

the breath of the Self THE BREATH OF SELF IS SUN RISE GATE
 this is the triumph of humankind
 some yearn to breathe from their entire being
 pour their entire life into becoming one with their Self:
 they breathe to become the gate to the heart of their mind,
 they sense their breath as they silently say in their breath:
 In this inhalation: Exhalation: And Of
 Breath: I realize: I must be what I am: In each
 Moment of Breath: I realize I must be this: One
 I: This Self: This Life: My breath drives my life:
 soon they realize this silently far down in their breath Open: I search for the taste of my Self:
 they follow this down and into their heart
 they realize this is silently down in their heart (between the heart
 they do this for thousands of times a day for months of the mind)
 to seasons to years until all of the slag of their hearts (and the
 superstitions lies beliefs and miseries are burned off fears hearts of the
 mind) (there
 they do this continuously until we do it is a mirror
 they certainly become one with their Self (like how the
 while doing this they see smell hear
 what they never dreamed to see or hear
 some are substantial some are super substantial (is bliss) (my shit is perfume)
 extra-humorous expressions of their Self's brilliance (and my thought is piss)
 if they become frightened while doing this
 and if their fear increases and will not stop
 and they try to persevere cheerfully
 to realize they do not understand their Self
 well enough to be able to do this.
 they stop
 and they try to find a
 human being kind who
 knows how to and can afford to help
 them find how to understand their Self
 (the breath of Self is the sun rise of reason)
 (the conch of consciousness)
 Self is never at a loss you are
 this is the triumph of human kind
 Stars shine bright on shatter light. So we come to understand that no breath is never at a lack.
 However if we do not find a kind human being to help us we might as well ask a garbage
 Truck to save our life. Die. Die. Die. Das ist should in deep pool of hertz life be unter an
 Uber boss? Die. Die
 Zoist dein weld Die.
 dein feld,
 Vol
 ks?

THE ONE SPARK OF SUN
 It's like a speck AND A MOUNTAIN BECOMES A GATE
 of dust in a beam of LIGHT.

You can't see the speck without the light.
 You can't see the light without the dust.
 If dead seriousness don't get you then joy must.
 No matter how sweet the elite eat to I meat fleet treat,
 A spark of joy melts down the Himalayas into life to eat
 Stars shine bright on shatter light. In back in the empty bright,
 Breathless uncondensed joy stars flat on their back squeak
 I am. I am alive. I wish to live. Thee. The. The. That's all, volts.