

The Tether of Touch, The Feel of Free

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



clues contained within

*collaborated
through*

Steve Allat

contents

The Tether of Touch (1)

Break/it/down
Sense Ate
Universal Secret
Terminally Human
Sinefficiency
Oneism
Water, Proof
Know Prison Walls
Nature-ally

The Matter of Spirit (11)

We Are Used
Mattering
Gi-Go Bite
S.O.U.L
If . . .
Spirit Away
The Sound of Nothing
Spiraleyesed
D/NA
Mass for the Dead

The Feeling of Free (22)

Own Her Ship
Vast
Inspansion
The Bridge, The Boat, The Scaffolding
The Silent Voice
Awake-aversary
Prophet Eyes
Two to Too
Gelassenheit
Fortunation

The Cost of Nothing (33)

the cost need not be counted when the reward covers it in advance

For
freedom fighters,
Truth Seekers,
through Maya

For
Everyone,
Life.

The energy of a conscious breath in . . . is just how free should feel.

Life will accept the fragrance of your breath upon leaving.

But, can you sweeten it for life after with your living?

The Tether of Touch

The Tether of Touch

to feel the world
in the world
of energy
connected
via material

requires of us
this presence
endowed at
birth, umbilical
never sever

serve our nerves
in allowing
senses to touch
this invisible world
indivisible

love as tether
as grateful as
forgiveness
free for all
ways tethered

Break /it/ Down

how do you feel?
how do you think?
what do you feel?
what do you think?
where do you feel?
where do you think?
when do you feel?
when do you think?
why do you feel?
why do you think?

you cannot not feel,
but you can NOT think.
WHY?

think cannot feel,
but feel can think.
thought lead to feeling,
also thought from feeling,
watch them both, yet feeling without thought feels good,
foundation.
Feeling thoughts aligned, feels good.
where thought without feeling is . . . where feeling does not feel
good.

Less think = more feel. Real.

Instinct.

Universal Intelligence..

Trust. the. one.

No one can see.

Sense Ate

the sounds of the past is silence
undisturbed.
when there is nothing to smell
what is your nose doing?

the feeling of the moment is numbing
connectedness
when the world around is quiet
what are your ears doing?

The fleeing of you from your mind
transcending
when your mouth is empty
what are you tasting?

My senses ate my homework
thank god and goddess
now i am free to perceive
the senses sensor
censored.

Sensibly
Sense able
sen,escence

What do you feel when there is
no thing to feel?

Home
working

universal secret

i keep my secrets in my heart,
right there for you to see feel,
they are always there and i speak with them daily,
in this manner, I've learned to heel.

i keep no secrets in my head,
but lots of information to use,
the mind and this being has its way,
characterizing this 'me' that my heart lets loose.

i keep no secrets that i cannot share,
life knows me and all i have thought and done,
of that i am aware and accepting,
grace has allowed the alignment as one.

so you see, i keep no secrets in my heart,
i wear them on me every day,
because i want you to know me & these secrets,
that are not ever secret, anyways.

Love is not a secret.

Lovers have no secrets.

Life is love, consciousness' heart.

Unconditioned.

Terminally Human

a second birthday,
back into eternity
we go upon dying

people pass, in passing
our attention need not wane,
nor love diminish.
Feels the same, looks different.
Of course, we miss, our nature
but also our nature to be here,
as we are, from life and
for life
however
long she plays,
through us.

Sinefficiency

speaking of original
you are one, not a sin
gle cell out of place
efficient machine

except, grace gone
in thought, of self.
No feeling mind,
yet we linger.

what a wonder
the way love is
the most efficient
force in the universe.

silly mind in getting
sin the way of who
we feel we are
experiencing.

The only sinefficiency
is thinking too much
or perhaps
at all.

ONEISM

one ism

one command

one supply

one demand

Command, mint!

To thine self be true.

But who is this?

That must follow through.

One sch/ism

where did i go?

Schooled away,

from my true home.

The heart makes real

what the head cannot,

so when feeling at home

which one do you point to?

water, proof

you cannot hurt water
enlightened
not stuck on form, informed
exemplar extra-H2Ordinaire
hot air
cold space
free flow
liquidity, memory dump

water flows of its own
back?
No sides to decide
just liquid
being
liquid
liquidly

even as it reforms
in everlasting flow
time, no matter

liquidated

KNOW PRISON WALLS

inspired by V. Frankl

if you accept your imprisonment
you can savour the sunset

as you savour the sunset
no label, no prison
just sunset

no epidermal ending
to you, despite
appearances

know not no
gno sis, gno bro
family

most walls
prisinvisible
constructed from within

ever the Viktor
victory-us
not climbing walls
rather, walking right through

natuRe-ally

first nature

first, nature

in the beginning

one from none

first to show up

nature

in the end

last to go

nothing left behind

nature

nowhere

now, here

connection point deep

naturally, resistance less

nature, ally

globally

universally

join us, she beckons

to listen, so quiet upstairs

we forget, the simplicity

nature, ally

but still, do not walk into

a volcano, trusting.

The Matter of Spirit

the matter of spirit

i sat in the room
still

she asked
“why are you doing nothing”

I smiled
still

an hour later she returned
“are you still doing nothing”

I smiled
and answered
“I sure am, and I haven't even been trying!”

“This is the nothing we all seek”

she smiled
at nothing
shared

We Are Used

Amalgamation of bits,
we surrender to reality
beyond ideas.

Only one new thing
about you, the
summary.

No words,
in other words
contain you.

Yoused been had
by life, okay?
Of course ok.

We are being used, not uselessly.
In feeling, alive. Use.
At heart's discretion.

M A T T E R I N G

what is the matter?

Why YOU are, silly.

Meaning

And

Time

Together

Experiencing

Reality

Your matter matters in its mattering.

Master matter.

G-i G-o Bite

information, inward take
food for from, remake
garbage in, garbage out
smelly balance book
decomposes as it builds
not much evidence
left

this life, a gig
go bite your self

S.O.U.L.
An Ode to Life

We are being mortaled, spirit contained in physical space.

But make no mistake, we are not prisoners.

The ego has been humanned, contained within our mind.

And it does not want to believe it is a prisoner.

So it uses us as to a proxy-mate being alive itself.

Ego has no soul, and it cannot have ours.

It does not feel fine.

To break free of limited will
is to look inside from further out, still.

What we are wanting to will
is what is being willed already.

We are simply along
for the ride.

Soul there.

If . . .

no one ever reads these words
they were still worth writing
presently

occupying time, no goal
other than
to fully occupy time

maybe I was never here
except that I knew it
at the time

enough

no

if

S p i r i t A w a y

into the ether, around you go
where pieces of you stop, nobody know.

Living this life as though to be remembered
yet giving no thought to a future remembrance

in so doing, energy pure as can be
feeling free as expression of life for we

in the end, a beginning
for a new form, swimming

in a unique sea of spirit
coalesced for a life, time, can you hear it?

The Sound of Nothing

i listen not to hear what is not said
between the sound of nothing
a feeling that slays me
every time

less than a whisper, a sigh
a breath that doesn't try
existence without why
no thing . . .

. . . is not nothing
is a matter of fact
the moment energy
intact, i'll
feel

nothing deafens the heart
like dissonance put
their zombily,
dirging along

so listen closely
as aliveness happens
without a sound
within.

Spiraleyesed

a fib no lie
'nacci sequence
inward expand
outward bound
less and less
important to
think about

cuz thinking has an
end, itself an end
to escape is true
spiraleyesed
momentary
equanimity,
grace

why's eyes closed
how?
If a magic wand
knows it's magic
it connects the
unspoken to
itself,
again.

A hand, heartfelt
reaching out
is a magic
show

D/NA

does, does not
apply to you
depends on
where you are

do, not not ask
what life can do
it is for you
to do, life

dangerous, notions apply
when belief is not
biologised, real
heartfelt

desire, not always
the real deal,
no chasing required
in DNA's way

do
not
ask.

And . . .

mass for the dead

ironicity is
the weight given the body
of a soul well travelled,
not deadable.

Saint or sinner, no matter
when matter of fact
is proffered from
hearts of matter.

Requiem not a-lingeringly
for your i-dead-nity self,
imposterish guise in feigning
to match your march,
thought by step.

21 grams of weight
less spirit, measurable?
Mass enough to account
for the idea of dead
mass

The Feeling of Free

the feeling of free

there in that space there is no time
sitting in the park, looking at nothing
seeing it all

there is a time in that space
pitting in the sark, nooking at lothing
en*alle&ingsit#

mind flees the freeling
it cannot know
what it cannot feel

f r e e
feeling
being
is
being

own her ship

she steers as he directs
chasing endless horizons
to get her
together
sea?

Into me see is
the intimacy
of life sailing
in human ships
seized for
a time

spirits, in bodies
directed by minds
or not
aligned by the stars
of birth

circumnavigating
the now
own ing only
what is within her

vast

the spirit, endless
seas
seizes the body tight
rides
particles of you
in waves
indeterminable
directional
reality
consists
of feeling
wherever you are
there you are

infinite choices
feeling determined
in determination
of finite now
known, completely
complete in
incompleteness

you will never see your own heart,
as an Antarctica that is surely there

you cannot think your heart into beating
nor your breath to stop
so know, just know
you are as vast
as you feel

inspansion

speaking of in
sidey parts
the way
'tween

you and not you
can be told
by not telling
on yourself

interr
demon, shun all
the space used
by not you

discarded
gracefully
fully
you
left
inside

The Bridge, The Boat, The Scaffolding

inspired by Alan Watts

crossing, changing, uplifting
no room to look back
grateful follows
without lagging
behind

getting here, going there
stepping stone
destinational
letting go,
without
falling.

Sandman dala,
beauty in the grain
beheld in knowing
it is already gone,
a world.

Constant becoming in
being without thought
of being in becoming
transparently being
breathed.

One true goal in destiny,
Feel at home now
or get lost at the
door, key in hand,
skeleton.

Knock, knock, don't
knock it until no
thought of knock
is there.
Enter.

Use and be used,
not useless.
Steps on a circular
ladder,
life is for life,
alive.

Bridging, Boating, Scaffoldinging.

The Silent Voice

shhhh, says heart,
within the noise
you are being.

Shhhh, says the silence,
ironicity speaks
to your inner
ears.

SHHHH, screams that
make your chest
vibrate alive,
here you are!

Deaf to the other
voice, the co-opter
of dreams and
feelings

Deafening into silence,
not defining you
any more.

.....

Awake-a-versary

Peak Experience. Satori. Self-actualization. Home.

is our heart left
of centre,
just so?

Nary a memory of being born,
nor is why a question to ask.
Energy into form,
Awakened to sensory living,
materialized.

But you must work for
the second coming, of you.
Meaning, finding your self
again, in meaning and
memory of being
born with only
life's memory
of being.

Beyond the mind's conception, this time, known.

Prophet Eyes

for Helen, Hai, Helena

Hi Hai!

Oh my, what of life's knowing me.

Khalil, you have come and gone.

Your words connect us, through time.

So apparently, you linger.

In no time, we meet.

Not a chance, just a synchronous moment.

Awe, then . . . tic!

Love us.

The only way to prophet eyes
off of you is not to.

I. See. You.

In. Me. In. You.

From first sighted feeling,
Knowing we add to the best
in one another.

Life's purpose encircled.

In the we that transcends
the eye, the I.

No names can encompass,
expressions of life, fulfilled.

But if I may prophetise
just one thing, let it be . . .
love, enduring all.

Fortunation

Fortune tell, er,
eat your words.
BE fortune-
Ate.
It all.

Imagine knowing,
no thought,
amazing
to be.

Fortune ate
the fear.
It had no chance,
illusion.

Heart dwellingly
fair, life.
Allowing freedom
feel.

A fortunate
foundation
dealt.
Inhabit the One.
Fortunation.

Two to Too

can we be too much?

Feel too much?
Much too much
think too much?

Too much now
is still now
too much dead
is still dead

too many ways
to mean to
is two many
minds thinking
chaos from
simplicity

i will
have one, two
times,
thank you.

Gelassenheit

for new3new

tranquil surrender

safe submission

serenity

here with now

grace, fully

youtillfull

the space between

synchronicity

surrender

nicht sehnsucht

. The

cost

of

nothing

is

nothing

of

cost

the.

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 done. All the same.

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 . . .