

# The Ploughman Cometh

## The Ploughman Cometh

by Zen Gardner

Ready your heart, ready your steel

The plowman's coming and is he ever real

Ready your starboard, ready your stern

He's not very picky as it's everyone's turn

Plow up the earth, dig up the dearth

Till 'till the tillerman's done all he's worth

Old plants uprooted, raked from the soil

Making room for the new for our too-human coil

No one can tell how the change will unfold

It's ever so private, yet ever so bold

Will each of us yield, and let nature's sway?

Or cling to the old, and be thus dragged away

Cycles they must, to break up the crust

Where stagnation meets change is always a bust

Some are so supple, yet others resist

The choice is within, what'ere we insist



[Zen Gardner](#) is an impactful and controversial author and speaker with a piercing philosophical viewpoint.

His writings have been circulated to millions and his personal story has caused no small stir amongst the entrenched alternative pundits. His book *You Are the Awakening* has met rave reviews and is available on [amazon.com](#). *You Are the Awakening* examines the dynamics of the awakening to a more conscious awareness of who we are and why we are here – dynamics which are much different from the programmed approach of this world we were born into.

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# I'm a Conspiracy Theorist

Source: [Joy Camp](#)

Published on Jan 9, 2018

My second public poem. Watch and share. ☐

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# Kiss the Earth

by Thich Nhat Hanh

*Walk and touch peace every moment.*

*Walk and touch happiness every moment.*

*Each step brings a fresh breeze.*

*Each step makes a flower bloom.*

*Kiss the Earth with your feet.*

*Bring the Earth your love and happiness.*

*The Earth will be safe*

*when we feel safe in ourselves.*

---

# Keeping Quiet

by Pablo Neruda

*Now we will count to twelve  
and we will all keep still.*

*This one time upon the earth,  
let's not speak any language,  
let's stop for one second,  
and not move our arms so much.*

*It would be a delicious moment,  
without hurry, without locomotives,  
all of us would be together  
in a sudden uneasiness.*

*The fishermen in the cold sea  
would do no harm to the whales  
and the peasant gathering salt  
would look at his torn hands.*

*Those who prepare green wars,  
wars of gas, wars of fire,  
victories without survivors,  
would put on clean clothing  
and would walk alongside their brothers  
in the shade, without doing a thing.*

*What I want shouldn't be confused  
with final inactivity:  
life alone is what matters,  
I want nothing to do with death.*

*If we weren't unanimous  
about keeping our lives so much in motion,*

*if we could do nothing for once,  
perhaps a great silence would  
interrupt this sadness,  
this never understanding ourselves  
and threatening ourselves with death,  
perhaps the earth is teaching us  
when everything seems to be dead  
and then everything is alive.*

*Now I will count to twelve  
and you keep quiet and I'll go.*

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# It Felt Love

## It Felt Love

by **Hafiz**, *Persian lyric poet & mystic (1320 to 1389)*

*How*

*Did the rose*

*Ever open its heart*

*And give to this world*

*All its*

*Beauty?*

*It felt the encouragement of light*

*Against its*

*Being,*

*Otherwise,*

*We all remain*

*Too*

*Frightened*

from **The Gift**

*translated by Daniel Ladinsky*

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# The Happy Virus

*I caught the happy virus last night  
When I was out singing beneath the stars.  
It is remarkably contagious –  
So kiss me.*

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# Bill Lost His Memory

Source: [Joy Camp](#)

[Bill Lost His Memory](#)

by Benny Wills

*Bill lost his memory  
So he asked me for a summary  
  
I said to him,  
Bill, that's a mighty task  
Are there more specific questions you could ask?  
  
So Bill asked,  
  
Why are some people's homes so wide and tall*

While other people have no homes at all?  
And if no one wins when bombs are dropped  
Why have bombs not yet been stopped?  
What's this grimy, greenish paper called  
That's got you, and them and all enthralled?  
Where'd you get this thing called debt?  
Where's the love, where's the trust, where's respect?

Why is he afraid of him and she of her and us of them?

Is this a dream, am I dreaming?  
Because certainly it's seeming  
That peace could be what's beaming  
Yet I'm seeing and I'm deeming  
That this place has gone to hell

And the attitude's, oh well

I said to him,  
It's true, it's grim  
Things are... bizarre

Bizarre? He said  
More like madness, friend  
This world is moving forward toward a sad and bitter end

There's delusion and confusion  
Depression from oppression  
There's disillusion, air pollution  
And obsession for possession

The memory lapse to which Bill succumbed  
I thought was nothing short of scary  
On the bright side though, he wasn't dumb  
Or lacking in vocabulary

Well Bill,  
The world is run by men in suits  
Who wreak havoc and give no hoots

*They built a system that is anti-life  
That thrives on pain and nurtures strife*

*A system that's taught us to fear our neighbor  
And please report any strange behavior  
Because of an "ism" called "terror"*

*So the soldiers go on fighting  
Thinking that's what keeps us free  
And people go on dying in the name of liberty*

*And the food we eat is tainted  
And the water supply is low  
And movie stars are sainted  
And prisons grow and grow...*

*Money is that greenish thing  
And you're lucky if you have it  
With enough you get some bling  
But nothing if you haven't*

*Call it cash, call it currency  
Or the almighty intangible dollar  
It's the thing that keeps a few on top  
But most of us in squalor*

*And while empty houses line the blocks  
Houseless people sleep on rocks  
And flaccid men take little pills  
To stiffen up their—*

*STOP!*

*Bill interjected, dejectedly*

*Please, don't say another word  
That hopeless essence in your voice  
It's like you're chomping on a turd*

*It's funny, with no memory*



How now my thoughts are crystal clear  
Simply simplify the things we do  
And the change we need appears

Instead of asking what you want from life  
Tap into life and its wants of YOU  
Because our wants indeed are limitless  
But the wants of life are few

Grow  
Unfold  
Dare to be of service  
Create  
Be bold  
Align yourself with purpose

Because change won't come from presidents  
It won't appear on your TV  
Or alert you on your cell phone  
It comes only from you and me

Obviously!

So smile and say hi to passers passing by

Because the micro affects the macro  
Like a ripple in a lake  
And slow and steady the system fails  
As humanity awakes

Woah, Bill, it has been a pleasure chatting with you  
I'm sorry if that sounded sarcastic  
It's really just the way I talk  
Your monologue was fantastic  
Seriously, I'm enthusiastic

We are healthy cells inside a virus  
Who are longing to mature  
I am one and you're another

*And together, we're the cure*

*Yes! He said*

*And now we start*

*Clear the doubt within your mind*

*Kindness in the human heart*

*Is the hope for all mankind*

□

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# The Reality Game and Ancient Tibetan Magicians

Source: [Outside the Reality Machine](#)

by [Jon Rappoport](#)

November 1, 2017

Memo, November 1, 2017:

*"Things as they are" presents special problems. Although it may seem "things as they are" encompasses the entire field of operation, this is not so.*

*THINGS AS THEY ARE is a concept. It is closely held by the mind.*

*This is a particular bias in thinking. It presupposes that*

*“things” function according to rules, and the rules are within the game. But the game is subject to the action of invention and imagination. No game can stand up to imagination.*

*AI is a game. It is a combination of complex systems. AI can rearrange any number of elements, but this is not the totality of imagination.*

*Imagination can introduce new never before seen elements, for example. These elements render the game null and void.*

*A magician, as defined by the ancient Tibetans, would be able to overturn any system or game. He is not operating within any set of archetypes. He is canceling or inventing energy. He is absent of any devotion to things as they are. He is not devising strategies within the game. He is not interested in ritual or ceremony. He has no synthetic ideology.*

*The priest class rose up to control the population. The magician was not interested in control. He saw it as a primitive substitute for endless invention and imagination.*

*The need to control is a signal of surrender of one's own inherent capacities.*

*Populations are trained into the timid use of energies, internal energies. They only know how to use machines to employ energy.*

*The Tibetan magician was not interested in winning converts. There was nothing to convert people to.*

*The magician was not interested in spreading ideas. He had no church or temple. He saw organized religion as a further metaphysical extension of things as they are.*

*People are addicted to gobbling up things as they are. This is the reality game.*

*The magician saw the coalesced shapes of energy in the world as workable items that defined a limited field of operation. Beyond that, the shapes were illusions. They could be deleted. They could be created.*

*The magician was an artist of reality. He could invent new shapes, new realities.*

*This is an insight available to any human. But he has to envision it and use it. Use it again and again. Then he begins to see how extensive the illusion of the collective is. He sees the vaporous clouds of Need that control the masses. Their own need is at the bottom of it.*

*The anti-magician says: WHAT IS YOUR NEED? I WILL SATISFY IT. I WILL FEED IT.*

*Plug into shallow pleasure centers and develop amnesia about everything else.*

*The magician is operating from other centers. His own. He invents his own pleasure centers. He doesn't surrender to primitive electromagnetic signals.*

*The background noise and signals of Earth culture have been morphed into expressions of NEED. CONTROL THE NEED, CONTROL THE SATISFACTION OF THE NEED.*

*This is the reality game.*

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# Transport

Source: [Outside the Reality Machine](#)

by [Jon Rappoport](#)

August 4, 2017

They took him to a place underground. That was all he knew until he met the doctor in a sterile room.

The doctor said, "This will be painless, and then you'll feel better. Much better."

He said, "How many times do we have to go through this, Doctor?"

"What? I've never seen you before."

"No, Doctor. We met in ancient Egypt, in Greece, Mesopotamia, in Spain during the purge, in Berlin. Don't you remember? The trick is, I have many minds. You dull one and I grow four more. You block my capacity to think along one channel, I have a dozen others. They run like rivers. I set them in motion. You can fuck with me, but you can't change the basics. Do you get it? You're a two-dimensional dupe, and I'm growing like weeds. Our meetings have become a failed ritual. You see? I'm tapped in, you're tapped out."

The doctor turned into the front page of a newspaper, and blood tricked from the words. He developed creases and folds and angles and fluttered in a breeze. He collapsed on the floor and lay there, flat.

The man walked out of the room.

He flew over a massive city of towers and looked down at crowds struggling to ascend staircases to an empty sky.

He left them behind and went on his way...

Doom

0 shroud

Lifted from silver shores

Quaking souls

Time is gone

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# When Things Fall Apart

## When Things Fall Apart

*Tibetan Buddhist Nun and Teacher Pema Chödrön on  
Transformation Through Difficult Times*

by Maria Popova, the marginalian

July 17, 2017

*“Only to the extent that we expose ourselves over and over  
to annihilation can that which is indestructible be found  
in us.”*

In every life, there comes a time when we are razed to the bone of our resilience by losses beyond our control – lacerations of the heart that feel barely bearable, that leave us bereft of solid ground. What then?

“In art,” Kafka assured his teenage walking companion, “one must throw one’s life away in order to gain it.” As in art, so in life – so suggests the American Tibetan Buddhist nun and

teacher Pema Chödrön.

In [When Things Fall Apart: Heart Advice for Difficult Times](#) (public library), she draws on her own confrontation with personal crisis and on the ancient teachings of Tibetan Buddhism to offer gentle and incisive guidance to the enormity we stand to gain during those times when all seems to be lost.

Half a century after Albert Camus asserted that “there is no love of life without despair of life,” Chödrön reframes those moments of acute despair as opportunities for befriending life by befriending ourselves in the deepest sense.

Writing in that Buddhist way of wrapping in simple language the difficult and beautiful truths of existence, Chödrön examines the most elemental human response to the uncharted territory that comes with loss or any other species of unforeseen change:

*Fear is a universal experience. Even the smallest insect feels it. We wade in the tidal pools and put our finger near the soft, open bodies of sea anemones and they close up. Everything spontaneously does that. It's not a terrible thing that we feel fear when faced with the unknown. It is part of being alive, something we all share. We react against the possibility of loneliness, of death, of not having anything to hold on to. Fear is a natural reaction to moving closer to the truth.*

*If we commit ourselves to staying right where we are, then our experience becomes very vivid. Things become very clear when there is nowhere to escape.*

This clarity, Chödrön argues, is a matter of becoming intimate with fear and rather than treating it as a problem to be solved, using it as a tool with which to dismantle all of our familiar structures of being, “a complete undoing of old ways of seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, and thinking.” Noting that bravery is not the absence of fear but the intimacy with

fear, she writes:

When we really begin to do this, we're going to be continually humbled. There's not going to be much room for the arrogance that holding on to ideals can bring. The arrogance that inevitably does arise is going to be continually shot down by our own courage to step forward a little further. The kinds of discoveries that are made through practice have nothing to do with believing in anything. They have much more to do with having the courage to die, the courage to die continually.

In essence, this is the hard work of befriending ourselves, which is our only mechanism for befriending life in its completeness. Out of that, Chödrön argues, arises our deepest strength:

Only to the extent that we expose ourselves over and over to annihilation can that which is indestructible be found in us.

[...]

Things falling apart is a kind of testing and also a kind of healing. We think that the point is to pass the test or to overcome the problem, but the truth is that things don't really get solved. They come together and they fall apart. Then they come together again and fall apart again. It's just like that. The healing comes from letting there be room for all of this to happen: room for grief, for relief, for misery, for joy.

Decades after Rollo May made his case for the constructiveness of despair, Chödrön considers the fundamental choice we have in facing our unsettlement – whether with aggressive aversion or with generative openness to possibility:

*Life is a good teacher and a good friend. Things are always in transition, if we could only realize it. Nothing ever*



*sums itself up in the way that we like to dream about. The off-center, in-between state is an ideal situation, a situation in which we don't get caught and we can open our hearts and minds beyond limit. It's a very tender, nonaggressive, open-ended state of affairs.*

*To stay with that shakiness – to stay with a broken heart, with a rumbling stomach, with the feeling of hopelessness and wanting to get revenge – that is the path of true awakening. Sticking with that uncertainty, getting the knack of relaxing in the midst of chaos, learning not to panic – this is the spiritual path. Getting the knack of catching ourselves, of gently and compassionately catching ourselves, is the path of the warrior. We catch ourselves one zillion times as once again, whether we like it or not, we harden into resentment, bitterness, righteous indignation – harden in any way, even into a sense of relief, a sense of inspiration.*

Half a century after Alan Watts began introducing Eastern teachings into the West with his clarion call for presence as the antidote to anxiety, Chödrön points to the present moment – however uncertain, however difficult – as the sole seedbed of wakefulness to all of life:

*This very moment is the perfect teacher, and it's always with us.*

*[...]*

*We can be with what's happening and not dissociate. Awakeness is found in our pleasure and our pain, our confusion and our wisdom, available in each moment of our weird, unfathomable, ordinary everyday lives.*

Remaining present and intimate with the moment, she argues, requires mastering maitri – the Buddhist practice of loving-kindness toward oneself, that most difficult art of self-compassion. She contrasts maitri with the typical Western

therapy and self-help method of handling crises:

*What makes maitri such a different approach is that we are not trying to solve a problem. We are not striving to make pain go away or to become a better person. In fact, we are giving up control altogether and letting concepts and ideals fall apart. This starts with realizing that whatever occurs is neither the beginning nor the end. It is just the same kind of normal human experience that's been happening to everyday people from the beginning of time. Thoughts, emotions, moods, and memories come and they go, and basic oneness is always here.*

[...]

*In the midst of all the heavy dialogue with ourselves, open space is always there.*

Another Buddhist concept at odds with our Western coping mechanisms is the Tibetan expression *ye tang che*. Chödrön explains its connotations, evocative of Camus's insistence on the vitalizing power of despair:

*The ye part means "totally, completely," and the rest of it means "exhausted." Altogether, ye tang che means totally tired out. We might say "totally fed up." It describes an experience of complete hopelessness, of completely giving up hope. This is an important point. This is the beginning of the beginning. Without giving up hope – that there's somewhere better to be, that there's someone better to be – we will never relax with where we are or who we are.*

[...]

*Suffering begins to dissolve when we can question the belief or the hope that there's anywhere to hide.*

Decades after Simone de Beauvoir's proclamation about atheism and the ultimate frontier of hope, Chödrön points out that at

the heart of Buddhism's approach is not the escapism of religion but the realism of secular philosophy. And yet these crude demarcations fail to capture the subtlety of these teachings. She clarifies:

*The difference between theism and nontheism is not whether one does or does not believe in God... Theism is a deep-seated conviction that there's some hand to hold: if we just do the right things, someone will appreciate us and take care of us. It means thinking there's always going to be a babysitter available when we need one. We all are inclined to abdicate our responsibilities and delegate our authority to something outside ourselves. Nontheism is relaxing with the ambiguity and uncertainty of the present moment without reaching for anything to protect ourselves.*

[...]

*Hopelessness is the basic ground. Otherwise, we're going to make the journey with the hope of getting security... Begin the journey without hope of getting ground under your feet. Begin with hopelessness.*

[...]

*When inspiration has become hidden, when we feel ready to give up, this is the time when healing can be found in the tenderness of pain itself... In the midst of loneliness, in the midst of fear, in the middle of feeling misunderstood and rejected is the heartbeat of all things.*

Only through such active self-compassion to our own darkness, Chödrön suggests, can we begin to offer authentic light to anybody else, to become a force of radiance in the world. She writes:

*We don't set out to save the world; we set out to wonder how other people are doing and to reflect on how our actions affect other people's hearts.*

Complement the immensely grounding and elevating [When Things Fall Apart](#) with Camus on [strength of character in times of trouble](#), Erich Fromm on [what self-love really means](#), and Nietzsche on [why a fulfilling life requires embracing rather than running from difficulty](#), then revisit Chödrön on [the art of letting go](#).

[Connect with the marginalian](#)

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# Magicking

## Magicking

by Mark Farrar

Contributing Writer, [Truth Comes to Light](#)

*I grow up...and out of cycles,  
Thought freewheeling .  
This old head once lost in clouds  
Is breaking ceiling ...*

*Mind goes in...and down,  
To deeper understanding,  
Tears through veil  
And bursts the bubble,  
Hearts expanding ...*

*Love flows here...and now  
In rivers, source fulfilling,  
Floods new worlds  
With universal conscious willing ...*

*I know then...  
And there, the power  
Hands are holding,  
By creating dreams  
Of infinite unfolding !*

~ Mark Farrar

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# The Onslaught of Life

## [The Onslaught of Life](#)

by [Zen Gardner](#)

April 6, 2017

*Taking time so pressed on me  
I wrestle with the space  
Delving deep in unknown hells  
Protection is displaced*

*The clearing, haunting memories  
While falling deep within  
The veil twixt here and there, I see  
Grows ever more so thin*

*Time travels, 'spite it's 'phemera  
Well beyond fantasmic din  
A sliding scale of slipp'ry slime  
Illusions at their whim*

*"Time will tell" the organ cries  
How shallow, absolute  
Reality, it never dies*

*Illusions, such, are moot*

*We march on to infinity  
Yet timelessness is here  
This mortal coil, and 3-D foil  
Are frauds, yet held so dear*

*We soldier on, awake or not  
Survival is our meme  
While all about are screams and cries  
To ignore yet stays the theme*

*I cannot say what time we share  
The question's oh so large  
I only know that I am here  
'Twixt specters once enlarged*

*I'm here, that's really all I know  
I've tried so very hard  
To grasp and understand this life  
"Keep looking", cries the bard*

*Though crystals hidden deep within  
Give hint to inner truths  
Be not deceived by lose or win  
Say teachings of the sooths*

*Still nothing jives, I realize  
A paradox sublime  
Perhaps this isn't even real  
More likely, not my time.*



**Zen Gardner** is an impactful and controversial author and speaker with a piercing philosophical viewpoint. His writings have been circulated to millions and his personal story has caused no small stir amongst the

*entrenched alternative pundits. His book You Are the Awakening has met rave reviews and is available on amazon.com. You Are the Awakening examines the dynamics of the awakening to a more conscious awareness of who we are and why we are here – dynamics which are much different from the programmed approach of this world we were born into.*

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# Walk with the Devil, Talk with the Devil

Source: [Outside the Reality Machine](#)

by [Jon Rappoport](#)

March 18, 2017

*For K.*

*Walk with the devil, talk with the devil*

*He's "charming"*

*And anyway, he's not going anywhere*

*And you know you're good*

*That's not going to change*

*He may consider you're trying to undermine him*

*But he doesn't think you have a chance*

*Of course you do have a chance*

*And that's the point*

*Time is long*

*And you're not going anywhere either*

*He doesn't know your kind of power*

*Never did*

*Walk with the devil, talk with the devil*

*He's gathering evil people around him*

*He's destroying them all by himself*

*He's digging their graves*

*Of course they don't know that*

*But he can't dig your grave*

*You don't want what he has*

*So talk with him*

*Let him spin his dreams*

*Walk with the devil, talk with the devil*

*He'll think you can help him forward his plan*

*Because the plan is all he knows*

*And he believes he can fold the entire world and its contents*

*Into it*

*Time is very long*

*And he can't understand*



*Your kind of power*

*Deep in his mind and soul*

*He wants to know what is evading him*

*What he can never discover*

*The secret that is parked beyond what he has*

*And the secret is you*

*It always was*

*But he can't bring that fact up from his subconscious*

*This is why he has sleepless nights*

*And ends up returning to his flock*

*Walk with the devil, talk with the devil*

*He has a limited repertoire*

*He keeps coming back to the same plots*

*And he doesn't know why*

*It's a source of discomfort for him*

*As he pushes on*

*How much evil can he project*

*Until he feels the fatigue of boredom*

*Until he runs out of novel experiences*

*Until he can predict the details of his future wars*

*Until he comes back to where he started*

*And tries to remember why he began doing what he's doing*

He has very little imagination left  
He's a lonely figure on a dark street  
Looking for excitement  
After all this time  
But he's been through the same gamut over and over  
In decay he has no equal  
He has no equal with whom he can share his past  
Walk with the devil, talk with the devil  
Watch him scuttling his perverse thoughts  
In bottom mud  
Hoping for something new  
That never shows up  
It turns out his territory is quite limited  
And for that he would wear his heart on his sleeve  
If he could imagine a heart  
Walk with the devil, talk with the devil  
And knowing his primary  
Number one  
Prime-cut  
Business  
Is  
Broadcasting

## *Subversion*

*Pass along a dream about a new good world*

*And watch him burn in his meditation*

*As he considers how he can parlay that future*

*He'll take your hints, your dream*

*And gleefully release it to the world*

*Because he must*

*Because that's what he does*

*Thinking his profits and advantages will obscure the message*

*But he has limited intelligence*

*And your thoughts reacquaint people*

*With something they laid aside*

*In the fountain of energy where they once lived*

*They'll shake off a piece of the trance*

*And feel their blood coursing again...*

*Madness is a strange thing*

*And this preeminent madman*

*Eventually confesses his plans right out in the open*

*He can't resist the opportunity*

*And he'll even confess he knows The Good*

*It'll come to that*

*More, he'll urge people to do good*

*Believing he can forestall defeat at the last moment*

*IT'S THE ONLY CHALLENGE HE HAS LEFT*

*He'll back up to the edge*

*And plead with the world to do good*

*And still think he has a chance*

*Take his hand*

*And shove him hard*

*Over and out*

*And down*

*Into the Void*

*The Nothing*

*The Great Nothing*

*Where for a day, a year*

*A thousand years*

*A million years*

*His fate will be in his hands*

*Not your concern*

*Not anyone's concern*

*You're good*

*And he never understood your power*

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# I Met A Man Today...

[I Met A Man Today...](#)

by [Zen Gardner](#)

I met a man today.

Ever so briefly. He was tired.

His work boots grounded his humble, yet impressive frame.

As he gathered his rudimentary supplies from the small shopping basket

He placed them on the checkout counter. Slowly. Deliberately.

I dropped the tug of any angst to get home soon. A world was unfolding before me.

His life is hard, but no complaints. No groans. Just resignation on his weary part.

He clearly had a family to feed. Ever so meekly he appears to perform his life functions.

My heart began to bleed in pain and anger as I observed the programmed crap being piled into his plastic bags.

How many beautiful creatures are forced to buy non-nourishing manipulated replacement crap to keep their offspring alive. How many worldwide are forced to eat contaminated shit from the self appointed masters of control.

My heart continued to gush. I was heavy in my shoes as the

scene unfolded before me.

This isn't right.

I wait in another observant world as he does his meek, slow check out. I'm creating prose in my mind of the poignant moment.

I check out after him and follow him to his small scooter outside, a simple Chinese made mode of transplanted transportation most use in these parts where he decorates the handlebars with weighty plastic bags.

Families of four can be seen riding regularly and carrying groceries home on these scooters.

"How may children do you have?" I asked. I could tell he was shopping for a small family.

"Two, ages 7 and 5", he reluctantly replied in subdued tone.

"Tough economy right now" I brokenly continued, trying to be pertinent and not too obvious as to my intention. He nodded but proudly said he's getting on OK.

I couldn't help it, and expecting rejection said as his head bowed to meet my extended hand, "Please take this gift, with love for you and your family" in my broken language, handing him the money I had on hand, a small but hopefully encouraging gift to this unsung saint of humanity.

He took it, thankfully, I'm happy to report. I was afraid this stately man would say no.

It was tough. Humbling for such a proud man and a stretch for me to reach out without embarrassing him or feeling patronizing. But if I didn't respond to what I felt in that revelatory moment of seeing this display of life highlighted before my very eyes, I too am another living hypocrite.

Thankfully, he accepted.

It was a release, and a good one. I was in tears all the way home. I had witnessed something very special and had the honor to participate in some small way, even if only for my own personal cleansing and growing connectivity.

The most giving and sharing people on planet earth are the poor. They are rich in the real riches, so giving and sharing come easy. I've witnessed it in dozens of countries. Reciprocation is only natural and I'm glad I was accepted.

The meek have already inherited the earth.

That is why.

They are grounded.

Love, Zen



[Zen Gardner](#) is an impactful and controversial author and speaker with a piercing philosophical viewpoint.

His writings have been circulated to millions and his personal story has caused no small stir amongst the entrenched alternative pundits. His book *You Are the Awakening* has met rave reviews and is available on amazon.com. *You Are the Awakening* examines the dynamics of the awakening to a more conscious awareness of who we are and why we are here – dynamics which are much different from the programmed approach of this world we were born into.

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# The Frayed Angels

## [The Frayed Angels](#)

by Les Visible

*the frayed angels shed their wings  
and descend  
into earth's turmoil  
burying their sunlight  
in a cloth  
of sleek  
and willing flesh*

*that...*

*incomplete forever  
wanders the thirsty deserts of unrequited desire*

*in dreams sometimes we touch  
that place of peace  
where longing ends*

*where the long road of countless sleeps  
beckons into the cross roads of awakening*

*the punishment of separation ends*

*the slaughter of innocence*

*the ravaged hearts  
and faces of those  
who lost their love*



there is nothing in this life so sweet  
as the touch  
the embrace  
of one who has come  
across all the vastness  
of lifetimes

to lie tranquil in your arms

it is as close to paradise  
as we  
are permitted to come  
here...

the casual couplings  
the lust of power to possess  
are only shadows of this love

ceremonies of torment and loss

for the more one desires  
the greater the effort to have and discard

the greater the distance from ones own heart

every living thing  
struggles  
to hold  
to that one memory of themselves  
in which the candle of love  
burned  
however briefly...  
so brightly

All doubt and hate are merely faith  
and love suppressed  
And the inability to love worse than any death

Death being only the boat  
that sails

*us through and into  
the fields of eternal peace*

*not even the worst of us can avoid this forever*

*it for this mercy alone  
that forever exists*

*there is nothing that you can do  
for which he will not forgive you*

*I wish only that I might linger all of my days in love*

*Forging that bond that spans  
all time  
and change  
and washes away for all time  
The weakness and stupidities of my fear*

*Fear,  
which is all that has ever stood  
between me  
and the ones I loved*

*Fear  
that has made a lie so many times  
Of the living truth  
I AM*

*Like all of you*

*An embodiment of god*

*all possibilities  
at birth were delivered  
into our hands  
yet we give ourselves into  
subjugation to our servants  
for ridicule and confinement*

Cast out from the castles from where  
we  
as kings and queens  
ruled all things from within the temple of the heart  
  
cast out into the trackless wastes of our own confusions  
amnesia driven  
hungry and alone  
while those created to serve us  
spill our wine  
eat our food  
and laugh at the ignorance that  
has closed our eyes  
to the beauty of ourselves

never again will I let myself be  
tormented by fear

the love killer

the life killer

Death of a sort comes to us all  
no matter who we are  
we cannot escape that

we can only accept  
and wonder  
to whom did it happen?

let go all chains that hold the image  
down

Earth does not speak unless the spirit flames

these times in which we live  
dance like some drunken jester  
on the edge  
of the abyss

*great things are within our reach  
even as we wait we can see...*

*the first glimmer of that dawn  
for which  
so long  
we have waited  
to see*

*It has nearly broken me...*

*but nothing is beyond repair*

*truly let this moment be  
your last moment  
of regret*

*let your heart see  
that you  
have not touched the best times yet*

*take back your wings no longer  
frayed and fallen*

*let us rise and soar  
as if no one  
had ever gone before.*

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# **In the Downpour of the Rain**

**In the Downpour of the Rain**

by [Zen Gardner](#)

*I see it in the faces  
I feel it in the earth  
The yearning ever deeper  
Like the pains before a birth*

*The living sense, the sadness  
Their eyes are filled with tears  
As our lonely, longing people  
Are fending off their fears*

*The heart of man grows tender  
Caring more for those in pain  
We're covering our loved ones  
In the downpour of the rain*

*The night is soon approaching  
But it must, as will the day  
Be brave and always steadfast  
Love will wipe the tears away*

*Learning, ever learning  
Seeing consciousness arise  
While ever dissipating  
Is the veil of woven lies*

*We cannot come to fathom  
Or think to just arrive  
This life is for the living  
Yet we onward choose to strive*

*For answers to our questions  
The thirst cannot be slaked  
Our hunger knows no bound'ries  
We're born to be awake'd*

*It seems we're in a process  
Conscious evolution's own  
To realize just who we are  
And my, the way we've grown*



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# A Place Called Gratitude

## [A Place Called Gratitude](#)

video & voice by [Patrick Willis](#)

poetry by [Les Visible](#)

*originally published December 11, 2005*

Malachi 3:10

*“Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse,  
that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now  
herewith,  
saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows  
of heaven,  
and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room*

***enough to receive it."***

Possibly the emotion I experience most often is gratitude. Sometimes it goes on for a length of time and I discover many other things in the process. It is as if Gratitude is a room, dimly lit. As you stand there your presence begins to emit more and more light and to reveal more and more of the contents of the room. Gratitude has attendants and handmaidens; joy, serenity, a feeling of awesome protection. I don't notice these things initially. If my gratitude goes away too soon I do not see to the further reaches of the room. It takes a while for the dynamo to wind up and bring on the full orchestra of sights and sounds.

I've been in the presence of realized masters and it is evident to me, as it is to most people in the room, that there is something different about them. Probably one of the finest talents a person can acquire is to become a 'trained observer'. In order to be a trained observer one needs to relinquish pre-conceived assumptions and natural prejudice because they taint the quality of your research. It could be said that when the gravity of our assumptions begins to outweigh our capacity to learn, then we no longer grow. Since growth is an imperative, pain enters the picture to offset that gravity. It's apparent to me that many people have a higher pain threshold than I do. I can't take it. Why should I? Why should I, when there are so many more refined stations of being than that of being whipped along the way?

So in watching masters and in reflecting afterwards; where real learning takes place ...because you can't always remain objective in overwhelming presence. I have come to a conclusion about the way they breathe. The state of our minds and our emotions affect the regularity and depth of our breath. Alternatively, the way we breathe affects the quality of our mind and emotions. So I think about gratitude when I am breathing in and out. I am grateful when I eat and I imagine the food as being divine substance. I have to do this. It is a

matter of self defense. If I am not eating and breathing consciously then some other agency may be doing it for me. Thoughts like this appear delusional to some and the example of new age mandarins also work against credibility on the part of those who have seen the naked emperor.

These masters didn't get where they are in an afternoon or at a weekend seminar. Of course these things are advertised; like the Thighmaster and those round cages that do your sit-ups for you. My favorites are the patches with the electrodes that stimulate the muscles and turn you into Adonis while you are watching TV. The slenderizer creams are pretty neat and so are the space suits that eventually return you to needing only one airline seat. I haven't seen Shamoo's magic crystal and wealth amulets but I know they are around even if Shamoo is going by another name now.

It comes down to work and there is where problem #1 gives birth to a lot of other problems and the discouraging catcalls from the peanut gallery of entropic recidivism. There must be an easier way. And this is where gratitude comes in. Gratitude takes the inertia and resistance out of the ride. Gratitude promotes an eager willingness. Gratitude makes it feel good. We've no problem engaging in the things we love to do. If we don't love it then it becomes work. I work all day long every day, a lot more than eight hours. I don't get paid for my work in the way most people do but I do get paid. I get paid in gratitude; in the increased capacity to feel gratitude.

Gratitude changes you. It changes the cells in your body and makes you flexible and young. It neutralizes anger. Most people aren't aware that depression is the result of turning your anger inward; turning it upon yourself. Most people also don't realize that much of their anger comes from their sense of being denied something they insist upon having; whether that is an object, a world view, someone's attention or their right of way on the way to whatever it is that they want or wherever it is they wish to be. Gratitude makes all of that



unnecessary. The more grateful you are the more reasons you are going to have to feel that way. This follows observable laws of physics. As above, so below; what you observe taking place here takes place everywhere, whether you can see it or not. This is one of the scientific truths about faith. We take things that are only mathematical theory as everyday fact. We are probably unaware of this but we do. Many people would be quite surprised to find that they regularly practice things that they firmly attest they do not believe in.

If you would simply practice feeling gratitude, breathing it in and out, you would rather quickly become enlightened; or, if you prefer, more enlightened. As good as it feels, why would you want it all at once? Shouldn't the increase in the increments of bliss take forever? Gratitude is a pair of rose colored glasses and a certain biblical coat. That's what I call haute couture. Why wear sunglasses in a dark room? Because when you are cool the sun is always shining.

I don't know it beyond a 'shadow' of a doubt but I strongly suspect that this is what masters do when they breathe in and out. Of course it may be Love and it may be Peace or Compassion but the origin of every virtue is in the ineffable, just as the colors, pre-prism, are in the white light. There isn't any spiritual thing that can't be understood in a practical, scientific way ...if you are so inclined.

Gratitude greases the wheels of movement into a better state of being. It is a sort of cosmic three-in-one oil. In this time of spiritual crisis you need all the help you can get. I do anyway. But none of this is relevant to my feelings of gratitude; merely attendant to them. I feel grateful because I am grateful. Of all the things that I could be engaged in, of all the people I could have been; see, even now parts of me are departing and I speak of myself as if I were in the past. Of all the things I could have, to have gratitude, well... that makes me a hundred times more grateful just thinking about it.

I feel held. I feel something inexpressible and the very best part is that I know I am not nearly grateful enough. No, I'm just playing at the margins of gratitude. Further on, the room changes into a world of music; the sounds of planets rubbing together, the liquid radiance of stars pouring into an empty cup and over-spilling beyond boundaries and limits. And this is only what I can imagine from the margins. This is only what I can see in the lens of imagination. Once again, science tells me that it moves beyond that. We know a great many things about the universe that we cannot see. How did we come to know these things? Scientific inquiry and tools adapted to the pursuit made it possible.

Thinking about this has had the result of making me even more grateful than I was and so the room has gotten larger. That's good, because my gratitude makes me want to dance and sing and I need the extra room for that. Every breath of gratitude alters my cells some infinitesimal amount so that critical mass gets closer. This seems to tell me that, "It's getting better all the time." Will shadows fall? Sure... just as darkness will turn into light when darkness falls. Be grateful.

[Connect with Les Visible](#)

Cover image credit: [jobertjamis23](#)

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# Winter

*My worst habit is I get so tired of winter*

*I become a torture to those I'm with.*

*If you are not here, nothing grows.*

*I lack clarity. My words  
tangle and knot up.*

*How to cure bad water? Send it back to the river.*

*How to cure bad habits? Send me back to you.*

*When water gets caught in habitual whirlpools,  
dig a way out through the bottom  
to the ocean.*

*There is a secret medicine  
given only to those who hurt so hard  
they can't hope.*

*The hoppers would feel slighted if they knew.*

*Look as long as you can at the friend you love,  
no matter whether that friend is moving away from you  
or coming back toward you.*

*What you seek  
is seeking you.*

from [A Year with Rumi](#), readings of the 13th Century Persian poet as translated by Coleman Barks

video narrated by [Patrick Willis](#)

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# As a Tree

## As a Tree

by [Cnawan Fahey](#), [Ethereal Nature](#)

February 26, 2015



A friend of mine posted this image on Facebook. Such a fantastic concept!

Which prompted me to share this thought:

“How cool would it be to create a “living cemetery” of these that is a Food Forest – could literally feed one’s descendants, and they would be fed by their ancestors... [see the link below for a description of a food forest]

Then someone else made this comment:

I like to think of me as a tree !!!

Which inspired me to write this little poem:

*I like to think of me  
as a tree ~  
with roots sunk deep  
into ancestral dreams  
and ever nurtured  
by the fecund earth  
with a willing embrace  
of this world of form.*

*I like to think of me  
as a tree ~  
with branches reaching  
toward what is to be  
and ever enlivened  
by the radiant sun  
with a willing embrace  
of the Élan Vital.*

*I like to think of me  
as a tree ~  
transmuting  
past into future  
heaven into earth  
energy into form  
dwelling within  
the omnipresent.*

And as long as I'm dwelling upon thoughts of trees, it feels fitting to share this talk that I delivered at a 911 Tribute in 2005. (I was speaking in front of 3,000 people, and was so nervous that my knees were wobbling the entire time.)

## Tree Dedication

As we begin our program this evening and prepare for the invocation, I would like to first bring everyone's attention to the tree festooned with ribbons and streamers that stands to the west of the band shell. This is a Valley Forge American Elm, a testimony to survival – it is naturally resistant to Dutch Elm disease, and it has just been donated by area businesses to serve as a living memorial to all those who died in the attacks on September 11, 2001.

Throughout time, trees have always served as inspiring symbols, symbols of hope, of strength, of peace, and even the symbol of life itself. And in our country specifically, trees have been a symbol of the political principles that we treasure so deeply. The first Liberty Tree, located in Boston, was an Elm tree, just as this one is. The Sons of Liberty gathered and held their meetings in the shade of its branches. They flew their banners from its branches. In time, all 13 colonies each had their own Liberty Tree, which served as rallying places for the ideals of the American Revolution.

The original Liberty Elm in Boston was cut down by British soldiers, as an act of war, in 1775. The last of those original 13 Liberty trees to die was in Maryland, in 1999. It died as a result of a hurricane.

So in trees we see living symbols of our guiding principles, and we also see how those principles might be lost. We find ourselves gathered here this evening with two events in our minds and in our hearts – one, an act of war, 4 years ago, the other, a natural disaster, hurricane Katrina, mere days ago. Both of these events have presented our country with immense suffering and sorrow. Both of these events have presented us with immense challenges. They have challenged us to respond in a fashion that maintains and upholds the democratic principles that we hold so dearly, “that all people are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain

unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness.”

It has been said that the true meaning of life is to plant trees, under whose shade you do not expect to sit – to plant trees for generations that are yet to come. The founding fathers and mothers of this country planted many trees, in the principles they fought for and the institutions they created. We benefit from these trees which they planted so long ago. And so it is now our turn to plant trees. Thus, tonight we dedicate this Elm tree, as a living memorial, as a testimony to survival, as sign of hope for healing and peace. May we also plant trees of principles and institutions that will shelter and serve generations yet to come.

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<http://www.beaconfoodforest.org>

The goal of the Beacon Food Forest is to design, plant and grow an edible urban forest garden that inspires our community to gather together, grow our own food and rehabilitate our local ecosystem.

### **What is a Food Forest?**

*A food forest is a gardening technique or [Permaculture] land management system, which mimics a woodland ecosystem by substituting edible trees, shrubs, perennials and annuals. Fruit and nut trees make up the upper level, while berry shrubs, edible perennials and annuals make up the lower levels. The Beacon Food Forest will combine aspects of native habitat rehabilitation with edible forest gardening.*

[Connect with Cnawan Fahey](#)

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# Breathing Into the Sun

## Breathing Into the Sun

by [Cnawan Fahey](#), [Ethereal Nature](#)

December 28, 2014



*Since the darkest of nights  
the sun has not shone*



*overcast days  
for overcast hearts*



*when at last the pale shroud lifts  
that first ray of hope pierces the sky*



*as sifting through the ash  
a glowing coal resurrected  
from the bon fire of surrender*



*the sun emerges embryonic  
from the womb of the earth*





*breathe into the spark  
of one's own inner sun*



*kindle this ember  
coax it to waken*



*breath after breath  
it burns brighter and brighter*



*breath after breath  
it burns brighter and brighter*

[Connect with Cnawan Fahey](#)

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# The Sculptor

[The Sculptor](#)

by [Zen Gardner](#)

*With a slow, steady pace he swings and hits  
With the hammer he strikes his blows*

*Now up, then down with a pummeling sound  
As he digs for the figure enclosed*

*He chips and carves, then stops and stares  
As he wipes his brow and sighs  
Then it's back with a whack and another piece cracks  
As the monolith sheds its size*

*Now no one can see what the artist perceives  
Or why such persistent pursuit  
Of a form inside as if buried to hide  
From the hammer and chisel's repute*

*But the sculptor strives on in his labor of love  
Though he strikes with the force of a blow  
To free the form that's entombed inside  
...alas David, di Mikelangelo!*

*+++*

*From earthen clay and rough hewn stone  
Came the sages and seers we revere  
Why is it then as we break and mold  
We protest, or shiver in fear?*

*We all come deep from the quarry of earth  
And are sculpted and hewn for our tasks  
With strong skilled Love only seeking the best  
Bringing freedom from weights and the masks*

*So when the blows seem to so far exceed  
What we thought we could ever bear  
And can no longer stand all the pain we feel  
Or rejection and depth of despair*

*Remember the sculpting, steady and true  
Is Creation just freeing us here  
Relax and receive as we learn to perceive  
That the pain is illusion and fear*

*Remember the process, co-creation in love  
As we each are such similar stones  
And what's been begun let creation complete  
Though it carves 'ere so deep to the bone*

*So what may seem to be punishing blows  
Are a process of true love alone  
That free us from shackles and encasing weights  
That had us entombed within stone!*



[Zen Gardner](#) is an impactful and controversial author and speaker with a piercing philosophical viewpoint.

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# All the Hemispheres

[All the Hemispheres](#)

*[Leave the familiar for a while.](#)*

*Let your senses and bodies stretch out*

*Like a welcomed season*

*Onto the meadows and shores and hills.*

*Open up to the Roof.*

*Make a new water-mark on your excitement  
And love.*

*Like a blooming night flower,*

*Bestow your vital fragrance of happiness  
And giving*

*Upon our intimate assembly.*

*Change rooms in your mind for a day.*

*All the hemispheres in existence*

*Lie beside an equator*

*In your heart.*

*Greet Yourself*

*In your thousand other forms*

*As you mount the hidden tide and travel  
Back home.*

*All the hemispheres in heaven*

*Are sitting around a fire*

*Chatting*

*While stitching themselves together*

*Into the Great Circle inside of  
You.*

~ Hafiz, Persian poet & mystic

From: 'The Subject Tonight is Love'

Translated by Daniel Ladinsky

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# The Paradigms They Are A-Shiftin'

## [The Paradigms They Are A-Shiftin'](#)

by [Zen Gardner](#)

August 1, 2013

*(Adaptation of Bob Dylan's prescient song "The Times They Are A-Changin'", written in 1963.)*

*Come gather 'round people  
Get out of your car  
The cameras around you  
All know who you are  
You thought this would happen  
In some time afar  
But it's happening right now before you...  
As the waves you saw mounting  
Now flood where you are  
For the paradigms they are a-shiftin'.*

*Religions, Freemasons  
Illuminati and all  
They each work in concert  
To devise our fall  
Will you look around  
And take up the call  
This world they've contrived is a prison...  
So you'd better wake up*

*Or get locked in their walls  
For the paradigms they are a-shiftin'.*

*Come senators, congressmen  
And all who are bought  
You know you are crooked  
And with fear are fraught  
You've neglected the poor  
And our good have not sought  
We know you're all working against us...  
But in your devices  
You soon shall be caught  
For the paradigms they are a-shiftin'.*

*The curtain is drawn  
And now all can see  
The Matrix is not all  
It's cracked up to be  
It's we that they fear  
Since we'll always be free  
No matter what evil befalls us...  
Just let in the Light  
And the darkness will flee  
For the paradigms they are a-shiftin'.*

*And so we wonder  
Just what can we do  
Know that to Truth  
Love and Conscience be true  
The awakening's happening  
To me and you  
And there's no way that they can control it...  
So follow your heart  
The vibrations are true  
For the paradigms they are a-shiftin'.*



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# I Am Not My Story

## [I Am Not My Story](#)

by **Zen Gardner**

Deeply rooted, convoluted, my story took its form  
Weaving and deceiving all, the characters were born  
“False appearing real”, the chequered meme within its spell  
As the image wound its hungry way and lies began to gel

How story loves to reinforce, for self and others’ pleasure  
Not seeing that from selfsame point was made that story’s  
measure

The masquerade continues on, appearing unabated  
While all along the Truth inside was scoffed and underrated

The stories change and rearrange, depending on the weather  
Who needs what, will I survive? Co-dependent tales together

Should I play or should I stay? Should I do this or that...  
Decisions made for which we paid the billing as we sat

Stories are so int'resting and often very clever  
No matter if they're true or not, we're in this play together  
Now subtle more is what's in store when Truth It starts to  
surface  
Conflict sure, but what allure, a grin instead of grimace

There's something there, from who knew where, and I just could  
be him  
Something deep that ever seeps and seeks to fill to brim  
But wait, my story's crumbling, in fact it's quite the shock  
Tis' not as played, my cool parade – my strut began to mock

Defeat is triumph backwards, as if there's aught to fear  
The self is story on the loose, a lie yet held so dear  
Thoughts and stories coalesce to try and reach success  
But thankfully, we come to learn, the story's not our best

I finalize, with final eyes, that stories all are fake  
Memes and mimes just spewing lines with ego on the take  
What always waits 'yond conscious gates is something quite  
amazing  
Creation's aide, another grade, and this is where I'm grazing

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Cover image credit: [DonnaH](#)

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# Start a Huge, Foolish Project

## Start a Huge, Foolish Project

by Jalāl ad-Dīn Muḥammad Rūmī, 13th century Sufi mystic & poet

*These spiritual window-shoppers,  
who idly ask, 'How much is that?' Oh, I'm just looking.  
They handle a hundred items and put them down,  
shadows with no capital.*

*What is spent is love and two eyes wet with weeping.  
But these walk into a shop,  
and their whole lives pass suddenly in that moment,  
in that shop.*

*Where did you go? "Nowhere."  
What did you have to eat? "Nothing much."*

*Even if you don't know what you want,  
buy something, to be part of the exchanging flow.*

*Start a huge, foolish project,  
like Noah.*

*It makes absolutely no difference  
what people think of you.*