

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*

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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.

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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 or 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 . . .