

How Many Rounds?

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How many rounds of same old stuff until the bubble pops?

How many times to learn in life until frustration stops?

Layers up and layers down while wheels go round and round

“The bottom now we finally hit? There’s hardly any sound!”

*The ground breaks through, false floor again, as mind
bursts round the bend*

*“Again?” I cried. “Another lie? When will this learning
end?”*

*“I’ve tried it all, took every fall, I’ve searched for
treasure wide!*

*Surely answers wait beyond the gate, I know it deep
inside!”*

“Aha” a voice so gently mocks, loving yet amused.

*“It seems that seeking answers are why you are thus con-
fused.”*

*I gasp for air and strength to bear, “Another round?” I
mused.*

This weary searcher, heart in hand, is clearly just bemused.

"It's never wrong", the Voice's song, "Just let it come to you."

"What you seek is what you are. This is the seeker's rue."

"But why this seeking, hungry heart? What is it I can't see?"

"You'll reach an end, when'ere it hits. The layers just a tease."

I pondered there, on umpteenth floor, soon looking for a door.

"Step through it now" something calls. "Yourself your only moor."

"How can that be? I'm only me! The truth I seek is all!"

"Leave all behind and step on through, you'll see there was no door."



*Our seeker drops his hands to side, and thinks there's
ought to lose*

"I've tried it all repeatedly, OK, I'll step aside.

I'm weary with the traveling, the running here and fro

There's clearly now, aft all attempts, nowhere else to go."

*"It's never here, yet always is." the Voice in comfort
speaks*

*"Outside this realm yet always in." The riddle seems to
peak.*

*"I know the truth it permeates" I cry, "Yes every living
thing!*

*But crashing down thru barriers has been no pleasant
fling!"*

"So what?" retorts of the voice of Truth. "What schedule are you on?"

You presume to know or understand before you're even born.

That ignorance has parted you, and prevents like prison moat

Survival of this thing called you is what's kept self afloat."

"In punctured time, creations rhyme, you think you understand?"

Humility is knowing self has nowhere aught to stand.

You are not you, as you perceive, in fact you're just like me.

Keep falling through, and graceful take, the who and how to be."

I'm flummoxed now, yet calm somehow. I know it's Truth I hear

It resonates with all I've learned, yet learning is not Me!

The cycles burst and bubbles pop, alas we've given birth

To what was true so all along. What all of it was worth.



[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](https://www.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.