfold, only for my senses to experience. Life is a game worth playing and I would be a fool not to. This is what I

was born for and I choose to acknowledge it. Namaste \heartsuit

Under the skin - the essence of Man

What does it mean to be human? Are we only what can be found under a thin layer of skin? Oddly enough, nobody could encompass the answer in one satisfactory description. I'm saying that it is odd because we are human and we live every day as one; yet, we don't have a clue what makes us tick. Yes, we have feelings, thoughts, a body, beliefs, so on and so forth but we are none of those. We, what we are that is, have those qualities. Similar to how a piece of wood is not only its colour, shape or density but a perfect mixture of these, so we could say that we are a mixture of all that we can think we have. But what about those parts we either don't know they exist or we don't know what they are in themselves? For example the mind. Or who/what is IT that thinks it has those parts that were enumerated above? The deeper we go, the harder it is to find an answer. Something about this sounds familiar though. What in this world holds the same mystery and leaves one with the same perplexity when looking deep into its essence? Why, the world itself of course. Each way we

are looking, be it out into the Universe or towards inside, to the molecular level, there is infinity of space and existence. When we thought we found the basic stuff that makes everything that we see be what we see, which is the atom, scientists managed to divide it, bringing the scale to an even smaller level of measure. Of course, in the future there will be other machines built that can explore to a smaller, tinnier scale where you think there is nothing there to measure, yet it is. The same stands for the outer Universe, the galaxies with their solar systems and clusters of galaxies and on and on.

One would think we would have understood by now that we cannot measure the quality of life with quantitative measures but alas, scientists will remain scientists. We have to admit that they gave us a very important piece of the human puzzle, which is that we are comprised of a majority of space, as each atom in our body is separated from others by it - same as a galaxy. Now we have to turn to a different kind of scientist to learn more about the human nature, the

scientist that fills his time with tuning in to the frequencies of the Universe and the creative - namely the shaman. It might sound a bit official but it shouldn't. In my opinion, every person who is concerned with the spiritual world is a shaman of some sorts. The shaman explores the Unknown and the Mysterious with or without the help of certain tools and psychedelic substances. As it happens, few days back, a very close friend of mine experienced for the first time a full dose of magic truffles. Now, for those who are not familiar with the term feel free to document yourself; for those who know what I'm talking about, try to contain your smile so you can read this all the way through.

To make a short background and a base for what is to follow, I am going to bring to the readers' attention the term of Oneness. There is said that all that there is, is only one being, one existence, one great mind that creates the entire reality each and every one of us is experiencing. It is said to be found in all that surrounds us, from stone to human, and that each man is here to experience and learn something different - as we are all

unique; yet, the same at the very core. If we are to take this seriously and think about it, it does make a bit of sense. We are all living on planet Earth, which was proven to be a living organism. And it can be said the same thing about our galaxy, going further out until we reach the edge of the known outer space.

As another example, there is a really intriguing theory, that of Rene Descartes - often credited with being the "Father of Modern Philosophy", which talks about the existence of an evil demon. This creature controls all that our mind perceives, so even you reading this might be the trick of this demon, when in fact you are alone and most probably don't exist in the form you are accustomed with. We will not go too much into it, but for the sake of the argument we will focus on his conclusion - the way to defeat the notion of the daemon and assert his existence, namely 'I think, therefore I am'. By looking at our life, with all that we feel and experience, we can say we exist. Be it inside a Daemon's mind or into a unified Universe, is of little consequence. Why these two accounts stand side by side is because

both treat the same term of Oneness, but through different, one might say quite radical, approaches. The words used don't really matter; only the idea they transmit. With this said, I will go back to the story my friend related to me.

During his trip in this mysterious world of intensified senses, there were all kind of feelings that took hold of him in the same time: he would alternate from sadness to joy, to love and then to fear and mistrust, only to be thrown back into a warm and secure place. What is interesting is that a feeling was governing all others, which was that of being alone. A whole world of intense colours and strange behaviour coming from his landscape, his room, started to manifest in front of his eyes. His mind was to be found in the centre of the galaxy surrounded by all the stars and planets, yet, he felt alone. Strange enough, the room felt as a living, pulsating womb and the floor turned into a river; until the next moment when everything started melting and he felt as slipping out of existence. He found himself looking at a world map, witnessing how the continents were shifting and how the waters took hold of the planet, only to recede and give space, yet again, to land. He was there when the whole planet started to be populated and people appeared, yet he still felt alone; so much so, that my friend started crying and hugging himself. He soon realised that his tears were the waters that filled the Earth to begin with and his arms were the land that tried to brace itself. He closed his eyes and he was back in his room, sitting on a bean bag with some drawing pencils and a paper.

The music was playing soft in the background. He felt relaxed and filled with light like never before. The moment he drew lines and circles, the colours started dancing – alternating between disappearing and reappearing. They took the form of galaxies and from black holes entire worlds would burst; just to be reduced again to nothingness. Even when he took the tip of the pastel off the paper, the colours kept dancing, creating a world of their own. He was witnessing himself on that paper with the power to get consciously involved; so he did. Again, stories were brought to life

and new beginnings were taking shape at every change of tone. Around this time, he had an epiphany - a reunion as he called it. He stopped and raised his hand to better look at it and then he saw. He understood all. He finally comprehended what he read until then about oneness and God. He was God. Then and there, he was the creator of the entire world. Once again the feeling of loneliness installed in his heart and tears appeared in his eyes. Only this time he wasn't sad anymore but in turn he was filled with love. Love for himself and the world, together. He saw in his mind's eve how He created the world and other people, so he will never have to be alone. He made it in such a way that nobody would know, that it would be a game, where everybody would feel alone, yet, would be part of millions of people in the same time. His attention shifted to his pencil and he understood that in it was the entire essence of man. He remembered the sayings of all the Buddhas and Zen masters when asked 'what is the meaning of life?' - to which they would reply a nonsensical answer such as "three pounds of mud". He burst out laughing, for he finally understood what it

meant to be a man. The whole experience alone is what is most important. In the eyes of the creator there is neither good nor evil, only the experience. Man is conditioned by the definitions of good and evil because we cannot accept life for what it is. There are, indeed, atrocities that take place, vet this is just another aspect of life; there is nothing that can be done, apart from being the best version of ourselves, removing guilt, shame, anxiety and all the rest of negativities, from the root. My friend understood what it means to love your neighbour as you love yourself; for a brief moment he was the neighbour - another pair of eves to see himself for what he is. That's why, when we make eye contact with someone, we look at something else immediately because we cannot stand to watch ourselves; so we make up all kinds of stories.

From this point on everything started to make sense - all the wars and calamities, the entanglement of nature and the way man is. It was beautiful...better said - it was divine. Streams of tears were rolling down the cheeks and the world was inside his soul. When he came back

to his senses, he felt as if under the microscope. He felt to be an atom in the body of the Universe, with the privilege of enjoying what the world has to offer. Of course, some might think this to be the ultimate excuse for all kinds of behaviour, but with him stayed another feeling which governs all his actions and thoughts - that of love. For love is the glue that binds all together, and the divine plan is written with red letters. He learned that to hurt others means to hurt himself, which is not wished by anybody... most of the time.

During his tale I could see in his eyes how, at times, sadness was lurking within, being immediately overthrown by excitement and light. For an instant, I also glimpsed what it means to be alive and human - be sad when you feel sad and be happy when you feel happy. Don't choose between the two, they are both your children. There is a beauty in the ugly as well, sometimes more compelling than its sibling.

For me, the belief that we are separate from everything else, that what we experience and feel is only our own, dissolved. Indeed my hand is different from my coffee mug, but this is just a superficial perspective. What I mean by it is that I am made from the same 'stuff' as the mug; and the galaxy alike, if I may add. There is a vibrational field in everything and, as far as we know, we are the peak of these vibrations. We are capable of Mavbe comprehending exist. furniture we mv understands itself also, in the same way a leaf is part of the plant, as much as the flower - on this topic Alan Watts puts it very well in his talk entitled 'being a potato'; if you, dear reader, wish to look a bit more into this 'nonsense'.

I would dare say that our skin does not separate nor contains whatever we are, from the rest. It is, in my humble opinion, a more concentrated field of mater and information, that allows one to experience life in the human form; nonetheless as part of the One Being.

As it happens, I stumbled over a quote which fits perfectly with the occasion:

"You are immortal; you've existed for billions of years in different manifestations, because you are life, and life

cannot die. You are the trees, the butterflies, the fish, the air, the moon, the sun. Wherever you go, you are there, waiting for yourself." Don Miguel Ruiz

The contents of my soul

What is wrong with the world? Better yet, is there something wrong with it, or is it me that is messed up in the head?

I'm not political in this question; I cannot actually be more humane than I'm striving to be with these thoughts. What happened that triggered this? There is more than one reason, as there always is. It somehow culminated to the state I am in; and I'm not pitying myself, not even close to it. And I'm not trying to be patronising nor judgemental with my fellow brothers and sisters. So, what is it then that I'm trying to say? It is about how we behave with each other. How we talk, how we conduct our business and how we interact with our environment, be it comprised of humans, animals, things or even ourselves.

What is it in man, which pushes him to such places, that a goal is more important than a person? When in our tracks have we lost contact with humanity and clang to economy? How can I miss this obvious fact that is

staring in my face? My own misery and unhappiness, which I try to satisfy with empty things and numbers? Am I really that blind that I cannot see I am hurting myself, and consequently mother earth, with my current way of thinking and behaving?

What is happening is that I never fail to identify the mistake as being outside of myself. I drastically fail to see how the suffering and misfortune in the world has its roots within me, my own thinking process being the perpetuator of all there is outside of myself. These two 'places' - namely myself and outside, of course, get all misunderstood. There is nothing separated from me. I am in everything and everyone. All bad people and all manipulators are a reflection of what is happening inside of me. Hopefully, you realised by now that I'm not talking about this one individual contained within the boundaries of my skin, name, personality and so on. Beyond that, deep within, there is this **i** that comprises every living thing and also non-living things that are in this world. All that is manifesting is also present within one individual; think of it as bringing all existence and

compressing it in one mind, body and soul, which, in actuality, ends up being the common conscience for everything. What happens anywhere in the world is a pure reflection of what is taking place within a remote part of my Self, at some point in time and space. This is a very disturbing thought, of course, because I do not want to identify myself with every piece of trash that is crawling on this earth. With every murderer, every rapist, every manipulator and every person who is doing something that I think of as being wrong. I want to see myself as the perfect version of how to be, fitting within everybody else that is not delimitations being either weird or something is wrong with them. But never me. NEVER does it cross my minds that maybe, just maybe, what happens around is just a reflection of what is actually buried deep inside my soul. I do not want to admit, not even to myself, giving birth to this whole mess, that I am selfish, greedy and inconsiderate of what others might feel and want. I do not linger enough to ponder that my choices might influence other people's lives more than, even, my own. I set our eyes on some inanimate goal, some destination that I created, to which I exiled my happiness, < MY.OWN.HAPPINESS. >: and I strive to reach that goal without considering the ones around us - the only part of this life that truly matters. We tramp on souls which are here to create opportunities for me to repent my misgivings; to bring forth the inspiration in me to join the dance of life, rather than trying to stir the whole world into our own little world. These people that come into our lives are part of the same oneness from which we, from which I, come. I still see them as someone separate from me, and fail so badly at being servile with them. And for what? For bringing those numbers to the perfect balance - the more profit the better, and the less the compensation for everybody who helped in making it happen, the better.

I surrendered my freedom and happiness to this inexistent being, this corporation, which is not even aware that it exists. Only I am the one that gives power to it and because of that, people are dying in other parts of the world. Because of my separation from the world all the wars are happening. Because of my thinking that

I am above others, all discrimination is taking place and all suffering continues to be perpetuated. I am feeding this beast which plunges into the beauty of life and sucks it dry. And I am failing to see this because my eyes are busy with screens and with pay-checks. And for good reason. Because it is also me who cannot face this demon which is roaming the streets and is tormenting my soul. I cannot stand up to it and shout ENOUGH!! I cannot put a stop to it, because that might draw attention upon myself. Unwanted attention. And it would make me responsible for whatever might come next. It would make me responsible for all the freedom such an act would entice. It would mean that there is no more excuse anymore for not changing, for staying in my shell and pretend I know nothing and that it is THEM!!! THEY are the ones that are the culprits for all that is wrong in the world. Not me. Not my desire to be above my brothers and sisters. Not my fear of being alone and of being against the social current; my fear of being weak and suffering. I DO NOT WANT TO PAY THE BILL!! That is what it comes down to, in the end. I identify myself so much with this form and body I am

occupying, that I forget who I really am. I forget that I can put a stop to this madness and start fresh. Only a thought would be enough; a desire to do good instead of not caring for anything except this single body that I am aware of.

So much I am capable of, yet so little do I put in practice. I choose to trap my creatures, instead of thanking them for creating this world for me. I slaughter and neglect my mother, instead of looking after her and thank her for everything she is giving me. I fail to see how interdependent everything is and, because of that, I think there is no consequence for my decisions because they are so little in this sea of causalities; it might even go unnoticed. But the truth is: everything counts. Every I that I manifest myself through, counts. Every good deed and every bad deed counts. Every smile and every frown. Every embrace and every avoidance.

When is the last time I felt compassion for anything or anyone? Yes, I saw countless vines with cute cats and dogs, with beautiful acts the person from the other end performed, and I liked what I saw. But, that is not compassion. Compassion is to feel your heart break when a homeless person is sleeping on the street; or when a criminal is forced to kill, rob or whatever life drove him to do. I think those people are evil from the roots. I think they are not human, punishing them for it. I fail to see how the system which I created, the same one I continue to help in keeping intact and in power, has pushed them to do these brutal acts. I fail to see how the belief that I am right and others are wrong creates all the violence among countries and races. I fail to see how not listening to my friend, I mean really listening with all my being and this way be compassionate, is translating in meaningless political debates, revolutions and what not. I fail to see how my own belief that I am only myself and that I cannot really make a difference in the world, translates in ignoring my potential of doing good and helping create a better world.

Life is abundant. It is sufficient by itself. There is nothing that anybody can sell me that will make me feel more complete than I already am. But I fail to see this, thus I follow other people's lead towards happiness.

The sad thing is, once I reach that Promised Land. there is nothing really different from where I started. There is the same situation in the world, same suffering, same shortages of food and water in regions around the globe, same wars, and same misinformation. The only different thing is that now I can shelter this one body that I occupy and am aware of, from the sight of the world. I can seclude it in riches of material origin; not that they are bad. Not at all. All things are for my own disposal. That's why I created so much of everything. But what is wrong is that I feel justified in wronging others. I feel I am above them because I worked so hard to get here and suffered the wrongs of others; that entitle me to wronging others in return, now that I am above, on top of the pyramid. What is sad is that I fail to see I am only hurting myself when I wrong them. I am only lying to myself and keep myself away from true happiness. From the joy of opening my heart and arms to every manifestation of myself; I stay on the side and mock the dance that life puts on, the exquisite show that existence is playing just for me. I fail to see and feel it.

I fail to accept love, to surrender this poor little me that I am aware of to the grander existence. To the One that is omnipotent and omnipresent. I mock this notion because I do not understand it. I see those who surrender their power to a higher existence as weak, as stupid. I fail to see that I am part of something beautiful and divine. I fail to see I AM DIVINE and others also. together with me. And all existence in fact is divine, because there is no separation. There is only one absolute truth and this is it. Though I do not see it. I cannot touch it, therefore I do not believe in it. I cannot let go of everything that I think I am because, why this is ME!! How can I stop being me?! There is so much contradiction in everything and there is nothing actually that can give me a steady ground to which I can cling. So I am afraid. I am not actually superior to my brothers and sisters. I am afraid of accepting the truth. I am afraid of what might happen, of what is unknown. But beauty comes from the unexpected. And sometimes, through some of my awareness, I know this. So, I do not give up on myself. I remind myself that nothing is really real; all this suffering is not really taking place. It all is in my head. And I accept myself with all my misgivings, with all my resentments against myself and against my way of thinking. In these moments of lucidity I make a promise, to myself, to always try to remember and awaken from the illusion; to extinguish all suffering from my heart and, thus, purify the world. Here I go again. More violence to remove violence. I thought I know better by now, that this is not the way. I cannot impose new beliefs upon the old ones. I guess I could, but it would create even a bigger mess waiting to explode in my face; because once I eliminate suffering then I really see myself as better than anyone else. Why, I am the remover of suffering and I am the one that saved all there is. So silly can I be sometimes.

So, how then, can I change this whole thing? Can it be changed? Why, of course not. And of course it can. I am crazy, I might say to myself. I just might be. Would I know, if it were true? I am seeing myself as this thing separated from everything else, excusing myself from all that is happening for the simple fact that this particular

body did not do it. SO, maybe I truly am crazy. Crazy not to see how I am the creator of all.

But, maybe, there is still a chance for me. There is always a chance, I guess... I KNOW!!! I can laugh. But I cannot laugh as I usually do. This has to be a different kind of laugh. A special laugh. A laugh so different, so powerful, that can be heard all across the globe. So intense that the cries of babies cannot be heard over it, and they would even stop to wonder at this laugh they hear. A laugh so outrageous, that the guns, tanks and planes would vibrate with its power, bringing them to cease fire for all eternity. A laugh so truthful, that will wake me up completely from this illusion, and would make every shade of uncertainty and confusion fall from my mind. I will have to give such a laugh that the planets and galaxies would stop rotating and start laughing also, then decide just for the fun of it to start moving again, only for this laugh to be kept going. It should, actually it must, be so incredible, that aliens across the Universe would hear it and venture to come over to see what is causing this on a planet so

succumbed in sorrow as our own; upon their arrival they wouldn't want to leave anymore, but call all their relatives and friends to come over and join this party of laughter. This might just work. Such an act of rebellion and acceptance in the same time, for all that is taking place in the world, just might be enough to make things change for the better. I might realise that life is not as serious as I make it look, that is actually the funniest thing that ever existed. I just might start crying and with my tears wash away all the suffering that I keep inside. I even might be inclined to open my heart to my brothers and sisters across the globe and together to bring tears of joy, now for our mother earth. Maybe I would go really crazy by starting to thank everything and everyone for being in my life, teaching me what it means to be human and alive. I would unplug the machine of destruction that is sucking our planet, together with my body, dry of all its beauty and capacity of creating. I am able now to rejoice for all that has happened; to give thanks for this harsh lesson, even going so far as promising myself to always remember what this is all about. My bread will end up on other plates, and other

breads of other people will end up on my plate. I would stop possessing things and even people, allowing everything and every being to be for everyone else to enjoy, within the compassionate parameters that are, by now, in place.

I could forgive myself for lacking the strength to bring this about before, giving myself the love I so much need. Because, to love is to accept myself for what I am, with all the dark alleys and bright ones together. Loving, true loving, that is, is to open to existence and embrace everything and everyone. To not judge, no matter how harsh the circumstances; to not punish, to not control. Love is present when nothing else is taking place. Then, there is no need to do anything anymore, because by then I am already the One eternal being, the meaning of life itself, with love pouring from every crevice of my marvellous being.

Every being is one and the same and I cannot distinguish anymore the bodies that are surrounding me. I treat others as I treat myself; there is a connection that cannot be severed by anything, because there is

nothing outside of the circle of love anymore. I see the sunshine and drink from it. I bathe in the sea and the wind is bringing tales of far off lands where I dance around fires, on the sounds of flutes held by beautiful women and men. The stars wink at me; the moon is my left eye, shining the blue light of melancholy. I can stay with every feeling, without condemning it for arising in my heart, for now everything is an experience without the delimitations of good and bad, nor any other type of identification. The only words I speak are to give praise to the flowers for how they bloom; but, even that I do not utter anymore, because now I see through all my eyes around the globe. I understand, so there is no need for neither pointing out nor give any explanations. I do not strive to reach the top alone anymore; I see there is no top to reach. I hold hands with everybody and together we breathe the fresh air; we move to create. dance intricate dances, feel without excluding one part of ourselves and love everything there is. Finally, I am truly human and nothing is wrong with the world anymore, because nothing is wrong with me. I am this trail of manifestations and I do not fear anymore what is

taking shape, because I see it is only **i** that keeps me company. It can be sad and I feel sad sometimes, but then I embrace myself... love myself in all my splendour, because I am all this love, all this light. And I am not afraid to shine anymore. I am alive.

If you wish to support this artist, visit www.innerartist.co.uk

In the process of creation there is a kind of wave that takes the artist to different heights or depths of his or her being. The better one is at 'surfing' this wave, the more complex and 'closer to home' that certain creation is. 'From the bottom of my being' is a collection of such works, some in the form of poetry, others in the form of a short story or essay. Each embodies a sincere feeling or thought that hid, and which maybe still does, within my mind and soul.

All an artist can do is to relay life as he/she sees it. This act can be directed towards the outer world where tales of beauty and mythical places are born; or it can be diverted within, where the true challenge lies. To see this latter with all its dimensions and implications that it has for the beholder, is indeed a most difficult task. If however, the journey is made in earnest or at least embarked upon, there are treasures and experiences waiting to be bestowed upon the artist.

My journey is still happening, far from being finished. This book is but a milestone on the way, a resting spot where I revisit the places seen thus far. As a traveller that returns home with tales to tell of distant corners of the world, so am I sharing the lessons encountered thus far on my journey within.

Sincerely, An innerartist.