

DISCOVER, POLISH AND RESTORE

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Beings are not just humans
But everything that does exist
As existence is being and being is existence
The 'isness' is being—it simply is

Nothing that is—can stand separate
As there cannot be two existences
Two existences is two realities
One universe, one creation reject this

Every being is unique and similar
Unique in appearance—similar in essence
Every being has unique gifts and ability
Different but none less than another

We compare and contrast and prefer
One over others for some reason
Then try to repeat what is liked
And try to avoid what is disliked

But we made these likes and dislikes
They were never part of any being
All things are just as they are
The mind's coloring changes not a thing

It is change itself—self-imposed self-coloring
That fills the mind with great doubt
Anxiety over what may and should come
As coloring colors the mind that colors

Why go through such endless turmoil
Why not see things just as they are
Why compare, contrast and prefer
Why not accept things just as they are

Why not be the best we already are
Life is a grand opportunity for this
To stand as one with all existence
And realize—I myself am all this

The pack lightens so much in unity
Each response is a master stroke
The last note of a grand symphony
Once again echoing sounds of home

Why become something unnatural
Can we ever please everyone
Pleasing some displeases others
Why go though unneeded jugglery

Just look at the beautiful wildflowers
They never compare, contrast or doubt—
They just blossom and bloom
None any less beautiful than a rose

Just look at them—how beautiful they are
Each of them testimony to their grand heritage
There is nothing we can do to improve a wildflower
Except keep from meddling with it

Wild horses don't look like show horses
But show horses have been de-horsed
And infused with show—this is a problem
Wild horses show beauty and strength naturally

Every being, every form that appears and greets us
Is equally grand—though in their own way
Why do we have problems being the best we are
And claiming our grand heritage

Some forget this and take wrong turns repeatedly
And go from God Stock to good stock to the stock market
Soon, they find themselves out of stock
Why not discover, polish and restore