

No difference  
between

A roomful  
of souls

And a  
roomful

Of soul.

\*

These words  
are an oar

Pointed  
at the place

In the ocean  
called ocean.

\*

I woke,  
one day,

Living a life,  
until I saw

I was life  
itself.

\*

I look for  
something

Of greatest  
value,

Created

Without  
motive.

\*

When  
I'm brilliant,

So is  
everyone else,

When they're  
brilliant,

So am I.

\*

Prodigal child  
of heaven,

Gone  
to stretch

Heaven out,  
inside itself.

\*

Here,

From  
the beginning

Of this moment,  
to the moment

Of this  
Beginning.

\*

Who I am

Is wholly  
this capacity

For being  
who I am.

\*

My life

Can never  
be made

Significant  
enough

To set  
me free.

\*

Everyone

Is lit  
from within

By the  
same light

That lights  
us all.

\*

Most thinking  
is attached

To the belief  
it will never

Be  
set free.

\*

What makes  
me unique

Separates  
who I am

From everyone  
else.

\*

If I make  
a noise

That never  
ends,

How can  
I know

I am  
at peace?

\*

I am a  
painting

That tries  
to paint

A painting

That paints  
itself.

\*

I draw  
a straight line

Through  
the invisible,

Until it  
disappears.

\*

Who I am

Is simply  
true,

Not a  
complexity

To untangle.

\*

Awareness

Is not  
a wisdom

To be learned  
and taught

Or taught  
and learned.

\*

My mind  
is wood,

Inherently  
wishing

To become

Its own  
fire.

\*

Surrender  
means

My mind  
does nothing

And then forgets  
what happens

Next.

\*

All light

Makes love  
to shadow,

And all  
shadow

Surrenders  
to the light.

\*

I imagine

That a feeling  
is mine,

When I  
merely

Hold  
it tight.

\*

To be ruled  
by emotion,

The same  
as wanting

To rule  
emotion.

\*

This,

Transparent  
oratory of life,

Empty story  
of what is.

\*

Every  
time

Is the  
first time,

To see  
the true face

Of life  
itself.

\*



My  
true self,

Sensed,  
but unknown,

Then barely  
glimpsed,

Finally  
recognized.

\*

My thinking

Distrusts  
awareness,

Believing it  
a product

Of thought.

\*

As I love  
my body/mind,

I love  
this illusion

Of who  
I am.

\*

I try  
to take

Control

Of my life's  
recognition

From who  
I am.

\*

I will not run  
from my fire

Toward its

Projected  
light

On  
the trees.

\*

The wisest  
mind

Can but  
describe

This art  
of being

In life itself.

\*

I distrust  
my life,

When  
the illusion

Shields  
the reality.

\*

Recognition

Overcomes  
thinking,

How does  
it happen?

It happens.

\*

Who  
I'm being

Can't  
possess

Who I am,

The thing  
cannot

Possess  
itself.

\*

This  
seeing

Cannot  
be spoken

In any  
language

Known  
to the mind.

\*

My  
possessiveness

Is concern,  
not for love,

But for  
the loss

Of love.

\*

I look at  
my own

Sun,

My mind  
goes blind

In the light  
of life itself.

\*

I am  
this light

Of life  
itself

Looking  
into

The heart  
of itself.

\*

Actual  
surrender

Lives

In the  
steadiness

Of this  
awareness.

\*

The need

To end  
separation

Drives  
the attempt

To find  
wholeness.

\*

Instead of  
seeking

Salvation,

I recognize  
its presence

Within.

\*

Awareness,  
speaking,

Sounds like  
leadership,

Leadership  
sounds

Like cant.

\*

In having  
a relationship

With God,

I am kept away  
from God.

\*

In this  
brief

Moment,

I am  
the reality

Of infinity.

\*

Already  
being

Who I am

Is my  
first,

Last,

And finest  
teacher.

\*

The ocean's  
wave

Distrusts

Its own  
greater love

Of its own  
lesser self.

\*

As a seeker  
of relief

From  
disunion,

I bleed  
through

A healed  
wound.

\*

I'm  
aware

Of my  
patterns,

But my  
patterns

Can't see  
my awareness.

\*

Contemplation  
of thought

Is contemplation  
itself

In a  
costume.

\*



My love

Doesn't  
bridge

Any gap,

When there  
isn't

Any gap  
to bridge.

\*

Love builds  
a bridge

Over love  
itself,

To reach  
the other side

Of love.

\*

Calm joy,

The common  
denominator

Of every  
true moment.

\*

The surest  
way

To defend  
my innocence

Is to

Return  
to it.

\*

To be free  
of addiction

Is to  
be free

Of its  
addicting

Thought.

\*

Feeling  
joy

Is the quick  
presence

Of the  
moment

In which  
it occurs.

\*

I transfer  
my attention

From the  
things of joy

To this life  
of joy.

\*

Stillness

May be  
clear

In turmoil

And  
obscured

By passivity.

\*

Desire,

Seeking to  
banish fear,

Is instead

Its partner  
in crime.

\*

The finest  
language

Appears,  
to disappear,

Into

What  
it is not.

\*

The greatest  
language

Points toward  
stillness,

From  
within

Stillness  
itself.

\*

Union  
occurs,

By jumping

Out of  
separation,

Into  
oneself.

\*

The way

To unlimited  
thought

Is to open  
thought

Beyond  
itself.

\*

Undefined  
thought

Is the  
open field

Where  
my best

Thinking  
occurs.

\*

I let go  
of thrills,

To stay in  
this constant

Thrill  
of reality.

\*

When the king  
sees himself

Naked,

He also  
sees

He is still  
a king.

\*

I catch

The steady  
gaze

Of the real

In the eyes  
of illusion.

\*

In this  
knowing,

So deep  
within,

I release  
the waves

Of knowledge.

\*

To be awake

Can't be  
taught,

Except as  
an open

Invitation.

\*

I awaken,

And what I  
awaken to,

Is this  
awakening.

\*

Ego,

A mental  
bond

To itself,

Grows  
in size

To fill  
its own

Void.

\*

Awareness

Includes  
struggle,

Without the  
limitations

Of struggle.

\*

An arrow  
flies out

From  
my origin,

And my  
mind

Tries  
to guide it.

\*

The ego  
I am

In part,

Names me  
a part

Of what it  
claims to be.

\*



To be  
aware

Of  
life itself

Is to be  
aware

In

Life  
itself.

\*

Minding  
the forms

Of surrender

Shuts  
the door

Surrender  
opens.

\*

Thought, feeling,  
and action

Can never  
affect

This  
true reality.

\*

I look in  
the mirror,

And I  
do not

Need  
a name

For what  
sees me.

\*

Nothing  
and all

Are inter-  
changeably

Meaningful  
and meaningless.

\*

Stillness

Is the  
purest

Example  
of being

In nothing  
but peace.

\*

Nothing

Is a  
word,

Like  
bread,

Between  
swallows

Of the  
mind's

Wine.

\*

Stillness,  
in anything,

Is the instance

Of being  
in everything.

\*

Amazement

Need no longer  
be preceded

By  
anticipation.

\*

If I call  
awareness

Ecstasy,

I build  
castles

Of air  
in air.

\*

Awareness  
of life itself

Occurs

When the  
striving for it

Passes.

\*

If I  
believe

Any part  
of life

Is not its  
essence,

I miss it.

\*

I don't die  
to be reborn,

I let go of  
my hold

On  
this life.

\*

To fall  
awake

Is to  
no longer

Hold  
thoughts,

As one  
lets go

To sleep.

\*

My mind  
wants

To make a  
beloved pet

Of every

Imagined  
thought.

\*

If I fear  
to know

Who I am,

Who I am  
cannot

Fully  
appear.

\*

I put my  
self

Inside  
a self

Larger than  
myself

And watch  
it fit.

\*

Ego is  
wrapped

In bundles  
of past,

Tied up,  
in ribbons

Of future.

\*

I'm not  
an ego

But life  
itself,

Hanging  
out,

On a  
Friday night.

\*

I

Is a  
creation

Of my  
ability

To  
imagine it.

\*

A wave  
is not

The ocean,

But within  
the ocean

It is  
nothing but.

\*

I see  
the good

That  
appears

Within  
myself,

Without  
calling it

Mine.

\*

Following  
gods

Is the consoling  
belief

Of the  
imprisoned mind.

\*

Thought

Prevents me  
from knowing

The very thing  
it desires

The most.

\*



Nothing  
can be done

To quiet me,

Until I find  
quiet itself.

\*

In this loud  
crashing

Around  
me,

That I  
crash into,

No crash  
occurs.

\*

In feeling  
small,

I often  
neglect

This not  
small life

That fills me

Whole.

\*

This  
moment

Of my  
existence

Is the  
moment

Of all  
existence.

\*

Neither light

Nor things  
lighted,

This light  
is the heart

Of light  
itself.

\*

Neither heat,

Nor things  
heated,

This heat  
is the heart

Of heat  
itself.

\*

Only in this  
moment,

Can I prove  
this factual

Reality.

\*

I see

The keeper  
of thoughts

Is a phantom  
of my own

Devising.

\*

In my  
hands,

Gently  
resting,

I behold  
the grip

Of anger  
and fear.

\*

Life itself,  
in all I am,

Reveals  
what occurs

In everything.

\*

In imagination

The essence  
of my being

Seems lost,  
cold, dead.

\*

When  
I try

For the light  
to go out

Of my  
eyes,

The brighter  
things get.

\*

Love and joy

Are the objects  
of hope,

Like water

In a hopeful  
sieve.

\*

When hope  
occurs

In my  
heart,

I greet  
its good

And not  
its likelihood.

\*

Living  
separate

From who  
I am,

I live in  
the darkness

Of doubt.

\*

Finding  
the light

Has become  
the teaching

Of the masters  
of darkness.

\*

Those who  
propose

Paths of  
wholeness

Are masters

Of the relative  
dark.

\*

One masters  
the dark

By recognizing  
the light

That's  
already on.

\*

To be  
still

Is to let  
everything

That is  
already

True,

Be  
true.

\*

Within  
my heart,

Is everything

That is  
less than

The reach  
of my heart.

\*

I become full

The moment  
I am empty,

Even of  
emptiness.

\*

My painting  
of the sunset

Looks good  
in the light

Of the  
setting sun.

\*

In the search  
for myself,

I find  
and define

Everything  
I am not.

\*

The non-mind  
called heart,

Is neither  
heart

Nor mind,

Nor is it  
anything

Else.

\*



I'm  
still true,

When I don't  
speak of truth,

In this  
moment

Of being  
true.

\*

Fortunately,  
who I am

Cannot

And  
does not

Forget

Who  
I am.

\*

I cede  
my heart

To its  
tiny twin,

The red saint  
of February.

\*

Awareness,

Already  
here,

My only  
ambition,

Without  
regret.

\*

Empty  
habits

Of mind

Call  
themselves

Familiar

And  
fulfilling.

\*

I do not

Conquer  
the world,

But welcome it

Into this  
moment.

\*

Silence,

Spoken from  
the heart

Is stillness,

I'm alive,  
in this

Stillness.

\*

Love's  
imitations

Help  
my mind

To block love  
from its reality.

\*

My mind  
shoves love

Aside,

For its own  
variants,

And yet  
love

Remains.

\*

I move  
quickly,

All day,

Until I'm  
made dark

By the  
ongoing

Rush.

\*

When I slow  
to who I am,

My running  
self

Catches up  
with itself.

\*

If I live  
in fate,

I meet  
those

Who  
also live

In fate's  
illusion.

\*

Give up  
the cruel

Unknown,

Allow  
the benign

Unknown  
to occur.

\*

Unwilling  
to be

This much  
in love,

All the time,

I am not yet  
free.

\*

To have  
no idea,

And then  
to go

Where the  
no idea

Leads.

\*

In this,

My mind  
is freed

From the task  
of becoming

What it  
is not.

\*

The natural  
real

Of who  
I am,

Knows  
who I am,

Already.

\*

Who  
complains

About  
nothingness,

When inside  
nothing,

Everything is?

\*

This love  
of myself,

My true  
happiness,

Has nothing  
to do with

Me.

\*

I consciously  
shift

From being  
this doing

To doing  
this being.

\*

I live a  
knowing life

In this life  
of unknowing

In life itself.

\*

To be  
fearless

Is not to  
never

Feel fear,

But to never  
hold it.

\*

To let go  
of hope

Is not to be  
hopeless,

But to  
not clutch

At hope.

\*

Not desire's  
death,

But  
the passing

Of desire's  
hold

On my  
heart.

\*



I'm  
exactly

Who I am,

No  
apologies

To what  
I am not.

\*

This  
break

From  
definition

Identifies me

More and  
more clearly.

\*

I gaze  
into

The mirror,

Free  
of its

Mis-identi-  
fication.

\*

I'm in love

Across  
the differences,

Where love

Sees no  
difference.

\*

No shadow  
reveals

This unshadowy  
state

Of being  
itself.

\*

In my

Human  
habits,

I dwell  
in fear

And the  
denial

Of fear.

\*

True  
to life

Beyond  
myself,

I let go  
of my

Habitual  
fear.

\*

When my  
open heart

Goes out,

I see it find  
its way

In the  
world.

\*

Every object  
of love

Appears

In the  
overflow

Of love  
itself.

\*

The light finds  
the mirror,

And the mirror  
the light,

The seer  
and the seen.

\*

Light  
doesn't

Leave  
its home,

No matter  
the reach

Of its beam  
or focus.

\*

I easily  
blunt

The ever-  
present edge

Of wonder  
and delight.

\*

Awareness  
in time,

Easily  
deserted,

Impossible  
to leave.

\*

A thought

In the mind  
of time

Is all  
it takes

To  
postpone

This  
moment.

\*

I let go  
of changing

The world,

And I  
live in

A changed  
world.

\*

Selfless  
acceptance

Is the  
surrender

Of all  
my useless

Baggage.

\*

The wisest  
life

Lives  
to be

Alive  
and awake

In the same  
moment.

\*

As I  
mature,

I work from  
the center

Of innate  
maturity.

\*

The sun's  
nature

Is to shine,

Not to  
seek out

What it  
illuminates.

\*

No  
secrets,

Only  
secrecy,

I'm not  
a secret,

Where  
none exists.

\*

No keys  
to the garden,

Unlocked,  
unguarded,

Since

Its life's  
beginning.

\*

Guaging  
the limits

Of eternity,

This moment,  
its container.

\*

No story  
of the real

Written  
or spoken,

In its place,

It lives.

\*

What  
I am

Recognizes

The innate  
transcendence

Of all being.

\*



This newness  
I feel

Is the constant  
character

Of existence.

\*

These words  
are only

Of

The  
reality

Of this  
being alive.

\*

Every spoken  
truth

Is one step  
removed

From  
the real

It speaks of.

\*

I open  
a place

Where the  
honoring

Of the  
real

Is unending.

\*

Who is  
genuine?

And with  
whom

Am I  
compelled

To be  
genuine?

\*

With  
whom

Is my  
true nature

Spontaneous  
and unavoidable?

\*

Who is  
present,

Here  
in this moment,

Without  
thought

Or  
affectation?

\*

I am free

In the  
genuine,

And with  
all its

Approximations.

\*

I'm present

With the  
ingenuous

And dis-  
ingenuous

Alike.

\*

I don't  
close off

One room,

In order to  
recognize

The whole  
house.

\*

I bring  
stillness

Into  
movement,

All  
at once,

In moving,  
I am still.

\*

This  
awareness

Itself,

Inclusive,  
relentless,

Undeniable.

\*

When I am  
at peace,

I am  
in grace,

The sky,  
greater

Than its  
expanse.

\*

Completely  
in love

With what  
I am,

I am  
no one

In the  
doorway.

\*

I needn't act  
original

To be  
inside

Originality.

\*

Life itself,

Living in  
a body,

In conscious  
love of this,

My life.

\*

None

Of this  
reality

Requires  
study,

Or practice,  
or thought.

\*

All spiritual  
beliefs

Keep me  
away from

Their  
presumed

Essence.

\*

I feel the  
presence

Of life  
itself

In a room  
full of others.

\*

My feeling  
of openness

Embraces

The presence  
of life itself.

\*

The real,

Known  
to me,

Words,

Merely  
conjured,

Invented,  
to name it.

\*

Words  
are costumes

For the  
naked truth

That's invisible  
and silent.

\*

No path

Crosses  
my mind

I might  
take away

From being  
what I am.

\*

Thought  
can always

Go away  
from this,

Thought  
can always

Come  
toward this.

\*



This  
moment

Is always  
available,

Here,  
now,

Wherever  
I am.

\*

I am drawn  
to the real,

Then,

The relative  
real

Within it.

\*

To maintain  
the mind's power,

The doorway

Claims  
credit

For the  
meeting.

\*

This is  
the one

Miracle

That  
recognizes

The miraculous.

\*

A teacher  
only serves

To open  
the door

That's  
already

Open.

\*

A doorway in  
doorlessness

Is open  
wide to

Openness  
itself.

\*

The  
vacancy

Of the  
atom

Reveals

The illusion  
of form.

\*

This  
moment,

Eternity's  
dwelling place,

This  
moment,

In endless  
birth.

\*

These moments  
of time

Combine,

Into less than  
what occurs

Between  
them.

\*

A bird  
in a cage,

Nowhere  
to fly,

Sings  
the freedom

Of open  
sky.

\*

In  
someone

Else's  
truth,

I trade  
my spirit,

For an  
education.

\*

Being inside  
love

With  
another

Is living life  
in love itself.

\*

Faith  
in anything

But faith  
itself

Creates

What can't  
be created.

\*

The  
center

Of the  
universe

Lives in  
this present

Reality.

\*

When I forget  
the truth

Of who  
I am,

It's a loss

To the character  
I have become.

\*

I am  
who I am,

In this  
formless reality

And in  
the forms

In which  
I appear.

\*

I'm annoyed by  
thoughts of self,

Only when  
I crowd myself

With these  
thoughts.

\*

I can't  
go wrong,

In playing  
who I am,

In knowing  
who I am,

In being  
what I am.

\*

Looking  
to see,

I look here,  
I look there,

I look  
no place,

And I see.

\*

Words

Are  
mistaken

For a  
description

Of the  
indescribable.

\*

In awareness,  
I speak

To everyone  
and no one

In the  
same way.

\*

I see  
peace

Pool out  
in my life,

In being  
at peace,

In peacefulness.

\*

Acceptance  
is my nature,

I will never  
not be in

Acceptance.

\*

To desire  
to love

And be loved

Is to blanket  
the snow

With white.

\*



To want  
for love

Is to call  
a halt

To love

And beg  
for more.

\*

Peace  
in mind,

Serenity,  
delight,

I am their  
secret self

Laid bare.

\*

To see

Is to look  
in the face

Of life itself

In every  
face.

\*

I see I am  
an instance

Of life  
itself,

Everyone else  
the same.

\*

When I see  
others

As I am,

I fall awake  
in this dream

Of us.

\*

Dreamless  
and unbound

By my  
dreams,

I live in  
the dream's

Awakening.

\*

I trace  
thought

All the  
way back

To where  
it begins

In unthought  
being.

\*

What is  
called sin

Is released

By this  
awareness

Of what  
I am not.

\*

Desire

Declares  
a separation

That demands  
it end,

Right then.

\*

Lust  
believes

Its own  
nature,

Requires an  
immediate

Remedy.

\*

Possessiveness  
believes

That  
whatever

Cannot  
be held,

Must  
be held.

\*

My amazement  
arises from

The timeless  
newness

Of life  
itself.

\*

I watch  
the hands

Of my mind

To see what  
they're trying

To hold,  
so tight.

\*

Life lives  
not by plan,

But by  
the intuition

Of its  
occurrence.

\*

I hold  
a thought

Close,

Then away  
from myself,

And then,  
I let it go.

\*

Cherishing  
my human

Character,

I'm kind  
to myself

In others.

\*

I surrender  
everything

But this,

And then  
I surrender

This.

\*

In my own  
reality,

I am  
present

In the  
heart

Of the  
real.

\*

I've never  
not been

In love,

Occasionally,  
in some

Shape  
of it.

\*

How  
can I love

Anyone,

If I  
don't risk

Pulling this  
heart apart?

\*

Here I am,

A universe  
of the universe,

Part  
of the whole,

Whole.

\*

I am  
the moment,

In which  
all I am

Occurs,

I am  
the moment.

\*