

# **BEING TIME**

Books I through IV  
Poems Composed From Prison

by

Thomas Perez Jewell

Dedicated to All Sentient Beings  
that we may awaken to our own  
True Nature

My being and my time are not distinguishable . . . .  
Instead of me being in space and time, it's more accurate  
to say that I am what space and time are doing, right here and now.

- David R. Loy

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## BOOK ONE

# AWAKENINGS

The breeze at dawn has secrets to tell you  
Don't go back to sleep.  
You must ask for what you really want.  
Don't go back to sleep.  
People are going back and forth across the doorsill  
where the two worlds touch.  
Don't go back to sleep.

- Rumi

*Awakenings*

TIMELESS NOTHINGS, 2010

Watching Grandma play solitaire  
at her kitchen table as  
she dots and dashes  
the cards while  
chatting about notions  
and nothings to her  
eight-year-old grandson.

Now I, in my prison cell,  
forty-five years later,  
shuffled and solitary,  
layout my cards in kind  
and listen as her nothings  
become some things about  
surviving time.

TWILIGHT SKY AND MARS, NOVEMBER 2011

Indigo sky, thick  
wood-smoked air,  
embraced by these  
unimprisoned gifts,  
facing east, I  
kiss the cheek  
of that planet's face  
now tinged pink.

THE PHYSICS OF COMPASSION

Time betrayals +  
invaded spaces –  
uncertain energies x  
impermanent infinities squared,  
divided by zero =  
absolute forgiveness.

*Awakenings*

ALREADY ARRIVED, 2011

On my way to Molokai  
    who will be my *kokua*?  
On my way to prison  
    who will be my pardon?  
On my way to self-annihilation  
    who will be my witness?  
On my way to paradise  
    who will answer my  
"who am I" inquiry?

IN GOOD COMPANY?

"Love your enemies,"  
a lesson I repeated  
to a fellow inmate.

He said those words  
would get me hurt  
or killed  
in the prison world.

I smiled within,  
knowing my life  
had been healed.

Not wanting  
to further offend,  
I returned to my  
solitary cell in  
very good company.

BETWEEN THE WHISPERS

Sitting surrounded by a wind  
wrestling "with" instead of  
    being the wind.

In the suspense  
between its whispers and  
reminders, I realize  
    space as empty  
    and time not real.

*Awakenings*

BEING STILL

Being still with  
the shadows in my cell,  
I am alone yet  
never separated.

My dark as well  
offers this world  
light's experience.  
We're never the less  
one, and I am as free  
as everybody else is.

ENTER WITHIN & LISTEN

Enter the deep dark  
within.  
Keep fear fluid enough  
to be still.  
Listen with  
your whole being  
until you  
Speak the light  
of love.

NOTHING FOR NOTHING

I surrendered  
everything  
for nothing  
and received  
more  
of  
nothing  
in  
return.

*Awakenings*

SITTING AS MOUNTAIN

Sitting as mountain  
planted as tree  
voices break the silence.  
I am not disturbed  
instead I enter  
inside the seen of hide  
inside the loss of find.  
I let go of more as I,  
by design,  
become even less  
as everything's  
Nothing-mind.

A MOUNTAIN OF REALIZATION

First time, first sight  
atop this mountain.  
The sun rises  
inside my eyes  
never to set.  
The clouds, the sky  
mirror what is and isn't.  
All is melting snow  
and rivers of laughter.

AREN'T WE ALL?

How can one  
so beautiful,  
one of our own, do  
such "ugly" business?  
He couldn't see  
his oneness nor his  
beauty  
in the heart of us.

*Awakenings*

PERFECT MISTAKES

An essential element  
for touching truth is:  
living through and  
embracing  
the awkward grace  
of every made mistake.

AS IT ALWAYS IS

Still so effortful  
at being effortless?  
Smile  
Peace arrives as it  
always is.

LIVING UNFOLDING FOLDS

What obstacles  
against  
so many  
resistances:  
How wonderful  
growth is!

LIVING AT THE SPEED OF IS

Life & Death content  
with nowhere else  
but here  
to be.

A LIFETIME'S RIPENING

What is more wise:  
To be so self-certain  
about everything, or  
to be open to every self  
unknown?



*Awakenings*

NOTE TO MYSELF ABOUT SELF-LOATHING

What self do I loathe?  
Silence responds  
as my no-self  
only smiles.

WHAT A HOWL, 2013

A hoot owl's  
invisible tunes  
on a prison yard  
this afternoon  
in winter are  
so clear; I hear  
its natural  
laughter celebrate  
what a howl  
such being  
has become.

IS WHAT IS

We live  
what is  
then think it  
into what isn't.  
We seek to sing  
our inner being  
when all we need  
is listen.

NEVER MORE AWAKENED

An uncertain  
path  
on a  
particular day.  
All the fallen  
leaves  
had fallen  
that were meant  
to fall.

*Awakenings*

AN ACTUAL SURPRISE

What powerful  
pain-filled joys  
emerge  
when one's  
actual  
god  
becomes  
human.

A FEATHER IN THE WIND

This clear night  
in  
"November's year."  
This sliver of moon  
is  
a gravity tethered  
feather  
in  
the wind.

EVER HEAR?

Ever hear walls  
and fences breathe?  
Be still  
between  
these self-made  
boundaries.  
There is a madness  
required so  
don't be afraid  
of losing your self.  
Listen with  
your whole  
being  
in  
solitary  
inclusion.

*Awakenings*

ALWAYS BEAUTY IS ?

Beauty always  
ever is  
as rain music  
attunes to wind.

Always ever  
Beauty is,  
so the Seer  
and the Seen.

AT THE CENTER OF I AM

For an instant  
fully winged  
in the middle  
of the sky  
I am  
at the center  
where  
I exists  
and  
am enters  
flight.

UNTIL FRESH

Soap pieces dissolve  
into disappear;  
roll over and over these  
open hands and fingers  
like pebbles dance  
in rivers freshly cleansed.

THIS WINTER AFTERNOON

This winter afternoon  
of sullen joys  
invites  
such instant  
openings  
to enter in.

*Awakenings*

NOTHING MORE DELICIOUS

Making the best of nothing  
brings everything to the table:  
when thirsty I drink,  
when hungry I eat,  
when tired I sleep:  
“There’s nothing more delicious  
than having no future.”

WITH MY INSTRUMENT OF SELF

Listening with  
my instrument of self,  
I felt little rain feet beat  
across my world’s view.  
All at once  
a gradual flash opened  
my inner eye to being one  
with everything that is –  
Everything and Nothing:  
full and empty.

A MOMENT’S REALIZATION

Wait and Weight  
both in time,  
are difficult  
but necessary  
to carry.

WAYS OF WATER

Rivers are daughters;  
Mountains their fathers  
both must surrender  
to the ways of the water.

MY LAST RESUME

A sacred human being  
as well as profane.  
For further information  
inquire within . . . .

*Awakenings*

BEING AT ANY DEPTH

A touch of water  
here and there  
at any depth  
anoints the places  
no one else dares claim.

FORGIVE IS TO LIVE AS VENGEANCE IS TO DEATH

Vengeance is a meal  
best served with forgive,  
and fresh plums in spring  
from the garden of live.

Who is it we offend  
when we hurt or we heal?  
But ourselves in the end  
with our efforts to feel.

A REFLECTION WHILE IN PRISON

We put our prisoners  
a million miles in exile  
with little effort to restore  
all parties to the crime  
as if they are not who we are.

This makes all of us perpetrators  
of a merciless world,  
which keeps everybody alien  
to genuine compassion.

We keep "them" hidden  
from our own reflection  
as shameful shadows  
in humanity's mirror.

How we treat ourselves in prison  
is how we heal ourselves in the world.

*Awakenings*

HOW TO GET FROM BITTERNESS TO FRIENDSHIP

Let go of every hopeless hope  
as if your half-whole  
awaiting fulfillment  
from somebody else.

Be friendship itself –  
a gift that always receives  
what you want to give  
from your endless abundant  
gratitude of being.

LEARNING HOW

What was my father's childhood is  
what is inside this man-child.  
Learning how to be in a world  
not of his choosing.  
Learning how to let go of holding  
what's only illusion.  
Learning how to forgive selves  
unforgivable, and  
Learning how to unlearn  
what keeps him in prison.

EXILE BLIND

On this horizonless  
winter night  
I am exile blind  
as empty as  
empty is,  
sitting in  
all prisons combined  
on earth's own  
awkward unwind.

*Awakenings*

LET LOVE TOUCH

For those of us  
who fuss  
about what  
can't be kept:  
What is depression  
but an untouched heart  
from the inside out.

SILENCE IS WISDOM

Turbulent impulsive words  
meant to hurt  
pour wet cement  
on your own punishment.  
How does it feel  
receiving your sentence  
in reverse?  
Words can harm or heal  
Be silent before you speak.

UNJUST HUMOR

There is a blind fear  
in me that still  
behaves like a little boy  
hiding, hiding  
  
from rejection's kill.  
Safe from life's deaths,  
I walk in and out of shadows,  
staying silent.  
  
When I need to speak,  
I retract my pen each time  
to conceal the truths of me  
whether stained or holy,  
  
my heart understands  
life's unjust humor.

THE CURIOSITY FALLACY

When curiosity becomes a crime,  
or is it already?  
Conceal your heart  
and hide your mind  
before you're ruled inert  
and silenced by their punishment.

Statistical truths and fears  
based on accurate lies  
will condemn even innocence  
by immeasurable measures  
to prove, when necessary,  
everything vice versa, and  
define with certainty  
what can't be defined.

THE CALM OF KARMA

Retribution's your karma –  
It's what you deserve  
for what you did or do:  
Maybe, perhaps so?

Yet, who carries  
the burden to forgive  
karmic consequence  
but the punisher?

Touch the sharp edge  
of endless mercy,  
release your own pain  
by releasing another's.

A DEATH'S DANCE

A death's dance  
follows your steps  
as invisible shadows  
of all living's movements.

Death exists in every breath  
as life breathes you into existence.  
Once you learn to receive what is  
you give yourself your origins.



*Awakenings*

BEFORE THE FLOOD AND AFTER

Before the flood,  
the rain was wonderful.  
After the flood,  
whatever happened  
to your wonder?

Before,  
you injured another person  
sought mercy  
and were forgiven, yet  
After another injured you  
what happened to your forgiveness?

Before, when in love  
forever lived in every moment,  
remember?

After love had gone  
(as if true love could disappear)  
what happened to forever?

SHAKING YOUR RESISTANCE

What does your choice  
choose when called  
by your original voice?

What delicious burdens  
attach themselves to what you hear  
when what you want versus  
your need to awaken to  
your never changing sameness?

AM I THIS STRANGER?

Standing next to him,  
I feel the weight  
of the burdens he carries.

The solid self he wields  
as if his history is who he is,

as if all existence hinges upon  
his own imaginary image.

WHAT'S BECOME OF WHO WE ARE?

Schools, prisons, and hospitals  
are society's toilet bowels  
expertly employed to flush what remains  
of any human shit that's real  
to hide the stains that life provides  
for all of us who live alive.

The first flush begins in elementary school  
to complement our fresh little minds  
to learn their think and think their feel  
until we're who we never were  
prepared by rote to use as we consume  
the products of our own doom?

We invent ourselves unworthy beings  
receptacles of our own refuse  
until we see through what we think we choose  
we're what we conceive, contrive and conjure.

SONG FOR THE FALL

Leaves, leaves, leaves  
like words, words, words  
    fall, falling, fell.  
The why of life's as is . . . .

What stories do you tell?

SONG FOR FORGIVENESS

What is your saddest joy, my love?  
Those complex terrors that last  
a lifetime's beyond?

Harm can arm itself  
with fear  
that won't let go  
until your mercy's denied  
and cannot heal.

What compares to your greatest pain, my dear,  
and who is left to share your grief,  
your despair, yourselves  
when the your of your your has disappeared?

LISTEN, LISTEN

That strange and better place  
that in our mind only exists.  
Paths tree rich and sound surrounded –  
I hear the silent silences,  
and how much we seldom listen.

'FOG COUNT": INMATES WALK FROM CHOW

Fog against the prison fence.  
Crows eating crumbs  
from the generous.  
The yard's secure  
with extra guards.  
Birdsongs interlace  
their scraggly gaits.

YOUR DEATH'S REVELATION

My heart's torn open  
and cut into pieces  
by the shattered glass  
of your "non-existence"?

What does death reveal when  
there's no more image to see  
but the love that's always been  
inside of me.

I AM SO SORRY

There we were  
in the midst  
of our Is.

We sought to please  
as one, but  
found each other  
hurt instead.  
Who knew then  
this path of love?

Where are you  
in the midst  
of what's now?

Have you reached  
your depths to heal?  
Have you felt  
the freedoms of forgive?  
I am so sorry  
for the harm I did.

AS EVERYTHING'S ROLLING OCEAN

Adrift yet driven by desire's  
whirlpools of emotion.  
Still attached to the shores  
of opposite attractions . . . .  
I am the river who has yet to flow  
as everything's rolling ocean.

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

Solitary confinement's punishment  
is not hearing other voices blend  
with your own – the sweet  
synchronicity of a music  
that penetrates your inner core  
deeper than touch can reach.

Isolated from this communion  
is a terror unspeakable,  
so I search human faces and eyes  
in magazines and books for my origins  
before before's before.

AWAKENING FROM IMPRISONMENT (for Tony)

I didn't know what being  
imprisoned meant back then,  
remembering your empty stare  
from the other side of the glass  
talking with us on the intercom  
on Christmas day 1981.

I would have put more money  
on your books and visited more,  
if I knew what it meant for you  
to be on the other side of the world.

Now that I know what it means,  
being alone and condemned,  
I would put money on the books  
of any one I've ever known  
for them to visit me and see  
what it means for all of us  
to be imprisoned.

*Awakenings*

MOCKINGBIRD TEACHINGS

From the highest limb  
atop the briefest leaf  
from joys own joy  
to the griefest grief  
you sing your borrowed songs  
to help our winter truths along  
to help us live our lives on loan.

AUTUMNAL EQUINOX: 2015

Just another change  
this autumnal wonder;  
A shift within the shift  
of every living being.  
Be still this instant and  
feel the movement happen:  
this external glimpse of our  
measurelessness:  
An awakening as the earth lifts  
its ancient eyelids  
for seeing through  
our rigid selves into  
a freer world view.

ALREADY AWAKENED

Day events come to rest  
while evening's eyelids heavy set.  
The crow, on the lamp post,  
"caws" itself into awareness.  
The brilliant oriole,  
as orange as the sun,  
sings every sleep into awaken;  
it's westward flight ascends  
into the darkening skies  
already brightened.

VISIBLE ON THE DRIVER'S SIDE OF THE MIRROR

Empty appearances  
don't persist unless  
you continue to bring them  
into existence.

*Awakenings*

ON NOW'S EDGES

Oceans on either side  
of the question:  
How do I  
become one while balancing  
on the surf of now's  
sharp edges?

HOW WE DO HEAL

I admit that I've hurt and injured  
others and myself;  
myself and others have been harmed  
in my efforts to be one.  
Why condemn one another in return?  
I will not respond in kind.  
I will be kind in my response,  
allowing love and forgiveness  
to heal what separates us.

WISDOM CAN NEVER BE GIVEN

The student eventually transcends the teacher,  
The son his mother,  
The daughter her father.  
Wisdom can never stay captive  
nor is it given.  
Like a seed inside one's ignorance  
through relationship, it blossoms.

BE GENTLE WITH YOUR ANGER

Observe: Why be angry  
at your anger's own cause?  
Observe and breathe  
into your own healing.  
Rage is your tiny baby  
needing attention.  
Be gentle and treat  
her or him  
as the precious being  
your self already is.

SPACE AND TIME SUSPICIOUS

I departed my voluntary year  
in Africa as I arrived: suspicious  
about space and time, about  
why every here is never better  
than any over there.

BEING MIRRORS

After births, breaths, and deaths of selves;  
minutes, hours and years of lives;  
mountains, streams and rivers of others,  
I am still learning how to be in love.

What I thought of love and felt  
for lifetimes was wrong,  
making the ones I love better than  
and separated from what I am  
by striving to belong.

When all the while,  
Love emerges  
in the one who loves as one  
as both the lover and the beloved  
being mirrors  
for the other  
reflecting all there is.

YOUR SWEET SHINE OF LIGHTNESS

Light eats light in darkness  
into light again  
on the other side of mountains,  
especially when you are absent.

Your light is the feather nestled  
brushes inside a favorite painting.

So graceful becomes my way  
as I navigate empty spaces  
feeling love inside me shine  
in your ever-present lightness.



*Awakenings*

WHERE I WAS ALREADY?

My return to grade four and beyond  
is beheld in my hands, at fifty-three,  
in this 1968 volume of *National Geographic*.

Once again my dreams  
come alive to travel the world.  
So where have I been all this time?  
I feel as if I am  
    sitting in that library  
    again a nine year old boy,  
looking into the places and faces  
    where I've been already.

*AU VILLAGE EN AFRIQUE*

Lamberene moment born  
poised at pre-descent  
on the downhill road  
into my new world  
    as the roosters crow.

Out of the morning mist  
the sunrise rose  
on my original face, and  
my eyes awakened to a labyrinth  
    of fresh familiar strangers.

VISITING MBIGOU, GABON

A small village set  
    on a very large hill.  
The fog arrives  
    with the evening's chill.  
These fresh eyes met  
    an ancient ill?  
A dance to divine:  
    accept death or kill?  
The trance lasts all night  
    into the morning still.  
The fog will subside  
    but not until . . . .

*Awakenings*

ON BEING TWENTY-ONE

Looking into and through my window  
as a rear-view mirror at twenty-one,  
I was anywhere but here,  
living always over there,  
missing meadows of wonder for dense forest depths.

I couldn't get out of my wanting's sleep nor  
get myself into giving's awake,  
so I stayed afraid in a safe neutral place  
dismissing natural risks  
that make good mistakes.

So, I stayed alone in my shadow of fears  
till I found myself lost  
in love's double bind:

Follow your heart  
no matter the cost,  
yet being in love  
will cost you your life.

ETERNITY'S NONEXISTENT CLOCK

Even a portrait wears with age  
and reminds us all  
that time doesn't stand still  
in this tic-toc world,  
yet it always stops, every time  
on eternity's nonexistent clock.

ALWAYS PRESENT

In that second-grade-classroom cocoon  
we observed the larva transform  
and discovered what's inside  
the "can't be seen" after the metamorphosis.  
I am still there in the lesson  
as the Witness always ever-present.

A LESSON LEARNED IN MEDITATION

Silence is not silence  
And still is not still  
until you don't name it  
until you be still  
until you be silent.

SELF'S INSTRUCTIONS TO SELF

Be still and let  
time undo time  
Nothing intersects  
what's already whole.  
Be spaciousness itself.

MY FEARLESS CHILDREN

After too many schools  
in one year and  
too many years at different  
schools, I learned  
as the new kid in elementary:  
Never call attention to myself,  
never sit anywhere but in the back  
of class, and  
Never volunteer even if I know the answer.

After years of unlearning these lessons,  
What a relief to discover,  
that my children, as first and second graders,  
didn't suffer from my childhood disorder,  
as I watched them seat themselves in the front row  
among strangers, raising their hands to respond  
and fearlessly ask their questions.

A TREACHEROUS SWIM

Returning to life from a dolphin  
to a human has been difficult.  
It's a treacherous swim  
in the ocean of words and sentences and  
paragraphs and stories. The effort seems endless  
when you want to be heard,  
when you want to express what's misunderstood,  
when you want to be one in a world made separate,  
when you want to be loved in this world of opposites.

EVERY PLACE THERE IS

On the train from Frankfurt to Karlsruhe,  
my fourth duty station as a volunteer soldier,  
I began to learn what the Army doesn't teach:  
how to live within my within,  
how to be at home in an alien landscape,  
how not to cling to familiar comforts, and  
how to see myself in every face I meet.

DISCOVERED IN DREAMS

What I discovered  
in dreams  
is that I am  
as everybody else:  
The Witness  
looking  
in a mirror.

## BOOK TWO

# TIMELESS BEING

Life is only now.  
Love is only now.  
Truth is only now.  
Wisdom is only now.

Enlightenment. Self-Realization-only now.  
Joy is only now.  
Happiness is only now.  
Absolute Peace is only now.

It's up to you.

- Scott Morrison

*Timeless Being*

SELF PORTRAIT, 2011

For years  
pain rained  
into every pore  
until I became  
a river of regrets –  
    Now imprisoned  
I am swimming in  
the ocean of forgiveness.

EVERY NOW

Every moment  
I am still,  
I hear  
forever's whisper:  
    "your  
    thirty year  
    sentence  
equals every  
    single  
    now."

RESISTING THE STORM IS USELESS

So storms the winter  
in January's year.

Nothing like the weather  
to harmonize your now.

It comes as it is and  
is as it comes:  
rain, sleet, ice, snow.

"Resisting what is is useless."  
whispers the wind through the trees.

"Useless is resisting what is."  
sings the trees through the winds in  
snow, ice, sleet, rain.

*Timeless Being*

DO YOU SEE THE WORLD IN YOU?

How can you not,  
when looking in the mirror,  
see the world in you?

Look through your opened eyes  
into all that was never invisible.

Steer forever fearless  
toward whatever arrives  
on your horizons,  
and being timeless,  
traverse all galaxies  
alive with wonder  
inside your own universe.

LET ME SHOW YOU HOW

Show me how to grow  
into a world so full  
and to face what in life  
is most vulnerable,  
and I will love you now  
with everything I know.  
For as long as I'm alive,  
Let me show you how . . .

FREE FROM HATRED'S PRISON

You pilfered the past  
and my precious keepsakes,  
priceless photographs,  
bric-a-brac and personal mementos.

And then you betrayed  
in the guise of support –  
self-serving deceptions  
for your own elevation –  
Serving your self  
while I went to prison.

Alone with my hatred.  
Alone with my heart.  
Alone with the question:  
Who am I to fault?

Am I my worst mistakes?  
Am I my simple tokens?  
Am I the only one betrayed?

I am free from hatred's prison.  
I am my heart wide open.  
I am the love in my forgiving.

BUTTERFLY AWARENESS

In matters metamorphosis,  
Egos use too much  
loud and push  
when all we need  
is one antenna's worth  
of butterfly awareness.



THIS MOMENT'S IS

Witnessing the sun depart  
the sky – a left-behind  
feeling arrives, and  
in this sad-joy's pure,  
perfect event, my heart  
opens its aperture  
to every beauty present –  
So wide and vast –  
My thoughts or fears  
could not eclipse  
this moment's is.

MOVEMENT AWAKENED

Being still  
in the wind.  
Movement awakened  
to every sung song  
nature sings,  
I am,  
as sunset dawns,  
this moment's  
universe.

PRISON YARD TREE

Winter and leave –  
less, yet sacred and free,  
No time but moments,  
we share this oneness.

Our life and death,  
our breath,  
so we breathe:  
I inhale you and  
you exhale me.

SUCH INJURIOUS MUSIC

A sullen murder of crows mourns  
its fallen on the ground.  
Squawks and screeches  
can be heard miles around  
by all empathic creatures  
who naturally pardon  
such injurious music.

BEING YOUR ORIGINAL FACE

Hell is a subtle easement  
into a very deep denial.  
Just when you think you've fooled them,  
you've only fooled yourself.

Wearing a mask without true wrinkles  
brings diseases you can't refute.

Remove all pretences, false and fake,  
and breathe fresh living into forever's skin.  
You can never stop wearing  
your original expression.

REALITY'S NOW

No one opens life's mysteries  
as deliciously complex  
as you my dear.

To the truth initiated  
clocks are merely pretty faces  
in this limitless universe where  
time is never master here.

Far beyond that tier  
(without ever leaving  
who you are) is how  
dreams conceive  
Reality's now.

UNTIL EVERYWHERE ON EARTH IS HERE

Do not truck with the world's impediments  
nor ignore its teeming mysteries . . .

Traverse them inside yourself  
wherein lies all ancient truths.

Enter the hemispheres as equal sides of you.  
Follow this universe's mystical tune  
until everywhere on earth is here.

FASTING AWARENESS

Fasting is a slow feast  
for the soul and senses to listen  
with deliberate intent to open  
every empty fullness,  
dissolving imaginary boundaries  
for capacities abundant.

DO WE STEER OUR LIVES?

Let every "ism" have its say  
then let it go, but fate can stay  
and serve its purpose to awaken  
every human who has ever blamed.

Is fate the reason our dreams forsake us,  
or do we dream to undo our fate?

What are the forces that propel a person  
to be driven rather than to drive?

How do we free our fears to decide  
Once aware, it's true, we clearly steer our lives?

ONCE AGAIN "JUST ONCE"

Once again feeling arrested  
by a "just once" wish  
as if this burden of desire  
would instantly lift  
when I get my want . . . .

Now I am with what is,  
here to witness simply  
this moon's gentle glide  
into the blue open sky.

A TINY CANOE

School's a tiny canoe  
in the ocean of life,  
a selfish painful pretend  
until you learn to swim  
what is the universe.

I AM THERE BEING HERE

I am there  
where you are  
as long as  
I am  
being here's  
everywhere.

AS EVERYTHING'S OCEAN

Locked into a polar existence  
since the beginning of the end  
living between the vices of life and death  
searching for that random passage of discover  
through the looking glass mirror.  
Which of your selves  
is the real illusion?

Beware – fear will hold you hostage until you spend  
your last valuable breath, for what that's worth,  
in this world of opposites  
as a ransom from freedom's own slavery.

Release yourself from like's attraction  
to all things magnetic.  
Transform your arctic isolation  
into the wonders of being one  
as everything's ocean  
and everywhere's sun.

ARRESTED SURRENDER

During a moment's storm,  
I am standing handcuffed  
under an overhang  
arrested by the pungent  
wooden aromas,  
as every pain  
I've ever experienced  
surfaces.

In real surrender, I feel  
a sweet silence emerge  
in the midst of this catastrophe  
as I humbly stumble into the center  
of timeless being.

RIPPLES OF JOY

Ripples of joy release  
my madness with your touch  
and all resistances  
surrender in liquefied bliss.

Every fiber of being intertwines  
with the madness of our embrace  
as all existence  
enters timelessness.

Every texture of love's ecstasy  
expands the madness of our kiss  
as all the universes at once  
share in our us as is.

ENTER THE SKY

Enter the sky, the stars,  
even a moth at night . . . feel  
wing beats inside  
this shared flight  
expanding  
the universe  
as always is.

SITTING CLEAR

Sitting clear  
reflecting  
sunset's mirror.  
I'm in migration  
with a mile long arrow  
of swirling starlings  
and suspend  
myself  
in mid-air for  
a moment, an hour,  
a winter's year.

YIELD, YIELD, YIELD

Is it wise to be this fool  
Who surrenders everything there is  
for his audience the world--  
even self-esteem, and  
give and give and give  
until everything that's touched  
becomes restored?  
Could you be  
this happy being that's madly happy  
bending wherever the wind will send you,  
living life as easily as a smile  
and beaming to anyone who'll listen:  
"Yield, yield, yield!"

WHERE IS YOUR HEART THIS MOMENT?

If I shared with you a secret passage  
would you enter on my word alone?

Your answer will question  
the level of your fear.

Why do you believe what you believe  
in a world so full of uncertainty?

Isn't this why "Don't be afraid,"  
is on the lips of every sage?

How else would you continue  
to let the mysteries of life unfold you?

Now what about the entrance  
to enchantment and allure?

The secret is no secret  
when you question every answer.  
The passage is as open  
and as wide as your surrender.

IN YOUR CARESS

Here's a lesson for those humans  
who hold themselves so separate from our nature  
with mindless minds and ignorant fingers  
destroying roses before they open,  
attacking trees with heartless hearts  
ripping leaves from bended limbs, and  
killing seasons before they begin.

Life lives in your singular caress  
release its graces by how you touch.  
Be what you feel to see who you are,  
by touching life's living all-at-once.

LITTLE BY LITTLE AND MUCH BY MUCH

I am seeing  
    little by little and  
    lie by lie  
a world gone blind  
from enormous prisons  
we create of our lives  
when ruled by liking's dislikes  
    and disliking's likes.

I am learning  
    much by much  
    and truth by truth,  
from a world worthwhile when  
full of the compassion  
we create with our lives  
as taught by consequences's wisdom  
    and absolute forgiveness.



NOTED REALIZATIONS TO A SELF

Just shut up  
and your wonder will open.

Find your way to be quiet  
after you learn to talk.

What is the purpose  
of communication but  
to get your needs met  
as everybody else's?

FROM WHERE I STAND

Earth spins.  
Worlds turn.  
Galaxies twirl.  
Universes whirl.  
Every part  
moves while  
the whole  
stands still.

THIS IS HOW IT IS (for e.e.c.)

Have you ever tried to hide  
an elephant inside  
a shallow rain puddle?

This is how it is  
when we elevate lies by  
reducing the truth to cover denials.

Nothing is unless everything's so.

There's no denying empty or big  
or full or the smallest of small,

but rejecting we're one  
is ignoring our all:

Winter snows Summer  
as Spring rains Fall.

THIS "MONSTER'S PRAYER"

Now I lay me down to wake  
to never make the same mistakes,  
to ensure my heart and mind is true,  
to heal the wounds the world feels,  
to love the "separate" selves our world hates,  
so all of us may live one peace. Amen.

SET YOURSELVES FREE

Let the hate you house come out  
whatever you hold against  
your family, friends, and guests  
Release each and every resentment.

Then re-invite them in,  
one by one, to set your selves free.  
Now your heart has room,  
room enough to let them be  
to be who they are in you.

I AWOKE TO AWAKEN (for Steve)

1

I awoke again hopeless in prison.  
With suicide no option,  
I had to decide  
how I want my life to die,  
or how this death can bring  
my living back to life?  
What more is there to give  
my kids, my friends, my wife?  
My heart is filled with emptiness.  
Why hide myself inside?

2

I awoke to my awake  
and hope was not an option.  
I awoke to my awaken  
and how to live my dying days.  
I awoke to who I am  
my kids, my friends, my beloved.  
I awoke to awake my heart  
to free my life from prison.  
I awoke to awake all others  
to everyone inside them.

IN MULTIPLE SILENCES

The sages say in multiple silences  
don't base what you do or don't  
on what you yourself believe.  
Base what you don't or do  
on your own discovered truths  
with authentic being as perfect proof.

THIS WONDERFUL NOW

When truth crumbles  
your world of pretend,  
keep your heart open  
though constricted with pain.  
If self-suffering remains  
only your self's to blame.

So keep your heart open  
to wisdom's know how:  
Let go of all shame,  
villain or victim,  
allow your compassion  
no matter what happens,  
what happens no matter,  
forever forgiven  
this wonderful now.

DISASTERS AND CATASTROPHIES

Disasters and catastrophes  
wounds and afflictions,  
whether absorbed or inflicted,  
everything that's being human  
is forgivable, everything,  
but not every human being  
is forgiving until . . . .

THE UNIVERSE IS SINCERELY YOURS

Wealth is a breath and the passion to breathe.  
Anything else won't measure your worth.

Why value diamonds or jewels or the world  
more than the treasures inside your within?

Nothing is foreign to a heart that's wide open.  
Anything else won't measure your worth.  
Wealth is our breath and the passion to breathe.

CONSIDER THIS

Certain uncertainty this wonderful live,  
Life begins at never's ending –  
misadventures through contradictions,  
Death ends what never began –  
letting go of what's merely known  
    being always alive  
    in what's actually so.

ONLY TEMPORARY

Whatever you are in this moment:  
    Peace, joy, misery . . .  
    Evolution's only temporary:  
    Life and death, good and evil,  
    easy and difficult.  
You are whatever this moment is:  
    Nothing's unimportant.

WHY MAKE LIFE MORE DIFFICULT ?

Why make your life  
a circus of fears and words  
blathering about how  
living life's now  
is not who you are?  
Be true to what is true  
even when what you want  
simply isn't so.

NO ESCAPE NECESSARY

No escape necessary  
as I watch from the ground  
that hawk soar in circles  
on the other side of this prison's fences  
flying this moment  
in our shared aliveness.

DYING AS I LIVE

Just thought I'd let you know  
I am constantly rewriting  
your already delivered eulogy.

Your life and death  
still ever present, now  
absorbed in love, but  
how do I tell the rest about  
our permanent essence  
nobody else seems to feel?

How do I show them what  
it is to accept forever's gift  
even though I am in prison?

How do I except in how  
I live now?  
How do I except in how  
I now die?

*Timeless Being*

AFTER YOU DIED

After your death,  
Mother's Day, Mom  
is now Other's Day,  
when I celebrate the  
communion of all Beings  
and take within my inhalation  
all their pain and catastrophes.

Then, I release with my breathe  
every peace and blessing  
that exists within me  
because your was is now  
my unconditional giving.

NOW'S BEYOND

When is the past but this now?  
Transcend your own to a higher how.  
What's born in life dies in time  
not who you are beyond the mind.  
No need to stay a victim or villain.  
You are free this very now:  
"Go within to get beyond."  
The future follows now's intentions.

SHARING IN FLIGHT AND SONG

I communed with five different birds  
while walking across  
the prison compound this afternoon.

All of us grounded in the moment,  
sharing our gifts in kind:  
Go sparrow, go crow, go cardinal.  
Thank you for sharing your flight.

*Timeless Being*

I'VE LEARNED: I AM THE MOUNTAIN

I've hit a difficult passage  
in this mountain called prison.

The air is thinner  
in the middle  
of illusion.

"Breathe into the pain."  
my guide reminds me:

"The only way out is in.  
Climb always now  
never then."

"I" CLIMBS THE MOUNTAIN

Climbing that mountain  
that is no mountain –  
falling until I fell again,  
protecting a self that is not real,  
falling from a thought into a feel:  
Angry at your comment  
against my image  
so I attacked yours until I hurt,  
yet who is the "I" we intend to damage?  
Who is the self "I" needs to protect?  
"I" climbs this mountain.  
suddenly visible, keeping all separate  
what's actually one.

SO SUBTLE

The shock of that rose bush's removal  
sends painful waves across the world  
so subtle,  
but only a few stand witness  
or aware of its shudders:  
the shoveler, the wheel barrow-bearer,  
and this nameless inmate called seven,  
who goes by the sum of his numbers.

A SELF-REFLECTION

Reaping the lessons from our brief  
eternal meeting especially when I see  
I am more than the man  
returning that stare in the mirror.

NOT SO ALONE

Walking the compound  
in the hallow wisps of wind,  
my boots echo on the ground  
from one end to the other . . . .  
Alone yet not so alone  
when joined by a single crow atop  
a solitary post responding:  
"Caw, caw, caw, caw." causing  
a communion all our own.

ONE GESTURE BECOMES EVERY STEP

I am strolling the universe  
one revolution each moment.  
One gesture becomes every step  
closer and deeper into the endless center.  
Within the circle of all worlds  
lives every single whole.

AN ABSOLUTE WASTE OF NOTHING

Looking inside each mistake, mis-  
translation, mis-interpretation,  
betrayal, self-deception, and lie,  
All of them equal the seeds  
of realization.  
What harm can be done  
to one that can't be permanently harmed,  
and whose purpose in life is to learn?  
Therefore, my life, having learned  
my true nature in death, has been an absolute  
waste of nothing.



LOVE EMERGES THUS

Self-bate does not serve the self.  
Misery comes only in its wake.  
Who is the one who holds that wisdom?  
Listen. Listen. Listening awakens!  
Let go. Let go. Let go, so  
    love emerges thus.

TRAIL AND TRAVELER

As trail and traveler  
we journey the illusion  
easily blinded by the spin  
    if not ever present:  
As the whole moves  
    all parts commune.

TO SHARE IN MY FREEDOM

Michael from Wales  
are you still logging the miles,  
still living that dream  
with your wife and your children  
in that house on the glen?

I'm still here on this earth  
learning and breathing . . . Did  
you hear that I am living  
my life in a prison?

Remember our run  
in the forest at night  
covered in rain clouds, the wet  
and the mud . . . O the mountains  
we climbed, and the heights we became.

Now I live in a cabin  
on a ship in the ocean.  
Years from all shores, from  
my family and friendships?

Please give me a moment  
to share in my freedom:  
Each breath is as precious  
as someone who'll listen.

I row & I row & I row & I row  
bringing me only to this moment's now.  
This is the lesson my misgivings have given:  
Whether on land or the ocean or in prison,  
every shore sought awaits us within.

MY 'GLEN GETTY' FRIEND

Two cups of tea served  
in porcelain.  
We gathered together  
after your wife's betrayal:  
shattered to pieces and  
wounded by shards.  
"Humpty Dumpty and all  
that rot" echoed in our heads,  
but nothing could be said  
to match what we shared:  
a pot of your special blend  
my "Glen Getty" friend.

WHAT THIS TEACHER TEACHES

Turn around: It's time  
to free yourself from blame's prison, and  
unmask your issues with right  
and wrong; good and evil; selfishness and  
being selfless. Don't continue in self-hate or  
live in self-shame. Don't blame at all.  
Face what you need to face until  
your once again original,  
turning your poisons into what heals.

FAR BEYOND OUR SUMMER

The world inside me shifted  
into a balance  
that has lasted far beyond  
our summer affair and  
marks my life's time.

When imagined dreams turned real  
my first real taste to touch and feel  
what was once so far as more than near.

Now I am that now  
because of our what, why and how.

FOREVERMORE'S AWAKENING

Into the sweet ephemeral world of dreams  
when what is real meets fantasy's pure pretend.

I am nightly immersed in the cool water's  
deep sleep reservoir of all that is,

and you are with me always  
in the joy of being ecstasy itself

as we wind and waft ever present  
in forevermore's awakening.

THE OVERLOOK

It feels so familiar  
standing here as a beginner  
on this overlook in Africa.

As wide as the universe I am.  
My smile encompasses  
being everyone that ever was,  
being everywhere that ever is.

MOMENT AWARENESS

Now=present=just this  
=second=minute=hour  
=day=month=year  
=era=lifetime=eon  
=forever=timelessness=as is  
=All-at-once

CERTAIN TRUTHS

This world while in love  
feels different  
as certain truths kissed us  
on the lips.  
A world of made unequals  
a world of born:  
What we're supposed to do  
versus what comes so natural.

The conflict with in and  
between us was fierce –  
for three years we faced  
what's real against  
what didn't exist.  
After more days of changing  
with the changes we became,  
we chose the choiceless  
to never be the same.

IF I AM THIS NOW, I'LL BE THAT THEN

That little old man  
with a stoop and shuffle, my future?  
May I be this actual Being's being  
in constant contact with each  
moment's truth:  
Resistance free to whatever arises,  
Dancing with gravity's pull  
whatever the circumstances,  
Whirling with the thrust  
from expansions's push  
At play and whole  
as the wonderful wide world and I  
effortlessly unfold.

## BOOK THREE

# TIMELESS WE

How fortunate are you and i,  
whose home is timelessness:  
We have wandered down  
from fragrant mountains of eternal now

to frolic in such mysteries  
as birth and death a day  
(or maybe even less)

-- e.e. cummings

AS NOW THEY ARE (2003)

Clear sky, sun and wind  
on the Oregon coastline  
in the middle of their childhood,  
my daughters and I agree  
to climb this lighthouse and  
view the ocean Pacific.

As we spiral the stairs  
we share, step-by-step,  
our adventure:  
“Who will be the first to see?”  
we ask one another  
while in its center.

I looked at them so crystal clear  
as if awakened from a dream.  
I see my daughters as I did then  
as true and near  
as now they are.

EXCEPT FOR EVERY LESSON LEARNED

Father failures  
Children’s wounds  
All the pain and suffering endured  
will dissolve into disappear  
as far as  
love forgives  
what is.

WE LIVE AS IS

Humans at play –  
birth, breath, and death  
you and I  
in gravity’s  
dance,  
spin and whirl on earth.  
We live as is,  
holding hands,  
in the universe  
under islands of clouds  
and ocean’s of sky.

THE RAINS OF MIRACLES

Liquid seeds  
rain  
down  
in  
ordinary storms.

Timeless beings  
release  
into  
nothing  
ever-needed  
so  
everything  
grows.

WITHOUT TIME

Without time,  
life  
is what is  
and we beings human,  
in this world of opposites,  
aware or un-,  
teach, resist,  
bless and learn.  
By every death,  
we breathe  
to live.

WHAT REMAINS?

What remains  
after the exile  
any how?  
Are we not all alive,  
seeking freedom,  
in the self-same prisons,  
subject to the same truths,  
in the same world,  
at the same now?



WHY WORDS?

Why do we  
continue to build  
fences upon fences,  
walls upon walls,  
with words  
for a lifetime of arguments  
and death sentences  
that will,  
as all of us,  
ultimately open  
into a complete  
silence?

FORGIVENESS BEGINS WITHIN

Stealth the treasure is  
in the awkward grace of sins  
for learning living's wisdom.

When pain surrenders bliss  
as understanding opens  
love's forever freedom.  
Hurt and heal together kiss,  
embracing this liberation.

NO HUMAN IS IMMUNE

No human is immune.

The symptoms are as different  
as its countless victims,  
and the misery can last lifetimes  
unless you die  
before dying.

The cure is to love another as is—  
seeing through the images  
in your mirror's  
own projections.

A MESSAGE FOR MY NIECES AND NEPHEWS

Release your hate with love  
since we base our learned hatreds  
on lies we tell ourselves about ourselves in life.

Tell yourselves the truth about yourselves with kindness  
and witness imaginary walls of blindness  
dissolve in your hearts to experience open-hearted  
how one loving-act allows instant access  
to the universes alive inside you.

LET GO TO LOVE

How do we free our own release  
from sufferings we create ourselves,  
from hell's own gates, from heaven's walls,  
from all our own self-inflicted wounds,  
from everything that keeps us blind?

Let go, let go of who you think you are.  
Let go of what we cannot hold.  
Let go is how we free forgive.  
Let go is when we know we're free.  
Let go is where we all are one.  
Let go is why we doubt because.  
Let go, let go. Let go to love.

IN FREEDOM'S BEING

My daughters dance ecstatic  
in a crowded meadow  
filled with daisy faces,  
making color-wonderful paths  
and circles  
as the wind through them advances.

Each by each, one by one, laughing,  
they surrender all fear  
into this moment's freedom  
simply  
the whole world's  
far and near.

AN ENLIGHTENED MIDNIGHT

In this precise  
enlightened midnight,  
the whole universe stands as still  
as always is.

Hyper-aware and clear,  
every I exists as we  
in the timeless center  
of this world's  
awfully wonderful  
pinwheel of color.

FLYING HUMANS

Human beings can fly,  
and we do:  
Every time we feel what is true.

The body is merely one wing  
of our existence and the other  
is call the poetic:

When we soar  
with any metaphor we choose  
even when insensitive,  
abusive, or anorexic.

These limitations serve us  
as flying lessons  
about what is flightless.

ACCEPTING AS IS

Let us re-happen  
in our world.  
We'll start with a spin  
accepting as is  
this wonderful upheaval  
we call live.

Let us get dizzy with a love  
without boundaries.

Let us laugh in the dance  
with our temporary deaths.

Let us receive living's moments  
in its whirlwind of gives.

Let us re-happen again and again.  
We'll start with a spin,  
accepting what is.

KEEPNG OUR DEATHS ALIVE

In this life did you find  
the lost self  
that can never be found  
as if your being ever could be hidden?

As either moth, dragon, or butter . . .

fly we must all  
into the familiar flames of living,  
keeping our deaths alive  
for infinity's razor –  
sharp existence.

HERE HE IS AM I

Face to face, brow to brow  
embracing the father  
I hated  
being afraid of  
as a child.

Now I love him  
as he is,  
in all that I am now,  
willing,  
though unable,  
to visit this son  
in a distant prison.

FOREVER JOINED

You and I – exuberant  
in love – now can exalt  
everything there is that lives  
inside our lives as we weave  
ourselves into the tapestry of life  
with every joy and each disaster.

You and I as we  
can un-align ourselves  
to every truth underneath  
what we humans call catastrophe.

We as one already know  
that every part is every whole.  
There is no hurt that cannot heal  
forever joined in what is real.

IN EVERY NOW

Love is vital in every now  
in now is how we forever love.

“When everything happens that can’t be done.”  
as earth now moves into reverse.

When every poison becomes elixirs mixed  
consuming all our opposites.

When what is baneful reveals our cure  
by remembering who we always are.

When every prison turns into freedom  
free to be what then emerges.

SO YOU CAN LET GO

We resist being  
who we are in love --  
wanting our identities  
to give us our give  
and find us our find --  
when all we need  
is our breath and our breathe.

By forgetting our why  
and remembering our how,  
love is what happens  
when ourselves we forget  
by being wide open  
through a process called death.

THIS MOMENT'S EVERY MOMENT

The moon  
degrees to the east  
and full.

The sun  
still fixed to the west  
on fire,  
as realized beings we sit,  
like the stars burning bright  
through every life and death serene,  
as that mockingbird sings  
on a prison fence.

BEING ALL THERE IS AS WE ?

Reflected in the mirror I see  
every life and death there is in me.  
We are all one, in all so many  
in this moment's pure perfection.  
So comes death to live life free  
being all of each and every One,  
being all there is at once as we.

CONFUSED ?

Confused by a world of ideas.  
Lost in the lust of our own thoughts.  
Reality is not what we think it is,  
so stop, stop, stop,  
stop *thinking* we are just the thinkers—  
we are everything that is already,  
and every Being that always is.

I HEAR YOU MY CHILDREN

Always at the edge of our shore  
even though in prison,  
I am everywhere you are  
existing with you in  
no boundary's now.



FOREVER AT PLAY

Enter the eternal epic  
of who we are – one song.

There is no above or below or beyond  
No Kingdom, no Queendom, or Stardom to rule.

We are star dust in the flesh –  
nothing more and nothing less.

Never born so never death  
Never prisoners of mere concepts  
unless we suffer from what we deliver  
through ignorance, hatred, or fear.

Exit the eternal epic  
of who we are – one song.

There is no inside or outside, within or without.  
No past, no present, no future, just now –  
timeless, silent, still,  
forever at play  
as everything's movement.

YOU HAVE SHOWN ME HOW

Newborn into this world again  
within your labor's love as Mother  
Nearer than near you were and are  
that I may live forever.  
You died first to show me how,  
embracing death alone, alone  
as naked as we are born.

AFTER THE DEVASTATION

After the devastation,  
I found myself  
standing in the field  
of van Gogh's irises:  
timeless and still I am  
while he is painting them.

You are also alive  
in these rainbow hues  
for inside the stems we live,  
reaching for the roots  
while they reach for us,  
always alive at forever's depths.

THE EVOLUTION OF WE

I  
I am I  
I am am I  
am I I am

You are so I  
I am so You  
You so I so I so You  
I so you you so I

so I so you so We  
!

THIS MOMENT'S MADNESS

Amid a whirlwind of madness:  
butterflies rain down  
as thick as doubt  
this Autumn afternoon  
as we celebrate as one  
our freedom  
from once cocoons.

YOUR STEPS AS MINE

With you in my heart  
regardless of this structures  
pain and punishment,  
I am kissing the world and you  
where I stand and  
every step I walk shows  
your steps as mine walking  
my steps as yours.

SAME WORLD DIFFERENT PRISONS

Where are you now Mounagi  
twenty years after being the village idiot?

Do you still beg for bread outside the bakery?  
Do villagers still curse your name?  
Do stray dogs still stay in your company?

Where else would you be if not Tchibanga  
one-eyed, crippled, and aging?

Is not your world the same world where I live?  
It seems we must together, though apart  
in our searches for the truth, discover  
our own freedoms in different prisons.

IN MOVEMENT STILL

Again our walk,  
Again our share,  
Again, again, again  
until again becomes nowhere.  
Not lost, not found,  
where we are is now:  
    In this moment's walk,  
    In this moment's here,  
    In Being One with All  
    this everywhere.

CELEBRATING MOTHER

The pleasures of births and pains of deaths –  
the gifts we gave each other.

In my current existence  
you gave this day to celebrate.  
Every gift you gave yourself,  
as every gift received, is what we share.

When I learn from you, I now understand,  
it is the Self, in its Original Bliss, unveiled  
who speaks these truths with our own voices.

Our lives are in each other lived.  
Your body's dead but Self remains.  
Your death's the greatest gift you gave  
removing one more obstacle.

I am the We of our you.  
We are the Self as you and I.  
You are I am as are We.

ALL PARTS WHOLE

This life, this place, this us  
the same but not equal  
in all parts whole.  
In the middle of this ocean's  
ocean surfing  
our own waves home.

TOMMI JOY'S PIANO RECITAL

You and the music  
realized  
on the tips  
of your fingers.  
Spirit attuned  
in communion with sound  
in splendid transcendence  
once awkward now elegant.

JUST ASKING

What is the use  
in visiting a grave?  
It's not an excuse  
nor one's memory abuse,  
yet, before you answer that,  
answer me this:  
Where do we go  
after our death  
except for sharing  
everywhere's now?

LIFETIMES AGO, YET NOW

Remember our tea ceremony  
complete with cherry blossoms  
in spring,  
lifetimes ago, yet now, in this  
memory filled to the brim?

Did we teach each other what Emptiness is,  
you and I, before we knew ourselves  
in the moment,  
before we unraveled living's  
unkept secrets:  
When to pour the vital ingredients, and  
how to receive what's being offered?

WHY NOT NOW?

When will this world see  
into its wisdom  
that you and I are really harmless?

The truth: "I Am that I Am"  
is what's dangerous  
since my essence and yours,  
the very same Spirit,  
can never be harmed.

IN THE WAKE OF YOUR DEATH

In life nor in death  
we are not separate.  
We are forever one this moment.  
My fear and pain want  
to say "goodbye," but  
my love and trust sing:  
"hello, hello."

GRATEFUL (for E & T)

Grateful I am  
for having held your hand  
before the letting go.

Grateful am I  
to have kissed  
your timeless face hello.

Grateful to have been  
your father  
in this awakened life.

Grateful for the gifts  
you gave  
that only children give.

Grateful for the joy to die  
as you and I have lived.

WHEN YOUR DAUGHTER TURNS TWENTY-ONE  
WHILE YOU'RE IN PRISON

(for Tommi Joy)

Beyond the circumstances  
human fears contrive,  
my devotion to my daughter  
remains unconditional.  
I continue to feel her tiny fingers clasp  
the hands that brought her into this world.

Our phone call's brief, a single ring,  
her voice answers all my questions  
my heart opens to new born joys.

Perish all thoughts, my dear,  
creating walls that seem so real;  
Love as true love loves, letting go  
into no boundaries unity.

IN THE NOW OF WE

My true Self  
can only be  
in the present  
as always already.

Anything else is not  
who I am,  
nor is it being  
One with everything  
in the now of we.



OUR BIRTHDAY ANTHEM  
(for Antonio Perez)

Today, my father turns  
the age I'll be  
when I am released  
from prison.

Seventy-nine years  
does not contain  
who he is  
already always  
beyond what he's been.

Nor, will this life time define  
who I am  
always already  
beyond what I've done  
since fifty-seven:  
Being One and timeless  
with what ever happens.

BEYOND THE BOUNDARIES OF THE MIND  
(for Emma)

Being ever present transcends  
all space and time.  
I am where you always are  
beyond the boundaries of the mind.  
All across the country  
as you run your competitions,  
I am the subtle gesture  
that supports your "I can do it."

I see you Emma everywhere  
a great athletic warrior:  
Your face, your heart, your soul  
all of them so beautiful  
complete in being only now.

All across the Universe  
I am there before the race  
In your joy's anticipation  
for your run to every place.  
And there am I at and after  
your finish line arrives,  
when every fiber in us smiles  
at these moments ever ours.

A PRESENT LOOK IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR

The ride to where we were going  
was not long, it never was or is, yet  
I am still on that road  
without you here.

Did we realize then  
the golden realization of how  
we are always one no matter where we travel,  
and how that now's then,  
wherever we find ourselves, is still now?

NO LONGER THE ROLES WE PLAY  
(for Mom)

We were not ourselves on those waters toward Molokai.  
We were each other aware for the first time:  
one in the communion with all there is in paradise.

Coming from painful pasts and horrific obstacles, we arrive  
through eons and eons to being here alive.  
We feel our mutual yet unique wounds, not as proof,  
but to understand their depths of hurt to heal  
as all of them at once in the winds just disappear,  
and washed anew, from all residual identities, we  
as ocean spray, dissolve any separations or divides  
from this moment's perfect now.

Even after your death one year hence, and  
from this current prison I am now in, we  
still embody, as everyone else,  
a sacred presence that's every place.

MY HEART EMBRACES EVERYWHERE THERE'S YOU  
(for E & T)

You don't need to visit.  
I honor your path and ours—  
as one but separate.  
You're already in my presence.  
I understand the risk and dangers  
of being imageless and condemned.  
A dad in prison doesn't fit  
any wholesome image you'd want to live.  
So never wait to live this life,  
while being patient with yourselves,  
allow your self to be what is:  
The truest gift that you can give.  
The greatest gift one can receive.

DANCING THIS MOMENT'S NOW

Dancing this moment's now  
our existence creates its relative self.  
In effortless effort let's step attuned  
to the ultimate truths  
of our One Self's stillness.

TO LOVERS ALL THE SAME

This eye inside my eye  
is your eye which doesn't  
blink or go to sleep.  
Those timeless touches  
continue to feel what  
all of us felt within ourselves.

A RANDOM ROAD SIGN

Don't wait.

Be patient:

Let yourself grow  
into complete awareness  
of the other as yourself.

THE I OF MY I

What is your self now,  
and when that self  
out grows self desires  
does it any longer exist  
in this universe?

What is this self  
I call me and mine?  
Whose memory  
will I use to explain  
what the I of my I  
in this moment finds?

MOM'S UN-VISIT

Inside this womb,  
as if never delivered,  
I died before my birth  
waiting for your visit.

MOM'S LAST VISIT

Her death not yet,  
but I knew it would  
be the last time  
I saw her  
in the flesh.  
Sitting in my glass  
casket, we  
sat brow to brow  
connected by a phone  
that buzzed as if  
long distance, but  
we transcended  
that obstacle as usual  
and laughed,  
laughing not at  
but with . . . .  
An understanding passed  
between us  
given and received  
received and given:  
our history for over half  
a century.  
What could be said  
that wasn't already?  
What needed doing  
that isn't already?

LOVE'S RELEASING FREEDOM

All the lessons in your life,  
difficult and tragic,  
you embodied all there is  
with your living and your dying.  
And about your son, the one,  
shamed by his own actions  
who put himself in prison?  
So hurt by this catastrophe,  
yet you offered him compassion  
and love's releasing freedom.

HAND HOLDING MAGIC

Hand holding magic imprints  
the memories of comfort and  
gentle guidance.  
Little palms meet parental fingers  
and squeeze as  
the dance of living continues.  
So, don't impose your rigid wishes  
upon your children's wonder  
allow yourself by allowing them  
true wisdom to discover.

TO MY ONCE LITTLE GIRLS

We are together in every one we touch.  
Memories of my little girls grow deeper  
with each wrinkle as I age.  
Even though the lives we live seem distant,  
our love remains as near  
as once our hands still hold  
everything we've held together.

NOTE TO MY DAUGHTERS ABOUT FREEDOM

A note to my daughters  
from your father in prison:  
Use this circumstance as I am  
for your selves to awaken.

WHO WILL TELL MY DAUGHTERS?

As I prepare for my nightly ascent,  
and don't descend into this life again:  
Who will tell my daughters I am dead,  
and still alive in the lives they live?

TWO DAUGHTERS AND A FATHER (1998)

One afternoon on Mount Lassen  
you may or may not remember?  
A pinnacle in my fatherhood:  
exploring different worlds for your discover.

After lessons at the museum,  
we drove sky bound through various  
terrains, season by season, until we reached  
the summit side by side by side,  
climbing the deep snows with wonder  
in mid-July.

DANCING IS OUR OXYGEN

Every birth dances  
into a death called live.  
We die while we're alive as  
every now's partner till then.  
We dance and live while we die  
in stages and seasons and surrenders.  
We live while dying to transcend  
in joy, in pain, in laughter.

REMEMBERING NOVEMBER'S SWIM

Who swims in these November conditions?  
We three did  
after the sand castles we made amazed us  
at low tide.  
Wave aware, one after another, we stayed  
present together until the sun disappeared.  
This changed the script for my children,  
perhaps a lifetime lesson, moving them beyond  
just conventional wisdom.  
Someday when others are ready  
to condemn an "errant" human being  
for being what he or she couldn't be, they  
will intervene with their mercy,  
remembering our November swim  
on a deserted beach  
in thanksgiving's ocean?



A TIMELESS TREK

Our afternoon at Bernie Falls,  
we descended the switchback trail  
with your four and five-year-old pony-tails.  
We entered the spray, the roar, and the cascading waters undaunted.  
On rocks, we climbed and explored . . . . "What was your wonder?"  
I wondered while in awe. Your little feats  
during that adventure, without complaint, surpassed  
all expectation as we crossed together that bridge  
across this memory's forever.

'PIRATE'S" FLIGHT

One-eye blind as you cried in private  
Admitting to fear, defeat, and hopelessness.  
Adrift in an ocean of difficult choices.  
Trapped by your own gangster conscience.

Another victim of gang inflicted violence.  
Sixteen when you felt the consequence.  
One bullet to the head ended your voyage.  
Shot by the man you attempted to silence.

Just like the "Pirate" in Hanh's Zen poem:  
All of us the pirate who fires the gun.  
All of us the victim who dies from its wounds.  
Fear makes us separate but love keeps us one.

NOT ENOUGH TO ENCOMPASS US

I remember being the last to leave  
your graveside under the oaks and elms.

I watched you day by day unfold and  
transform into a helplessness until  
you could no longer breathe on your own  
and died in your sleep beside your beloved.

Now putting myself in your shoes  
I am imageless and empty of words, yet filled  
are the memories of you inside my shoes  
still alive where now I stand.

My hand still holds the dirt's moisture  
from the cool handful I added  
for your departure.

But, this gesture as goodbye is not enough  
to encompass us, my buddy, never enough  
of what goes beyond  
our timeless friendship.

## BOOK FOUR

# ALWAYS ALREADY FREE

Every moment is this moment, for there is no other . . . .  
We are always already awakening to that which has no future . . . ,  
and therefore to that which has no past;  
to that which has no beginning in time,  
and therefore to that which has no end in time . . . .

Now, we are always already living eternally.  
The search is always already over.

-- Ken Wilber

TO MY DAUGHTERS

In you and through you,  
I finally reached the place  
that is no place,  
finally learned the question  
that needs no answer,  
finally arrived to everywhere's here,  
finally loved  
as now I am.

EATING ETERNITY

Eating an orange  
sliced in fours  
one at a time.  
I drink its juice,  
pulp perfect,  
moment by moment  
consumed—  
sweet eternity . . .

FREEDOM'S RAIN

The rain  
on empty  
fullness falls  
revealing every miracle  
that being  
so much  
of nothing is

FREE FROM PRISON'S TIME

Free from time's prison,  
witnessing  
this sunset's beauty  
my words  
can't capture.

JUST ENOUGH

After this  
evening's meal,  
we walk  
    into  
just enough  
    galaxy  
for the moon's  
    cup  
to be empty.

EQUAL JOYS

Death's life  
Losses gain  
Absence's presence  
Empty's full  
Outside's inside  
Impermanent's eternal  
Equal joys  
Joys  
that are equal.

RIPENED TWILIGHT

Only the moment's  
perfection –  
    a sickle  
    (  
    of moon  
harvesting stars.

ONLY SOUND

Rain, rain, rain  
ground, ground, ground  
not rain  
    not ground  
    only sound

BEING'S ANTHEM

Not a bird  
not I  
just song.

WHAT JOURNEY ?

Journey weary and  
then a breath  
for the joyful pain  
in every birth.

A life unburdened  
when understood  
the painful joy  
in every death.

JUST WHAT I FOUND

I went  
into  
the outside world  
while living  
inside out  
and found  
(after no time at all)  
everything  
I never needed  
to find.

WHY WORRY?

Wanting is the shallow end  
of Kosmic depth.  
Karma is that brief recess  
at the edge of forget.  
Bring on both life and death  
since everything  
that already is  
I am—  
from karma to dharma  
to bodhisattva  
ever realized —  
Our lineage that always exists  
from empty nest  
to what's the emptiest:  
no mind  
no karma  
no self.

AUTUMN'S DYING

Walking with confidence  
on this path of constant leaves  
already already's arrival.  
Doesn't all of life fall  
during autumn's dying?

INTO THE SILENT SKY

A sudden  
updraft  
lifts me  
into a swirl  
of many,  
many  
birds  
awakened  
to the world:  
no words, no  
words,  
no words.

ANY PLACE ELSE IN THE WORLD

Drinking a cup of tea  
in maximum security  
is like drinking tea  
any place else in the world.

TWILIGHT SUBLIME

How do you answer  
this truth's appeal  
to lose your selves as death advances?

Are you afraid of reality's now,  
of dying's then,  
making time your prison?

Or, do you fancy to fashion a statue  
in memory of your imaginary image  
only adding to your self-delusion?

Follow no wisdom that doesn't emerge  
from your own living's answers.

Death is not your life's misfortune  
as if life and death are separate moments.

Our lives and demises together offer  
forever's twilight sublime awaken.

THE PRETTY FEET OF APRIL

The pretty feet of April danced  
until her rains did flowers splash,  
giving spring to countless faces,  
providing paths to traceless places.



BE NOT ALARMED

Somewhere in the silence  
between my thoughts and feelings,  
I felt this wisdom emerge  
while drowning in the regret  
of others that I've harmed.

Be not alarmed, once you understand.  
There is nothing that exists  
that can permanently harm.

REFLECTIONS OF THE FALL

The colors arrive  
    overnight and stay  
        splendid in the wind  
until wears thin our leaves  
until begin's always been  
until until's already here.

IN TOTAL SURPRISE

Wrapped in an apron  
    called stars,

I'm alive as we  
    this forever's instant.

Inside the sky, I am out of my mind  
    free from this box of thoughts  
        in total surprise.

STORM AWAKEN

Storm awaken  
from the windows  
and doors of dreams:  
puddles of pictures,  
flooded with feelings  
just beyond reach.

No longer in need . . .  
Free from my want,  
I am  
rain's music  
now.

BEING ALREADY SO

Celebrating the Emptiness  
that is everything.  
There is no space  
that is not fulfilled.  
No moment  
that is not timeless.

IN THE CLEARING

In the clearing  
every thing's true and deep:  
Life, death, breathe.  
Summer falls  
into Winter's spring:  
Swirls of wind move  
curls of clouds into  
the beautiful scripts  
we live as lives.

MY DEATH CHANT

No longer  
am I  
on my way  
to anywhere  
but  
Now.

EFFORTLESS NOW

No mountains to climb  
but horizons  
through this morning's mist,  
just a downward glide  
into this living's  
effortless now.

BY BEING LOVE

By being love unconditional  
this freedom releases,  
as always, every person  
from, her or his,  
personal prison.

EVENING'S NOW

The rain never rained all day.  
The winds, the clouds, the smells  
all present, but the rains never fell.  
No promise, no will, no vow  
but the beautiful arrival  
of evening's now.

EVER IS

Rains fall into  
Always beens  
Ever  
Is

IN EVERY BREATH

Every creation forever ages  
until its birth becomes its death.  
Forever is its own creator:  
Life and death in every breath.

ALREADY RELEASED

Just another reason to cherish  
this spring morning in prison  
As I witness the sun appear  
on either side of the bars.

By the shine of its light,  
outer and inner converge  
as all walls dissolve  
form the inside out.

LET THE WINDS BLOW

Feel how care free  
the wind enters the trees  
more or less.  
Do be careful on your journey –  
intentions matter, every one.  
Letting go is how to love  
so let the winds blow  
through whatever you resist.

IN THE I OF MY I

While  
in San Juan  
Capistrano  
in forever's  
peak surprise,  
the I of my I  
is swallowed  
by the flight  
of swirling  
swallows.

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TCHIBANGA

We drove our jeep  
through savannah expanse  
arriving at a home  
in the middle of Africa's beautiful.

Front porch reclined, I drift  
in and out of awake, dream,  
and dreamless sleep . . . .

I am the sky, the wind, the earth,  
the sun, and all else alive in bliss –  
A moment in forever's suspense  
filled with nothing more and  
nothing less.

THE EASE OF SIMPLY BEING

In the ease of simply being I awoke and now awake:  
All the weight of guilt and shame releases.  
All the pain of grief and fear evaporates.  
All the boundaries of life and death dissolve  
into one embodied with the Emptiness of failure and success,  
ever aware to wisdoms transcendence of ignorance –  
beyond illusions's past, present and future.  
I am that I am, no longer prisoner to fortune or mistakes.  
In the ease of simply being a traceless trace,  
a timeless time, a pathless path, a gateless gate.

ORDINARY GRACES

Sky blue framed and  
green the ground,  
standing along  
a stand-alone tree,  
one mocking bird mocks  
his many birdsongs.

AN ANTHEM WHILE IN PRISON

I'm no longer angry  
at the system  
that keeps me here  
longer than I need  
to learn my lessons.

I'm no longer lonely  
when I sit alone  
in a room  
for one man only.

No longer am I imprisoned  
by a life called "mine."  
My heart and mind wide open  
as wide as love's encompass.

IN SOLITUDE'S ONENESS

I finally accepted  
those sage's invitations,  
now many years standing.  
I awake before dawn  
when the world stands still  
and sit in its silent whirl  
being All  
that's One within.

"I AM THAT I AM"

"Even in prison  
you can awaken  
into the Himalayas,"  
hums my inner silence while  
sitting within as Stillness  
to the light's always shine,  
chanting  
*sat--chit--ananda*  
(Being—Awareness—Bliss)  
Heart awakened  
to all that is.

WHAT THIS MOMENT GATHERS

Feel the wind's sudden  
rush usher  
in the storm  
as everything exists  
gathers clouds  
enveloping now's  
delicious down-pour.

THOUGHTS ARE KNOTS

A million knots  
my body winds.  
A billion knots  
my mind does bind.  
A trillion knots undone  
by only one's  
ever-loving presence.

THIS REVELATION ARRIVED WHILE BEING

Joy is in the world  
not in its denial –  
interdependence is  
the grace that binds  
    all offerings from  
the heart of one mind.  
Let them in you unite  
    into every depths  
    existing bliss.

AMAZE

Amaze your self  
this moment's breathe:  
    Be the rose,  
    the bird,  
    the air at once  
living the Good in Truth  
    as Beauty's now.

IN THE CENTER OF NOW

With death  
    approaching,  
I grow more  
    alive. Enough  
holding back  
    from love's  
    letting go.  
Nirvana's beyond  
time's growing old.

I am as temporary  
as permanent's flow:  
    Every part  
    of the whole  
    in the center  
    of now.



FREEDOM'S CONSEQUENCE

Early morning awakenings  
of push and pull,  
of hot and cold,  
of wind and stillness,  
of cause and effect,  
dancing in the balances:  
this sudden arrest,  
that subtle release, brings  
freedom's consequence.

ABSENT PRESENCE

A morning without birdsongs,  
an absent presence,  
a visit from a bumble bee  
buzzing in the moment:  
Now here then nowhere.

Every thing's amazing as is  
in its movement & stillness & oneness.  
Even in all absence, we exist,  
but for the arrangement of space,  
Nowhere equals now here.

THE PRICE OF ANY PRISON

The price of any prison is suffering,  
yet, in every prison there's a freedom:  
in noise abides silence,  
in ignorance wisdom,  
in movement stillness lives, and  
in every opposite the opposite is.

ALL BEING ONE

Wind blown decaying-leaves  
penned against  
this prison's fence  
wanting in?  
And I, at ease, against  
the fence's other side,  
All being one, want  
nothing but  
this moment's  
every life . . .

WHATEVER COMES

All is fall-  
ing—the leaf  
already dead.  
The birds, not yet,  
leave to live.  
The winds uproot  
and rend.  
Clouds suspend  
the endless sky as  
Earth receives  
whatever comes.

OK WITH IT OR NOT

Eleven crows astride on a wire  
in a pecking order of sorts.  
Trees and buildings surround  
this foggy hierarchy  
of which I am a part,  
and all is as it is  
this instant  
whether I am OK with it  
or not.

EVEN THE ACT OF SURRENDERING

When I meet myself in somebody else,  
it's a lesson in paradox  
as I continue to resist the truth  
of our non-separateness.

I end up asking then answering myself:  
"Am I to surrender everything I am?"

"Yes, even the act of surrendering."

TRUSTING IN THE UNSEEN

The sun dissolves  
as the earth moves  
deeper into dark.  
Standing still I am  
trusting in the unseen  
that I am standing still  
when love itself  
returns the light.

A WALK IN THE FOG

Low tide, the ocean's  
aromatic and strong –

I walk the visible sand  
going as far as my feet will land.

The waves still own the shore,  
so I walk into the fog where

nothing equals everything's more.

REGARDLESS

My mind travels the trip  
I think I have not traveled:  
Rome, Lima, Hong Kong, beyond.  
There is no place inaccessible  
providing my "I" transcends all identity.

AS EVERYBODY'S SELF

Impermanence is what makes transformation possible.  
- Thich Nhat Hanh

I am not the person  
who put me in this prison.  
I am what I am only in the present.  
This moment is what it is --  
    no beginning nor end  
-- Go ahead and test it.  
The world in which I committed my sin  
no longer exists, and the harm I did  
    has turned to wisdom:  
Now both the villain and the victim.  
I am change itself and all  
that transformation allows  
    as everybody's Self.

ULTIMATE REALITY

Looking out the window above my bookshelf  
I see a world not separate from myself.  
The books on end already read, every word,  
    and as many times thus lived.  
Although by many different authors penned,  
the Self of my self has written them.

REALITIES UNTRUE

The slivered moon just  
above the tree line  
translucent through  
a bog of clouds.  
I'm standing still  
on a world that spins  
no longer prisoner  
to any separations:  
One with every part and every whole and  
not for an instant fooled  
by realities untrue.

AFTER SITTING ON THE NATURE OF NOTHING

Understanding Emptiness  
is difficult when full of self.  
It's easier to comprehend when  
empty of what you think self is,  
yet these opposites are both true:  
empty is full and full is empty,  
which confounds any reason  
like feeling felt by a touch  
that's touchless.

Neither void, nor full, nor empty  
not one, not two, not three . . . .

Everything is full being empty  
as Emptiness is full being everything.

WHEN YOU WANT TO BE FREE

When you want to be free  
just allow  
what is now.  
Be at peace  
with all the pieces  
that make us whole  
without exception.

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Through, in and with all of you, I remain in the moment to celebrate the moments we share in gratitude and in poetry . . . to remember and be remembered, to forgive and be forgiven, to love and be loved. May we all awaken, in this lifetime, to the truth of being timeless.

