

# A Roomful of Soul

Steve Brooks

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,

And then  
I saw

It was  
life itself.

\*

I seek  
something

Of great  
value,

That is  
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 thought  
is attached

To the belief  
that it

Will never  
be set free.

\*

What  
makes me unique

Is what separates  
me

From everyone  
else.

\*

If I make  
a noise

That never  
ends,

How can  
I know

I am  
at peace?

\*

I am a  
painting

Trying  
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

I have  
a feeling,

When I  
only

Hold  
onto it.

\*

Ruled  
by emotion,

Is the same  
as wanting

To rule  
emotion.

\*

Language

Is the  
oratory

Of life,

The life  
story

Of  
what is.

\*

Every  
time

Is the  
first time

In seeing  
the face

Of life  
itself.

\*



One's  
true self

Is never  
known,

Then  
barely  
glimpsed,

And then  
it's recognized.

\*

Thinking

Distrusts  
awareness,

Believing it  
a product

Of thinking.

\*

As I love  
my body/mind,

I love  
an illusion

Of who  
I am.

\*

I wrest  
control,

Of the  
recognition  
of life,

In who  
I'm being.

\*

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

Supersedes  
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.

\*

Blind,

I look  
at the 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

Dwells

In the  
constancy

Of one's  
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 ego.

\*

In any  
relationship

With God,

I keep myself  
away from God.

\*

In this  
brief

Moment,

I'm in  
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 thoughts

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

Is the common  
denominator

Of every  
moment.

\*

The surest  
way

To defend  
my innocence

Is never  
to leave it.

\*

Free of any  
addiction

Is being 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 the  
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 then  
disappear,

In what  
it is not.

\*

The greatest  
language

Points  
toward

Stillness,

From within  
stillness itself.

\*

Union  
occurs,

By  
jumping

Out of  
separation,

Altogether.

\*

The way

To unlimited  
thought

Is to open

The limits  
of thought.

\*

Undefined  
thought

Is the  
open field

Where one's  
best

Thinking  
occurs.

\*

I let go  
of thrills,

To stay  
in the reality

Of thrill  
itself.

\*

When  
the king

Sees  
himself

Naked,

He also  
sees

He is  
still

The king.

\*

I catch  
the steady gaze

Of the real

In the eyes  
of illusion.

\*

In this  
knowing,

So deep  
within,

I release  
the buoy

Of knowledge.

To be  
awake

Can't be  
taught,

Except as  
an open

Invitation.

\*

I awaken,

And what  
I awaken to,

Is always  
who I am.

\*

Ego,

This mental bond  
to myself,

Grows in size  
to fill its own

Void.

\*

Awareness

Includes  
struggle,

Without  
the limitations

Of struggle.

\*

An arrow  
flies out

From my  
origin,

My mind  
then 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.

\*

Heeding  
the form

Of surrender

Closes  
the door

Surrender  
opens.

\*

Thought,  
feeling,

And action

Can never  
hinder

One's  
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

To clear  
my brain

Of its  
attachment

To meaning.

\*

Stillness,  
in anything,

Is the  
instance

Of being  
in everything.

\*

My  
amazement

Is no longer  
preceded

By  
anticipation.

\*

If I call  
awareness

Ecstasy,

I but build  
castles

In the air.

\*

Awareness  
of life itself

Comes

When the  
striving for it

Is over.

\*

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.

\*

Falling  
awake

Is

Not holding  
thoughts,

In the way

One lets go  
to sleep.

\*

My mind wants  
to make a pet

Of every  
imagined

Reality.

\*

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.

\*

Caught

In pain  
and suffering,

As thorn is  
the passion

Of a lion.

\*

I see  
the good

That appears  
within myself,

Without

Calling it  
mine.

\*

Belief

In God  
or gods

Is the  
consoling

Of my  
imprisoned

Mind.

\*



I prevent  
myself

From  
knowing

The very  
thing

I desire  
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 being,

Seems  
lost, cold,

And 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 true,

When I don't  
speak truth,

In this  
only moment

Of being  
true.

\*

Fortunately,

Who I am  
cannot

And does  
not forget

Who I am.

\*

The fire  
gives birth

To the  
Phoenix

That's  
consumed

By its  
own fire.

\*

I cede  
my heart

To its  
tiny twin,

The red saint  
of February.

\*

Awareness,

Already  
here,

Is my one  
ambition,

Without  
regret.

\*

Empty habits  
of mind

Call  
themselves

*Familiar  
and fulfilling.*

\*

I do not

Conquer  
the world,

I invite it

Into my  
presence.

\*

Silence,

Spoken  
from the heart

Is stillness,

I'm alive,  
in this

Stillness.

\*

Love's  
imitations

Help  
my mind

Block its  
dominant  
reality.

\*

One's 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,

I am that.

\*

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  
doing

My being,

To  
being

My doing.

\*

I am 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 it.

\*

Not the death  
of desire,

The death of  
desire's hold

On my heart.

\*

I'm  
exactly

Who I am,

With no  
apologies

To what

I'm not.

\*

This break  
from definition

Identifies me

Even more  
clearly.

\*

I look  
into

The mirror,

Free  
of its

Mis-identi-  
fication.

\*

I love

Across  
the differences,

When love

Has no  
differences.

\*

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.

\*

We easily  
blunt

The ever-  
present edge

Of wonder  
and delight.

\*

Awareness

Is easily  
deserted

But  
impossible

To leave.

\*

A thought  
In the mind  
of time  
Is all it takes  
To postpone  
timeless joy.

\*

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 evolve,  
as I mature,

I work out  
from my

Mature  
center.

\*

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  
and unguarded,

Since the  
beginning.

\*

Guaging  
eternity,

This limitless  
moment,

Is its  
container.

\*



The  
solution

To my  
problem,

Appears  
in the place

Of my  
problem.

\*

No life  
of the real

Is written  
or spoken

In reality.

\*

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 my 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,

So I might  
recognize

The entire  
house.

\*

When  
I'm still,

I'm peaceful,  
and joyful,

Without  
doubt,

Fear,  
or desire.

\*

I bring stillness  
into movement,

And all at once,

In moving,  
I'm still.

\*

This  
awareness

Is inclusive,  
relentless,

And  
undeniable.

\*

When I'm  
at peace,

I am in grace,

The sky  
is greater

Than all its  
storms.

\*

Completely  
in love

With what  
I am,

I am  
no one

In the  
doorway.

\*

I don't  
act

Original

To be  
inside

Originality.

\*

I'm life itself,

Living in  
a body,

With conscious  
joy for this life.

\*

None

Of this  
real being

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.

\*

Faith

Is the unneeded  
translation

Of its first  
reality.

\*



The real  
is known  
to me,

My words  
have been

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.

\*

I can  
always

Go away  
from this,

I can  
always

Come  
into this.

\*

This  
moment

Is always  
available,

Here, now,

Wherever  
I am.

\*

I am  
drawn

To the  
real

And the  
relative real

Within it.

\*

To  
maintain

The mind's  
power,

The doorway  
claims credit

For the  
meeting.

\*

This is the  
one miracle

That is  
conscious

Of the  
miraculous.

\*

A teacher  
only serves

To open  
the door

That's  
ready to

Open.

\*

A doorway in  
doorlessness

Is wide  
open to

Openness  
itself.

\*

The  
vacancy

Of the  
atom

Reveals

The illusion  
of form.

\*

This  
moment,

Eternity's  
dwelling place,

This  
moment,

Its  
endless  
birth.

\*

Moments  
of time

Are  
combined,

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  
is allowing

Imagination

To create  
what it

Cannot.

\*

The  
center

Of the  
universe

Is its ever-  
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 the formless  
reality

And in  
the forms

In which  
I appear.

\*

I'm  
annoyed

By the thoughts  
of self,

Only when I  
crowd my self

With 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,

To no one,

In the  
same way.

\*

I see  
peace

Pool out  
in my life,

In being  
at peace,

In what's  
peaceful.

\*

Acceptance  
is my nature,

I will  
never

Not be  
in its nature.

\*

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 everyone's  
face.

\*

I see myself  
an instance

Of life  
itself

And  
everyone else,  
the same.

\*

Seeing  
you as

Yourself  
only,

I fall  
awake

In this  
dream

Of you.

\*

Dreamless,  
Unbounded  
by my dreams,  
I live in  
the dream's  
Awakening.

\*

Thought  
from thought,  
All the way  
back  
To where  
it begins  
In unthought  
being.

\*

The  
attachment  
of sin,  
Is released,  
By  
awareness  
Of what  
I'm not.

\*

Desire

Defines  
a dis-union

That one  
wishes

To be  
ended.

\*

Lust  
believes

Its own nature  
demands

An immediate  
remedy.

\*

Possessiveness  
believes

That  
whatever

Cannot  
be held,

Must  
be held.

\*

This  
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,

And then  
away from  
myself,

And then,  
let it go.

\*

Cherishing

My human  
character,

I'm kind  
to myself

In others.

\*

I surrender  
everything

But this,

And then  
I surrender

This.

\*

Through 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?

\*