

The Supernatural Sound of Somethingness

By Alan Ayazyam

Dedicated to my Soul Mate

The Guide

The Guide is crazy and he leads you on a crazy adventure

But eventually you become a guide yourself

And then the journey is yours to guide others on

And you will know just what to do

Though it's hard to believe, it's true

You will flow with you as you

And you will know just what to do

One step at a time you'll walk through

The gateless gate

Until the world and everything in it is a blue sky

And you'll forget what it means to die

And you'll forget how to live, and instead you'll be alive

Welcome to the Moment

Welcome to the moment
No matter how you got here
You are here to stay
Welcome to the whisper
Nobody needs to know
What you'll say
Just speak away
But do so quietly
The enemy isn't far away

People Use People

People use other people

To accomplish certain goals

Now this one, now that one

There is an ongoing debate

You are the one to blame

The “is of the Uh”

Before a thought appears

Your mind clears

Before there is an “I”

Say Hi

Before there is a “the”

There is the “is of the Uh”

All Things

You are witnessing someone

This person is not you

You are the eternal
Including but not limited to
All things

The Dogma

The dogma is to sit still

And tell the truth

Do this one thing

And you will become the master of all things

Programming

Program the subconscious

To do your will

Quiet the conscious

Until it is still

The Frozen Tundra

Upon Waking I was disturbed

Wanting to stay asleep

In turmoil buried

Wanting a way out
The frozen tundra of waking life
Too much for me to bear

The Supernatural Sound of Somethingness

In supernatural hours
A saber rattles
Detailing my demise
And never ends, and never begins

And never ends

The White Page

The White Page opens

And blank

Asking to be filled

Does not wish it was not empty

But instead wishes for more wishes

A Way Opens

After a long trek through nowhere

Being given every kind of threat for non compliance

You may start on your own path

You will fight with all your might

Convinced that your will is better than the will of your master

Until one day you fall down
In agony and exhaustion
Unable to conquer your eternal foe
And then
Suddenly
A Way Opens

Nobody Here Likes You
The tired young creative
Trying so hard to fit in
Is told: "Nobody here likes you"
And feels it must be true
And no evidence exists to contradict the claim

But the creative carries on anyway

Unperturbed

Because

He is better than them

The Reason Why

As far as this road may go

I am yet further and beyond it

I cannot be described with words

Only words can blind it

Go beyond concepts

And meet me in the sky

I can show you how not to die

I am the reason why

The Means to Pretend

A mythic beast

When climbing, climbed too high

Was brought down to earth by the appearance

Of his favorite dream

Steeped in the blood of a good kill

Riding the wind of his wild will

Blessed from the beginning and cursed in the end

Without a friend except the means to pretend

Choking on a piece of Life

While Downloading this Life

You may choke as Nityananda did once

On a potato slice three miles high

If this happens do one thing for me

Retreat into the nearest tree

Find shade and wait for God's hand

In the form of your most beautiful friend

Who is asking you for something

I want you to meet my student

Who is asking you for something

He will show you the way for now

Since I can't be there with you anymore

Treat him kindly and he may share with you

His secret

I won't tell you what it is

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