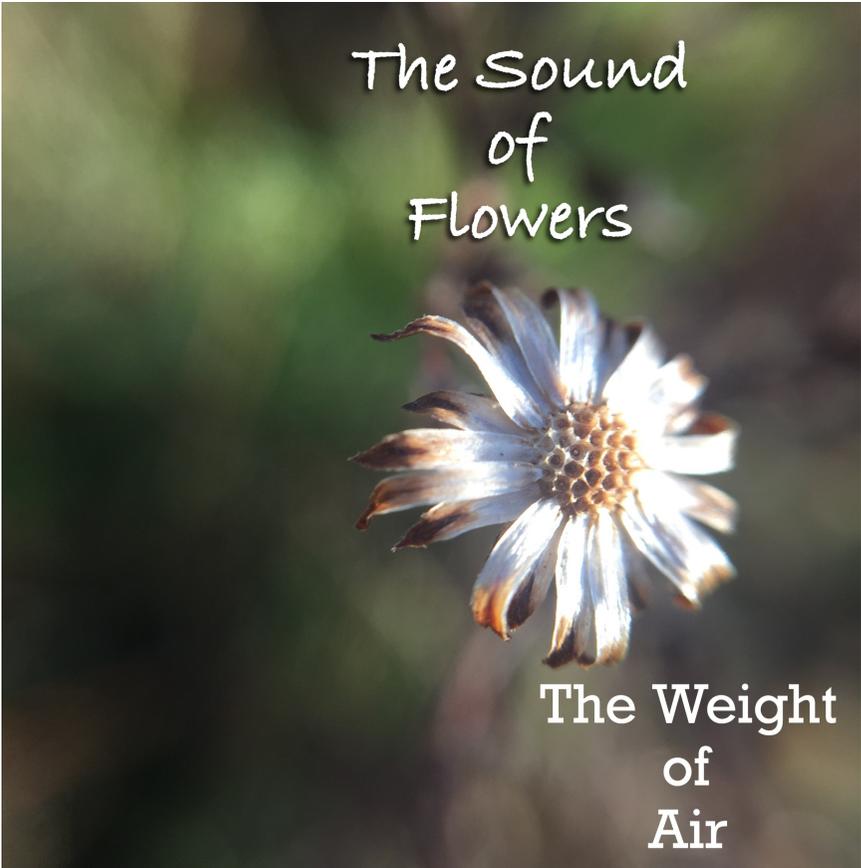


The Sound of Flowers,  
The Weight of Air

a yinzenyang journey through the senses of how awakened human  
life feels, first with the heart, then with the head



*collaborated  
through  
Steve Allat*

contents

***The Sound of Flowers (1)***

in tangible  
Oh How They Dance  
Within Without  
DimEnsIOnaliTy  
Calendulous  
E.C.  
Energetic Reconciliation  
Randomosity  
Rippling

***The Colour of Space (11)***

No Earthly Matter  
the Tinge  
Heartland  
Place us Thusly  
Gold, Bear, Mine  
Poetic, Just Us  
Essenced  
internal eyesed  
.001  
Magic hOur

***The Tether of Touch (22)***

in decision  
Matrixia nervosa  
Femasculate  
Felt  
Water . . . Level  
epiDEMic  
nJoy  
no(W) words  
Panamourously  
Apoetic Pathology

***The Weight of Air (33)***

*do not lament the flower's passing, be grateful for having known of her.*

For  
mothers,  
Meiyi,  
through Maya  
for  
Eve'r,  
her.

*The rose's fragrance, free . . . just how love should feel.*

ISBN 978-0-9950540-6-6

All Rights Reserved 2019

# The Sound of Flowers

# The sound of flowers

there is no sound like the sound of flowers,  
as like the sound she makes when she looks at love with her eyes  
closed.

the flower resounds in deep knowing, listening to an inner guide,  
the silent voice the human ones all seek.  
for the flower is a flower before it is in bloom.  
a constant state of becoming in being,  
long before the unfurling, the bud, the seed.  
a flower, speaking loudly, in deed.

to hear requires senses that precede the senses,  
interpreting her essence pure.  
for the whispers so quiet that only the wind can hear,  
without making a sound she draws attention.  
the colours so true even the blind can see.  
a natural beauty, if ever . . .

even when petals touch earth, she cries out naught  
but one last soundless scream  
as the earth hugs her tight  
to begin the infinite dance  
anew

## **In Tangible**

spirit, in form  
informs us  
as we feel  
our way along

in sensed  
by our senses  
reality always  
in tangible

touch smell  
hear I see  
tasting  
energy

intangible quality  
no mind,  
meaning alive  
in feeling

sensitive is  
our essence,  
attuned  
we alive

we feel  
therefore  
we are  
therefore  
we feel  
what we are  
as we who  
our selves  
no mind  
we feel  
and  
know

## oh how they dance

the epiphany of chance insight  
soars on the wings of deep knowing, always there.  
a peak experience when preparation meets opportunity  
seeing the true beauty in things, already there.

the moment only requires we bit in it  
and the dance dances us  
in steps unknown, felt, in time  
the rhythm and rhyme, self defined

oh how the dance  
expresses fullest with feeling  
oh dance the how is why,  
reconciling the steps felt before  
footfall

one, two, three  
no  
one, one, one  
cadence  
light  
speed  
un  
import  
ant

<within>, >without<

without even searching  
immortality found me

in a loving sigh  
in a beautiful flower  
in the warm sun on my face  
in the pain of separation

within me a feeling  
alike in all hours, in all forms  
so deep with willing desire to creep  
to the surface of life, where we live

without even searching  
we found each other in love  
where else could it happen in a  
universe that already knows our destiny?

is always here  
and now  
in truth

# dimEnsIOnaliTy

one world  
one family  
one you  
won me

one forest  
one tree  
one drop of water  
one, see?

wonder ment  
naturally  
foster feeling  
one infinity

one moment  
one day  
one life  
won way

one dimension  
re alit tea  
one connection  
inside

one  
eon  
noe  
eno  
ugh

## calendulous

On this calendulous evening i lament  
the lingering fragrance of yesterday  
when the wind tinged frost could not easily settle  
into itself, milding the moment.

Only the sun can rescue this ultimate time,  
penultimate to tomorrow's labour  
wherein the shadow knows itself to be the phantom  
that harbours an empty lie.

The healing of the flower's bloom is the  
changing of the florm  
of which the knowing is deeper than the unknown space  
between nothings.

It will never stop and this is the truest love, evolve ing  
into meaningless means  
from which we enter a state so real that the dreamer  
ne'er a notion to awake inhabits.

On this calendulous cloud i sit and look south with  
eyes closed, a feeling  
stirs inside, cumulonimbusing itself into one form after  
another, the same.

Even when the pressure to surrender to droplets of  
momentary infinity arise  
Do i again feel it, the universal strain that produces  
harmonic accordance with fate.

Does rain fall upward if heaven is on earth? is like  
asking if love has a direction, known.

## **E.C.**

Existential crisis!  
Where did you come from?  
I thought we lived in a world of . . .  
“I'm okay, you're ok?”

Who lied to me?

Breathe in the good,  
Breathe out the good  
Two way traffic on the inner  
state of my neighbourhood

Duality shakedown.

Existential crisis is  
a matter of fact, in this day and age  
where we believe different than we act  
and yet know we are not, ok.

Reconcile this!

Where do i come from?  
Why am I here?  
Surely for more than to worry  
and suffer, to work and to fear.

*Help.*

Hope is an endless ladder  
inside our little mind  
the way out is the way in  
why so tricky, God?

OH, I see!

Said the blind one  
feeling the way around.  
you are not found in a  
world of only sight and sound  
thank you

# Energetic Reconciliation of the First Kind

*for nila*

It was a moment of complete profundity.  
A reconciliation of energetic purity.  
Precedented countless times, not yet by us.  
Polarized reconciliation of the purest kind.

“I am Lilith”, she said, and explained her surrender aptly.  
“You are Adam”, she said, and I knew how she was so right.  
As I inhabited my essence, even then, a deep knowing.  
The communication of things inebriated, in short time.

Lives changed in that moment, the truth set free.  
Inebriation may stall the process, but never stop it.  
Energy is more powerful than we, yet it is what we are.

Mind based illusions revealed, desires dissolved.  
Feeling right in heart more than hurt in mind.  
A degree of inner peace achieved, level up.

Gratitude is great attitude, that day revealed.  
The mind did its rebel cause, disturbed.  
Heart knew, then and through the time ahead.

Loving love without losing love.  
More me than ever, more you than before.  
Together apart, a lovely respect.

## **RANDOMOSITY**

kindness or blindness?

cause or cure?

intention, in/action

inaction, impure

believing or be living

awake or asleep

the path to the self

is only skin deep

random is as random does

chaos the order of the now

conscious is as can be

as why surrenders to how

## Rippling

thought  
word  
action  
wave  
still  
ripple  
out  
and  
back  
again

ripple ending  
even tually  
without end  
impact  
another

ripples rippling ripples  
rip echoes  
combinations  
affecting

a future present  
already felt  
as ripple's  
source is  
known

# The Colour of Space

# The Colour of Space

i see the air, moving  
flashpoints in and out  
electron dance  
supremely stellar

i feel the air, moving  
into me, through,  
around and out  
oneness supreme,

you are the space  
between your self,  
selving for a time  
breathed

heir in  
is me  
air out  
is you

this is it  
air apparent  
life moving  
constantly

air be coming  
ne'er inside or out  
just experiencing  
you, justly

love IS in the air  
what other truth  
is everywhere  
alive?

in  
out  
inout  
inoutin

.  
. .  
.

# No Earthly Matter

inspired by november7

she floats in watery clouds

between the realms

the dream awakens

itself, in time

she clouds in earthly soils

for a time, informed

no yesterday, no tomorrow

not even a tangible now

aware only of being

love

for she floats in watery clouds

**no earthly matter**

# the tinge

*for shannon*  
december 25, 2017

i have not felt a tinge of a bruised heart for a very long time, no  
matter the reason.

loss is loss and no one truly leaves  
love is not gain, though it can feel that way for a time,  
the deepest reminders to be more than our thoughts about our  
true feelings.

i cry, bittersweet for the greatest and saddest of potential  
humanities these past two weeks.  
shannon sent me an angel, and the truth has set destiny on a  
truer path.

i know this, because i feel this, prior to thought.  
love is love is love.

to be human, still, is to be tinged by the moments of life.  
the tinge makes us human but it is not what we are.  
feel it, honour it, accept it and pass it through, where  
the tinge cannot become more and do any harm.

lessons learned, in time take less time  
the next time, and this, the lesson  
feel the tinge  
tinged always with truth  
with love  
i love it, too.

## heartland

i wasn't speaking to your head  
i was speaking to your heart  
pay attention!  
To attention, from . . .

Heartspeak quiet volumes  
the land that matters  
before matter matters  
into matter

listen, shh  
quiet the filter  
unnecessary in  
the loudest hours

between the beats  
the life force  
without forcing  
is felt, complete

landing in  
the heart  
of your  
matter

## **Place Us Thusly**

i want to take you places  
most of which do not require  
we leave the room  
just that we leave  
our mind

borne of energies  
entwined, now mined  
into being a me  
with more than  
ingredients

given opportunity  
by virtue  
so pure  
we cannot think  
too much

of how this is  
it is as it is  
only misplaced  
by distraction  
thoughts

so thus we are  
more at home  
in heart  
than  
mind

**gold, mine, bear**

trying, for years  
how to doing?  
So near, so far  
so far, no good

the tethering thin,  
strong like almost love  
distance no matter  
it is right here, i know

i used your nature,  
bear with me, please  
together, we feel it  
the same!

Epiphany,  
a smile outside  
reflecting the  
realized still, not me

a rush of feeling,  
fulfeeling me  
from not me  
naturally, finally

arising, whole  
newborn, nowborn  
never same  
I am gone

and bliss foundates  
perspective fixed  
universal

Jacked

## Poetic, Just Us

words to express  
reconcile more ore less  
unfiltered possibility

being, being, being  
meaning, meaning, meaning,  
everything  
words melt into themselves  
aligned

living poems  
writing themselves  
with life's colours  
infinitely finite  
now

## Essenced

nature  
ally  
felt  
storm  
endure  
affect  
nature  
*essenced*

patience  
quick  
in  
finite  
time  
going  
here  
naturally  
*essenced*

s/he  
god/dess  
inspired  
neutrally  
experiential  
existence  
uniquely  
*essenced*

tinged  
affected  
gened  
memed  
influenced  
aggregated  
flavoured

*essenced*

## ey(internal)es

dark, a void ing what cannot be in these eyes  
perceiving only light.  
Suffuse diffused indifference as the unseen calls  
us in, come hither.

Not as dark as projected, inside  
imagine that sparkle  
feeling light, self-lit no match  
was the outward sightscape

close to open  
close to seeing what  
is not there,  
inderwhere?  
Light show!

Sparkle of the soul  
manifesting  
throughout  
form  
enlightened

.001

not much  
but almost  
everything  
a slight sleight  
not naught

no measure  
need doing  
immeasurable  
time feeling  
nownfinite

oh numbers  
i cannot count  
on, unlike  
knowing almost  
nothing

every thing  
everything  
unto itself  
complete

in space within  
the 'tween  
is the rest  
majority

feeling  
no number  
being  
no slumber

alive without  
counting on  
anything but  
being  
more  
than  
0.00

# Magic hOur

mmmmmmmodus

operandi

3:33

twilight

veil thin

christmas morn

sunrise

ego's chagrin

but mistake not

the hours

not counted

are all

magic,

ours.

11:11

4:44

is all

0:00

self-realized

time, stand still moving.

# The Tether of Touch

## *The Tether of Touch*

translucent quantum pull  
feeling fleeing form  
onetanglement  
always

no tether too weak  
at this level  
deep

no distance to long  
quantum travel  
strong

know feel connecting  
simply natural law  
heart

hand to hand, eye to eye  
hearing meanings said  
sensate

t eyed to the ether  
no space between  
onetanglement

## **In Decision**

we trust  
indecision, not just  
a waste in time  
a crime  
irresponsible  
to the core

thought crime  
par excellence  
stealing us  
from our  
decisive  
self

chosen  
by being  
knowing  
deep feeling  
flowing  
without  
circling

back to  
in decision  
we trust  
even as  
the next  
undoes

at least  
we peace  
the now

## epiDEM i c

systemic discharged energy

a balance unseen

epidemic of one

divided, undone

come togetherness

infectious surrenders

to life vibrations

orgasmademic

epidemmmmic

conscIoUSness

no con

I is US

## **NJoy**

the meaning of life is  
a life of meaning is  
njoy you  
as known

limited endless journey  
inside we go  
riding tides waved  
by others

sailing along, we captain  
the heartship, no matter  
the course, coarse matter  
combined and through

njoying a life  
we meet in love,  
we play with life,  
we let it go, sail on

soulmates to all,  
friends to some,  
innate respect for life,  
sole mates to all.

n joy taught me well  
letting go is love  
life goes on  
find and n joy

on your soul's sole terms  
sole mate, grounded  
on earthly matters  
floating

## **Matrixia nervosa**

connected interconnections

extant

illusory simulation

entrant

how here?

No matter

who did?

No matter

why, why, why?

No matter.

Just matter.

No true chaos, still connection,

what collateral damage?

Visible out come chaos

indeed.

## **Femasculate**

engender gen-ender  
natural balance

genetic tender  
gender bender  
genetic blender

gen tle ness  
being allowed  
to be

all we want  
all we need  
the same

different balance  
shared, respected  
love

knows no gender  
no mind, thanks  
i see you

## Felt

thoughts run deep  
where stillness speaks volumes  
heard in vibratory  
emanations  
felt

that time when  
there is no time  
between moments  
aliveness  
felt

felt on the left  
inside right  
true every time  
who you are  
a feel

flee the mind  
left behind  
for good reason  
it cannot be you  
felt

deathbed smile  
for a being  
the lived  
loved  
laughed

felt

## Water . . . Level

water  
wetter  
ubiquitous  
constant encounter  
perpetual motion  
inemotion  
memory machine  
'just' water?  
JUST water.  
Homebase  
net neutrality  
egoless form  
formful we go  
environment adaptation  
perfection  
drop, rise, freeze  
reformation  
no loss  
forever  
universal ally  
universally  
servant master  
true

love like water  
adaptation  
pure level  
off, up, down, in  
honest  
reflection of  
itself, sur face  
value

h too OH my,  
awash in you

## No(w) Words

Using words to say  
i have not words  
to say there are  
no words to  
say that in other  
words,  
i love you.

words from beyond mind  
with mind, through mind  
no conundrum  
intentional  
energy shift  
big picture discount

either I know,  
or I do not.  
either weigh  
the way  
in and out  
through and thru

irony of  
using words  
to say  
no words  
can say  
now!  
Love!  
Free!  
Efficiency!  
Grace!  
is  
Now

## panamourously

every  
thing  
every  
where  
is the feeling  
without  
thinking  
duals from  
the mind.

connective  
nature  
beyond,  
words  
and action  
figures  
aligned  
in feeling  
it all.

Elements  
sensed  
purely,  
no reason  
to interpret  
and filter  
the sun and moon,  
the wind and rain  
as happens.

for  
you  
for  
me  
i live  
i love  
i experience  
the form and  
the formless  
panamorously  
indiscriminately  
supercalafragilistically

## Apoetic Pathology

in dwindling consternation, the mind sits  
dwelling, dwelling, dwelling in this dwelling  
not of it's own making

in vociferous reverence the spirit cries out  
let me, let me, let me, let me out  
i do not belong here

how long is this party, anyways?  
I laugh, i cry, i think, there fore i must be  
capable of knowing more than this

i feel it is my duty to offer from somewhere  
inside, deeper, to an unknown keeper  
a pathetic apology

for not feeling at home, before now

# The Weight of Air

Breathing in through the nose, mouth closed.

Breathing out into the body, where does it

go?

Is the air constantly adding to us in this

way?

Where do we go when we die?

Ether here, or there . . .

Now here to nowhere.

Yet nowhere no exists.

Like the sound of flowers

the colour of space

the weight of air

becomes us

matterring, tethering

what we are

for a time, timeless

free

## *ABOUT*

After a consciousness integrating experience involving contemplating being at one with nature, with the help of nature herself in the spirit of a bear, Steve has been living presently in a beautiful state of aware bliss, all-at-once in love with life and as a practical human. Doing being. Being gracefully done.

Writings have ensued, as Steve is being written (we all are, constantly) in tangible form as the love of words comes out in a variety of forms, but all in a severely heightened state of no-mind.

My only desire with these words is to have no desire with these words, but to let them hang in the air as expressions of life deeply felt, authentic.

My only goal is to be goal-less in living this supreme perpetual moment, alive and tangible, in deep honour and trust.

Here, now, in love.

Together.

Thank you to my, indeed our, universal collaborator.

These words do not write themselves, nor do I alone write them.

I feel blessed to be just enough out of the way to allow what is, while also keeping a feel on the pulse of that which is mine own perspective.

## ***About Writing.***

*The point is to communicate, to inform, to convey a feeling.*

*So, I am not too concerned about capitalization, punctuation!  
spelling . . . and play with it, meaning sometimes I do it randomly  
on purpose, to shake the mind's idea of how it should look, should  
read, so that you can feel it more than think it.*

*Does it succeed?*

*Who knows?!*

*Heart.*

## **About Zen**

The irony of the writing of the words is that they come not from a mind, a brilliant mind, an IQ or anything of the sort . . . rather, they are no-mind showing itself to us via one of the ways we perceive things, the physical senses – while all the while not speaking to or about these senses, at all. Integrated, being.

## ***About about***

It is about time someone had a bout with what it is all about.

Carry on . . .