

Life force of *gravity*

For all that is alive, we must ask this:
Is there a singular *force* that exists,
That lends to the rest of what is...
And thus be a *force* we might deem,
The cause of everything?

It seems to me, the cycle of being,
Has but one primary ingredient.
One part that brings into being,
The remainder of life's equation.

There is such a *force* indeed.
A force that over see's everything
By attracting what it needs,
To create a new being.

It is the force to define where you are,
Without an outright indication at all.
It lets you know you're here
Like a *thought* from in between your ears...

Its sensation will let you know
When you get too close...
And its absence shows
As you move far away.
Its minor, invisible strength,
Is all that nature needs in order to create.
Like divine execution,
It is the means to any end...

Its *gravity*, always there,
Beneath the surface of what you see.
To see it clearly
Peer beneath
The layers of what you perceive.
And you will find this *force*
Being put to work.
The adhesive of,
Not just our world...
But the entire universe.

Like a *thought*, it comes and goes.
But with our sixth sense
We can tell of its existence.
As our proximity shows,
How its effects can grow...

After all, it is *thought* that lends
You and I the sense
To believe in forces that be,
That yet cannot be seen...

And so it seems, this evidence suggests,
That a more important question exists...

Because we can conceive
Of a supreme law of being,
Could it be our thoughts
And this force that pulls,
Are one in the same thing?

What is fear anyway?

But a feeling that danger may
Be near someday.
You feel its response, as it forms its bonds...
Yet you cannot tell of where it is from.

To lure you in
It plays its game.
And although its existence seems:
Tangible, almost,
It is yet invisible...
You think it all may be a dream?

But as you pay it mind,
It's presence grows inside.
Until all you know is its growth...
Without ever asking:
"How did this feeling enter my life?"
You thought instead:
"If I do not hide, how will I Survive?"

Now fear becomes ever-present...
As you are left
Stuck in its game.
Feeling dazed...
"A deer in headlights."

If only you could gather your courage
To look your fear in the eyes...
You'd catch this villain by surprise!

But while under its spell
You may never tell,
Or develop sense for yourself,
Of this villain's origins...
It just places its veil,
Tells a clever tale,
And takes from you its hidden toll.
Again and again
The ugly bridge troll...

Soon time will pass you by,
And then you'll see,
It is fear that caged you inside.
Into its misery
(That loves company).
It tricked you into being its only friend.
Now... what was once a dream it seemed
Has grown to redefine
Everything you see outside.

How did you not see?
It was blatant trickery!
Of the invisible
Harbinger of all misery.

Now don't you feel cheated?
As you desperately wait and hope...
And pray for the day it is defeated...
You feel to drained,
To show your strength...
But hope can only go so far...

When you feel lost
Just remember:
That courage shows you who you are.
When you feel sunk
Recollect
That from the start,
You couldn't be sure if the feeling came from the heart...
In fact it felt more like being torn apart!

But as it rose,
It was familiarity,
That you had chose!
And the outside would grow to be,
Such an enigma,
Full of mystery...

Recall: It was from the unknown
That your suture to misery was sown...

"So shadowed by its mystery
This planted seed polluted me."

Now you no longer can dream of what could be...
So lost in your routine...
Double-checking to see:
What harm that may exists in everything.

You must NOW grow sick
Of being indoors.
Instead decide to step out,
And explore!
Roll the dice, one more time.
Without knowing why...
So meanwhile you might stumble upon,
What you were looking to find.

Now with a second glance,
What at first sight might,
(Have seemed like good luck).

Has helped me realize...
That fear is just a guise,
Embedded in lies...
Designed to keep misery by my side.
With no need at all to exist...
In fact, I insist:
Lets banish its presence!

Fear is the catalyst
Of a swallowing abyss!
That consumes all thought.
Consumes all emotion.
In order to prevent
The prospect of forward motion!

*Fear is your worst enemy.
It is the darker side of you.*

*Fear will hold you down.
It will sink you into
Its perpetual slump...*

*Fear is the difference between; living in control of your life...
And watching it pass by.*

*It disguises itself as your friend.
That keeps you from harm.
But by listening to its voice,
You will surely silence your own!*

*We must learn to fight fear on sight.
Only an immediate attack response
Will free us from its shackles.*

*It all comes down to your choice.
The fear will sneak its way in, and hunt you down.*

Or you can chose, to Fight: Win or lose.

When you attack fear on sight,
The emotions of fright are trumped every time.
So attack!
Attack your fear with pride!
To put up your best fight!
Show the demon who you are inside!
And every time you meet your fear,
Face to face,
Know fully well: that you can replace,
The seed of fright it plants inside
With reinforced belief in life.

The Origin of The Warrior Within

There once was a power,
With which you were endowed.
That no one else could touch,
Or see...
But still, you knew it to be...
Because deep down,
You knew it was around...
Waiting to be put to good use.
All you needed to do was use:
A spark to ignite
Your beacon of light.
And when you need it most,
WOW - so bright it shown!
All in its path would glow...

And from the reactions,
You would have known:
How frightening it was,
When your inner spirit rose.
Because honesty can sting it seems...
So you sealed away the inner being.

So as not to insult,
Your own kind,
Knowing little of the passion for life...
They seemed to pay no mind
To their spirit inside.
(They all walled it up inside).

So afraid of the consequence:
It was better to stay, instead content ...
Who knows what will be said.
Or better yet, you could trip...
Fall, and land flat on you head!

To much pride to have to get back up again...

It was once a battle you chose.
Before the day society would impose:
The probability of impossibility.

What was once an image, of a good thing...
Was wrongfully shown.
Because "Wreck less behavior must not be condoned."
To risk (at all) – you will surely fall.

"We know what is safe"
"So do things our way,"
Or do nothing at all...

Play small, and earn your golden star.
You really can participate, best of all!

And to the rest: you're such an angry mess...
Because exhilaration
Had been suppressed.

But now you've come to realize
That to live out life, free of strife...
Devoid of possibility...
While playing along in this game,
Of "follow me,"
Is to disregard your own
finality.

Everything that starts will meet its own end.
It's the supreme reality we all deal with.
So to stand there and contemplate
How many mis-steps you may take,
Or how many mishaps you face?
Will leave you behind
In the waiting room of a sheltered life.

With any choice you make
Its possible to fail.
With every inch you climb
Its possible you fall...

But if you pay mind,
To the dark and gloom that looms,
You will surely spell out,
The doom you chose.

Even if you "play it safe."
The worse WILL happen...
Your spirit gets caged.
Instead chose to turn
And face the pain that comes your way!

To free yourself:
Embrace the fate you create.
And accept the distaste
Of the passing
Envious gaze...
As you pave the way,
They will cheer and wave.
And wonder how it was you got this way...
You must be "different" they will say.
Simply because you weren't afraid.
Now your spirit alive
(no longer caged).

It is light that brings contrast to life.

We are light.
In its brightest form...
When we blend we succumb
To uncertain darkness.
As our light shades and dulls
To match the rest...
It is inner uniqueness put to rest...
Because our light will bring contrast...

To show what is unique,
To show what is beauty...

Conformity is Darkness created
When intrigue is satiated...
Like a question left un-addressed.
To familiarize, and be recognized,
Means to dilute the mystery from life.

And it is shade that blots and blends,
To brings about an illusion,
By creating more confusion...

When all is black and white,
With shades of gray distaste.

It is because:
We have interjected,
To step in our own way...
But all we need today
Is to take action now
To remove distraction somehow,
And to release inhibition...
To just let it happen.

Just let yourself love
Your own sense of self.
The sensation of self exclamation
Is a feeling that only you can know
The one thing, only you can show...
For what you imagine
There is no disguise...
Self expression is a light that shines bright.
Right from our souls,
To then lift the fog of complication...
To show our true colors...
That when unfiltered pierces through
The shades of resistance from others...

But without audition,
How can a soul begin to sing?

Without a canvas for your projection,
There can be no bright-color injection...

A life so black and white,
Will never look familiar,
To your dynamism inside.
Because beauty is more or less defined,
By a lack of perfection...
And so you shall not find
Embarrassment within,
Or keen sense of
Self rejection...

Your world is full of quirks,
Tumbles, stumbles, and falls,
Scratches and claws...
So when all is said and done
In the end things work
As you did intend...
Not for its sure design
Of purity nor perfection.
But for your faith in its own expression,
That your dreams do one day reach
The destination you were intent on.
The designation of your creation.

My Left Handed Pen

I remember when I first saw it.
The creators gift unto me...
Like the film *Edward Scissorhands*,
My gift:
In the form of insecurity...

Mixed up from day one,
Being left-handed
Stuck out, like a soar thumb.

So I would abstain
From honing my right brain.
As I switched to using my right hand
For everything.

Everything BUT, my knack for writing...
My pencil,
In my left hand,
Would tap me into,
Who I AM.

And when I learned of it,
It returned...
Back to me
Was my spelling,
Grammar, and vocabulary.
My literature would soar from there.

Now, of all the gifts I am gracious for...
None come close to that day
In second grade,
When I would use my left-handed pen.
To tap into who I am.