

IT

JUST

IS

—

Messages From Home

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any

form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system without written permission from the publisher, except for the inclusion of brief quotations in a review.

Copyright © 1999 by Ed Nathanson

First Published in United States Of America by:

Ed Nathanson
P.O. Box 330400
Kahului, Hawaii 96733

(808) 572-9781
When I see I am nothing
That is wisdom

When I see I am everything
That is love

And between those two
My life moves

Nisargadatta Maharaj

A Prayer

So many words

Though, I have nothing to say
For what can be said
Of pure being

A place without thought
Cannot be named
For it, there is no designation

May these words take you
straight into the heart
May they take you
beyond their meaning

May you come to know
You were never apart
From what you
Have been seeking

May these words be like arrows
That pierce through the heart
And expose what you have been missing

May they do the impossible:
Take you into
The place

That is

(Beyond words)

It Just Is:

Now what is that?
It means dogs are dogs

And cats are cats

Rocks are rocks
And rain is rain
Everything is
Just the same

It's as simple as
A thing can be
It's all the same
In you and me

What makes this
Very hard to see
Is who you think
Yourself to be

Moment To Moment

Moment to moment
I take life as it comes
Never knowing how the next moment

will find me

What surprises await?
What does God have in store?
I welcome whatever may come

Be it laughter or tears
I embrace them the same
Never knowing how life will find me

I am the witness who sees
How the works of God's plan
Reveals itself
Moment to moment

The Trick

The mind has played a trick on you
It has you turned around
It makes you think your superman
When your naked on the ground

It has lulled you into sleep my friend
You are dreaming even still
It has left you with its resources
Left you thinking you have will

Though the mind has told you otherwise
It is really very small
It says it wants the truth
Then smacks your head against the wall

The mind's capacities are limited
Though, it claims that they are plenty
But, no thought in the mind is as great
As the mind that hasn't any

Pitter Patter

Listen to the pitter patter of little thoughts
Telling you where to go and what to do
Watch as they tell you what to think and how to feel
Who can say what causes the mind to come up with all
these thoughts?

Yet, these thoughts form the basis of who you think you are

You believe that you are the mind

But can you account for what thought will arise in it next?

You may think yourself to be the owner of the mind

But isn't this much like the puppet claiming independence
from the puppeteer?

You cannot control what arises in the mind

Thus, it would appear that the mind is actually owned

By someone other than yourself

Listen to the pitter patter of little thoughts

Who put them there?

Where did they come from?

Who is telling you what to do and how to feel?

Thinking

If you think you are something

You'll want something else still

If you think you know something

You'll think you have will

If you think you are happy

You'll think you are sad
If you think you are good
You'll think you are bad

If you think you are something
Then something you'll be
And you'll feel you're in bondage
Then seek to be free

But, your struggle is something
You never can win
It's like a wheel that keeps turning
Again and again

Until you are nothing
Then something you'll be
It's the way of the world
When you're stuck with the me

No one
Everyone
All one
No one

The Same

That is that
And this is this
Trees are trees
And fish are fish

Love and hate
Are all the same

Good is bad
And sun is rain

What I see
Is what I see
Life is all
The same to me

Nobody's Joke

The dog chases his own tail.
The seeker seeks enlightenment.

What a very strange path to take.
When to understand it is to misunderstand it.
When the knowledge sought cannot be understood.

What a very strange thing to do.

When the only thing to do is nothing.
.....And you can't do that.

What a very weird goal.
When you gain everything, when you give up everything.
.....Which is nothing.

To me, this sounds like a joke.
But, the joke is on who?

It isn't far
In every heart
It lies here
Is not apart

It cannot change
It cannot die
It does not want
It Cannot lie

It lives within

It lives outside
It's only you
Who thinks it hides

Surrender

Sweet surrender
What could I have done
To cause it?
What could I have done
To stop it?

Though I owe everything to
Surrender
Sweet surrender
I never did anything to deserve

The grace that is
Surrender

Being

Being is a here and now kind of thing
Total focus upon the moment
without distraction

It is the natural state
Effortless
It is the absence of doing
It is the constant hum
That continues through everything

Being is what is left

When the mind falls silent

Whisperings

The deepest truths
Are the ones you've always known
Their recognition
comes from deep inside
For you have already heard the
whisperings
of their essence

Touching

The essence of who you are
That which you
Are looking for

It is not far
There is no need to search for it
For it touches you now.

Questions And Answers

Where do all these questions come from?
Where do all their answers lead?

They chase each other round and round
Until the questions finally exhaust themselves
And eliminate the need for answers

All the answers we'll ever need to know
come with the end of questions.

What If

What if things were different?

What if I didn't care?

What if I were nicer?

What if I lose my hair?

What ifs take us far away

From anything that's here

What ifs take us traveling

Down the long dark road of fear

Much A Do About Nothing

Everything

Shadows

They keep their vision downward
They look away from the sun
They move about quite harmlessly
Never hurting anyone

They think themselves autonomous
They think their movements free
They never look into the sun
Afraid of what they'd see:

Shadows

Tic Toc

God thanks you
For working so hard
To prevent his world
From falling into chaos

Keep up the good work!

Innocence

When we enter the world beyond understanding
When all of our knowledge is put aside
What remains is a world of wonder
A childlike world of innocence

Maps

You have a plan
You chart your course
You know where you are going

You plan it well
You make your moves
And the wind takes you where it will

In spite of your worst laid plans
God's plan for you prevails

Still you go on making plans
And charting your course

Hoping that someday
God will get it right

Struggle

You struggle for your right to be
You struggle all the time
But, do you have a right to be
When God makes up your rhyme

Silence

Behind the clutter of the mind
Is the backdrop of life
A great vast nothingness

The sound of silence
Touches everything

Words

No matter how clever
Or sharp they might be
Words always go to the mind
But the words that break through
To the depth of the heart
Are surely the hardest to find

It Doesn't Matter

We are all one
One love
One in love

Separation
Exists in the mind
But, separation
Is not real
The mind
Is not real

Let the dream continue
It is only important
To you and to me
But, from the place
Where we all are one

It doesn't matter

Impersonal

When the one who thinks he is you vacates
Everything is simply as it is

Thoughts still arise
Actions still happen
Words are still spoken
Emotions still arise

But, all these things happen
In the absence of personal presence

They are simply a part of what is happening
moment to moment

They are just a part of what is
And there is no one thinking
That they have anything to do with you

Thinking:
I did this
I said that
Etcetera

Your actions
Other's actions
Are not taken

Personally

From the impersonal point of view
Life is just a bunch of stuff that happens
And the body simply gives you a ringside seat

Sometimes it's calm
Sometimes it's a three ring circus
But, all is calm
without the "me"

There is a
Constant
Steadiness
That flows
Through it all

Fear

Fear is what infants feel
When they think they are alone

Come home to God
And rest soundly

Love

What can be named that is not love?

What can exist that is not love?

What causes your heart to beat

If not love?

Love is the heartbeat of existence

Super Glue

It cannot be altered
It cannot be moved
It is the glue that
bonds things together

It bonds you to me
And it bonds me to you
It makes us both
One and the same

Though, things seem to happen
To you and to me
That's because we see
With our eyes closed

Behind all the shadows
The who that we are
Is one

Sleeping

In the deepest darkest corners
Of the shallows of the mind
Lay enough decoys
To keep you forever blind

The mind is not the tool you need
To get you to the end
To the mind you owe no servitude
The mind is not your friend

If you keep on using thoughts to see
Beyond the corners of your mind
Your struggle will continue
A lasting peace you will not find

I hate to be the bearer of bad news
I wish I had your magic pill
But, the one that wants to see beyond the mind
Is the one who never will

The Joke

Who's the man in charge here?
Where's the guy I want to blame?
For causing so much misery
For making me insane

What kind of God would play a joke like this?
I suppose you think its funny?
To leave me stranded without memory
And make me work for all my money

If there's a God out there who's hearing this
I hope you know how sick you are
To make me think that I am nothing
When I'm brighter than a star

The Cage

Picture yourself
Thrown off into the cosmos
A tiny dust speck
Isolated and alone

Now, imagine
That You were found out there
And to protect you
You were put into
A tiny dust speck cage
A cage of bars made of thoughts

Picture yourself
held captive in that cage
Until it was time to return
From where you'd been thrown

The Show

Have you heard all the wild rumors?
They say that life's a dream
That we are all just actors
On a giant movie screen

They say we all bought tickets
Just to see this very show
They say that we are acting
But, this we cannot know

Because the joy of going to the theater
Is to lose yourself in there
To get caught up in the drama
The action and the fear

That's the way you know
Its a good show you are seeing
When you lose yourself in the actors
And feel their sense of being

I heard that God is hoping that
We all enjoyed his show
He says that he will see us soon
So, we can let him know

Nobody's Business

No one writes
No one reads
No one knows
No one leads

Separation's End

You think that we are separate
So, you cannot see the one
When IT JUST IS, is all there is
Your separate days are done

"Home James"

If you knew you had
No control over your life
You could
Relax
And leave the
Driving to
God

Positive & Negative

The mind is a tool for discrimination
It uses positive and negative judgments
To help it discriminate one thing from another

The mind is a tool
It is nothing more
There is no need to take
The mind's judgments
Personally

The Beginning Of The End

When there is a conviction
that we do not have control
Over our lives

The acceptance of
Credit and blame
For our actions
Diminishes

Effortlessly

Into A Dream

A 3-D Technicolor dream
God has the best
virtual reality machines
available

us

Seeking

You yearn for freedom
You yearn for peace
You yearn for happiness

But, your yearning is
An expression of your restlessness
You are attempting to use restlessness
As a means for finding peace

No wonder you are unhappy
No wonder you lack peace
No wonder you feel yourself in bondage

The seeking is a trap

If you were to make peace with
Your restlessness -- as it is
Perhaps it would lose
Its grip on you

Emptiness

In time we move
Though, we are motionless

Stillness fills all
The empty spaces

But, the mind abhors a vacuum
And fills it with movements
Thoughts

Would that you could
Simply let it be
Then the stillness
Wouldn't feel like
Emptiness

Then the peace you desire
Would be all there ever was

Mission: Impossible

If you were truly
Separate from God
Your search for him
Could be successful

Thought Abuse

The mind police came crashing In
And threw you against the wall
They said "we're charging you with thought abuse"
And said "you have one call"

You can't believe their charging you
For for thinking all the time
You know you think so many things
But, can't control your mind

They lock you up with other folks
That seem alot like you
So many thoughts go through your mind
What are you going to do?

Though, you try to plead your innocence
The judge just says "No way"
So, he locks you up with all your thoughts
And you still serve that time today

Turn Around

You keep your vision outward
Always moving straight ahead
You fear that moving inward
Is a thing that you might dread

You keep looking toward the world
Always focused on your dreams
You fear that looking toward the source
May show life's not what it seems

But, if you turn around you'll see
The thing that you've been dreaming of
If you give up looking outward
You'll find restfulness and love

Mine

You are mine

And

I am mine

And

This is mine

And

That is mine

Everything is mine

And

I belong to nobody!

Nothing

How does one write about nothing?
What is it one could say?
How can one get from here to there?
When something is in the way

The something wants the nothing
And it grasps for the unknown
But, the way to get to nowhere
Is a path that can't be shown

I wish these words could take you
To the silence from which they came
But, as words they've turned to something
So, there is nothing you can gain

If you keep on using something to find nothing
You can't win
Because the winners and the losers
Are all something once again

I want to offer something for your journey
To the end
But, when what you seek is nothing
Mr. Something ain't your friend

But, if you can remember that
You're not as you appear
Then perhaps you'll rest inside yourself
And face your deepest fear

For if nothing is what you came from
Then nothing is what you must be

And there isn't any reason
To have something like a "me"

When you return from where you came
It is nothing you will find
So, it's nothing that is everything
And this casts out the mind

Nothing Doing

Nothing to do
Nowhere to go
Nothing to be
Nothing to know

Nothing to learn
No one to see
There isn't much use
For the one with a "me"

Your Mess

Is it worth the price you pay
For leaving God behind?
To feel so isolated
And alone Inside the mind

You bear your sorrow nobly
And you think it worth the cost
For if you were to lose yourself
Then everything is lost

You value your sweet freedom
Even though it's God who rules
You like to think you're in control
But, God is going to choose

So, look at it again my friend
Has life really gone your way?
If things had gone the way you want
What would they be like today?

The proof is in the pudding
And your pudding's pretty thin
Please don't try to tell me that
You chose the mess your in

You suffer oh so needlessly
You struggle all the time
For when you stop you'll surely see
That God makes up your mind

No Problem

By now you're probably thinking:

How do I get rid of the ego?
How can I do away with the mind?

The answers are:

You don't
You can't

Who is this I, that would
Get rid of the bad old ego?

Who is it that would
Want to do such a thing?

The one that you are
Is fine with the ego
Just the way it is
Right now

The one that you are not
Has a problem with the ego

The one that you are not
Has so many problems

Trying to solve the "problem" of
The ego with the ego
Is a problem

But, this is not a problem for

The one that you are

For the one that you are
None of your struggles are a problem

From the point of view of:
IT JUST IS
There can be no problems

**Tiny Lenses
(In The Mind)**

Change the lens that you are looking through
You're really not that small
When you look through tiny lenses
You cannot see much at all

To see exactly what you are
A lens you do not need
Because your essence -- it is everywhere
So, there is nothing much to see

When what you are is everything
What you think seems rather small
And the mind can't keep you running
At it's every beck and call

When the mind is unimportant
It's thoughts take on transparency
It's the absence of what never was
The disappearance of the me

A Stupid Mantra

Instead of thinking of enlightenment as a state of knowing

Why not think of it as a state of not-knowing

Instead of enlightenment as understanding everything

Enlightenment as understanding nothing

Rather than searching for spiritual knowledge

Look for ways to get rid of spiritual knowledge

In this light

I offer the follow in mantra:

Duuh

Please feel free to repeat this mantra regularly

Allow the ignorance to fill you

And lull you into a place of complete incompetence

When you are truly void of spiritual understandings

surrender happens by default!

Ode To The Death Of No One

Here lies the body of no one
His death was as illusory as his life
In this dream he lived and died
His character and actions
Were acted out
As dictated by the film
Upon which his image was imprinted

You Are Your Dream

You want to know the answers
You want to know the truth
You hope to find the reasons for your sorrow and your pain
You hope to find a way to be happy all the time

You see the joy
You see the peace
In the enlightened one
You say to yourself, "I want some of that"
So you ask him how he found it
You pay all kinds of money
In the hopes of buying some
You struggle to understand
The wise man's words
You yearn for the peace you see in his eyes
Your seeking has brought you no closer to your master's
heart
Your seeking instead has brought you closer to your own
suffering

What you want is not far away
It is so close that reaching for it
Pulls you further from it
The peace you seek requires no effort to reach
In fact, it can only be reached
In the absence of effort

You are the truth you seek
Stop searching here
Stop searching there
You are the dream you desire -- of peace and love unending
If you could only stop for a moment

This moment
You would see how very close you are
You search for your dream outwardly

But,
Your dream
Is who you are

Restlessness

You're fine with God the way you are
He made you to be this way
He dictates your thoughts and actions
Every moment, everyday

You cannot be the one you think
When God commands your every motion
You can never come to peace until you
Rest inside his ocean

In fact, you are cradled in his arms now
Though, you remain there restless still
The irony is that your restlessness
Is programmed by God's will

So, what to do?

Whatever it is he
wants you to do

What choice do you have?

Like A Rat On A Wheel

The wheel just keeps on turning
Through the corners of your mind
It takes you here, it takes you there
It leaves you spinning blind

As you move from this to that
It seems that you are going
But with each step up, the wheel clicks back
Without you ever knowing

If you look quite carefully
You'll see that as it turns
It leaves you going nowhere
And it's just energy you burn

The Traveler

He wanders here, he wanders there
To see what he can find
His journeys take him deep into
The far reaches of his mind

Throughout his lonesome journey
He yearns for his sweet home
But, he never will come to rest there
As long as he must roam

He loves the search
He loves his life of fresh discovery
So, away from home he wanders
Until he at last becomes weary

He comes to rest on God's own shores
No longer does he roam
There's nothing quite as sweet
As when the traveler finds his home

Nowhere Man

If no one is home
Where is everybody?
Is there anybody?
Or is it just an empty screen
That once appeared to hold images
Of you and me

I have looked deep into the heart
Only to find that I could not find it
I have searched
Here
There
Everywhere
Only to find that I was searching

When does the restlessness end?
The searching continues
When did it begin?
The searching continues

Or, could it be
that there never was a beginning
And there can be no end
The searching was in vain

Who was this seeker?
Where did he come from?
Where did he go?

I have looked very carefully
Only to find an invisible man
One that never really amounted to more

Than a shadow moving in the distance

Why should he know the answers he seeks?

Why should his seeking lead him to his goal?

What can a shadow know?

And what is the value in the answers he finds?

The desires of a shadow are without value or substance

As am I

Nobody

Fresh Beginnings

Without the mind to censor
With its judgments and its fears
Everything is new
Each moment seen as it appears

Without the mind to hang on to the
Things that went on in the past
Each moment begins fresh again
Though, the moments do not last

It's true that life is all the same
on this you can be sure
But, when each moment's new again
This life is not a bore

Prejudged Moments

You've prejudged your moments
Based on what you want and dread
So, often times when things come up
Your moment's in your head

You don't want to see your bankruptcy
Or your relationship to end
So, for you one moment's beautiful
Another not your friend

Your fears and judgments
distance you from what is truly here
Instead of your days going peacefully
You're on alert -- in fear

You've prejudged your moments
And it makes your life a mess
You do not simply wait to see
What God has for you next

Asylum Earth

They've banished you to spend your life
With the rest of the insane
With the one's who's minds are in control
Of whatever they might claim

It's a land for those with restless minds
A land that's never still
A land where minds seem in control
Thinking they have will

It's a land where minds think
What they think, is who they truly are
It's just as if God leant his mind
The keys to his own car

He leaves these hyperactive minds
in humans for a while
And stores the really peaceful minds
In something like a cow

So, humans move with their minds
Always showing what's ahead
And these crazy minds keep running
On the cows from which they're fed

That's the way it is on earth:
The asylum in the sky
Where crazy minds can have their day
Until it's time to die

Leap Of Faith

Love is a leap of faith
But, what can be done?
Surrender cannot be done
It can only happen

If you were to know
IT JUST IS
As all there is
It would be a gift from God
Grace

In the end
As in the beginning
There is
Only God's
Will

Reflections Of The Heart

Everywhere you look
Everywhere you turn
It is all, reflections of the heart

Sometimes, a broken heart
Sometimes, a heart that's free
Everything in life
Is a reflection of the heart

It's All Love

It's all love
Every drop
Everything
You can name
And all that you cannot
It's all love

The joy and laughter
The sorrow and pain
It's all love

Love is the thread that
Bonds all things
Love is what makes
Us all the same
It's all love

The Painting

God has made a painting
And he brushed in me and you
He splashed us with his colors
And then told us what to do

It's Gods painting we're living in
His canvas that we walk
We are all expressions of his art
What we think and how we talk

God's brush reveals life's every move
His artistry's so fine
God's artwork is so complete
It really blows the mind

The Mirror

Somewhere there is a mirror
That reflects our deepest souls
A mirror that takes shattered men
And reflects them to be whole

A mirror that reflects
Much more than eyes can see
A mirror that reflects the same
For you as for me

It reflects our truest essence
And shows it all as one
All consciousness without divides
It shines just like the sun

A light so pure and massive
It takes your breath away
Though you saw this mirror long ago
Its reflection always stayed

Return To Sender

I don't how I got here
Or back where I came from
But, I have a way to find out
Without hurting anyone

I bought a very large box
I can fit myself inside
I'll have it dropped at FedEx
For the fast service they provide

I'll address myself to God
"return to sender" it will say
I'm thinking as returned goods
The shipping God can pay

When God receives my package
My motives should be known
I'd rather hang with God
Then stay out here all alone

No Words

I don't know much of anything
I don't have much to say
Though, words spin off this keyboard
They cannot show the way

It takes some kind of magic
To connect you with the heart
But, until that magic happens
These words are where to start

If that grace should happen
These words will prove untrue
For there are no words that can portray
The beauty that is you

Life

Time passes
Day to day
Moment to moment

I talk to the cashier
Pay the bills
Take care of business
Write a poem

It all goes by
One thing and
Then another

The parade of life continues
Laughing, crying
Eating, sleeping

Moment to moment
Day to day
Time passes

The Source

Within the silence
Of the mind
We can leave
This world behind

To a place where one
Can have no room
Like a fetus
In the womb

To a time that predates
You and me
An ancient presence
Like the sea

A source from which
All life does flow
It is a thing too great
For one to know

Perfection

There is nothing wrong with your song
You are perfectly in tune
Every word
Every thought
Every feeling
Every action

You can relax knowing
That there is nothing
You can do to screw things up

Every drop of you is
Performing to exact specifications

God is very happy

The Mind

The mind is so conceited
The mind thinks it can make things go its way
The mind thinks it is you
And that what it thinks is everything

The mind is a disease
It is a cataract that blinds you from seeing
What is in front of your face

The mind is an actor
It pretends to be something it is not
It performs for your attention

Do not be fooled by the mind
It is nothing more than a sophisticated computer
All of its programs run according to its design
Even now It is God who plays the keyboard of your mind

Dreaming

I know it's hard to tell
That all this isn't real
When you're lost inside a dream
That's not the way it feels

But, if you can remember
When you wake from a dream
That when you're sleeping all your thoughts
Were not real as they once seemed

Let your sleeping dreams remind you
Of how things are right here
If you live inside a dream
You have no need to fear

In your dreams, you can do anything
Believing that it's true
It's as if God had changed the rules
On what you thought you knew

When people think that dreams are real
We have them put away
But, we forget to look and see
That we just dreamed this day

I know your feelings trick you
Into thinking this is real
But, like when you are dreaming
You just feel as you feel

It's hard to see this as a dream
It moves along so slow

But, see the dream within the dream
and you shall surely know

It isn't real

Can't Stop It

How can you stop the mind?

You can't

Sorry

I guess drugs are the only way out for you!

But, perhaps there is another way

What if the daily exploits of the mind

Were deemed uninteresting?

What if its thoughts and feelings

Were deemed less significant?

What if instead dealing with

Your high and low self-esteem

Your over all esteem simply diminished?

You can't stop the mind

But, the impact of the mind can be undermined

Perhaps, one day you will be happy to let the mind

Do as it does

Without bothering with it

Conservation

Please let them think I'm wonderful
Please don't let them think I'm gay
Please let them think what I want them to think
So, they will treat me nice today

I'm so concerned with hiding
What I don't want them to see
I don't want them to get
A bad impression of me

Wouldn't it be nice to be an asshole for a while?
Take a break from all of the pretending
Aren't you weary of this game
That is unending?

When you no longer care what you think about yourself
What others think of you won't matter.

Think of all the time and energy you would save

The Target

I am astounded at the amount of words
It takes to write about nothing

I know that nothing is far too simple
For any of these words

It is so all pervasive that
The mind's attempts to grasp it are like
A finger's attempts to grasp water

To write about it, is like describing air
For there are no words to describe
The nothingness that is you

There is no way to convey
How everything this nothingness really is

But, these words continue to flow
As if there was a way to bring their target to you
In spite of all these words

Reflections

Oneness fills the room
How could you have missed it?
Too busy looking in the mirror
To have caught what goes on

Around your reflection
Within your reflection

Oneness fills the room

Nostalgia

Oh, how I miss my mind
My mind and I had lots of fun
We went everywhere together
We were about as tight as buds could be
He always kept me entertained

When I felt good he made me laugh
When I felt down he sang the blues
My mind and I were pals through all kinds of weather

But, now the road ahead is silent
No more sleepless nights of campfire stories
I miss the days when my mind and I had pajama parties

Not really

Mistaken Identity

The things you want to know
Are the things you think are real
But, such things cannot be understood
They are something that you feel

Though you try hard to grasp it
With the pliers of your mind
The knowledge that you're seeking
Is oh, so hard to find

Your looking here and looking there
Won't give you many clues
Because the one that has the answers
Is the one who's really you

As long as you're convinced
That you are, what you are not
The one you're not keeps searching
For what he hasn't got

Somewhere deep inside
The answer is plain and clear
But, you can't know the answer
As long as you are here

Improvement

It doesn't much matter
How much you know
How much you learn
How much you grow

It all remains the same

It's not about improving
Stay as rotten as you like

No matter how good or bad you are
You're still the one you are

God's Way

Don't worry
It will happen
In its own sweet way

No need to fret
God's way is perfect

All things
Will come to pass
In their own sweet time

Trust that life will unfold
Just the way
It is supposed too

It can be no other way

Beyond Who?

Beyond thought
Beyond the mind
Beyond what you
Can hope to find

Beyond the clouds
And stars above
Beyond hate
Beyond love

It's so far
Yet so near
Beyond you
Beyond fear

For you it seems
So far away
But, that's because
Of where you stay

When where you stay
Has left the scene
The who you are
Is everything

Irrelevant

It doesn't matter
Whether who you are
Is known

It doesn't change a thing

Because who you are
Is who you are
Whether it is known or not

It's No Big Deal

Enlightenment is nothing much
In fact, it is nothing at all

I used to think it was glorious
The highest of the highs

If this is what you're thinking
Then you can save your time and money

Because there is nothing
Special about the natural state

If there were a me in this enlightenment
I'm sure he would be very disappointed

Kill The Seeker

The truth of the teaching
Can never be known
As long as there's
Someone to find it.

Problems Solved

What troubles your mind today?
What problems do you find?
It just goes on forever
When you're lost inside a mind

I hate to have to tell you
That your troubles will not end
Because, as soon as you solve one
There's another thing to mend

It's the way it is with minds
They always want something to do
So, they fix and create problems
Until your life is through

If you examine your life carefully
I'm sure that you will find
Your troubles aren't problems
The real problem is the mind

But, the mind is so addicted to
It's problematic ways
That it cannot stop creating
Stuff for you to fix today

So, if you're thinking of ways
To solve the problem of the mind
The mind is not the tool you need
Another you must find

If the mind has no solution
Then in God's hands it must be

So, put your trust in God
And you can live a life that's free

What Next?

Each and everyday
In all kinds of ways
Life is a new series
Of surprises

Who can foresee
What happens next?

Oh, what an adventure!

All one can say is:

“Let’s see what happens”

Let’s see

Distance

There is a sense of distance
From the events of daily life

A sense of distance
From the thoughts

Yet, through the distance
There is a complete unity
With it all

Its as if everything
Is totally connected

Life continues to happen
Without a subject

There is only witnessing
Without a witness

It Just Is (Version 2)

It just is
Is simple and clear
It is without judgment
It is without fear

It just is
Leaves it quite plain
It is without reasons
It is without blame

It just is
Takes thoughts away
It has no grip holds
So, thoughts can't stay

It just is
Is what is true
It is the place
Beyond the you

It just is
Applies to everything
In every situation
Its truth does ring

I know it sounds simple
I know it sounds plain
But, it just is
Ends your life's strain

Pure Being

From the state of pure being
This life is like watching a movie

Every (conscious) human has
This experience of pure being
Each of us receive life
Moment to moment

Personal motives
Overshadow this pure sense of being
They bring the ego to the forefront
And the ego obscures the awareness of
Pure being

The ego that is lost in its personal motives
Acts as if it has life within a character in the movie
It believes that the movie is reality

The ego causes us to lose track of
This sense of being that we were born with
Though witnessing of each moment
Is the primary experience of life

We do not realize this because the mind is
So quick to judge and react to life's events
Though the initial witnessing
Is what gives the mind something to react to
The ego is caught up in its reaction
And this overshadows the presence of pure being

Fortunately, the ego only blocks this awareness to itself

When the mind falls silent
What remains is sense of existence

Being

Before the mind falls silent
This sense of being
Goes by unnoticed
In spite of the fact that
It is the screen upon which
The movies of personal dramas
Are played out

How Did The Ego Get The Better Of You?

Each body is programmed with
An aversion to pain
This is felt as fear

Aversion to pain is critical to the survival of the body
Without it, you might stick your hand in the fire
And think "what an interesting sensation"
As you burned to a crisp

The body - mind's fear of anticipated pain
Both physical and emotional
Creates places of concealment

Personal motives (to avoid pain)
Can leave you blind
To what is happening

In this cover of darkness
The ego can exercise
Control over you

God At Play

Life is
A mean trick
God played on
The ego

Neutrality

The mind's judgments and fears
Censor and distort what is
As attention to the mind diminishes
The mind becomes more neutral

This neutrality allows intuitive understanding
To be received without obstruction

Life becomes spontaneous

How Can I Fault You?

Our personalities are what they are
We all do what we were made to do

It is fortunate that we are not
these personalities

The Assumption

The assumption that we are
All separate beings
Causes us to hold to judgments
Of one another

Would that we could
Not make such an assumption

Freedom

Without bondage
There is no freedom

But, I have a secret:

The one who thinks he is in bondage
Only exists in that belief

For him freedom is
Dissolution

Who will enjoy your freedom now?

The Truth

The truth
Will come in pieces
The truth
Will show the way

The truth
Will take you deeper
The truth
Keeps you at bay

The truth
It knows no boundaries
The truth
Will set you free

The truth
Throws out distinctions
The truth
Throws out the me

The truth
Cannot be written
The truth
Cannot be told

The truth
Is not an object
The truth
You cannot hold

The truth
Applies to everything

The truth
Fits like a glove

Indeed the truth
Is everything
And everything
Is love

Farewell

So, what can be learned?
What can be known?

I wish you fair winds for your sailing
May you come to find that in spite of the storms
There is stillness inside of the ocean
May you rest in that stillness
As waves crash over head
With echoing sounds in the distance

May you rest like an ocean
Secure in the knowing
That all things will
come in time

Take life as an ocean

Good Night

Rest easy
All is well
We will surely
Go to hell

So have no worries
Have no fear
Soon all this
Will disappear

And when it does
We'll surely see
The only hell
was for the me

So, sleep soundly
And cease to roam
Because you are
already home

The Mind

The mind has set a trap for you
The mind thinks it can win
The mind has got a trick or two
It plays them with a grin

The mind thinks it is rational
But logic it defies
The mind is very cagey
Because it's full of lies

The mind looks for opportunities
If you're passive it will lead
The mind wants all the power
The mind wants to succeed

The mind claims to be emperor
Then establishes self rule
The mind plays for the attention
It plays you for a fool

The mind just loves to think
That it is getting its own way
When the mind thinks it has power
It bunkers down to stay

The mind protects its secrets
Its charade is rarely seen
Its easy to distort the truth
When you live inside a dream

The mind just wants to think
That its pack of lies are true

The mind thinks if it has control
It could become the you

So, the mind makes itself a subject
And he names his subject; Fred
Then it works to keep Fred busy
Until the body's dead

The mind thinks it is somebody
But none of this is true
The mind is an impostor
Who has disguised itself as you

Forgotten

I'm forgetting where I came from
Forgetting how life once seemed

It's like a clouded memory
A hardly recollected dream

My life was once a struggle
Now that seems to be done
The struggles simply vanished
When there wasn't anyone

No One's Poem

No one left to feel the feelings
No one left to right a wrong
No one left to hear my story
No one left to sing my song

Now these things just happen
No one watches the scene
No one looks for answers
Or knows what it all means

There is no one who writes
There is no one who reads
No one knows these concepts
Or where this poem leads

Without the me, the worst fears
Of the ego, have come true
Though, such fears do not arise
In the absence of a you

Where To Start

Start from the beginning
From where you are right now
There is no use pretending that
This world isn't real
If that's not the way you feel

Accept how your mind works
How you become lost in it
Accept that as it is now
It may remain
Forever

If you can find peace with
How you are now
You will not suffer
With your suffering

Use the mind
To see
Into the mind

See your
Involvement
As it is

Notice how life
Continually confronts you
With your ultimate helplessness

Let the love
In your heart
Face

The fear
In your mind

The ego will struggle
As it must

Trust that in the end
Time or grace
Will end
The ego's suffering

The End

So, what is it you've understood?
What do you think is true?
The more one understands it
The less one has a clue

It doesn't matter what you think
Of this you can be sure
Before these words can make real sense
You won't be here anymore

So, forget about these poems
And this clever little rhyme
Though you've tried to understand them
I'm afraid you're out of time

I hate to have to tell you
That there's nothing you can do
There is no way to get these poem's
Meanings to you

I'm sorry that you read all this
To hear it's all for naught
I should have said this earlier
I guess I just forgot

Enlightenment = IT JUST IS

What words would you use to describe the essence of IT
JUST IS?

IT JUST IS has no words
It is everything and nothing
But, this is not correct

In enlightenment:

There is no one
But, this is not correct

The mind stops
But, this is not correct

Enlightenment is:

The absence of judgments
But, this is not correct

A state of being
But, this is not correct

What words would you use to describe the essence of IT
JUST IS?

All of them?
None of them?

IT JUST IS
Lives in a world beyond words
But, this is not correct