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Power

Mad fools

Call lovely

Subtle breath

Stop shifts: Master

Full will power: Our

Self does not do what it wants:

It wants what it does: If we don't live

In what we are, our individuality sinks, conceals its

Self in a ruin: Alone: Unknown: Unattended: Unheeded: To treasure

Its own Self-burial in a secret funeral parlor garbage dump in a dark inner mine:

Living is difficult struggle when we believe our being is a fear trained trick trap crap co-

THE WHEN YOU ARE NEAR THIS TEAR YOU ARE NEAR YOUR SELF GATE

Coon: Our buried life its Self, is an insect sense of a brief glow on the tip of the tongue of a remote

Obscurity: Once we were each an obscure treasure buried alive in a being who was near ruin in driving

Us to be: Every buried Self must emerge or die: Emerge: Arise: Freeze: Scream: Birthright: Breathe its own way:

The only thing a little human being is not afraid of is a small bit of their own Self: They get blinding, towering and

Overpowering approval to pretend they are the gigantic fear suck liars around them to trade their birthright for the gigantic

Frightening mess of Self-hatred tricks around them, the Self of the little is slowly buried safe: Unseen: Unknown: Untrusted:

Crusted: Smashed: Crushed: Screaming unheard down in the deep, dark and abandoned mine of their being: "Sometimes those

That are far are near and sometimes those that are near are far." Do not ever search in for the heart of your mind like a fool with

Soap in their eyes gropes for a dropped soap bar: Squeeze too hard: Self slips away: Squeeze too easy: Self flows away: To grasp the

Heart of your mind, you have to easily realize its exact tempo: You have to develop the exact inner touch of attentiveness it under

Stands: In the final analysis, a human being who is afraid of feeling hurt is a spaghetti who is afraid of feeling tomato paste: In the

Total analysis, the end purpose of love, energy, attention, creativity, productivity, honor, money and life is to give them up: In

A moment of love, the more you give up, the more you have: In a moment of air, the more you give up, the more

You get in: Unless you are very clever and breathe in without breathing out: Since in this moment, the more

You have, the more you get, some little human beings breathe in without breathing out by sniffing air in fast

Through their little nose: Sense the warm liquid pouring out from their little eyes: Wait a few seconds: Sniff in air again:

And what don't they see, hear, smell, taste, touch, sense, when they do this? Place your attention on your Self:

*Stars shine bright on shatter light: Still buried alive? In the dark night of your Self, folks?*

In this inhalation, exhalation and stop of breath, I realize I must be this one I:

Awake or asleep, our breath drives our life: Our breath drives our life open:

In each breath I search for the taste of my Self: I realize the taste of my life:

Breath is everything: In a secret garbage dump within you:

Doing the dead child's float in unsupported fear:

Mining for the taste of your life:

In a ruin you will find a

treasure: