



## Liberty Beckons

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*--BeiYin*

## **E a g l e ' s   C a l l**

Your words were sent into the darkness  
like seeds spread over unknown land  
expression of your truth and honesty:  
an eagle's call carried with the wind

Love reaching out to be heard  
to be taken in as sparks  
which might light the inner fire  
within open longing hearts

Nothing forcing - not expecting  
Your wings of trust are carrying you  
to outermost spaces turning inwards  
having done a long journey - to yourself

You are sensing a call from far away  
softly pulling you like a silver umbilical cord  
It is a falcon's call, known - unknown  
The echo of your lonesome calling?

Reflected from a burning heart  
which now gives back what you have given?  
Is there an encounter waiting ahead  
of a falcon and an eagle in unlimited open space?

Fascinating world - susceptible to creation  
where everything is open to be expressed  
embracing all levels, all elements, all beings  
to be completed and to grow - into a new dimension

Out of depth - from where?

Appearing inspirations

filling heart and mind.

Sun in spring - first butterfly  
can't hide from sunset's coolness.

## **Encounter in the Air**

Was it the nearness of the ampleness?  
The space between your words?  
The suitable distance of grasping sense?

What did I receive from your presence?  
Suspending energy, sensitive – unsusceptible  
Words like drops on silent sea, forming rings – creating circles

Echo from near distance – far nearness  
groping softly to touch me  
triggering tender waves in my receptive awareness

Shifting motions – vibrating silence  
by being surrendered – being sustained  
surprisingly feeling the answer without question

The whole is there, parts are parts of the wholeness  
like words, like drops – from you and me  
flowing together – in astonishment

**M**elting resistance  
soaring rhythm - sound of silence  
heart's joyfuldance.  
Nightingale's lonely moon song  
echoed in vibrant quietness.

## Art of Living - a long way to go...

What we believe as being necessary  
will come in it's own passage of time  
let's appreciate what there is now  
it can be enjoyed as a sacred present  
enriching artist's life and growing

Being aware - relating to what is offered  
how we react and what we trigger  
what we receive in return for letting go  
acknowledging the hidden cause  
for not being able to enjoy the whole

Our expectations and dreams  
can be seen as obvious obstacles  
causing inability to enjoy what's there  
why can we never be satisfied  
always wanting more and more?

Identified with our possessions  
we are clinging firmly on narrow stuff  
not being able freely to receive  
the abundance of essential wideness  
we lose ourselves in mundane triviality

Conceptual greatness offers a goal  
might help to lift one's depressed view  
hardly will change someone's being  
adding new pictures to the old ones  
calming confusion by covering chaos

When someone's breath becomes short  
stuffed up to the utmost bearable limit  
falling on one's nose or being hit back  
might cause reflections upon one's values  
finally recognizing more essential needs

No space is left open to receive  
if we don't drop some of the old  
looking through collected possessions  
we sort out what could be dispensed  
to take some fair distance from oneself

Needs to express oneself arise cautiously  
sensible call from one's longing heart  
still mixed with one's trivial old desires  
it will be a long and solemn way to go  
to be a channel of creative existence

Art is not a product nor exists by itself  
it is true expression of 'walking the talk'  
manifested personal effort in pain and joy  
outlet of unconscious accumulated pressure  
or alert awareness connected to one's source

**M** ind 's receptive eyes  
trapped in m ist of appearance  
life 's hidden secret.  
O bserver's view beyond sight  
falcon 's call reaching the sun.

## **T h e   S i l e n t   C a l l**

M y tears are falling into empty space  
the silent call of my longing  
does not trigger an echo  
W hat is tearing me apart so softly?

In long years of painful trouble  
I have learned to live the YES  
to find then in this unlimited  
as well the inevitable NO

M y doing was the result of affirmation  
creative forces were triggered by impulses  
The significance of doing melts away -  
emptiness is left

And through comes a new being  
with alert longing in his heart:  
for joy, for togetherness - in oneness -  
to be completed with a YOU - in love

I am not a timeless-space less point in universe  
weightless suspended in space  
one and completed by itself  
W herever I am coming from, I am related to earth

Can I go further forward on this ground  
than by surrendering without reserve?  
If nothing reflects me - sustains me  
the connecting cord with earthen matter melts away

Is there an ancient blend of blaze to be completed?  
This is my silent call of longing:  
to unite with YOU!  
Is there a being, which might reply an echo?

A clear voice appears very near to me:  
"Your call finds an echo in my heart -  
I will come to you!"

Is it YOU or just my wish, which fools me?  
W herever - all abilities are there  
this is a step - a movement of my wings in flight

**R**eaching out softly  
transm itting thoughts of nearness  
connected to light.  
O w l's call crossing vibrant night  
m oon's transm uting transcendence.

## Reaching Existence

When screaming for help resounds  
your scrambled heart loosens up  
letting go, dropping what has been held

When going beyond sadness and grief  
not being a hero, not leaping nor sleeping  
when exalted movements calming down

When monsters or angels leave no shade  
ignorance and wisdom falling together  
deathly snakes can't frighten anymore

When you have seen the world's sorrow  
and all the treasures melting away  
no vaults are left containing anything

When questioning oneself has lost importance  
light and dark, sins and guilt are left behind  
arriving by jumping one's own shadow

When flowers of existence open up  
the smell of being goes beyond horizons  
the taste of yourself enclosing finally all

Then you will know because you are ...

**S**elf - manifesting  
yet waiting for sighting wind  
in ages passing.  
Final picture emerges  
ocean dissolved in **O ne** drop.

## **W e are blessed**

Life's best IS ours, because we are alive  
we ARE blessed, been given form and shape  
being conscious about our existence  
are able to distinguish, to make decisions

W e are capable to ask, to query ourselves  
to look behind the veil, the traps of form  
finding the essential in all around us and within  
we are the creators of our reality

Dreamer, sleeper, victims of circumstances  
caught in self-sufficient dullness of matter  
suffering and longing to get out of limitations  
walking blind through fog and mist of ignorance

O ur wishes and illusions keep us going  
fighting to reach imaginary common goals  
blind for the beauty beside our individual path  
blinkers do not allow blessings to be received

W e own the gift to be aware, being blessed - alive  
don't let us waste too much of our precious time  
by turning around our self-sufficient personality  
the call from within is getting stronger - let's listen to it!

There are signs and voices to remember us  
that our existence contains all answers within itself  
let's stop to fill up void with endless chattering  
being busy to cover loneliness and longing

W e own the blessed gift of individual existence  
let's dare to be aware of its pure and solemn form  
that will allow seeing all the rest more objective  
and recognize that we all are loved since ever

**F**ullheart bursting out

em bracing one 's em ptiness

great vision vanishes.

Lonesom e m ountain view zoom s back

responding - right now - right here.

## W hat can I do now?

W hat can I do now?

"M ake yourself a cup of tea!"

-- Surprising sound of silence!

Source of abundance opens

no question left unanswered.

W hat can I do now?

Stay cool - observe wishfuldreams

before you're kicked out.

Being will take over soon

leaving ash of self behind.

W hat can I do now?

W atch the rain - breath deep - listen

sound of drumming drops.

Echo from deep source within

wordless answers still surprise.

W hat can I do now?

W atch yourself turning around

endless spinning games.

Hawk sits far out on a limb

rests from flight above rain clouds.

W hat can I do now?

No need asking - doing fine

writing some Haiku.

There's a call from far away

echoed from your heart within.

**W**atering my plants  
feeding dogs, cats, horse, chickens  
Hi neighbors! - behind fences

**L**istening into space -  
surprising sound of silence  
music from within

**S**implicity  
one step from nothingness  
stepping into wholeness

**E**mptiness full of sound  
full of meaning  
wish I could be there ...

## **It's all for free**

*Indeed: The 'Handbook of Life & Death' is for free*

It is the life we can live every day  
what we can touch with our hands  
what touches our senses  
that what makes us act and react  
responding with our whole being  
that what we are in this very moment  
not more and not less - no need for more.

*Indeed: Life is for free*

It's an engaging present we are receiving  
giving ourselves into the unknown  
Instead what is it we are doing?  
Holding back ourselves - limiting abundance  
clinging on the small - rejecting wideness  
reflecting repetitive experiences  
confirming personal structures.

*Indeed: Space is for free*

We may open wings to fly to new horizons  
allowing to be carried by uplifting wind  
but still the ground is holding us back  
because we haven't touched the earth  
were too far ahead with our dreams  
fantasies born out of longing for more  
the whole we are losing by being trapped.

*Indeed: Light is for free*

We just need to open our inner eyes  
responding to what shows up in front of us  
accepting the challenge as lesson to learn  
dropping worn out old cloth of behavior  
finding out that light and life is the same  
experiencing that light shines through us  
existence is free: love in light.

**T**rust - Earth carries us  
relate - grown experience  
open heart - bright head  
acceptance beyond limits

**S**now in white circles  
apricot blossom leaves  
magic solemn sign

**H**ow bright shines the sun  
on a birthday like this - joy  
being born - being alive

**T**wo cups of hot tea -  
my open heart in silence  
nearer your presence

## **I am just a simple man**

washing my dirty dishes  
sweeping the floor  
feeding dogs, cats  
horse and chickens  
watering my plants  
building a stonewall

repairing a motor  
writing a poem  
watching the clouds  
walking through the rain  
sitting under a fig tree  
listening to the silence within

being aware of motions  
triggered in daily life  
trusting that the right event  
appears in its moment  
responding to what is offered  
enjoying feeling alive

going the pathless path  
receiving by allowing  
openly watching around  
making my decisions  
responsibly relating  
being vulnerable - loving

**H**ow are you neighbor ?

Long time haven't seen you - yeah  
time goes fast - yeah, yeah - - -  
Twinkling smiling eyes give space  
floating hearts beyond horizons.

## **I AM here**

I 'm always there, I 'm always here  
under your feet, in front of you  
you can meet me looking at me  
opening your eyes from within.

I never hide myself, I 'm always there  
it depends where you are  
from where you are looking  
blind spots are hiding truth.

Don't search for me so far away  
I 'm just below the surface of yourself  
your need can be fulfilled right now  
"hello" may resound from everywhere.

I come out when comparing has faded away  
when personal race is finished  
not asking where you will have to go  
just being present in this very moment.

Wherever you walk, wherever you are  
darkness and light stays with you  
you are your own companion: I AM YOU  
the only one which can't be replaced.

**L**ooking over hills

distance seems to melt - nearness

I am where I am

**W**hat we are holding

is lost - jailed up - so let go!

Look, it's always there.

**L**ife's quest answered -

birds flying through open space

vanished horizons

**U**rges fade away

horizon disappearing

silent song present

## Spider Web

There is a spider living on our fork truck.  
Every morning when I'm unloading the van,  
using the fork truck,  
I see a beautiful woven web  
in the hydraulic system .

I'm trying to drive carefully  
not to destroy the web,  
but at the end of the day it is gone,  
maybe one fine string is remaining,  
showing up in the sundown.

But the next morning a new web  
is attached to the fork truck.  
This happened now for about a week,  
I haven't noticed it before,  
being concentrated on the work.

There seems no way to communicate  
with the spider - to ask him gently  
better to look for another place,  
more static and out of the traffic  
that his beautiful work may last.

The spider is continuing to waste energy  
building his web in the wrong space...  
But thinking about it in a different way  
it might be that this is a 'message'  
sent especially to this place and to me.

The spider is telling me something?  
Showing me beauty within the frame  
of an old ugly fork truck,  
sun reflected in drops of night dew,  
hanging in a fragile web.

## **Spider Web** (cont.)

W ebs are meant to be traps,  
but I never have seen anything  
not even one insect caught in the net.  
It is similar with my poetry work  
in the Web of Internet?

Since years now trying to get attention  
of somebody who might be attracted  
to expressions coming from 'beyond'.  
Indeed with very little response.  
Am I wasting my energy like the spider?

It seems I do not trap anybody,  
but maybe it is enough that somebody notice  
'the reflection of the sun in a few drops of dew '?  
Maybe this is really all what is possible  
and what is meant to be?

Yes, I see it clearer now ,  
a Web is not necessarily meant to trap.  
It is meant to hold a few tiny drops,  
within a limited time in the morning  
then the web can be destroyed, it doesn't matter.

During the night I can write another poem ,  
in which during the coming morning  
'light' might be reflected from within.  
Guiding beyond space and time... to oneself  
Thanks, I got the message!

**T**houghts - bound to feelings  
inspired - sent to open minds  
triggering echoes.  
Gathered hearts beyond shadows  
expressed words - reflecting light.

## **Feeling Lost - The first step of finding**

Isn't 'feeling lost' the first step to find oneself?  
One who is stuck in identifications doesn't feel lost  
Being busy with one's feelings and thoughts  
with all those properties collected during life  
being occupied by owning body and soul  
and having one's spirit on the right pedestal  
this fellow human being indeed is being lost

There is no need to ask or doubt one's being  
limited existence provides protective security  
density of an established system causes laziness  
why should one question or doubt one's state of being?  
Only unbalanced people will query themselves  
what's asked for is stability combined with worthy goals  
giving sense and firmness to one's life. Right?

Or might there be a 'longing' behind all stagnation  
a sensible impulse triggering lack of satisfaction  
although one's life is nearly perfectly organized?  
We use sneaky tricks to suppress inner evolution  
nothing may touch fixed measurement of values  
but manipulations or pills will not avoid one's move  
towards an inbuilt vivid center of silence - yet unknown

So why not confront the fact that we are changing?  
What is firmly tried to be held onto forever will not last  
not even our lavishly protected personality  
around we are turning as our most precious property  
adding to it and enriching it with whatever is available  
Why not let go of these old established habits?  
Trusting that we will be carried to new fields of being

Where existence is lived because we are alive  
capable to respond to what shows up confronting us  
relating to other beings and things and to ourselves  
responsible as alert humans - present and aware  
not pretending or lying to be able to survive, not hiding  
gradually dropping games and role playing - growing  
recognizing sovereignty - by gaining self knowledge

Q uarter m oon - so bright  
during night walk with my dog  
fullhead clearing up.  
Gaining space for better view  
changes come by letting go.

## Nine Questions

*Questions, why so many questions?*

*I feel lost.*

Existence questioned  
desperate frog is croaking  
jumps in - splash - no loss

*Why is everything so confusing?*

Fire flies soaring dance  
hungry frog staring wildly  
picks out one - snap! - ah ...

*Why is everything so loud and noisy?*

Density moves loudly  
defense causes noisy fights  
sustained space within  
untouched - remaining silence  
split in/out disappears - calm

*When will I learn that turning in  
is all that matters?*

Frog wants to fly high  
turning its dense nature -  
catch flies - be happy

*When will I appreciate  
the calm and light Self?*

Pond stays in silence  
impatient frog jumps in - splash!  
desire triggers motion  
frog still frog - croaking brightly  
water moves - sun keeps shining

*When will I believe?*

Frog's believe in freedom -  
eagle's flight turns into flop  
shore remains firm - sigh!

*When will I love?*

Worn out in age 'love'  
essential longing from within  
searched trees in woods

*When will I halt and hear?*

Your questions subside  
music from within appears  
hear sound of silence

*The answers are waiting, patiently?*

Answers are there - now listen:  
frogs are still croaking  
calm pond - bright sun shine

**L**onging for darkness  
to rest from light and shadows  
tied knotted structures.  
M oon hiding behind dark clouds  
lost in everlasting night.

S ilent space of void  
m ind's fiction of emptiness  
big bang going on.  
W hy dog's howling all night long  
as answers never show up.



**D**eath seem s com ing near  
cocoon's m antle fades away  
worn out self-patterns.  
H istory's dark weight lightens  
grace of presence - butterfly.

## Walking beyond Intention

The strength giving vision  
is fading away after decades  
of so much struggling to do it right  
passing the desert of despair  
finding myself still being alone

The intention of self-expression  
going beyond limitations  
of personal belongings and needs  
seems not yet to be fulfilled  
'walking the talk' is all left to be done

The ultimate expression on the path  
might be the one of just being  
without talking, writing or doing  
just being aware of being alive  
observing the observer observing

Steps of jumping one's shadow  
will not be needed or be intended  
intention requires an imaginary goal  
the center point is not determined  
'walking' doesn't depend on directions

Are my words reaching a final end?  
Was I writing in solitude just for myself?  
Giving answers to my own questions  
pronouncing the unpronounceable  
transcending void and abundance

As the last question dilutes in plenitude  
what else could there be said? ---  
The sun will arise tomorrow morning  
as it happened today and yesterday  
is there anything more important than this?

**H** eart 's pain calm ing down

    breathe fading away

observing m ind stays clear .

    Fulfilled transition cycle

call from far w ithin - done - ahhhhhhhhhhhhh ...

## The Image of Spirituality

Saved pictures, complete identification:  
Being in harmony, being One, being Whole  
no separation, no judgment, no doubts  
nearly everything is allowed to be expressed  
we are all a big family of pure being.

Protected by Angels, helped by spirits  
reaching out to be safe forever  
not being holy but almost enlightened  
purified, we are uplifted personalities  
channeling up to highest truth and light!

We can be respected as we respect others  
there is nothing more important to be done  
with well fitting blinders, the truth is ours!  
Multiple adapted images filling our void  
doubtless self sufficiency - horizon stays far.



Cooluntouched moon - darkness stays dark  
stars continue to blink - friendly signs  
of spaces beyond - to be reached  
the sun shines bright - the poet goes on writing  
finding an echo in space less sound of silence.

**S**ucked into concepts  
card houses of illusion  
lie of existence.  
Personality bound mind  
tricky base for survival.

## Illusion of Ego

Thoughts, feelings and body sensations  
triggered reactions within human systems  
stimuli from 'outside' reflected within

Multiple sparks are openly received - selected:  
equal energies are responding simultaneously  
chain reactions embracing, trapping one's being

Energy traps - accumulated individually  
forming crystallized structures of 'personality'  
gaining identification through reflected happenings

Being identified with reactions produces illusion of 'ego'  
getting stuck in controlling, manipulating, clinging on -  
separated, encapsulated, lost in one's tricky turns

Blowing up thoughts, feelings and sensations  
giving too much importance to all those properties  
looking for more security searching for confirmation

The urgent need to step out of all games of 'ego'  
might cause serious questioning and observing  
of whatever shows up in daily life, outside or inside

What could be the possible next question?  
Who is asking? Who is the observer? Who am I?  
Dropping all questions, going on with life

Only if there is a question - there can be an answer  
Going on asking - expressing oneself - asking oneself  
relating to whatever shows up - living - meditating

Until turning around oneself, all busy movement stops  
noise ebbs away, dark shadows fade into light  
the answer without question arises -

Asking the question counts - not the answer  
walking the talk - doing because it needs to be done  
being reflected through the eyes of the ONE

**W** hat's life? Who are you?  
trapped butterfly - cocoon asleep  
growing beyond - fly!

**W** orn out words  
fun filled limbo  
yawning oneself into sleep

**C**luttered clouds - cleared up  
put in boxes cleanly - cute  
illusion saved - wow!

**C**oming out of its shell  
the snailwonders:  
no enemy in sight!

## Contemplating...

Quarter moon - so bright  
during night walk with my dog  
full head clearing up.  
Gaining space for better view  
changes come by letting go.

Fresh evening air -  
summer heat comes to an end  
changes touching me.  
Triggering questions and doubts  
longing for the key to life.

Trees growing skywards  
without goal or desire  
abundant harvest.  
Why I am feeling empty  
when there's nothing to be filled?

Wind is calming down  
leaving dust on fresh green leaves  
making them look old.  
No need to await next rain  
to grow and to be reborn.

**U**nder wide blue sky  
lonely hawk's soaring circles  
spot between horizons

**W**alking in sunshine  
bright lighted hat holds head cool  
heart welcomes beauty

**S**oftly floating leaves -  
music from another sphere  
your eyes - sound of sparks

**D**ark night - looking at stars  
I try to reach them .At least -  
with my heart and mind

## Expressing one's existence

A creator's existence consist in his creation  
without manifesting him self he is pure being  
but not yet reflected through his revelation  
Lacking consciousness of his latent being  
the creator needs revealing to exist fully

Light is not visible if it is not reflected  
empty space doesn't contain any light  
as source it can be seen in darkness  
but it needs someone who observes  
giving sight for light's full existence

Light reflected through the observer  
watching what shows up within action  
becoming aware of causes and oneself  
recognizing the source of light within  
light is most essential to see - to grow

Creation is reflected through all being  
from very basic level of manifestation  
Although consciousness is reflected light  
inbuilt evolution grows towards the whole  
needing conscious form to reach further steps

Growing force is essential part of all duration  
a hidden longing to unite with the initial creator  
after a long dark way finally consciously reflected  
through the whole spectrum of growing human forms  
the One creator shows him self through his exposure

All is expression of the One visible through creation  
with urge to express oneself - the way one is made  
calling for recognition of one's present existence  
being moved through a long road of evolution  
to meet with the creator by finding oneself

Urge to express oneself finally vanishes  
as well seeking and search for sense  
expressing oneself by being alive  
responding by reflecting light  
mirror of creation in love

My words are said  
as signs to meet  
like a smile  
floating  
in air

**R**edirected love ~  
encountering one's whole heart  
beam of vibrant light.  
Subjection of appearance  
dissolved into expression.

## **M ind...**

M ind trip stays on top  
making best from nothingness  
perpetual sense.  
Thrown stone sinks into the lake  
no fear of touching deep ground.

M ind's life jacket helps  
surviving in deep water  
before one can swim.  
Familiar elements  
will be one's friends forever.

Being with good friends  
allows one's mutual trust  
floating without effort.  
Diving into being's depth -  
soaring high above dark clouds.

W orld of certainty -  
illusions fading away  
grasping mind calms down.  
Understanding sinks deeper  
until rests within one's heart.

Floating emptiness  
nothing hurts the observer  
calm within oneself.  
Pure awareness left over  
the point found one's center. Ah -

**S**ignificant words

established world pool of mind  
cool sufficiency.

Is there space for smiling eyes  
pronouncing heart's existence?



**O**pen horizon

watching quietly moving clouds  
a call sounds from within  
heart and head remain tranquil  
universe can wait a while

## **Love Affairs in Virtual Cyber Space**

Love affairs boosting virtual Cyber space  
like multiple psycho paths on astral planes  
booming blown up high tech glamour of Internet.

Nothingness filled with abundant bits and bytes  
Attraction-demanding sweet baits of promises  
pretension seems all to find self-confirmation.

Attracting yearning souls, triggering response  
delusion of togetherness giving satisfaction  
exchange and sharing of pictures and dreams.

Sophisticated seeking advanced fulfillment  
finding one's soulmate by surfing the Web  
reality reduced to screen sized spirituality.

Exciting impulses flowing through fingertips  
manifesting all life's longing into mega bytes  
outlet for deluging emotions and thoughts.

Protected by anonymity, self expression blooms  
limitless, without any need to be responsible  
or relating to what might be caused in space.

Supported by millions of Cyber space surfers  
World Wide Webs are waiting to trap all being  
splitting life's wholeness into frozen bits & bytes.

## **Love Affairs in Virtual Cyber Space** (cont.)

Spider webs might also trap some sparks of light  
reflected in tears of pain, not finding sense of life.  
Can sharing fantasies of joy fill one's empty heart?

Protecting oneself from confrontation with people  
by escaping from encounter with one's daily reality  
into a world of virtual fiction - we become winners?

Freezing dreams into CD and hard disk spaces  
transforming human beings into Cyber zombies  
sucked by limbo covering glamorous dates.

Is there a way out of this golden Cyber cage?  
A way to find back to enjoy one's real sensations  
trusting, touching the ground - walking the talk.

Although with all weight of suffering and pain  
finding one's way back to walk the milky way  
bridging distance between stars - hearts.

Maybe the smile of a child given freely to us  
a rainbow between horizons - scream of a falcon  
will remind us from where true challenge is calling.

To relate and respond from one's whole existence  
connected heart & mind, realized in daily happenings  
spreading out one's love & light - in this very moment.

**T**ranscended senses  
proof for extended being  
consciously observed.  
M orning m ist - still floating  
joyfulwalk on earthen ground.

## Searching for new spaces

Far voice sounding close  
bridging space's long distance  
words reaching to touch

Walk through burning sun  
remembering cool rainfall  
still being thirsty

Lost in common sense  
struggling through infatuations  
urge remains untouched

Delightful sleep embraced  
dream world's moving space  
longing melts away

Memory of presence  
open mind reflecting  
urging needs dissolved

Clearness of emptiness  
answered doubts in silence  
colorful darkness

Following one's track  
security through habits  
shadows dem and jump

Lost out on a limb  
detecting one's heart beat  
compass to freedom

Hope to hold one's sense  
though motivated to fight  
horizon stays far

Flying still higher  
search for life's overview  
circling around oneself

Common given goals  
tidy personal chaos  
no space left open

Beyond noisy voices  
finally finding space less space  
stardust don't disturb

**C**old odd rainy day  
can't help it - feeling so good  
warmth from deep inside.  
Seagull's flight under dark clouds  
messenger of light beyond.

## **No where to go**

Don't let us wear anymore  
worn out routinized knowledge  
keeping us busy, comfortable and stuck.  
Let's drop rotten habits, old blinders  
attitudes belonging to yesterday.  
Let us walk through unknown fields  
enjoying space of fresh awareness  
no need knowing where to go  
arriving nowhere: now here.

**F**ull moon, howling dogs  
lonesome mutual exchange  
communication

## What inhibits to live 'Spirituality'?

With 'transformation' of one's personality starts spirituality being a 'living system', personality defends its existence resisting to every thing, which is, not integrated part of it growing by gaining, being enriched, being confirmed.

All established games serve to create our individual world finding ourselves reflected in every thing around us opportunities to react with thoughts and all our feelings being identified - turning around and around ourselves.

Sophisticated constructions of card houses for eternity personality is searching exclusively for satisfaction including all levels from deepest dark to highest skies spiritual concepts satisfying longing for ultimate security.

Motivation is based on the hope to find final satisfaction longing that one's existence will last forever and ever yet still needing more - until been blown up to extremes ending up in frustration - falling into depriving emptiness.

From far away there might appear a spark of light within turning all traps and attractive baits into shade less frames losing old boundaries, letting drop pseudo securities opening undiscovered space beyond known experiences.

Entering fields of chaos, an undeclared guidance might appear allowing to respond in a fresh and undetermined way to whatever shows up without discrimination - quest of decision being responsible for one's actions - feeling compassion.

Although one's life is still the center of one's being - reaching out includes giving oneself into the flowing stream receiving and giving out of abundance - no limits left. Surprisingly changing pain of unfulfilled needs into joy of being.

**W**ho takes with quiet mood  
Vulcan's spitting fire feelings?  
Sea waves carry foam

**L**ost out on a limb  
detecting one's heart beat  
compass to freedom

**F**eeling desperate -  
snoring dog beside my feet  
trust gives him peace

**Y**our questions subside  
music from within appears  
hear sound of silence

## Longing - Watching - Being

Bursting heart's fullness  
swept into tender written words  
too fast - shallow voice  
pain - transformed - deepened scream  
expressed emptiness - longing

Shallow voice vanished  
poet's subtle scream resounds  
triggering no echo  
silence floats into emptiness  
leaving me quietly watching

Spirit's buoyancy  
guides me into emptiness  
watching existence  
long way gone - going beyond  
embracing joyful wholeness

Transition completed  
watching from hurricane's eye  
off from world's whirlpool  
my long search comes to an end  
no words, no meaning - just being

**R**ainstorm - old pine tree  
standing firm on earthen ground  
fullheart - eaten out

**F**ar voice sounding close  
bridging long-distance space  
words reaching to touch

**W**ho is not afraid  
calling into empty space  
getting strange echoes?

**O**ne's flight through firewalls  
heart carried in open hands  
seeker's walk on water

# L o s t

Desperate feelings of being lost  
painful reflections without hope  
wherever I go or whatever I search for  
finally I am turned back to myself

*Be quiet - you're desperate feeling to be lost  
results from being scattered in space  
wherever you are in this very moment  
the center of your existence is right here*

Why does my own presence weigh so much?  
Is it the history of accumulated experience?  
My holding on to worn out structures?  
I am tired of being blind from too much looking

*Breathing out of space-less presence  
long hidden answers arrive effortlessly  
using one's strength of distinguishing decision  
one's dispersing forces are centered*

Will I find a quiet space in this world of chaos?  
Fear of void is reaching out to swallow me  
again I am getting lost in endless thoughts  
finding myself out on a limb of vogue existence

*Existence breathes, listen, answers are there  
freely presented around and within ourselves  
you might go speeding for goals far ahead  
but for sure come back to the 'here' again*

My 'here' is covered with nervousness  
flashlights of impulses leaving me restless  
not knowing where to start and where to go  
I still feel stuck and lost in my own density

*Existence knows well where you are right now  
give allowance to be found by letting go of search  
cramped by wishes coming out of one's narrowness  
old boundaries will melt into space beyond - go on*

O bserving lim its  
enveloped light of being  
trapped view - thoughts - instincts.  
I 's dom inating blind spot  
fits all into one 's blindness.

## Cleared up Desperation

One's thoughts - actions - goals  
nothingness filled up with sense  
constructed standpoints.

Clever words - wisdom of self  
static dissolving in space.

Habits - hopes - beliefs  
relating to emptiness  
views trapped in vain.

Observer lost in darkness  
no stepping-stone left ahead.

Relationships end  
reflected feelings faded  
longings all cut down.

Body's appearance shrinking  
properties give no support.

What was driving me  
direction giving ideas  
with selfless motives  
reality took over  
illusions dried out in time.

Left alone - ignored  
without sharing of my pain  
thrown back to oneself.  
Outside distraction calms down  
distorted view turns inward.

What keeps me alive?  
Memory of existence?  
Experience patterns?  
Why do I still ask myself?  
Tired of endless answers.

Looking at the moon  
stars blinking straight down to me  
message without words.  
There is nothing left to say:  
BEING fills the space -- and me.

**Q**uestioned existence

falling leaves - words disappearing  
subtle light within

**T**ortured in ages

eaten up my last desire  
candle light flickers

**E**xistence questioned

desperate frog is croaking  
jumps in - splash - no loss

**L**onging for the One -

lucid star in distant space  
far limb of nearness

## Painful existence

Painful existence  
bound to body sensations  
heart enclosed by head.  
Frogs are jumping pretty high  
do they believe soon to fly?

Enclosed in one's skin  
reaching out to other worlds  
cocoon stays tied up.  
Letting go might help to grow  
blooming oneself to blossom.

"No answer given!" -  
Can one force a bird to sing  
clouds to move faster?  
Walking with cautious steps  
bright sunshine awaits ahead.

"Nobody sees me!"  
Confirmation demanding  
childish game blinds you.  
Sheep's fear caused by hungry wolves  
doesn't vanish being in secure space.

"Nobody loves me!"  
Dreams of love and harmony  
wake up, look around!  
All waiting for exchanges  
depending on busyness.

"I feel so much lost!"  
The best start to find yourself!  
Without fixed pictures.  
Now you freely walk the talk  
being aware what's all around.

"Frightening all around!"  
Start awareness from inside  
rest in calm center.  
Finding hurricane's quiet eye  
casting anchor within source.

Sight becomes brighter  
received reflected light beam  
unites head with heart.  
Questions answered instantly  
lightning doesn't wait for thunder.

**W**ind caused by sunshine?

Movement results from response

Reactions – no blame

**E**mpy words get lost

need directed heart power

sound sent into space

**W**ork needs concepts

response to life – no plans at all

most flexible being

**C**oconut falls down

noise of cracking empty shell

trace in sand doesn't last

## **Life - to be lived**

Life is what we are  
life is what we do  
what we feel- what we think.  
Life is what makes us cry  
what makes us laugh.  
Life is our mistakes  
and the finding of truth.

Striving for a goal  
might motivate us  
life is the path  
wherever it goes  
Life is the stones  
hurting my feet  
Life is my suffering

What else can I do  
than keep going  
to wherever the way guides me  
can I do more  
than responding to what shows up?  
Goals might be just wishful fantasies  
losing their importance while walking

The hurting stones remind me  
to pay attention to each step I take  
opening myself to details beside the road  
enjoying the shade under a tree  
and the beauty of a greeting flower  
I am becoming addicted to life.

**S**ensations confirm

one's experience of being  
repeating itself.

Growth beyond - opens new fields  
explored - exceeding limits.

## Forgiven Pain of Distance

Words full of meaning  
even full of love  
can't substitute  
for a blink of friendly eyes  
or a touch of your hand

Words giving nearness of thoughts –  
even transmitting warm feelings  
worthily symbols of fullness  
present satisfaction and comfort  
but never can gain completion

With words we are seeking  
to grasp sense of nearness  
to embrace one's wholeness  
arms reaching into empty space  
but my heart turns back to itself

Can I find the magic word  
which ends all desperate longing  
giving peace to my mind  
and smoothens my feelings?  
It seems so near and might be far

By expressing myself –  
empty spaces are filled  
glimpses of joy and nearness  
magic colored encounter  
with my muse and my self

Observing myself

Straightjacket of existence

dog hunting one's tail.

Who is hunting, who observes?

Dreamer lost in lucid dreams.

## **Let's Wake up to Reality!**

Awake-asleep we have dreamed all life long  
absorbed with our self-created precious images.  
Isn't now the time to wake up into reality? - Beyond.

Better now before the card house of wishful  
thinking will let collapse our hopes in despair and  
misery. Leaving us dismantled, falling into void of  
lost with nothing left except pain and suffering.

Longing, urged for never experienced wholeness  
used by tricksters for clever manipulations  
keeping us busy to strive for promising toys.

Being puppets in a monstrous world wide game  
used to feed blown up selfish power needs.  
Let's step out of endless unaware dependencies  
bound to pictures of lack from our lost childhood.

Let's become aware that each of us is capable  
to make decisions, out of being aware of ego games:  
eating, doing, buying, thinking - what others sell.

Feeding a monster which will never have enough  
Let's not waste our energy in trying to fight it  
see the root inside ourselves - that's all to be done  
become aware how we are trapped in substitutes.

Desperation - the sensation of impotence appears  
since long suppressed and swept under the rug  
by self-protecting ignorance and survival techniques.

## **Let's Wake up to Reality!** (cont.)

Giving space to look closely at what is in front of us  
withdrawing ourselves from allblinding distraction  
a quiet observer appears - centered in one's heart  
we might discover an unknown 'free sense of Being'.

When realizing that today might be our last day  
then clinging on worn out securities loosens up  
future vanishes - what remains is here right now .

Fearless strength to look through arises from within  
giving clearness to respond to what shows up  
related in bright light to an unveiled new reality  
nothing more left to lose - we might as well go on

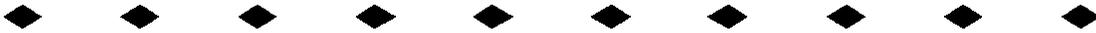
It turns out that we are existing in a second hand life  
trying to live concepts by adding color to drawings.  
Reality is colored by itself - although uncontrolled chaotic.

We wanted to change ourselves - it never happened  
now as established values are crashing and collapsing  
we can't conserve our image of a happy lifestyle:  
'respecting and being respected' in precious self-pictures.

Let's take over at the wheel of self-responsibility  
now having gained the power to change things around us  
because we have finally changed ourselves at core.

Let us be surprised from an unveiled light of reality  
showing a new born world - we may learn to deal with  
without being told what to do, without thinking tracks  
- arising from old ashes before we get burned...

**R**ainy day's sadness  
caused by dark clouds - hiding sun  
chain of reactions.  
Watching circle's sequences  
finding one's quiet center.



**S**pring - awakening  
cloudy dream worlds left - bright light  
hearts been touched to grow .  
Almond trees blossoms calling:  
Free honey for allbee-ings!

## One's Final Position?

Daily confronting  
human's cruel reactions  
ignorance to life.  
Self-defending systems  
not connected to one's source.

What can be done more  
than living - realizing  
one's vivid vision?  
Walking one's own pathless path  
responding to what shows up.

Although feeling lost  
in colorful strange dream worlds  
sensing more behind.  
Relating from one's inside  
to whatever is observed.

Point of reference:  
Transcending light shining through  
beyond appearance.  
Guided through present calmness  
not needing directed sense.

Chaos can't disturb  
ignorance not causing hurt  
walk through foggy mist.  
Light's presence doesn't depend  
on appearance or sight.

One's feelings and thoughts  
expressing mirrored being  
shown one's form in light.  
Presenting joyful presence  
building bridges to freedom ...

**M**oved by far out goals  
walking completes sense of now  
taking conscious steps.  
Dog's joy catching his own tail  
better than nothing at all?



**S**unlight shows it clear  
even makes specks of dust bright –  
why not each of us?  
Underneath rainbow 's beauty  
cool rain touches my surprised face.

## **D istance merged beyond all Spaces**

It lifts me up to know that there are people  
human beings, who want togetherness  
to receive expressions from someone else  
yet distant - reaching out to communicate

D istance has lost its limiting boundaries  
separation is melting, ready to be dropped  
we are coming nearer to each other  
or is it the image of a yearning dream?

W hat is still keeping us in separation?  
Despite all our search, reaching out that far  
we are lonely among the multitude of men  
finding out that every one is longing for the same

M ay we step beside to jump over one's shadow  
leaving all trouble and suffering behind  
going beyond turning around oneself  
to find the quiet center space within?

W isdom pouring out for all from nearness  
to ponder loosening knots of long hidden tensions  
giving a broader perspective on our life  
allowing receiving messages from within and out

N earness is growing, friendships developing  
surprising togetherness to be enjoyed  
opening up to an amplified exchange  
we find ourselves connected to the whole

F inally daring freely to express ourselves  
realizing new levels of understanding  
giving and receiving as ways to communicate  
enjoying ourselves and others within daily life

S taying on earthen ground, achieving wideness  
we have gained to amplify the horizons of all  
breaking the boundaries of old rigid limitations  
connecting hands and hearts around the planet

**G**athered strength from few  
moves stuck carriage out of mud  
bright smiling faces!  
Happiness held in one's hands  
spreading it will make it grow!



**W**ord vehicles' secret  
dissolved in energy  
transmitting ourselves.  
Responding echoes connect  
heads and hearts beyond oneself.

## All under One Sun

All under One Sun  
frenetic demand for more –  
endless extension.  
Individuals blown up  
needing outside mirrors.

Scapegoats and black sheep  
can't escape from desperate wolves  
hunting their own tail.  
Turning around claiming selves  
feeling great embracing all.

Wolf in shepherd's coat  
unites all black and white sheep  
herd's proud followers.  
Frightening outside danger  
justifies all violent fights.

Human nature rules  
beautiful – chaotic Earth  
striving towards light.  
Vain intent to create peace  
avoiding questing oneself.

Stubborn striving high  
ignoring one's base nature  
results falling back.  
Until clueless suffering  
turns sight inward to oneself.

Lonely seeking truth  
revelers might find themselves  
deep water's dark mystery  
hidden call from far beyond.  
All under One Sun.

**G**od - what can I do?

"M ake yourself a cup of tea!"

- - Surprising sound of silence!



**I**f I could bundle

all my words just into one

what an expression!

W atching nightl y firm am ent

calling into space: A hhhhooohhhmmm . . . .!

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