

JANUARY 26

INTO YOUR UNDIES

How long will you remain content just to hear and tell stories of what happens beyond your horizons,

where the courageous had no choice but to live their ideals and imbibe effulgence's shape?

Restlessness and a lack of peace can play a vital part in your inner unfoldment.

If you ever become too complacent, too accepting of your sorrow or shadow self,

the moon might fling a beehive into your undies and that should wake you up.

INHERENT IN SUFFERING

Inherent in most suffering, especially that
of the mind or heart,

is feeling, is believing that you can miss
something in life.

But that is not true. For on your wedding
day with the Sun,

one of His presents to you will be—if you
want it—every experience that has ever
been known or can be known.

Yes, a divine treasury awaits each soul. It is
the INFINITE, infinite possibilities, that

you can really borrow from at any moment,
right now.

JANUARY 27

DISSOLVING IN THE INFINITE

I have opened all the windows in my house.
Eagles fly in and out, as do any words that
are spoken about me.

Anything my ears might detect, firsthand or
second . . . I might give that news a moment's
attention

and then just let it be the tiny evaporating
whiff of smoke it is, dissolving in the Infinite.

FEBRUARY 22

DODGING CREDITORS & FEELING HOG-TIED

You might think twice about leaving the sidelines of love where you are allowed to dawdle.

I wouldn't enter the real playing field unless you had no other choice. Surely you can come up with another good excuse.

You could run up some more debt. That could keep you busy dodging creditors, like a rabbit might the fox's hunger.

Maybe get a lover on the side, maybe two, maybe three, that would probably assure a delay in having to get serious about any inner life for quite a spell,

before you finally decide you do in fact have to *cough up* some intelligent effort at some point.

What is the value of putting your faith into practice and concluding there really is something to all this . . . God stuff?

Well, for openers: It can become a solid wooden bench you can stand on to see over a hedge that

now keeps your awareness so limited you sometimes feel hog-tied and wish you were dead.

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FEBRUARY 23

YOU WILL HAVE TO FACTOR ME IN

Another's sounds should be careful in soliciting my attention and then my response, unless the

crystal, the Looking Glass, they too wish to enter.

The way a river's strength may move one in its current, so does my gaze or wish.

What the rain can do for a well, so can the language from an illumined heart.

When I woke up I found existence rented its space from me.

I am the wedding partner, every ring, and the priest who blesses the union.

I am the tenderness that becomes a sacred oath,

thus even when you close the door and might want privacy,

what can I say? You will still have to factor me in.

MAY 16

THE EXTRAORDINARY INFLUENCE YOU CAN YIELD

At some point one's prayers will become so powerful that they can shake a full tree in an orchard in heaven and fruit will roll through the streets in this world.

But, dear, until you can do that, maybe apprentice yourself to someone who can, and they will help your destiny achieve the height of the extraordinary influence you can yield.

MAY 17

WHO WANTS THOSE?

I am at a juncture now where I never have to be serious again.

If I act that way—sober and concerned about something . . . it is just a charade.

For people who are serious, well, let's face it . . . they seem to have lots of problems.

And who wants those?

MAY 18

I LIKE MUSICIANS

Wise the beggar or the thief who can get a coin
from my purse, for it will multiply, it could turn
into emerald worlds.

But what you get from me needs to be held and
not quickly spent. Some kind of incubation is
required.

How can you do that? If you slow your mind
down and keep your aim steady on the present
a heat in your gaze will occur,

something you want to see that was hiding
in the invisible will begin to step forward,
and grow.

Instead of stealing from me, you should know:
I like musicians, and will offer freely to their hat.

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MAY 19

HIDDEN

Even the shadow of God is brilliant, so brilliant,
so much so even God has trouble looking at
Himself as that . . . unless He is more disguised,
hidden in illusion, hidden as He can be, in us.

SEPTEMBER 14

THAT DOES NOT KNOW SADNESS

You entered form to give a holy message.
An envoy from the inconceivable is each
of us.

When you have completed that courageous
task you will be able to return to a world
that does not know sadness.

What is it that you need to say to us, or do?
So difficult your divine errand, it may take
lifetimes to accomplish . . . always loving.
But also, in no way ever being a prude.

SEPTEMBER 15

KICK BACK AND SAY AHhh

The mind just wants to stop giving a shit
about so many things.

It wants to kick back and say *Ahhh* more.

Not the kind of halfhearted *ahhh* one might
muster upon request if a doctor just stuck
a forklift down your throat.

There is a lot to a real *Ahhh*. I know you
know that, and thus

you have your *scouts* out looking for “them,”
basically 24-7. Yup, even in your dreams.

“*Them*,” of course refers to *Ahhhhhhhhhs*.

OCTOBER 27

SOMETHING MUST HAVE SPOOKED HIM

He was gallivanting about and seemed to be
having a grand time,

when something must have spooked Him, and
He jumped back into a hole inside of me.

I have been pining ever since, at the rim of many
universes,

not really knowing what to do, wanting to see
God and me so happy like that again, chasing
each other around.

OCTOBER 26

EVERYONE SHOULD BE HONORED LIKE THIS

When people come to my house for the first time,
if they do not lean toward being too proud,

I will kneel before them and ask for their hand,
and place the back of it against my forehead.

Everyone should be honored like this. What else
can make you grow to your full height?

I am one of God's pillars in this world, and a
proxy too, always carrying out His wish.

And what of those for whom it would be best if
they not see me . . . *humbly* before them—on my
knees, until they are ready?

Well, at night in my prayers, I place my head
upon their feet. I plant, and help awaken, a
sacred realm in all who have entered my mind.

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JANUARY 4

BATTING 900

I once walked around with a sign on my back.
The reason for this was

that upon analysis I came to the conclusion
that about 90% of what anyone had to say
was some kind of sales pitch.

So whenever anyone would start to talk to me
I would just turn around and let them read
my written reply, my sign, which said . . .

Nothing Doing.

Nine times out of ten I was right. Who goes
through life as well as that . . . batting 900!

JANUARY 5

WHAT THE PROM QUEEN GETS

Time an enemy not easy to slay. It can tear
the wing apart, sever it with such an unclean
cut one can bleed for days.

An hour is a clever hallucination, a year more
so, a lifetime . . . the grand hoax.

The way sound and light travel, the way all
come from a source that has never moved,

at the height of the action of longing or in the
perfect resistance to all the forces of morals . . .
everything can stop.

That is where you want to be, where the clock's
tyranny has lost its influence.

One always gets a big prize for that—for any
intelligent, overall functional, useful deductions.

The door prize is, heaven wraps itself in a box
and places itself at your feet.

With such a door prize, try to imagine what the
prom queen gets.

FEBRUARY 4

WANTING OUR LIFE TO MAKE SENSE

All day long you do this, and then even in your sleep . . . *pan for gold*.

We are looking to find something to celebrate with great enthusiasm,

wanting all our battles and toil and our life to make sense.

"I found it, I found it, I found it!" a hermit once began to shout, after having spent years in solitude, meditating.

"Where?" a young shepherd boy nearby asked.
"Where?"

And the hermit replied, "It may take a while, but I will show you. For now, just sit near to me."

All day long we do this with our movements and our thoughts . . . *pan for gold*.

FEBRUARY 5

TOSS A PALACE YOUR WAY

Looks like you are doing not so bad for being *under the gun* as you are.

I mean, you have not spent too much time locked up—in any kind of jail have you?

Aren't you able to walk about like a basically, free-range chicken?

They haven't attached any radar sensors to you yet, have they? That is a good sign,

that seems a clear vote of confidence from society.

Hold out a little longer. Luck may shift your way even more. Someone like Hafiz may

ask you to do a small favor. If so, carry that out as if some great king had assigned you a royal errand,

and might then toss a palace your way for a job well done.

FEBRUARY 13

RETIRE IN THE ALPS

The great religions are the ships,
poets the lifeboats.

Every sane person I know has
jumped overboard!

Hafiz, that is good for business,
isn't it? Indeed,

but I would rather retire in the Alps!

FEBRUARY 12

THE BODY A TREE

The body a tree, God a wind.
When He moves me like this, like this,

angels bump heads with each other
gathering beneath my cheeks,

holding their wine barrels, catching
the brilliant tear, pearl rain.

Love, a tree. When it moves us like this.
How can our soul's limbs not touch?

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