

# TO UNDERSTAND ALONE

by Dan Emmons

## SET ONE

### Poem One

When times are here  
And we are left to our own understanding  
We look for sameness  
We look for structure  
We look for help and support  
But oftentimes  
But most of the time  
We find ourselves alone

When times are ripe  
And we are ready  
We want to move  
But not alone  
For all to be  
Cannot be  
Or does it have to be  
That we do it alone

I think of my God  
I think of my life  
I wonder how they fit together  
All these musings  
All these thoughts  
Are left within me  
I have them alone

From whence did I come  
Where am I going  
Why do I stand by myself  
Where am I to look  
Why is all of this  
Something I must share  
With only myself  
To understand alone

## Poem Two

I sit and sit  
Waiting  
In my sitting  
Something must come  
I wait and sit  
And sit some more  
But all I'm left with is  
How did I get here

I didn't know I had the question  
My life was like all the others  
But now that I'm taking time  
The question formed  
From whence did I come

Who shall I ask  
Am I smart enough  
To find an answer  
If it is within me  
Where is it

Many times, many times, many times,  
I sit and wait  
It draws my attention (this question)  
But it is not something  
I can figure out

And so I learn  
To pay attention  
And I do this  
Over and over  
I pay attention to nothing  
For I'm waiting until the answer comes

## Poem Three

So here I am  
Alone  
Trying to find the answer  
Trying to relax into it  
Trying to let go  
For that is what I was told

But I do not succeed  
For something pulls me  
Something draws me  
Something draws my attention  
But it comes from "nothing"

So I sit there alone  
Trying to understand alone  
But I'm feeling  
I'm not alone  
But there's no one there  
Or is there

Am I going crazy  
There's no one in the room  
But my attention is drawn  
As if someone were there  
But who or what  
Could it be

I take a break  
I look around  
I check myself  
I look in the mirror  
Am I crazy

I have nothing else to do  
So I go back and sit  
I find I am not alone  
For I have the question  
Who and what is it

#### **Poem Four**

Is this a journey  
Have others done this  
Is that the way  
That I'm not alone  
Do I have to settle for this

Are there many who feel alone  
But we are together  
In our aloneness  
Wondering  
Questioning  
Projecting  
Certainly this can't be all there is

So I sit and wait  
And listen  
Listen  
Where did that come from  
I was paying attention  
How could I be listening

Am I left with only questions  
Why these questions  
Why now, I would rather be sleeping  
Why the nite time  
Will it ever end

There seems to be progress  
I feel I am making headway  
How can this be  
I am only paying attention  
And listening

So what am I left with  
I am here alone  
I am coming to understand  
But I'm understanding alone  
That maybe there is  
Something in "nothing"

### **Poem Five**

Nite after nite  
I find myself alone  
Paying attention and listening  
To my experience  
There is a sense of progress

I've heard of others  
Wondering if something special  
Could happen to me  
As it has to them  
These that I have read about

I haven't met any  
I haven't wanted to  
They seemed so removed  
But now, maybe  
Maybe I'm ready

Is that what this is all about  
If I sit and listen  
I will become ready  
For whom or what  
Is now the time

Nite after nite  
I follow these musings  
They are becoming more meaningful  
They are becoming my reason for being  
I look forward to the nite

## Poem Six

Let's go  
Now is the time  
This is the feeling  
And yet, where  
Is it time for change

I have looked for change  
But I found myself  
Circling around  
Back to the start  
Ready to look again

But this time  
I feel a change  
I know I am ready  
Am I not doing my part  
Paying attention and listening

I found my attention  
I found my listening  
And now I have change  
Why do these feel so good  
Attention, listening, change

Am I just to be attributes  
Just qualities of being  
Is there no conclusion  
Is it merely "potential to be"  
Where am I going

How can I be satisfied  
A deeper part of me is satisfied now  
A part of me I didn't know  
But I am feeling rested  
Awake, in the nite

## Poem Seven

Why not now  
Am I discovering  
Are these secrets  
That were only for the masters  
Is this mystic

I look to myself  
I am changing  
How can "nothing" change me

These nites of observation  
These nites of questioning

Why have I not considered  
Life in this way  
Why did I have to stop  
To come to know life  
To know life in this way

Who will help me  
What will help me  
Do I understand  
Is this a gift  
That I would understand alone

Why me  
Why alone  
Why is it feeling better  
Why are questions becoming delicious  
Why do I look forward to the nite

But here I am  
This is true  
Here I am  
This is happening  
I am understanding alone

### **Poem Eight**

The power builds  
I can feel it  
Deep within  
A new place found  
But it is surely me

I look forward to the nite  
I do this with strength  
I must really be crazy now  
For I am looking forward to  
More of "nothing"

I do feel myself unwinding  
I know this must be good  
But were it for that alone  
I wouldn't be this excited  
It isn't easy

Now I have this  
To add to my list  
It's hard, but I want to  
I cannot *not* do it  
It draws me again and again

I have a life  
Can I continue doing this  
Nite after nite  
And yet this is becoming my life  
Musings in the nite

My days have changed  
I have a new perspective  
What I can identify  
Cannot be identified  
And yet, I know

So I go about my day  
Taking "nothing" with me  
It is light to carry  
Yet I have so much  
I wish to share so much

I feel stronger  
I feel lighter  
I wish to share this with others  
I wish to give this to others  
How do I share "nothing"

There is a challenge in the nite  
There is something beautiful here  
I know I am connecting with something  
What a laugh  
That something would be "nothing"

### **Poem Nine**

From nite to nite  
I continue  
Building and building  
What, I don't know  
But I am not alone

I have found this companion  
Who joins me each nite  
This companion and I  
Living for the next nite  
"Nothing" and I

I look forward to “nothing”  
Nite after nite  
How could that be the best part of my day  
Nite after nite  
But it is and I know it

So here I am again  
Paying attention and listening  
Watching change happen in a new way  
I am convinced  
I have found the right way

I am becoming content  
My need to share  
My need to be needed  
Has gone somewhere  
I do not know where

But life is real  
This is real  
I am not alone  
There is “nothing” and me  
This is my sharing  
This meets my needs

So I come back again  
Nite after nite  
To meet my needs  
With “nothing” and me  
I am truly understanding

### **Poem Ten**

To understand alone  
To understand alone  
I thought this was a predicament  
It was a gift  
“Nothing” had to show me

“Nothing” is really something  
Something near my heart  
A place deep within  
That is finding satisfaction  
Beyond what I could have imagined

“Nothing” and me  
Who would’ve thought  
In the middle of the nite  
A rendezvous of rendezvous



A sure thing  
Now I know  
I do not stand alone  
I do not feel alone  
For once I was  
But now, no longer

How could I come to this place  
I no longer need an answer  
Answers slow me down, I know now  
But questions lift me up  
Questions lift me up

To understand alone  
Is to meet my friend  
“Nothing” and me  
A sure thing  
To understand alone

## SET TWO

### Poem One

Where do you go from nothing?  
You know it's a companion that means something  
You live with the truth  
You fear dying with the truth  
But where do you go from here?

Now that you have found  
Some space in your life  
You look forward to the next  
Wondering what it would be  
Knowing you have come this far

All of the distance  
Was not in vain  
For the steps involved  
Were clearly steps indeed  
So, I must be going somewhere

There are the thoughts  
I carry each day  
I talk to myself  
More and more each day  
I know now I am not crazy

Even though I have come to value questions  
I still look forward to the answers  
But not in a concrete form  
As I used to do  
For that would be too heavy

I have been freed  
From minute details  
From specific definitions  
From closed thought  
I am freer now

So I wait  
Looking forward to  
All the gems awaiting me  
As I continue  
Paying attention

### **Poem Two**

I wake up each morning  
With enthusiasm for the day  
It's funny, I had this in the nite  
And now it changed my day  
For life is brighter now

I'm in a process  
I recognize this as a process  
I feel like I'm being carried  
I'm beginning to sense  
Who or what is carrying me

In the past  
I did not value the subtle  
My friend "nothing"  
Has introduced the subtle  
I have two friends now

I am not just with others  
For I feel them now  
I always felt something  
But it is lighter now  
And I know it is them

They say three is a crowd  
But this is an exception  
For my companions "nothing" and "subtle"  
Are not companions that come and go  
They are always with me

When I meet with others  
I have the perspective of three  
My usual engaging  
The space of “nothing”  
And subtlety as a treat

I notice how I am watched  
For others notice something too  
I come as three  
They notice I am more  
And they are curious, why?

So this new dynamic  
That I found in the nite  
Is changing my day  
But not for me alone  
But also them

### **Poem Three**

So, what now?  
I used to think  
Not anymore  
There is a new agenda  
Life is getting interesting

With my perspective of three  
And my reception as being more  
There are no dull moments  
Moments of trying  
Moments without success

I have forgotten  
What it is like to be bored  
I have forgotten  
What it is like to be useless  
What it is like to feel useless

I used to have questions  
Lots of questions  
Now there is no time,  
For observation  
Is my steady way

So I observe  
And observe some more  
I am trusting what I see  
Though I do not grasp it all  
But it is my new way of being

I thought observation was secondary  
A natural requirement  
But now I see observation  
As a force indeed  
A great force indeed

#### **Poem Four**

I used to wonder  
When I could trust  
I never thought  
That trusting myself  
Would become so important

But now that I observe  
There is a process  
Observing demands trusting  
Which seemed severe at first  
But is upon me now

I do not question  
The process anymore  
For the power of observation  
Creates a new environment  
This is definitely not periphery vision

And so I observe and trust  
Trust the process  
A process I do not understand  
But a process  
That brings meaning into my life

And so I pay attention  
I observe keen things  
I value observation  
In this attentive state  
For observation alone

A new value emerges  
I value what I observe  
Everything is worth my observation  
Everything is of value  
This I know

## Poem Five

In the process  
I come to trust  
For I am feeling something new  
This is a stretch  
From knowing alone

When I observe  
And trust the process  
I feel a prompting  
I trust the prompting  
It comes for me to follow

How interesting  
I observe  
I trust  
I follow  
To observe, trust, follow

The promptings take me places  
They tell me where to go  
I follow these promptings  
When and where they indicate  
And so I follow

I follow, I follow, I follow  
This is interesting  
Because I observe and trust  
I have the promptings to follow  
And so I do

Where they take me  
These promptings  
Seems to be okay  
Better than okay  
They are right

What I follow  
Puts me in the right place  
At the right time  
Doing the right thing  
In the right way

### Poem Six

Observe, trust, follow  
What a philosophy  
It was sprung upon me  
Or so it seems  
I did not plan it

How this can be  
Without my design  
Without my cleverness  
Just by observing  
I know what to do

At the beginning I balk  
But the promptings keep coming  
It is easier to follow them  
Than it is to resist them  
And so I follow anyway

This is interesting  
Interesting indeed  
For the process  
Is not asking my permission  
But is being continually offered to me

It is not as if I'm obeying  
It is not a demand  
I recognize an opportunity  
This is my chance  
To be extraordinary

I like being extraordinary  
For now that I am getting used to it  
It is no longer a task  
It is no longer a wondering  
I have found a sure thing

### Poem Seven

I wouldn't call this a tool  
Observe, trust, follow  
It is more of a method  
A process of life  
Available to all

I do feel the power  
The power of this process  
I didn't value awareness  
Attentive awareness in this way  
But now I live to observe

I watch carefully  
I know what to look for  
I am looking for the process  
Of life presenting itself  
To me

Before, I was busy doing  
But now I am watching  
When I was busy doing  
I kept life from me  
I kept life at a distance

All I had to do was switch  
From doing to observing  
Now I see  
What was there all along  
Waiting for me

This process  
Life presenting itself to me  
Was part of the process  
For me to  
Observe, trust, follow

### **Poem Eight**

Life is changing now  
Life is changing faster  
The more I observe, trust, and follow  
The faster the change  
The faster the change

At first it was enough  
To watch my relationship with life  
Become more meaningful  
To be in the right place  
At the right time

This was reward enough  
For following my promptings  
Meant there was a healing  
Just around the corner  
I just had to pay attention

But now  
I see more than that  
Along with  
There is change  
My life is changing

Just as I observe life  
I pay attention to this change  
This change has a promise  
I feel it  
I know it

At first I could only see  
Just what was before me  
But now I am seeing the future  
As my reward  
As my promise

### **Poem Nine**

And so my observation continues  
And so my observation increases  
I see more than the present  
I feel more than the present  
I am being drawn

I have followed my promptings  
But this is even more  
It is more than to the right place  
At the right time  
I am being drawn

What I observe keeps growing  
What I feel gets stronger  
I still trust the process  
Trust it even more  
For I am onto something

I see myself change  
I am growing faster and faster  
The draw gets stronger  
Where I had to push  
Now I am pulled

Where I looked for direction  
This “draw” corrects my path  
It is pulling me to it  
I know I can trust it  
I know it has my best interest at heart

I observe this process  
I trust this process  
I follow this process  
I am getting closer  
I am getting closer



## Poem Ten

I observe, trust, and follow  
I had to trust  
For I did not know where it was taking me  
I knew it was good  
It has meaning of its own

The draw continues  
It is there when I pay attention  
When I ignore it  
It seems to ignore me  
But I know that is not true

So I continue the process  
I watch the change  
The strength of the draw increases  
I am sensing where to  
What could draw me so?

It is like a long movie  
With a short ending  
I have endured so much  
Why couldn't the ending  
Be sweet and long as well

Sweet and long as well  
I sense the excitement  
In my heart  
For I am getting closer  
To what I now understand

Who would've thought  
That this process so dear  
To observe, trust, and follow  
Would give me the power  
To burst into paradise

## SET THREE

### Poem One

I have come to space  
"Nothing" took me there  
It provided room to observe  
Now I have the power of observation  
So what would be next?

This is a journey indeed  
It requires a lot of me  
It requires my being willing  
And for that  
I must be available

I have come to appreciate space  
I have come to appreciate “nothing”  
But now that I can observe,  
what I trust  
Is demanding more

I have felt this as an opportunity  
I know my part  
I must be willing  
I must be available  
I must be appropriate

For this will lead me on  
To a new relationship  
In my world, in my life  
A relationship that has promise  
A promise of great reward

So now I wait again  
I have grown accustomed  
To what has transpired  
To get me here  
To be awake

## **Poem Two**

I feel a stirring inside  
It is not a new stirring  
But I look at it differently  
I suddenly value this feeling  
I want to call it my “energy center”

What I am feeling is physical  
A physical sensation within  
I’ve had these sensations all my life  
But now they seem important  
Now they draw my attention

I have paid attention to “nothing”  
I observed, trusted, followed  
With all of this  
My attention is drawn inward  
To something that would seem so plain

Was I to ignore these sensations  
I've had them all my life  
I focused beyond them  
I moved to the external world  
I thought to get things done

Now I can't ignore them  
They draw my attention  
I give them my attention  
Knowing there is something here  
That I must discover

So I take the time  
To pay attention  
I have the time  
"Nothing" gave time to me  
The privilege of space

### **Poem Three**

What is happening now  
The sensations always change  
When I feel the draw  
When I have time to look  
What I find is usually different

Because of this  
Because my sensations always change  
How can this be the next step  
A step to meet the promise  
Of the power to ascend

Why would I use that word  
I'm just looking within  
Wouldn't I just implode  
Why does it feel like I'm rising  
Rising forth to paradise

So I find my main sensation  
I stay with it  
As steady as I can  
I watch it carefully  
As I observed the external world

I have learned to value attention  
To value active attention  
But my worth was always external  
Now my values are changing  
There is also something internal

I go back with renewed enthusiasm  
For the journey is full of surprises  
This is no less a surprise  
There is something of value within me  
Could it be that simple

#### **Poem Four**

I look and look and look again  
I've always had physical sensations  
But there is something different now  
Something different that happens  
That happens when I pay attention

This is not easy  
It seems to get harder  
Each new step I take  
It requires more from me  
But I am capable of more now

There are many sensations  
Some more pronounced than others  
Which one should I follow  
This question was answered quickly  
For the draw made it quite clear

The strongest sensation calls to me  
The others are no less important  
But the most predominant sensation  
Wins every time  
As if it were my goal

It is like a game  
Can I turn my consciousness within  
Can it find my predominant physical sensation  
How long can I give it my attention  
Before my true state takes over again

Why did I say "true state"  
I didn't know I had one  
I know I existed  
I didn't know one way  
Was better than the other

### Poem Five

This attention I'm giving  
To my predominant physical sensation  
No matter where it is  
No matter how it changes  
Keeps drawing me again and again

My sensations can be anywhere  
Anywhere in my body  
They can quickly move  
From place to place  
And sometimes keep moving

Sometimes they never settle down  
Sometimes the external world won't let go  
I intend to watch within  
But my issues keep me busy  
Always working things out

Working things out  
Working things out  
The issues seem to have a life of their own  
Needing my attention  
To work things out

As important as this would seem  
For I live in the external world  
Something deep within  
Is crying out to me  
Saying "I am important too"

Could this be, I ask myself  
That which calls within  
Could be more important  
Than my external affairs  
And thereby offering me more

### Poem Six

I never questioned  
My external life  
As opposed to my internal  
My external life has always been demanding  
There has always been a struggle to survive

When I had no space  
When I couldn't value observing

All I had  
Was my external life  
A life of circumstances and issues

But now I have space  
Space to think  
Space to wonder  
And a skill to observe  
To observe what draws me the most

I have become an expert  
To observe my external world  
To trust the process  
The process of life  
And to follow its promptings

This prepared me for now  
To respond to this new draw  
The draw to pay attention  
To what calls from within  
My predominant physical sensation

Now I am getting excited  
I know there is something here  
I cannot be fooled  
I know what draws me  
Wants to take me home

### **Poem Seven**

Why do I feel  
That I am going home  
Wouldn't this draw,  
That I am paying attention to,  
Take me away from myself

Wouldn't myself  
Be my home  
Wouldn't I consider  
My self to be my home  
Wherever I go

But as I watch  
My physical sensation  
I begin to realize  
This is my home  
This is my "energy center"

In a way I feel tricked  
I was led to my essence  
My essence would be my body  
Not my soul nor my mind  
But the physical being I am

I always valued the mind  
As the highest of high  
I put up with my emotions  
Never expecting much from them  
But what of my body

But this is different  
I never paid attention to my body before  
I never valued the subtle sensations  
That were a part  
Of my physical body

### **Poem Eight**

Could this be  
Could I be finding  
The essence of my being  
In the most simplest way  
By paying attention to my self

There are lots of things happening within  
But what I notice  
One cries out to me  
“Here, Here!”  
“Pay attention to me here”

So I move to the predominant physical sensation  
In answer to the cry  
Knowing there is a reason  
My essence would insist  
That I pay attention to it

And so I spend my time  
Using my predominant physical sensation  
To lead me to my essence  
Which is my “energy center”  
The center of my being

It seems that one leads me to the other  
But as I continue  
To pay attention  
I find they are the same  
They are all the same

My predominant physical sensation  
Is my “energy center”  
The essence of my being  
Upon which I have found  
Myself paying attention to

### Poem Nine

Wow  
I have found the essence of my being  
I can watch that part of me  
From which all things connect  
From which I have come

Wow  
What did I say  
From which I have come  
What am I sensing  
What am I feeling

Wow  
Could this be  
Could I not be just  
Watching a part of me  
But the “center” of me

Is the “center” of me  
The center of my little world  
When I look out at the universe so big  
Or could it be  
A connection to this all

As often as I can  
Throughout the day and night  
When I have the chance  
I follow my center  
My predominant physical sensation

And so I smile  
What a trip  
I have found space  
I have found observation  
I have found my central self



## Poem Ten

I thought I was changing before  
That was reward enough  
If nothing had changed  
For eternity,  
That would have been enough

But that is behind me now  
For my change is speeding up  
It distracts me at times  
From that which propels it  
My attention to myself

I am liking change  
This attention is so great  
It comes with a great promise  
That things will change enough  
That life will be remarkably better

So I am excited  
Excited to do the work  
To value every second  
That I can pay attention  
Pay attention to myself

For change is afoot  
I know I do not have to settle  
For life as it is  
I can look forward to  
What life can be

Wow  
I am not a spectator  
I can actively participate  
In speeding up  
Evolution

## FOURTH SET

### Poem One

So what's in it for me  
I ask this often  
For as it grows  
I keep expecting it to stop  
But it doesn't

I do my paying attention  
I watch my predominant physical sensation  
And there always seems to be more  
It keeps surprising me  
How there can always be more

In my attentiveness  
I am not only aware of my feelings  
But more and more  
There is a knowing  
At the same time

The knowings keep growing  
They have a life of their own  
They are definitely related  
To my paying attention  
Monitoring my body

There is a sense about what I feel  
There is a knowing about what I feel  
It seems to be adding up  
To a new understanding  
That is more exciting than ever

My feelings are plain  
My sensations can be uncomfortable  
But there is a reason  
Why I am doing this  
And this I know, too

### **Poem Two**

It isn't easy to keep going  
Even though there is more promise  
Even though it is exciting  
It is still hard  
Sometimes very hard

It is a continuous act of will  
To pull myself away  
From all the outer activity  
To pay attention  
To how I feel

Especially when I feel  
Not so good  
I would rather, at times  
Find a coping mechanism  
To distract me so

In a way  
It is a battle  
Not a battle within  
But to come in  
From without

If this has great promise  
What keeps me from coming in  
What pulls me out  
What distracts me so  
Why isn't it easy

Like other questions  
I place these aside  
For I know what got me here  
Will take me all the way  
This I know

### **Poem Three**

So back again I go  
Once more to the body  
To my predominant physical sensation  
Watching it carefully  
Following, following, following  
The knowings increase  
I am sensing something larger  
My attention is connecting me  
Connecting me to something larger  
My essence has a surprise

Every moment I have free  
I go back to this attention  
Knowing I am free  
To discover my connection  
My connection to life

It isn't that I'm bigger  
But I feel larger  
What I am connected to  
Seems to be appropriate  
For each moment

When I found "nothing"  
I found space  
When I found myself  
The essence of myself  
I found truth

For I am connected to all of life  
I hadn't felt this before  
I hadn't known this before  
But connecting to myself  
Was to watch myself

#### **Poem Four**

How big can I be  
It is only a sensation in my body  
Why do I feel larger watching it  
Larger is not quite it  
But I am connecting to something

I realize the difference  
The journey that had brought me here  
Had a great draw  
But now  
I am getting feed back

Am I talking to myself  
The knowings come in a language  
My language  
A language meaningful to me  
A language I can understand

The messages keep coming  
At least they feel that way  
I have given up  
Thinking I was crazy  
I accept the messages

I meditate  
I pay attention  
My sensation remains the same  
But the messages increase  
They are always more

I am starting to catch on  
The connection I have wondered about  
Is the connection between my mind and my body  
It sets something in motion  
It allows something to happen

### Poem Five

I pay attention and I know  
I pay attention and I hear  
The knowings become clearer  
I am getting feed back  
From life itself

I marvel at life  
It comes to be  
As I need it  
As I really need it  
Even if I didn't know it

Life is speaking to me  
As I pay attention  
It is like calling home  
When I pay attention  
And life answers

I like my new relationship with life  
I like what life has to say  
So I call often  
By paying attention  
To my predominant physical sensation

I call home  
Or so it seems  
I pay attention to myself  
And the connection is made  
Between me and life

That's why I'm larger  
Because I am connected  
That's why I'm larger  
I am getting feed back  
Feed back from the life I am

### Poem Six

What can I tell  
How do I know  
How far can this go  
My feed back tells me  
There is no limit

What does that mean  
I still feel limited

But I view it differently  
For what was impossible  
Is seeming possible

So I grow to trust  
An even larger principle  
I grow to understand  
That which is taking place within  
Because I am making the connection

So I call home  
Often  
By paying attention  
To myself  
Who would've thought

My heart comes alive  
It seems to know  
Where I'm going  
What this is all about  
More than my mind

My mind becomes a servant  
A faithful servant indeed  
Its job is to pay attention  
To that which connects me  
To my heart which knows

### **Poem Seven**

What does my heart know  
I find out more each day  
For the connection works  
From that place within  
Which really knows

There is a suggestion  
I balk at first  
Then I relax and listen  
I want to hear it again  
Could this be true

I know I am changing  
Faster and faster  
My relationship with life  
Is not the same as it was  
I am freer, lighter

I listen again  
Can this be true  
Is there no limit  
Can I change enough  
By making this connection

I continue to pay attention  
To the same old sensations  
But the messages grow  
Suggesting no limit  
And this can happen soon

What does no limit mean  
Now I am being told  
The heart already knew  
It did not have to cease  
It could go on forever

### **Poem Eight**

Forever, forever  
What does that mean  
I connect again  
I pay attention again  
I want to know

Evolution  
Evolution  
That's what I'm hearing  
There is something about evolution  
That I must know

Am I hearing correctly  
Am I knowing true  
Can it be  
That evolution  
Can be speeded up

I've heard of heaven on earth  
I've heard of paradise  
Can we speed things up  
If we pay attention  
To bring this about soon

The answer is a resounding "yes"  
But it does not stop there  
Moving faster and faster  
Changing, changing, changing  
Could make paradise now

What would heaven be  
I don't have to ask  
My feedback system responds  
Before the question exists  
Anticipating my every move

### **Poem Nine**

I call again  
I make the connection  
I pay attention  
To my predominant physical sensation  
And the changes keep coming

Could it be  
That we could become self-sustaining  
Could it be  
That the energy within us  
Could support us – not needing food

Could it be  
That we could become self-sustaining  
Where we would not need to sleep  
Because we weren't tired  
The energy never needed refreshing

Could it be  
That we wouldn't have to die  
That we could be self-sustaining  
Perpetually renewing  
All from within

Could it be  
That we could change  
Flexibly and spontaneously  
That our physical form  
Could be as we wish it to be

Could it be  
That we could become self-sustaining  
That all suffering  
Frustration and inconvenience  
Was no longer possible



## Poem Ten

Wow  
To say the least  
I didn't expect this  
But I won't resist  
I am hooked for eternity

Could I change  
By paying attention  
To my predominant physical sensation  
And become self-sustaining  
To ascend to paradise

Could I change  
So the struggle to survive  
Would turn around  
Not me surviving my environment,  
But my environment serving me

Could humanity make this change  
Could this happen soon  
My heart says yes  
Again and again  
My heart knows this to be true

That we could make a giant leap  
Towards a subtle state  
Of great flexibility  
And appropriateness  
By paying attention to ourselves

I no longer have to dream  
I no longer have to hope  
For this is true, I know  
My job  
Is to do the work