

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 its shadow,

All shadow surrenders
to the light.

*

I imagine that
a feeling is mine,

When I merely
hold it tight.

*

Ruled
by emotion,

Same as ruling emotion,
same as ruling.

*

This transparent
oratory

Is the 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 gaze 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
interchangeably

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 any god
is the consolation

Of imprisoned
minds.

*

Thought prevents
me from knowing

The very thing that
thought desires 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 the heart's light.

*

Neither heat,
Nor things heated,

This heat is the heart
of the heart of heat.

*

Only in this moment,
an I prove

The fact
of this 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 all that is.

*

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,

With no apologies
to what I'm not.

*

This break
from definition

Identifies me more
and more clearly.

*

I gaze into
the mirror,

Free of its
mis-identification.

*

I'm in love, cross
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.

*

Sun's nature,
is to shine,

Not to seek out
what it might illuminate.

*

No secrets,
only secrecy,

I'm not a secret,
where none exists.

*

No keys
to the garden,

unlocked and unguarded,
since its beginning.

*

Guaging the limits
of eternity,

This moment,
its container.

*

No story
of the real

Written, spoken,
lives 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 disin-
genuous 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'm at peace,
I'm in grace,

The sky, greater
than anyone can see.

*

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 way from
their presumed essence.

*

I see 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.

*

Suggestions
cross my mind,

Ways I might take away
from being what's real.

*

Thought can always
go away from this,

Thought can always
come toward this.

*

This moment
is always available,

Here, now,
wherever I am.

*

I'm drawn
to the real,

Then, to 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,
its 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
all others as I am,

I fall awake
in who we are.

*

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

Then demands it
end, right then.

*

Lust believes
its own nature

Requires remedy,
immediately.

*

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 onto.

*

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.

*

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 I occur,

I am the moment
itself.

*

Serenity, profound
as sorrow,

Deeper than
sorrow imagines.

*

If anything I think
can't be unthought,

Then thinking
is my master.

*

I wave these
words in air,

The air is disturbed,
not the heart of the air.

*