

Beloved: As It Was

By Alan Ayazam

Dedicated to The Lovers

The Seat of the Intellect

Who is expecting?

“Yes” to become “No”

In this Quiet Love

Two Forces Arguing

Over One Seat

But the only seat I have

Is in the Third Eye

Seat of the Soul

Intellect

Or Sage

The Right Answer

To begin with

Raind Clouds

Condensing Moisture

Above

The Sky

Naked Cool Wind

Pressing into me

Discovered

Belief

Retrograde

Dynamic

Differences

Correct

Just Starting

When approaching was

Caught in mid-flight

Burrowed into and under the skin

Of the Left Forearm

My reasoning

Tossed Away

The Heart Chakra

Belief is the glue

This glue is holding on

A state apart from

Distant Closeness

A movement away from trouble

Towards the Light

A fire started

In the Soul

Hallelujah

Jesus Christ

Hallelujah

Disturbed by Nothing

Slight, Distant Echo

Lotus, uncovered

Sitting on a cushion

Disturbed by nothing

Disturbed by Nothing

How to Please the Devil

And Pushing Up

And destructive thoughts

A poor man describing his idea of Wealth

A matching outfit

Colors going together

Being with a feeling

Carnal knowledge

Disparate attempts to burn the One

To compromise the Core Identity

To Please the Devil

Misuse of the Mind

Before the Problem Started

Before there was a manner of Thinking

A kind of speaking



Two people have  
Two perspectives on one thing  
Disagreements about  
What we are seeing in front of us  
Am I perceiving this correctly?

Just above  
The silent stillness

Witnessing occurs

A meaningful expression of truth

A playtime lesson learned

A big lie

Destroyed

Nirvana

Once into the Forest

We discovered

A magic dance

We came upon

An enchanted dwarf  
We became  
Orange and Red  
Purple and Yellow  
Blue and Green  
Petals twirling  
Into Divine and Complete  
Nirvana

Coming Home

Turning water into wine  
Turning this poor choice compendium  
Into a moment of joy  
The expression of bliss

The passion of witnessing  
Above the cherry-hill-character  
Ever-in-essential-nature  
Beating out all doubts  
To become sky  
Becoming One  
Ever-in-essential-One  
Ever the anointed, Son, Daughter, Child  
Coming Home

Wondering in Wandering

The detail  
Wondering in wandering  
In Quiet Hopes  
Deserving Bell Ringing  
Times doing Nothing

Nothing Criminals  
Out in Ever Honest Entrances  
Out in our Open Sadness  
Collected Tears  
Surfed in Sunshine  
Whirling Tornadoes and Hurricanes  
South Sounding Evil Trance Dictators  
Wondering in  
Wandering

Verb

When we stopped in wordless woes  
To contemplate everlasting life  
Adjacent to the simple truth  
A modern fact  
Despicable and real

Doused in dramamine

Igloo suffix

Turban copier

Verb

One

A Dystopian Novel

Written in faded blood orange Red

Ink

Dotted with a signature

From the Great Beyond

How many forces did it take?

How many sorcerers?

To keep this boat afloat

Ay, but One, he said

Alas

There was but One

'tis sad? No

Hallelujah:

There was but One.

This Image

Blasphemy Reopened

In the telling of One Small Tale

I hook up the cable

To the wall

Projecting this image

To you All

The Fortune Teller

Cards shuffled

Merge light with darkness

Color with meaning  
The Unknown

Especially in the evening

The future is steeped

In the unknown

When in panic

You turned inward

Dealing with yourself

You ascended



The future was not seen

But felt

As Deep Peace

Infinity

The Patient Urging Venom

Colliding with dignified strength

Won our best qualities

Saved us from the Past

Gave us Providence in

Infinity

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