

FEELINGS
THOUGHTS
&
EMOTIONS

David Samuel

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Feelings, Thoughts & Emotions
Of
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INTRODUCTION

The greatest beauty often comes out of the greatest pain. Music, art, expressions of Love, the list is endless. These writings came to me spontaneously in times of great suffering over a period of many years of spiritual seeking. Some I wrote, others seemed to be someone speaking to me. When I read my own writing, I am not sure, but I do know that these intensely comforting thoughts had a voice of their own.

When I found great pain, I also touched a spiritual union that filled me with joy and Love of a nature far greater than any woman could provide. Such is the paradox of the mystical life. This never eliminated my desire for companionship on a human level, but it did give me a comfort that stays with me every day of my life and satisfies me when I am alone, perhaps more than when I am with other people. This too, is a paradox of the mystical life.

There will always be pain for the spiritual seeker as long as there is separation from God, whatever each one perceives God to be, and this world makes it very difficult to end that separation permanently.

Union with the Divine can appear to be felt through the emotion of Love. Only with a heart in Love can we truly join with God or any other being. But to know hot, one must know cold. To know Love, one must know pain, union requires separation. You have never failed in love, your pain has prepared the road to know complete Love. What pure, complete and spiritual Love is, is not what people generally know as love.

Spiritual Love is the absence of fear and all the negative emotions that enter your heart and mind. Love cannot be cultivated, it can only be experienced when that which binds it has been removed. This is the work of the spiritual path, and the reason that pain brings Love. For the seeker, emotional pain exhibits the clinging of the lesser ego, and as it rears its head, the opportunity to remove it arises. And so pain exposes the inhibitor of Love so the seeker can catch and remove it, thus experiencing Mystical Love and Union with the Divine. In this way, pain brings Love. But humans are slow learners and must experience a lot of pain before they can fully remove this bind to the ego and its desires, fears and negative emotions.

Words have many meanings, but feelings cannot be adequately expressed in words. You must be able to feel the emotions behind the words, and this you can only do with an *truly* open mind. If your mind could be that open, you will also feel this Love.

Pain is not necessarily painful, but Mystical Union is always Divine. These words of Love were inspired at times by many things, nature, an emotional experience, or by the sight of a beautiful woman, not just a face, but a soul. Some have been inspired by seeing others in intense suffering, and even the blank faces on a rush hour bus.

All these things can inspire a seeker to joy or pain, they are two sides of the same coin. Mystical literature is often marked by paradox, the undeniable truth that where pain lives, joy is also present, and vice versa. Feeling without disdain or desire, brings with it the other, and there is a complete experience of all emotions without subjective opinions. When opinions of

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good and bad are gone, then pain and pleasure complete each other in a way that unifies two separate emotions into one complete balanced Being.

Union with God means to feel what God feels, and since God is all things that exist, God feels pain and pleasure simultaneously, and so will the Divine Seeker when Union is achieved. Only by feeling all that exists, can a person be at one with That which created all that exists.

This pain is not pain as the dictionary defines it. This pain is not painful, although it cuts the heart. It can bring one to tears that are felt in joy and love. The pain is compassion, union with the suffering of others. To Love so much it hurts. To suffer for every moment of separation from the Beloved. To know you love that much, but cannot always feel it and be in Union with The Divine State, that is true Spiritual Pain. This is the poverty the Fakir, a spiritual poverty, a heart that is not fully in God at all times.

Fear not the pain of others, fear not the pain you may feel, fear not fear. Fear not the Love that is there, in you and for you. Sleep and wake up in tears accepting this Love. Trust in the truth that God is all there is, and the one strong enough to accept His pain as well as His pleasure, will find a seat in heaven every day of their life.

I have written these verses over the last two decades. Today I have decided to publish them. My time has come that there is nothing left for me to grasp on to in life. I am free, I have no concern if you like my words or not. I do not make public my words for any reason other than to let go of all I hold, all I have kept to myself. When there is nothing left to protect or hold, then true change can occur.

I hope that my experiences may touch your heart and encourage you to embark and keep a steady course on a journey of many bumpy roads, and allow your heart to bring forth its own words and feelings, while removing all your inhibitions, that you may find true Freedom.

With my sincere best wishes to All,
David Samuel

If you find it in your heart, I would greatly appreciate any donation you would be willing to give. You can do so and find many other freely published works at www.entrepreneurmonk.com

Real Love

*Real Love is wanting only to give.
If you desire to possess all the wealth in the world,
For no other reason than to have that much to give,
Then you know love.*

*If in profound meditation,
Your soul, the eternal being that you really are,
Touches its source, its home,
And melts in union with the Divine Love.*

*If as you sit there,
Hummingbirds land in your open palms,
And chipmunks climb on your knee,
You know Love.*

*And in this state of unfathomable bliss,
You return to your worldly life from the the height of such ecstasy,
Because you know the reason you live in mortal form,
Is to share what you have found.*

*In this sacrifice of one who knows Truth,
Is the pure heart of a lover,
And you return not just for the love of one out of all,
But for all that have come out of One.*

*If you can feel the meaning in these words,
Then we share that love,
The love that is real,
Eternal and indestructible.*

*Together, with the warmth of this love we know,
The glaciers of fear will melt away.*



*A human without love is not a human being.
To live without loving is merely existing, it is a robots life.
To be truly alive, to live, to feel, one must have someone to love.*

*Love must be given to someone who can receive it for the lover to feel love.
If love is given to one who cannot accept it, then it burns even more painfully than if there
where no love to begin.*

*Without love, the riches of life are worthless. As a diamond buried deep in the ground goes
unnoticed of its beauty, so does any gift in life that goes unshared.
Joy comes from giving to one you love. A gift, a thought, a precious feeling, all are valued the
same.*

*To accept love is as important as to give it. If you cannot receive, you cannot truly give.
Accepting love is the same as giving, for love is not a thing that can be placed in a box.
Love is life.
Life does not discriminate, deteriorate, or diminish the more it is given, rather it flourishes, and
love is the same.*

*Find someone to love, a companion, the homeless, the needy, the lonely. Find love in all
places, give love to one who needs if you do not have one at home. You must love if you want
to live.*

*Only through loving can you find Truth.
Then when you are so in love with Truth, will you love all beings,
and the love shall flow endlessly from you and to you,
and you shall be well fed and content.*



*I wake up with the Love of God, but God is not here for me to hold.
I miss my Love, I ache for my Love, I am lonely, alone and empty.
My mind drifts and wanders to useless thoughts,
I catch it and bring it home.
The pain of separation from God hurts me more,
My mind drifts again.
I curse my drifting mind and bring it back to God,
and the pain of separation returns.
Is the drifting mind a curse, or
a gift from God.
The drifting is an anesthetic from the pain of Loving The One I cannot hold,
Until the day comes when we are united again.*



It is only when I am suffering in great pain and torture from feeling separated from God that I can write of my Love and Joy in being close to You.

When all is well, no thoughts come. I do not get inspired to write, which is my greatest joy. This is how You keep me always happy.

Creatures and insects crawl and fly all about me. The more beautiful their colors, the more powerful their bite.

The water of this mountain lake is so clear and turquoise blue, the icebergs float only one hundred feet from shore, inviting me to play on them. The ice water would be my last swim.

Why did You create such attractions to pain?

As finding You is all I desire, yet the path is so lonely, this too is great pain, but in the end, in the joy of Your company, all pain is forgotten.

I sit beside a small stream gently falling in the lake, the relaxing sound of flowing water, a small iceberg floats to the shore, why do we feel pain when there is so much pleasure?

I was walking in the desert and saw a flower, pure white as can be.

It was open so wide that its petals could have been pressed in a book without moving them.

The petals opened to make four perfect hearts exactly up, down, and to each side,

I saw how a heart should open, not as one opening but it multiplies itself in its opening as wide as it can to reach all directions.

Open to all creatures, the little ones who feed on it and the big ones to appreciate its beauty.

At night the petals close, to protect it from the creatures that live in the dark, and the cold night air that would destroy its beauty.

In the morning, with the sun and warmth, the flower opens again.

I am so overwhelmed with Love that to look in your eyes, to think of you, I am helpless but to serve my beloved.

My life, my every breath is for none other than you,

To smell your scent, to hear the sound of your voice,

If not for you I could not live,

Separated from you, my life is unbearable,

What have you done to me that my joy is my torture.

Oh, my dear Beloved, when shall we be as one,

I cannot open my eyes, or spend a waking moment that I do not see you,

You are all there is yet so out of my reach,

Search as I may, you remain intangible, yet closer to me than myself,

I shall come back to you through the one you send,

and together, the separation of all shall dissolve in the union of forms.

*I have felt the pain of my heart being torn apart
 By a woman who cried tears of love for me
 Pledging eternal faithfulness
 Only to take another man the very next night.*

*I have felt the pain of loving one so deeply
 Being so safe
 That only stories have told of such a love.*

*But through the strange way in which this world works
 She too, was separated from me
 But stayed close enough
 That for years
 My heart and mind thought of her above all others.*

*But these pains, As strong as the heart can feel, fade,
 And are nothing compared to the pain
 Of loving one that is near impossible to attain.*

*The pain I feel of the love for All
 But not being able to love One
 Or have The One I love,
 This is a pain that goes beyond the heart.*

*This love is my soul,
 And that is the source of the heart
 The source of all things.
 The source of the heart
 Is where I love
 And, where I live.*

*When I was a child
 I was aware enough to know that I was not aware
 That there is so much more than I could see
 I felt a love for that invisible thing
 That source of my heart,
 And of my life.*

*I gave myself to that being
 Although I could not see, touch, or hold it
 I knew it was real.*

*My heart yearns for the love I cannot touch
 being separated by my body.
 What I love, who that is
 I am not worthy of
 Although it loves me, I am far from it.
 My truth is pain,*

*For pain burns me clean
 The separation of being
 With the knowledge of perfection
 Loving God but being human
 How to resolve this duality that I live in
 I know it is not real,
 It will not last eternally.*

*How can I find the source of all things
 The source of my heart
 The source of my love?*

*When will I know that which I know is real
 When will this pain for the sake of love end
 The loves and pains of my heart are nothing
 Compared to the love and pain of my soul.*

*How can I love a body,
 That is of the heart
 When I know that the love of my soul
 Is for something that is not born and does not die.*

*Even the best steel
 If left in the fire of tempering too long
 Will defeat its purpose.
 How long must I burn
 To be cleansed enough
 That I may love
 That I may be worthy and capable of loving
 That which I love.*

*Will this fire consume me before it is too late
 Will it ever be too late?
 Will I die without ever knowing that love
 Will life end, will it continue?
 Will I know that it is continuing
 Or must I be born asleep again.*

*Let me burn until there is nothing left of me,
 But only You remain.
 Who am I?*

* * * * *

*I am so lonely because I am all there is, so I created myself that I should not be alone.
 In so doing, I gave myself away, I separated me from me and became lost in my own mind.
 There is no way home when I give up the path, lost in the forest of illusion.
 Now even more am I lonely, for my pain has been multiplied.
 How to return, the ego I created asks, but listens not for an answer.
 I call, I write, messengers I send, but I cannot hear myself even though I know it is me.
 I have created my own ego and I cannot rejoin my separation.
 An error I have made, but being eternal, it shall correct some day.
 Is there no end to suffering, even for me?
 God I am, but still I am learning.*



*I am not alone, you are not alone, neither of us can be.
 For without me there is no you, and without you, there is no one to know me.
 But to call to you, if you do not hear, is as if I am alone.
 So I call in many voices that you may find one you can hear.*



*I go back to search for a woman, someone to give my love to, to give all of me, all I have.
 Not to give my power, my mind, my life force,
 But to give the love that is overflowing and ever-growing in me, that love which is vibrant within.
 There is so much Love in me that I feel I will soon explode.
 I can love all beings but they cannot understand and accept my love so it stays within me.
 I search for that woman who can accept it and take it without conflict or confusion,
 The woman who I can give gifts of the heart and the world,
 The woman who knows love.
 I exist to give and share, but without someone to receive, I am in excruciating pain.
 She need not give back as I give her, she need only accept.
 She who can accept will know, and needs also to give.*



*A heart complete, full, in Love
 Can sing the sweetest songs.
 But from a heart broken,
 Leaks the bitter sweet words that touch the soul.*



*What is a desert, barren sand, some scrub brush, not enough water for a man to survive.
Feared and avoided by all but the Bedouin, the nomad, the seeker of solitude.*

The desert is rock and sand and seems lifeless.

*There are deserts like the Sahara or the Gobi, only sand. Then high deserts with rock
formations of reds and beige that are slowly deteriorating into sandy beds.*

There are also cactus, sage, and juniper trees, but still no water and life, or so it seems.

Winters are barren, the plants sleep.

*But in the spring, life abounds, Juniper trees grow berries, and cactus bloom with flowers of
every color in the rainbow, and even more.*

Blossoms the size of tiny leaves to giant flowers,

Deer and coyote come out with all the smaller creatures.

*The loose sandy soil is held together by Cryptobiotic plant life which grows one inch per
hundred years, without it all would be washed and blown away.*

*Man too makes his appearance in the spring. Ever exploring, he crushes one hundred years of
growth with each step and begins the end of life.*

Storms do come, but most times the air is as dead as the desert appears.

Life is here, it is only harder to see.

*After days of walking in dry barren desert, a canyon can be seen only when you are on its
edge.*

A river runs at its bottom, a thousand feet below.

Water is life.

Near people I long to be alone, in the desert, I crave companions.

This conflict is my torture.

Do I head to a town or stay another night, I choose to stay.

Alone in the wild I make a fire, prepare some food and eat.

The sun is setting, the rocks glow orange,

I clean my plate, put away my things,

The air is still but neither hot nor cold,

I walk and think, All is perfect, I am complete, I have want of nothing.

Somewhere a terrorist is planting a bomb.

My stomach is full, my body without pains or complaint, I am in Heaven,

*Venus rises in the evening sky, the first night light, a sliver of the crescent moon sets in the
west.*

Somewhere a retaliation is planned.

If I died this moment I would not notice the change to perfection.

There are two ways to go through life,

To travel or to wander.

The wanderer sees what the traveler misses on the way to his destination.

WHAT AM I

I have been taken out of my true body and placed into this human form of a washing machine to be cleansed of sorts, in this body of clay.

I am spun, twisted, turned and wrung out, put here to be cleansed in a torturous process.

Then I am hung out to dry, but the washing process was not complete, I dry hard and brittle, and as a dead leaf blows off the tree into the wind, I am blown about and am pushed into a pile of other leaves. Some children come, they kick me, toss me about and play in my decaying body, they step on me and I crumble into many tiny fragments, turning to dust, I am blown again in the wind, dispersed completely, and what is left of me, nothing but dust blowing in the wind.

The wind lifts me and I become the wind, invisible and free. Without boundaries or limitations. Beyond anyone's ability to capture, manipulate or control. I am the wind, I am completely free, I am all powerful. With my strength I become a typhoon that blows in the hearts of those beings that have come here to be cleansed.

A bird flies freely soaring on the wind, he flies low and a car hits him, takes his life, where is the bird, is he in his body or flying higher than he ever has before.

To be the wind is to be what we are, to become the wind while alive is a process too painful to bear, so we do not take it. How can we become what we truly are without the pain and suffering of this life?

What more must be done, Dear God, to bring us home.



Think about space.

This planet has a shield protecting it from that void, keeping the environment in, and meteorites out.

So vast is its design.

Think about the tiniest leaf, the veins bringing life to every cell,

So vast is its design.



A heart in many places can never be in one place.

Only when a heart is in one place,

Can it be in all places.



Oh how we are such fools.
 We dream and fantasize of meeting Prince Charming on the streets, we glance at each other
 and Love burns strong from that moment to eternity.
 How many hours are spent in this dream.
 Movies and songs are written and we flock in hoards to see this dream come true in fiction.
 Could this ever happen to me, I wonder.
 In life we get these chances, life brings these gifts,
 But the world we live in, what we call reality, is too harsh for such things to happen, or so we
 believe.
 Such dreams are only for the movies.
 He comes, She sees him, their hearts flutter.
 He offers her the world, she is overwhelmed and does not know what to say.
 They part for the evening with a promise to talk the next day.
 She does not call, he waits and hopes.
 He calls her and she sounds distant.
 She will not accept him, she is afraid, he cannot be real, he is too good.
 She goes to the movies and listens to a song on the radio, of Love and fairy tales that she feels
 could never happen to her.



I cry thinking of God, I am so close and still so far.
 A rain drop falls on my face.
 I round the bend and see a magnificent waterfall,
 The mountains are hidden in the clouds.
 It is all so perfect, why take one step more? In
 In wonderment of the Divine perfection, I am paralyzed in Union, unable to serve.



I drive along the highway and see a beautiful mountain range in the East with the full moon
 rising above it. The golden light of the setting sun making the mountain a wonder and the sky
 still so bright blue the moon's craters are the same blue, such a sight.
 I sit on the concrete and this is my foreground to a heavenly vision with small cars and giant
 trucks speeding by not even knowing the full moon is rising or how it changes the tides and
 how it holds our world together, not even knowing it is there, they fly by.
 The mountains are now pink, the sun is setting, the moon is getting higher.
 Or is it the other way round?



I woke up and my whole body is one huge sensor. I want to touch, to feel. I move my arms and legs along the sheets to feel, I imagine they are soft skin. It is not sexual, but sensual. There is such pleasure in this touch, I love, someone.

It is being human, this feeling of touching, if I came to be human, part of it must be to experience touch and other feelings, all the things of being human, not denying any of them. I think of my life growing up, seeing and living with only hate, anger, and bitterness, no wonder I did not want to live or be here.

Then those things became part of me and I didn't see or understand that I got them by exposure to my parents, so like any other virus they infected me and I didn't want to live. I had the worst cancer, that is of the heart and soul, of the emotions.

It eventually destroys the heart by trying to hide it with an over-active mind. The mind starts to work so much, so fast, that the heart cannot make itself known or reach the surface and get some air, so it eventually suffocates and dies.

That is the cancer, a slow death that takes a lifetime. Taking so long gives me the chance to heal as long as I am still alive.

This is a common cancer. How can I heal it? Only by seeing it. It comes out like bullets, negative words or thoughts. When those things show themselves I have to grab them, pull them out, throw them away and plug the hole with good thoughts.

This cancer is like a weed with very deep roots that have many fingers. Every finger of the root must be pulled out because if one is left, the plant can grow again. But I can only pull out one finger of the root at a time.

Long periods of happiness mean there are not many fingers left, but is the happiness real, or is it just a remission, is it placidity, or apathy. Happiness from removing the cancer is unquestionable in its feeling, apathy is something that can be taken for happiness but doesn't feel quite right.

Apathy comes from the cancer having killed the feeling sensors so there is actually no feeling, not good or bad. The only way to know the difference is to experience real feeling, where every inch of my body is alive. This is what I feel this morning.

** * * * **

I wonder, when you read my words, do you hear my thoughts and feel my feelings?

** * * * **

LOST

*The world of man was too difficult for me to live in,
 And so I left to find peace.
 I found a place in the mountains,
 And there I decided to stay.
 The summer has passed so quickly,
 Time has just flown by.
 I have accomplished nothing, neither learnt nor grown,
 Time is passing fast.
 I left because of my pain, but pain follows me,
 And time goes on.
 I look for even more isolation, and I lose more of my head start in the world,
 Winter is coming and I am still lost.
 Torn between choosing quiet and freedom or being in the world trying to fill the hearts of people
 with joy,
 Time continues to flow.
 I sit alone and wonder if my chance to live out my destiny passed,
 What will become of me, will I ever really live, or love.
 Where is my place, my purpose, my joy.
 I see the signs of guidance only from behind, but once passed it is to late.
 Is it to late for me to come home, to be who I am, do what I came for,
 To see every soul on earth smiling and filled with Love.*

Your Eyes

*I have dreamt of such eyes
 I have searched the world for such eyes
 Luminescent and alive
 Hiding nothing.
 I see more than bright color in those eyes
 I wonder if those eyes look deeply into other eyes
 Do they look with passion?
 Does passion look back at them?
 Eyes so clear
 Should glow with strength equal to the sun,
 Do they burn with the fuel of deep love today
 Do these eyes glow each night? I wonder
 Have they ever?
 Can I make them?
 I wonder.*

We search our lives for a dream, an image of perfection in life and love. One day we find it and cannot bear the sight. It is too strong and too perfect to believe. We fear that if we take this chance and it fails, our dream will be shattered, so we leave it alone.

I search for myself, for the feeling of me guiding myself to the best good for me and all those whose lives I touch. In my younger days, my needs ruled my actions, I regretted this each time.

Now I search for my heart to lead me to the path I know is the only one that can take me home, to my heart where I will feel safe and can rest, in love of God and all beings. This is a lonely path because it means to pass the temporary pleasures and keep my heart pure and ready for the true one. The challenge is to resist and before that, to determine what is right.

My body craves touch, my mind, stimulation, my heart, love. I meet a woman, she can feed my body and mind, but my heart questions. Is she going to fill all my needs, is she going to be hurt. She is in love already, I am questioning. She is ready to take a chance, I can see the future. The short term will be exciting and wonderful for us both, but in a short time, I shall be in want of more, I shall be unfulfilled, she shall get hurt.

I feel for her now, but I know myself and my needs, and how I will react, it is time to decide, enjoy now and let the pieces fall where they may, or let my mind and heart be wiser than my body, let me act not from my desires and instincts, but from my desire to bring joy without pain, as much as that can happen.

If I know pain is certain to follow, is it not better to change course now and limit its impact, I wonder. I am not sure what to do, but inside I choose to take the path of least pain for fear that the pain will cause another wall to go up. We both suffer now, each in our own way for this experience that will never be. I cry with the loss but I know it is for the best.

Perhaps I am wrong, and it is right to take our moment of love for as long as it can last, to love for a moment and having to let it go is better than to dream the rest of the life of the love that could have been.



*This fire ignites quickly
And burns hot and wild
But dies soon if fuel is not added*

*This fire can warm and light the world
But with no one to tend it
It lights an empty cave*

*Those who can see the fire
Run in fear of being burnt
For they do not know
This fire of Love can do no harm.*



*I fall in Love with faces, images, ideals
 Never even saying hello
 I create a woman of perfection in my mind.
 My heart opens to envelope her with Love
 She never knows what happens
 Not even saying hello to me
 She leaves and is gone forever.
 The walls around me crumble and leave my heart buried in rubble
 An aching heart cries out for help
 And writes itself a love letter
 The Phoenix rises and flies away.*



*A stranger in a strange land
 I find not one to relate to
 We function in different ways, these people and I
 Not one who lives and thinks like me can I find
 So alone in the crowd
 I am forced to go within for a companion
 There I searched and found myself
 My best friend and teacher who knows me well
 We talk and joke and learn of life
 We see this world and others too
 And find home within the stranger in a strange land
 Creator and created are one.*



*I am the sun on a heavy overcast day,
 You look out the window and see only cloud,
 You stay inside your safe haven,
 And feel the light and warmth that penetrates the veil.*



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