

Manifestation Through Meditation

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Cycles

Simple Relationships

The sun, the earth and the moon,
simple relationships endure;
complexities degrade to their simplest core.

Simple relationships endure
and then disappear
into the foundation of Life.

What is simpler than
the earth revolving around the sun?

And yet,
how much of who we are
do we owe to that simple relationship?

Submit yourself
and find your place,
so that Life may continue
from your simple relationships.

Misaligned

You must be asleep
before you can wake up.
You must breathe out
before you can breathe in.

While you are sleeping
others are working
and while you are working
others are sleeping.

Those who speak loudly
experience the world as quiet
and those who speak softly
experience the world as loud.

When you feel like going fast
those who are going slow will be in front of you.
And when you feel like going slow
those who are going fast will be behind you.

The waves rush onto the sand
and then retreat back out into the sea,
independent and irrespective
of the tide's ebbs and flows.

Life's cycles revolve
each within time,
but seldom in time
with each other.

Consistencies exists
only within the cycles that hold them.

So devotion and purpose
can become unclear
when the cycles miss-align,
as when the hammer is momentarily
raised into the air.

The Past

She Changed My Past

I met a woman from another town
who changed my past.

I know this because
upon meeting someone else
from that same town,
I told them that I had a friend
who once lived there.

Time for a Grudge

You have a friend,
for whom you have held a grudge
for many years.

To forgive that friend
changes the past,
as you remember it.

Once the past is changed
in your mind
you will begin to live as if the event,
which caused the grudge,
had never happened.

You cannot go back
to change the past,
but you can change it
in the present
and in your mind.

Then your focus will expand.
You be more fully present
and your mind will be open for new insights,
which can change your instincts for the rest of this life
and all future lives.

Instincts come from lessons learned
through emotionally charged experiences,
and that is what you carry with you
and holds you to the past.

So travel light,
forgive, forget,
and stay in the present.

Time Manifests

The buzz of the chain saw,
an intruder in the woods,
tatters through the branches and shakes the leaves
never seeking to find a home,
a misfit,
perpetually unaccepted.

The whirling blades
rip at the throat and heart of the tree,
which is a monument to the manifestation of time,
no less than the great canyons
cut deep into the crust of the earth.

But did the fall of the tree really begin
when the teeth of the saw started ripping at its flesh,
or when its first root emerged from the seed?

Or both?

How can we isolate one from the other
seeing them both now
as in the past?

Has our planet already met its doom?
Has our sun already been eaten up
by some gigantic black hole?

All that has existed before
and all that will exist in the future
could not exist in our present
were it not for the waves of time?

The Present

Don't Waste It

If you spent all of your time
trying to get off of the island,
then you did not learn why you were there.

If you spent all of your time
trying to attract that perfect person,
then you did not spend your time
learning who you are.

In the present,
you only have one time
at a time,
because consciousness
only exists in the present
and is singular.

The Journey

I heard a chirp.

Or should I say,
my brain received signals from vibrations entering my ears
that crashed against my ear drums,
vibrations that began
when the bird thought to make a sound.

Brain to brain.
I heard a chirp.
Being to being.

But when did it occur?
When did I hear a chirp?

Certainly not when the bird willed
to make a sound,
nor when the waves of sound
left its throat.

Like waves on the water
that end at the beginning of the beach
and continue their journey
as the water changes to air.

Movement and connectedness,
from past to future,
as we travel together.

The journey is time.

Connected

What is it to be connected,
past to future,
and where am I now?

And what is it to be disconnected,
from past
and from future?
Is it not a dream?

Or is it true reality?

But how can it be real,
if there is no past
to bring us to where we are now,
and no future either,
lain before us
built firmly on a past?

But isn't a future only the promise
of having more present?
And isn't the past only a memory
of being in the present?

How Many Lifetimes Have You Lived?

In very many ways
I have never lived before.

But in so many other ways,
I am eternal.

The I is continuously evolving
through matter, spirit, and mind,
never occupying the same signature of existence
for more than one unit of time.

So within each instant
exists your death,
your birth,
and your connection to eternity.

The Future

Nothing Is Stopping You

If you could rebuild your world,
what pieces of your old world
would you start with?

Do it!

Do it
with each new breath.

Openness

Hush ... and Feel

How can I be around you
when all you do is talk about yourself?

It is always you
and what you did or want to do.

How can you even see me
when you are always talking?

And how can I see you
when you are hiding behind
all of those words.

Words,
they are only words.

You don't need words
to tell me that you care.

Ours,
is to embrace each other's souls
without words,
as if we had just finished
making love.

A Misunderstanding

My body,
pressed as tightly against yours as physically possible,
skin touching skin,
wishing to touch more.

I reach out with my consciousness
to each cell in my skin touching yours,
to feel,
realize,
and capture
the sensation more fully,
and with a deeper and more profound impact
on my whole self.

I go inside to mingle with the cells
of your physical being,
my consciousness glowing,
concentrating,
and communicating my messages of desire,
passion, pleasure and love.

Your words,
jolting my concentration,
severing my deeper connection,
"I love you."

With respect but great reluctance
I pull my consciousness from the taste and sensation of our connection
just long enough to find the mechanisms
to make my mouth repeat your words:
"I love you," I mutter,
never completely releasing the sensation of my skin to yours.

Your sarcastic reply,
"That was real enthusiastic,"
shatters my ecstasy.

"Are you jealous?" I asked,
stuttering with disappointment.

"Do you think I am forsaking my attention to you
for the selfish pleasures of your body?"

Consumed in frustration
I roll over and breathe out the words:
"We were sharing
and communicating our messages of love.

Weren't you listening?"

The Voice of Your Soul

I can hear the voice of your soul
speaking to me,
but only in the now
and for the present.

No waves of connectedness
through time nor space
bind your soul to mine.

I hear the words and remember their meaning,
but can never remember
hearing the words.

Because our souls
have no separation,
past to present and then to future.

The memory of the meaning of the words
spoken through the voice of your soul
is all that remains.

So it is my faith alone that tells me
that it was your soul
who sent the meaning
of those beautiful words.

Acceptance

This Day

I hear the clothes dryer behind me,
drying my freshly washed clothes,
and the sound of soft rain
on my kitchen window.

There is a chill in the air outside
that carries the sounds of the glass wind chimes
up through the bare branches of the trees,
just outside my living room window,
and into my ears.

I sense no passage of time
except the separation between the drops of rain
and the revolutions of the clothes drier.

All else is timeless.

The trees move
but return to where they were.
The sun's light is evenly spread
across the gray sky,
and even the water in the stream below
seems never ending.

How could I ask for more than this?
How could I ask
for even this,
when so many have so much less?

Even the birds outside must be jealous
to see me now,
inside,
on such a cold wet day as this.

But I don't remember asking
at all.

It seems instead,
it was what I turned down,
which laid my path and set my pace.

Uncarved Block of Wood

A carpenter molds wood
into pieces of satisfying beauty.

A composer molds words and melodies
into works of satisfying beauty.

A teacher molds students
into citizens of satisfying beauty,
by removing that which is dissatisfying.

Because to focus on what is satisfying
and beautiful
illuminates that which is
dissatisfying and ugly.

And the finer we develop
our abilities to create and perceive
that which is beautiful,
the greater will be our dissatisfaction
with ourselves
and those around us.

See the value of them both as equal,
because you cannot have one
without the other.

The uncarved block of wood is already perfect
in its wholeness and completeness,
having within it
both
what is beautiful
and what is not.

The Faster I Go

In Life there will always be
slow people in front of me
slowing me down,
and fast people behind me
pushing me faster.

In accepting my place
and submitting to my path
I stand quiet and still,
allowing everything in Life

to move around me
at it's own speed.

Being Different Fits Together

Only after we recognize and accept our differences
can we begin to benefit from them.

We complement one another
and in doing so
we learn and benefit from each other's uniqueness,
while drawing satisfaction from our own.

So see our differences as your opportunity.
Give your blessings for who I am,
even though I am different from you.

Help me
to fully develop my uniqueness.
And love me,
because I am different from you,
and therefore offer you what you do not have.

Accepting Perfection

You are at a place where I am not
in this sphere of possibilities.

Appreciate and enjoy where you are now.

That is accepting perfection.

Appreciate and enjoy that I am
where I am
right now.

That is also accepting perfection.

Seeking perfection is a man on a horse;
accepting perfection is a man
and a horse.

Love

What to Love

I found what to love
before I learned how to love.

But how could it be otherwise?

I Love You for Who You Are

You can stop trying now.
I will still love you and have respect for you.

Honestly,
you can stop now.

It has gone far beyond requiring justification
for me to love you.

Bosom

A large cloud becomes small,
blowing dust turns to splattering mud
and trees grow tall.

A delighted moan,
a cherished smile,
a new mother pours life
from her breast.

The heart knows no pleasure
until something touches it
and the self is given away.

Ex-Lover

We've been hating each other for so long
that now it's impossible for me
to give my body permission to express its love for you.

I see the walls between us as hard and impenetrable.
They are my protection,
because my body keeps forgetting the pain.

Lessons

My Theory

My theory is a path
to the top of a mountain.

My consciousness,
a flickering candle
to light my way.

Death,
like the breaking of dawn,
lets me see that my mountain
is only one of many,
each giving true prospective
to only itself.

The Methods

Do not seek to learn what others have learned,
practice instead their methods for learning.

The question will lead you to the answer,
through the method.

My way is not Our way,
nor is yours.
They are only parts of
the way of the whole,
which is Our way.

And for Our way to ever become true,
everyone's way must be true.

But the methods,
by which the ancient knowledge was passed down,
which so many are following
and worshiping,
are not Our way,
nor are they the methods for finding Our way.

They are only methods
for passing down knowledge.

The knowledge,
which was passed down,
is not Our way either;
though it does hold within it
the methods for finding Our way.

Practice the methods
found in the ancient knowledge,
so that others may practice your method
and find their way.

Then,
Our way
will become that much more true.

New Eyes

A gift of an appreciation
is a gift of a new window
into who you are.

The Passage

On my way up the mountain
I have seen places
of beauty and rest,
where many have ended their journeys
for the promise of
acceptance and success.

But it was not a conscious thought
that stopped me,
from taking my rest.

It was a force from within me,
pushing me,
upwards,
into the unknown,
without even a glimpse
of what lay before me.

Yes,
it was a push
and not a pull
that kept me on my way.

It was an escape
not a quest
which made me take no rest.

An escape from the untruths
and the dogma
that continue to push me now.

An escape,
an escape,
which makes me take no rest.

Not even now.

Path

A Plan

I plan
because I fear the future.

It is my attempt to control.

I look backwards
at the creation of our world
and marvel.

I assume that Life
had a plan.

The Price

Was it I who chose to sit behind a desk
and let my muscles atrophy
and spasm from stress?

I tried working in the field
when I was younger,
but even then
my body rebelled.

I see them now,
those hard working,
honest men and women
who work the streets and fix my car.

How their lives seem so absent
of my daily troubles.

Maybe their choice
was wiser than mine.

Or,
was it not their choice either?

I Feel Pushed

When directing a marching band,
there is little time to consider
an individual's purpose and path.

In the parade of "civilized" life,
I am told which way to march
and how fast.

I am given few options.

Does anyone know
or care
that we each have our own
path and purpose?

Or are we just moving
faster and faster?

A Cup with a Hole

I once tried to choose my path
and worked very hard to accomplish my goals.
I was always a little short of perfection
and not very happy.

Now I am learning
to watch, wait, and accept,
as my path chooses me.

Does a cup
with a hole in it,
being used as a flower pot,
still have the same purpose and path?

Seeing the Potential

Even going backwards
can be part of your path.

Go with power.

What is possible today
was not even thought of yesterday.

Waves of Humanity

As if they were waters
rushing to the shore,
while wading through the waves of humanity
holding on to no one
leaves no wake behind you.

To reach out to someone
is to hold on.

Within one lifetime
I may gaze upon
each and every person
on this planet,
but may only touch
a fraction of them,
and only hold in my arms
just a few.

Purpose

Wise Suggestions

I was speaking to my previous self,
from years before,
giving some advice
from recent experience,
and at the same time
wishing to hear such wise suggestions
from my future self,
living some years from now,
when I was interrupted
by the image of this old man
who seemed to know me.

He had a kind face
and calm and patient persona.
He spoke to me
but I could not hear his words,
because my mind was fixed on my purpose
and the direction of my communication
was outward
and toward the past.

As was the probable direction
of my intended listener's focus.

Focus on Nothing

When the tool becomes the purpose
then the purpose is lost.

But when the purpose becomes a tool
then the journey has begun.

The Message

The sound of no one's voice
awakens my sense to teach
more than my own.

There's a message
that I am here to deliver.

It may be addressed to many,
or to only one,
but it is my message
and my life.

So I will deliver it
with the highest sense of
accomplishment and satisfaction.

The Contract

Suppose that the guiding forces
for this universe
needed help.

And also suppose that
right now
you are being given an offer
to accept that job.

It could be a very long contract,
if you're up for the challenge.

Shhh... Listen.
Purpose is occurring.

Guilt

Karma

It's as though
I were in prison.

A prison
of my own incarceration.

My principles are my laws
and also my walls.

My punishment
for noncompliance
is my illness
and my depression.

But claiming ignorance
provides no protection.

And the consequence for escape
make that alternative
unattractive at best.

I walk this straight
and constantly narrowing path,
which is my prison,
baring the scars
that mark my times
of disobedience.

When Will I Be Ready?

I crawled up from the slime.

All that I am is filth and dirt.

I am consumed with the daily task
of trying to remove this filth
from my soul.

But each time I remove one layer
it seems that another
takes its place.

Impressions

He Saw Me

The fear is of being eaten.

Two men walk towards each other.
Their eyes meet on the path of a daydream
and lock.

What should I do..?
I feel afraid.
Is this a predator or another like me?

I must act strong,
but not too strong.
I must look fearless,
but what if he...
or what if I...

Now it's too late.
He has gone
and I will never know.

I wish I hadn't acted so strong.
I think he was afraid,
or maybe a little self-conscious.

I might have threatened his sense of well-being.

I hope not.
I know how that feels.
I know it well.

He's So Strong

A strong man acts weak
in the presence of the one he loves.

It is the weakness of submission
to the power of his love
and desire
for her,
and a testament to her beauty and allure.

A weak man acts strong
in the presence of everyone,
because he is afraid
and does not know how to submit
nor to love
even himself.

So be strong
and love each other
enough to show your weaknesses.

See the strength within that weakness
and let that strength feed your desires.

Absolute Respect

Demanding respect
is perceived as stealing it.

Giving respect
opens the door for receiving it.

Respect cultivates love
and love emits respect.

But respect cannot be seen
through the eyes
nor in the face
of fear.

Because fear has no respect,
and respect has no fear.

The Freedom to Fail

It's not your failure
if your children do not succeed.

Allow them that right
and that freedom.

And it's not the failure of Spirit,
nor of your parents,
nor even of God
if you do not succeed.

Allow yourself that right and that freedom.

Failure opens the door for change.
Success strengthens the bridge of faith.
A little of both keeps us moving
along our paths.

My Image

The image that they build for me
is who I am
to them,
more than this flesh-and-bones body.

A house,
in which I dwell in their minds.

So fragile and small in its beginning
that I must barrow from those who came before me.

So strong and substantial when I leave
that others may live within its walls.

The Deliverers

I associate pain with those,
and those parts of my body
who are its deliverers.

So when my knee hurts
I slap it and push on it.
I stretch it and poke at it,
believing that I am directing my revenge
at the pain.

But it is my knee
who feels the injury
and accepts the rejection
and abuse.

Impressions of Self

Borders of Identity

Suppose a cell in my body
decided that my life was not in accordance
with its principles,
so it resolved to no longer accept my identity
as its own.

The limitations
which I feel against the freedom of my self-expression
define the border between my identity
and that of my larger body.

Bond Between Strangers

I'm disappointed with mating.
It seems to weaken the bond
between strangers.

My need to say "Hello" disappears
when I'm holding the hand of my lover.
The joy of catching the eye of a stranger
turns to dread
when I have no freedom for friendship.

I already have my connection
to the "Union,"
so my doors are closed.

I need my times alone once in a while,
so that I may experience that ache of loneliness,
and know the joy
of catching the eye of a stranger.

Limitless

In seeking the truth,
I have found no limits.

In accepting the truth,
above my own beliefs

and pride,
I have no limits.

I'm Not Doing This for Them

"They want to be entertained,"
said a priest with many followers,
seeing that I had none.

But if I live my life
for the entertainment,
pleasure,
or acceptance of others,
then I have not lived my life at all.

Live for your own satisfaction.

Entertain and give of yourself
for your own satisfaction and free expression.

Giving for recognition,
power,
or money,
depletes the Self.

Giving,
coincidentally,
through self-expression, acceptance and love
feeds the greater self,
by drawing energy through you,
from the source.

My Fears Do Not Define Me

The person who I think I am
is not me at all.

When I reach out and touch the edges
of who I think I am,
I reach out until I touch my fears,
and I say,
"This is me."

But that is not me
at all.

For Yourself

You are not doing this,
experiencing the physical dimension
that is,
for someone else.

Remember that.

You are doing it for you.

There is no "boss".

This body is a fabulous tool
for exploring the physical universe.

All things are important.
All experiences are important.

So where are you going
so fast and so hard?

Whom are you trying to please?

And why are you burning yourself up,
for someone else?

It is your body.

Dare to use your finest skills and abilities
for your own experience
and self expression.

Know Yourself

It hasn't changed.

Those trees are still the same.
The bugs are still chewing on the bark,
and those birds are still trying to eat the bugs.

It hasn't changed at all.

But I...
I have change.
I see freshness
where there was once only dirt and dust.
I see colors and beauty,

as if the whole world had just been washed clean.
There is no fear in the world around me,
no violence or abuse.

I have changed,
and now I am more than this world around me.
I am deeper and fuller,
and more alive than those bugs and trees,
energized,
outside of life's procession,
beyond the meager limits
of this living, breathing,
cast of flesh around my spirit.

I am Love.
I am in Love
with everyone and everything.
I have reached the edge and gone beyond.
I have opened the door,
and gone through.

I have seen who I am,
and I have accepted that path.

To Sit

Pacing like a lion in a cage,
she did not know who she was.

"When is it right to sit?"
she asked me.

"After you have fallen,
when you are tired,
when you want to look closely,
and when everything is finished,"
I replied.

The Illusion

Mother's Web

Illusion,
that immense, endless forest
of palpable textures.

You fabricate Life's threads and beckon me in.
You take from me my energy and attention
for the promise of pleasure.

Are you my mother,
or are you the spider?

Why Am I Here?

I paid my dollar
for my chance to holler,
but saw the strings
which held the things
to make me scream.

Then I went past
and started to laugh.

I'm not sure why I was there.

It was a dare
to challenge my scare.

I think I might have won.

But I'll be back,
next year,
as long as I'm here
and there are things for me to learn.

Diamonds or Water; Body or Soul

Is this chance at physical life
a sieve
to wash the dirt from the diamonds.

Or is this tantalizing blob
of physical stimulation,
which we call Life,
a filter
for removing the impurities?

More Reality and Less Illusion

Say No to something
and Yes to nothing.

Fewer things means more time
to experience and understand
who you are.

Simplify your life.
And cherish and nurture
each moment that you have here.

Lesser Illusions

Love's Illusion

You beat against my window and howl,
this day.
but wasn't it only yesterday
that your gentle sigh brushed softly against this very pane?

It must have been the sounds of Life
and the whiffs of the cottonwood trees,
which you carried in your breath,
that gave your face that warm and passionate expression.

Else, where is it now?

And my love for her,
on that same summer's day,
so full of passion and Life,
where has it gone?

Or was my love for her
like your warm and tender expression
just my imagination?

The faces of love and wind,
as yielding to the touch as candle smoke,
as strong and penetrating as the baby's first cry,
what life have you of your own?

What personality is yours alone
without my mind to make it so?

As real as I am real,
as deeply touching as I am open to receive.

I am open now,
but where are you?

But What If. . .

I am able to endure any pain,
except the pain,
which I believe will last forever.

It is my fear of future pain,
which has no relief
and colors my happiness yellow and brown.

The Mugger

He demanded my money,
so with a smile and a chuckle
I gave it to him.

He asked the reason for my laughter,
perhaps feeling a little insecure
with that big gun in his hand.

"Life,"
I said with a smile,
"Life,"
and walked away satisfied.

He can only take from me
what I refuse to give
freely.

That's Normal

Did you ever think it odd
and rather naive of us
to consider those events that happen regularly
as normal?

Perfection

My garden,
so much work,
but what a wondrous place.

Life,
at it's core
is perfect.

So I seek perfection.

Life's roots and branches,
steam from the simple
and sublime.

So I seek simplicity.

Within the chaos
of Life's day-to-day struggles
there is order and principle.

Therefore, I seek order
and principle
in my life.

My garden,
what a wondrous place.
It is filled with so much beauty
and wisdom.

Wait a minute.
What's that..?

Damn!
Another weed!

Enticements

Something New

Yesterday, I bought a new car.

It's about time that I had something
nice for myself.

But now my house does not fit
behind my new car,
so tomorrow I will visit the bank.

And these old clothes just don't let me enjoy
the beauty of my new car,
so I will stop by the mall
on the way to the bank.

And also,
I've been thinking,
my girlfriend used to be very beautiful,
until I saw her next to me
in my new car.

The Illusions' Enticements

Illusions exist
and I enter of my own free will.

Enticements lead me
to the illusions who own them.

Illusions use them,
these enticements,
to lure me into their worlds.

They know my path,
my weaknesses and my desires,
and sell to me admission
in exchange for my time and attention,
which is their food and energy for life.

I enter into their worlds
and pay the price,

to the illusions,
for the experience, pleasure and knowledge.

Then I move on down my path.

Illusions are the doorways,
enticements are the brightly colored doors,
but neither is my path.

So I move on,
ever careful not to
wrap my life around any illusion,
lest I become the walls
supporting the doorway
of what was to be my path.

Desires

Desires of the flesh plant my presence
into this body,
as my longing for you
draws who I am
back into the flesh.

Chastity

I told her most tenderly,
'You threaten me.'

Then I told myself,
No...
This can never be.
I have made a vow.
Don't you see,
she cannot belong to me.
She,
is what I cannot have.

But to tell her, simply,
and if only with my eyes,
'I want you ...'

No!
It is not for me.
I have made a vow,
can't you see?

God-illusions of the Mind

The Prayer

Spirit,
come into this body.
We beckon you,
come in,
and promise you safety.

You make our lives meaningful.

Without you there is no purpose.

Life devoid of union
cries alone.

You are the water
that turns the blowing dust to mud,
which becomes the clay
that fills the shapes with purpose and usefulness.

This body is as the parched earth,
dry and hungry for you to saturate our existence.

We beckon you,
come in.

The Accident

It wasn't the fact that I survived,
but rather
the chain of events leading up to,
during,
and after,
the accident,
which gave me that feeling
that my life was in someone else's hands,
and still is.

The Last Man

I was always afraid that the gods,
with one swoop of their mighty hand,

would wipe out all of my people
and I would be alone.

Now,
my people are strong and many.

I no longer fear the gods.
I hardly see them any more.

It is my people that I fear
and do not know.

Who Am I To Them?

I always think of Them,
"Spirit" or "God,"
as barely tolerating me,
the way that people do here.

But sometimes,
when I make myself listen to Them,
I think I understand.

They really do love me,
the way that no one else can.

Then, "They,"
become my, "going home"
and my, "family."

Why Are We Here?

Because we were created by the universe,
is why we are here.

If we were created,
then we are loved.

If we are loved,
and we are,
then that is why we are here.

What does not love its own creations?

How Do I Please Thee?

In my world
I give my attention and energy
for the promise of pleasure
knowledge and satisfaction.

In your world,
My Father,
where I am your creation,
is it pleasure as well
which I must promise?

A Birth of Life

Each character that I write
has just received its life.

And each character will try to
make itself presentable to me,
its creator,
as I try to make myself presentable
to Spirit.

That judging Spirit,
who will pluck the accepted ones from the page,
or even make a whole page sacred.

God Is Good

If God is Good,
and if God is also Everything,
then God is Bad, too.
Right?

So maybe the measure of God's Goodness
is relative
according to the observer's perspective,
like when a cat
eats a bird.

Unlike the speed of light.

Gods Get Weaker

So far
we seem fairly content
with our gods,
the way we have created them.

Or, are we?

Is it just me,
or do you agree,
our gods aren't as powerful
as they used to be?

It used to be all right
for me to pray to my god
to destroy my enemies.

But, then again,
that was back when I felt obliged
to sacrifice a chicken,
a lamb,
or a maybe virgin or two.

Our gods are so impartial now,
which makes us equal in their eyes
no matter what actions we take.

I guess that's another lesson we'll have to learn.

Equality weakens the power
of the conflict.

But My God Said It Was Okay

We create our gods,
stand piously behind them
and say to ourselves,
"Life's a game,
so enjoy it."

That makes everything all right.

But,
just for a moment,
let's say
there were no gods.

Now,
I'm out in front,
with full responsibility
for my actions,
to the level of evolution
and reincarnation.

Suddenly,
Life's no longer a game.

Oh, yeah...
That's why we created gods.

Show Me Your Face

I know you are here.
I saw you last night in my dream.

My hand touched upon something solid
but my eyes saw nothing.
So like a blind man
I prodded the air,
searching for what I had felt.

And then you put your hand in mine.

Frightened at first I jumped back,
pulling my hand away.

My eyes still saw nothing.

But then...
my heart remembered the face of your spirit
and I reached out again,
hoping you would still be there.
And again,
you put your tiny hand in mine and we smiled.

I felt so clumsy;
you were so small.
I was careful not to hurt you,
as I pulled you up into my arms
touching your soft and gentle cheek to mine.

It was our reunion from so long ago,
though I don't remember when.

But where are you now?

I need you!
I need to know that my way is true.
I need that reassurance from you,
because you are there and I am here.

You are the observer of my world
and I am lost in its confusion,
unsure of my way.

So why can't I feel you?
Why won't you touch me again,
to let me know that you are truly here?

Or were you just a dream...

I hear your words now,
coming through me.

You are warning me the value of my free choice.

But I plead with you
that I will not be influenced by your gentle presence.

I promise you, please...
I beg of you,
that I may have someone to share with me my inner journeys.

But then I would stop looking,
you tell me,
and it is that search and hunger
to connect with someone outside of myself,
someone from my own world
that directs my path.

You tell me now
that simply knowing you are with me,
and hearing your words
as if they were my own will have to be enough.
As I cry aloud,
grasping again for the touch of your hand with mine.

False Gods

The Cancer

I am a cell.
At least that is what my god calls me.

I do not drive an automobile,
nor do I know what one is.

I do my work,
from breath-in until breath-out
and do not complain.

There is little that I understand
outside of my work.

It is my life,
and for the most part,
I am very satisfied.

But sometimes I hear voices,
though I never tell anyone.

Some speak to me of love and acceptance,
while others
only ask more work of me.

And I have recently been hearing a strange and foreign voice,
which asks me to compete,
and to fight with my fellow cells.

So far I have not listened,
though its promise of pleasure and power
makes its offer very tempting.

Together We Fight

Imagine the power if everyone joined together
under one cause and with one voice.

Imagine the power!

But why is that power necessary?
Except that everyone has already joined together
under one cause or another.

Lessen the power of the conflict,
through freedom for individuals and individuality.

Free expression of soul
- Independence Day -
continue what we have started.

Independent,
we stand equal.

Submission

The Way to Heaven

The flame sits on top of the candle
reaching upward in its desire to fly,
but can never leave its nurturing source.

Its consumption of the wax,
which was the body of the candle,
is selfish and repulsive without remorse.

Its hunger prevents its escape
but grants its desires to the candle,
as it finds relief from its earthly bounds
and flies through the heated desires
of the flame.

I Give My Soul for You To Take

Perhaps it is because I understand so little
about the spiritual world
that I choose to turn over my power to that unseen force,
to whom I give credit for my existence.

Would a cell in my body have much success
at negotiating the intricacies of driving an automobile?

But What If He Eats Me?

Submission can be done out of fear
or out of love and acceptance,
but there is always a battle.

In the physical we see the person or situation
to which we are submitting ourselves
and we usually know the conditions of our surrender.

However,
in the spiritual world we see and understand very little,
even though submission
plays a very important role in our journey.

He asked me:
"To whom should I submit
in the spiritual world,
and what are the conditions?
I need to know.

"Am I to just submit without question?
What of the Devil,
that one to whom I should not submit?"

"What if that one lives by our deaths,
eating us for breakfast and throwing away our bodies,
as we throw away the skin and bones of the animals we eat?"

"There is not one such as this,
who eats us,"
I told him.

"There are many."

"Then how can we know them?"
he asked, nervously.

"How do we see them?
How do we protect ourselves from them?"

"We do not protect ourselves,"
I said.

"We submit."

"But to whom,
under what conditions,
and after how much resistance
should we submit?"

"What will we lose
and what will we gain?"

"Won't we lose ourselves,
and isn't that our number one concern?"

"Yes," I told him.
"We are our number one concern
and that is exactly what we lose."

Compassion

A Sense of Compassion

If you push on the limb
it pushes back.

If you want to break it,
push harder than the limb.

The strong tree prevents life from
entering its body;
The weak tree gives of itself
to anyone who would wish to partake.

If you give away your money
you won't have it anymore.
If you give away your body
you won't have it anymore.

But those
who would choose to partake of you,
would.

They are the ones who follow,
that they may also have life.

Being Cognizant

We must love each other.
Be cognizant of your part and allow.
I see you,
and I love you for who you are.

We must help each other.
Be cognizant of your part and allow.
How may I help you?

We must feed each other.
Be cognizant of your part and allow.
Take from me what you need,
because your need of me
assures my return.

Life and Death

For The Pain

Only through the pain,
loneliness,
and fear,
will I reach out,
will I accept,
or will I open?

My pride didn't matter anymore
when I was in pain,
alone and afraid.

I reached out
and you were there.

Life,
how would I have ever known you
without the pain?

Which Side Holds The Value?

There is nothing in death,
which comes even close to being as frightening
as birth,
or even physical conception.

Death and being alive are two sides of the same coin,
a coin which is Life.

Death is included within Life
just as being alive is included within Life.

Our current perspective
determines which side of the coin of Life
is heads,
and which side is tails.

We only fear the other side
because it is the other side
and therefore the unknown.

As I walk from one edge of one side of the coin of Life
to the other edge,

I tilt the scales
and increase my apprehension and fear
of going to the other side,
not realizing that I am already there.

It is only my fear of the other side
and my false sense of responsibility
that stop me from accepting my full place in Life.

Her fears of death prevented her
from celebrating that passage,
to the other side,
and also prevented others around her
from sharing in her journey.

Her god took her,
by force.

There was no smile on her face.

She was rendered unconscious
and taken against her will,
in answer to the prayers of those who loved her.

Let us share with each other
our journeys through Life.

And let us experience with joy
our journeys through being alive,
without the fear of the other side.

Life need not be a coin
with distinguishing features
and sharp edges.

Fear is the force which etches and flattens
our image of Life's surface.

Life is a sphere
with no edges of transition.

My Achievements

I challenge the night,
those hours without sun,
as I flick on my light
and read until dawn.

I challenge my death,
my doctor leads the way,
though I am tired and sick.

What is it that I dread?

It's time for your bath.

Come in from your play.

Have you done your homework?

You'll be sorry
the next day.

Cycles

As the sun makes its journey across the sky
and plunges into the unknown past our horizon,
our lives journey from birth until death.

Just as our days are filled with wakefulness and sleep,
our lives cycle through similar states.

My sleep is many times interrupted
with brief,
and sometime not so brief
islands of consciousness,
as her baby
was so naturally taken from her,
as it slept in its crib.

Returning Home

A Path of Separation

A drop of rain hit the surface of the lake
and immediately lost connection to its past,
but the ripples created from the impact
each began a new past.

And the past of the lake was changed
ever so slightly.

A drop of water
coming from the faucet
hears the rain drops
hitting the kitchen window.

Taking a path of separation
is feeling the longing to return home,
but knowing that upon your return
you must give away your past
and accept a new one.

Don't Leave Me

Darkness behind me,
perpetual night
and emptiness without physical boundaries,
you are my home.

You are my doorway to Spirit
and the reminder of my other selves.

I emerge from my body backwards
into your world,
without senses,
and without limitations.

I turn around and become face-to-face
with forever and everything.

Evolution

Life Goes On

Extinction,
what have we done now?

The predator of this bird,
who eats these insects,
who pollinate these plants,
that provide needed medicine for human-kind,
has been wiped-out
by a virus introduced by humans.

An entire species gone from the face of the earth,
FOREVER.

Now the birds,
without their predator,
will become overpopulated,
causing the insect population to become dangerously low,
which will threaten
the existence of the medicinal plants.

Could it get any worse than this?

Oh, wait,
aren't we all one
and of the eternal spirit?

Boy!
What a relief.

Never mind...

To hold on to humanity
is to hold off
that which follows.

The Hunt

Your violent death brings me pain,
but is it sorrow for the loss of your physical life
or pity

for my own eternal life,
transient in violent worlds?

Our Next Reality

In order to journey into
other dimensions,
you must first release your fears,
fears for your very survival
in this world
of predator and prey.

If you could do it,
release your fears
and find your enlightenment,
you might enter into another world.

But to your dismay,
disappointment, and terror,
you would experience for yourself
that it too is a predator world.

I wonder why?
Don't let them suck you dry.

Now close your eyes
and make the leap,
into our next evolutionary step.

Release your fears and find enlightenment
to lead you to our next reality.

But open your eyes quickly
and be ready to run
for your life,
because you may no longer
be on top
of the food chain.

Just as we are gods
to those whom we have charge and control,
our gods will be to us.

I have seen it already
in those times of bliss,
without fear,
and for the moment.

Everything was saying,
"Come this way.
You can trust me."

But I didn't know at that time,
in that new world,
who were the predators and whom I could trust?

I trusted them though,
I did, at first.

I trusted them all
and exposed to them
my tender underside,
giving them my love
and waiting for their embrace.

But instead,
I felt the cold hard steel penetrating my flesh
and my spirit being pulled and sucked
as a long funnel of energy
from my body.

I realized just in time that it was a predator.

I don't know how,
but in some way,
unknown to me,
I knew,
instinctively.

It was a predator.

But what if,
let us say,
it was just my imagination
and not a predator at all?

Having come from a predator world
that was my reality,
my creation.

So for me
it was real.
So I ran.
I ran as fast as I could,
in fear,
again.

After emerging from their womb,
their prison,
the newborn turtles scrambled
for the promised safety of the sea,
as the birds continued to pick them
one by one from the beach.

Maybe it was because
a film was covering my eyes
and cotton was in my ears
that I was unable to fully find consciousness.

I couldn't communicate.
That's it!
Everything was screaming
and flying around me,
as I emerged into their world,
a new being.

There was a frenzy of activity
but I couldn't understand them.

So I ran,
instinctively.

It's not only our next generation
that we are giving this mess to,
it's also being addressed to you and me
in our next world,
our next reality,
that promised safety
from this cruel and frightening experience in Life.

But it doesn't have to happen.

Weeding through illusions to find reality.

Don't let them suck you dry,
the illusions.

See them for what they are,
enticements,
enticing you to deposit your energy
into their false reality.

They are everywhere.
Don't let them suck us dry.

True reality and acceptance,
let them be your god,
unprejudiced by illusions.

We are one.
Honor our differences,
celebrate our uniqueness,
and remove the fear.

No creature is above any other,
in true reality.

We cycle until we learn that.
We cycle until we learn that.

For how much longer
and how many more lifetimes
must we live in fear
before we learn?

We will continue to be the prey,
until we are no longer
the predator.

Our Place

It Goes Through Us

It does not come apart when you go down,
nor when you go up.

The order of the universe permeates our existence.

We are neither the smallest nor the largest,
nor are we exactly in the middle,
so why do we believe that the universe
exists for our benefit alone?

Are we not the sons and daughters of it's creator?

Not likely...

We are simply Life's energy
oozing out
into the fabric
of the physical dimension,
and taking shape as living structures.

Two dimensions
in the clutches of intercourse and orgasm
giving birth to a third,
as the rain and the earth
give birth to mud.

We, as humans,
are the youngest sibling
to our brothers and sisters
who came before us
and made our way possible.

We are the smartest,
perhaps,
but are we smart enough
to listen?

To Be

Enlightenment
is being in Love.

Alone,
is finding your way back to the body.

Being in Love
means knowing reality,
and accepting your place within the whole.

One

Removing the Self

There is consciousness through this body,
though it is not me who is conscious.

I do not exist except to say
that there is consciousness through this body.

As wind produces sound
while passing through a flute,
I am not the body,
I am not the consciousness,
and it is not me who is conscious.

Are we not the mind and voice
of the same being?

Millions of Voices

I felt myself being crushed
and pounded
by the roar.

I could barely breathe.

But now I resist no more.
My heart is open
and does not beat for me alone.

I am them and they are me.

I can feel it now,
there is peace within the thunder.

Can't you feel it?

Won't you try?

We Are One

Enlightenment,
or being in Love,
means finding our oneness.

Where each of us
is the larger body,
more than we are a part of it.

About the Author

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