



ABSTRACT WISDOM

EXCERPTS FROM THE ABSTRACT THOUGHTS OF A POSITIVE INSANITY

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YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE

IMPLICIT BIAS DOMINATES
SHIFTY EYED, POLITE SMILE...OR WORSE
SHOESTRING CHECK, PASSING DESTINY BY ON THE SIDEWALK

SOCIETAL NICETIES PLACATE
NO WORD KEPT, FAVOR EXTENDED...OR WORSE
FOLLOW THROUGH DELAY, FORGETTING "THE WAY" OF
FRIENDSHIP

ELEVATED CYNICISM ESCALATES
BURSTS OF FEUX OUTRAGE, EXPECTING THE WORST...OR WORSE
FINGER POINTING, TRANSFIXING WOE ON THE WHOLE OF
HUMANITY

BUT YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE

LEARNED SPIRITUALITY PERPETUATES
MEDITATIVE PEACE, RIDING THE TENDRILS OF UNIVERSAL
CONNECTION...OR MORE
SHARPNESS OF INSIGHT, SHARING THE EXPLORATORY BEAUTY OF
A SPARKLING SPECK OF DUST

PUREST KINDNESS COAGULATES
OVERWHELMING GENEROSITY, SIMPLE EXPRESSIONS OF
SINCERITY...OR MORE
COURAGE OF VULNERABILITY, ACCEPTING THE ENLIGHTENMENT
OF ONE'S INSUFFICIENCIES

ILLUMINATED POSITIVITY GRAVITATES
INVINCIBLE MINDSET, THE LIGHT OF TRUTH AS A BANNER...OR
MORE
CONSCIOUS AWARENESS, WALKING THROUGH THE DOORWAYS
PRESENTED BY COINCIDENCE

REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE...

RESPONDING TO FEAR

Anxiety or fear is the great trialist. It creates a conundrum in one's mind...a dualism

It creates space for two different states... both dangerous if not handled properly by the individual.

One of the states is action...perpetual movement...motivation to self-correct.

Designed to move the ball forward...intention on motion.

This state has two modes as well.

One is purposeful...deliberate...carefully moving towards the desired outcome. The optimal response...

The other is haphazard activity...directionless...flailing. This mode cascades into exponential failure.

All tasks are incomplete or made worse...

The second state of fear is paralysis...a pause in life itself.

...a removal of the self from engaging in the now.

There are two streams of paralysis as well.

One stream can be enlightening...the wisdom of patience.

The chance to allow change to present an opportunity...a way forward...a light to turn green

...a timing window to begin the double Dutch dance.

The second stream of paralysis is the freezing trap.

The place that sticks one in time and space in one's mind...simply static...a virtual death

These all manifest in each of us throughout our lives.

The key is the ability to decide which to choose when Anxiety presents itself.

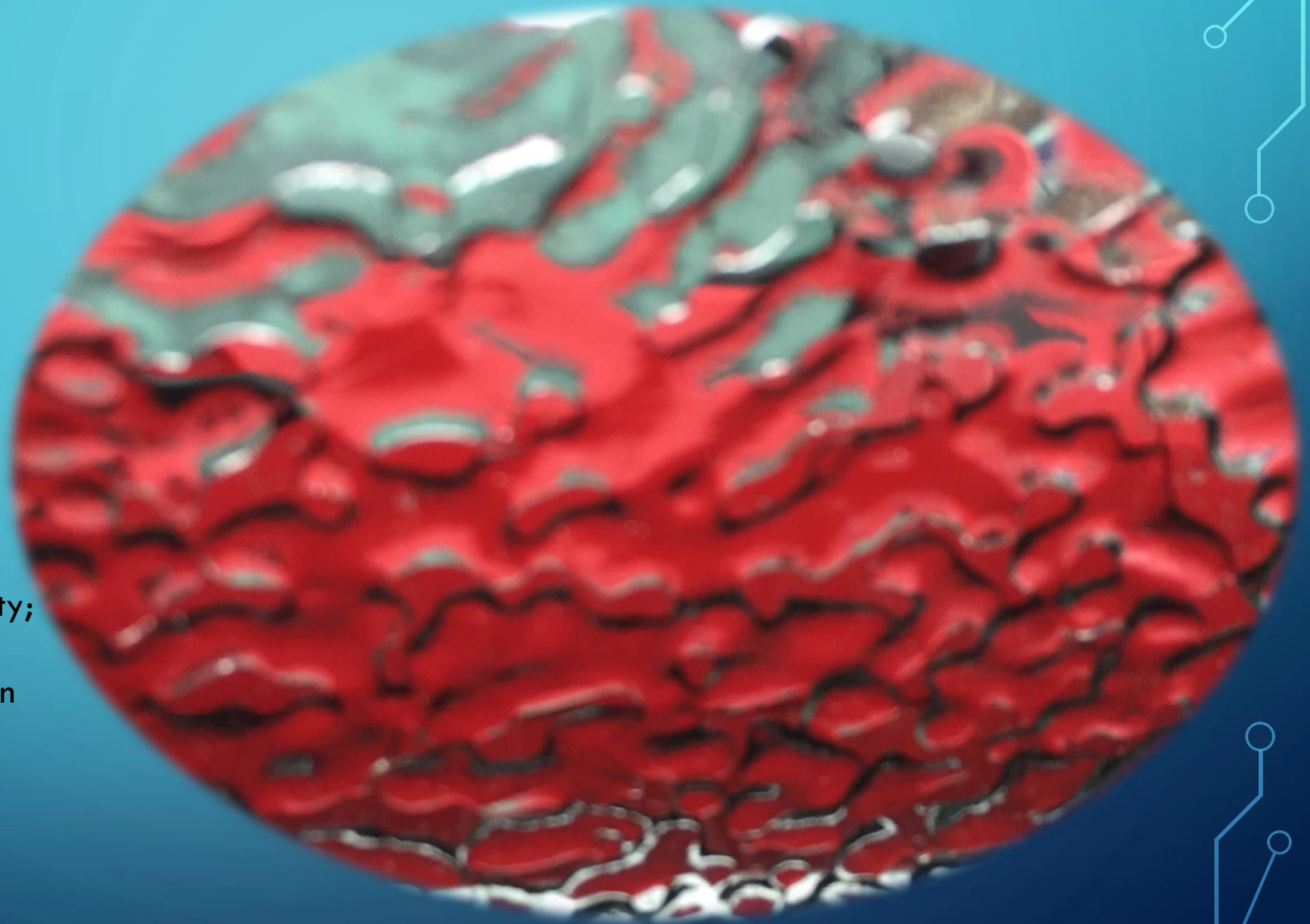
It is said that we can't control our emotions.

However, I believe that we have the ability to control how we respond to those emotions.

Insecurities are the evil
that distracts us from ourselves.
It is ironic because on the surface
they also constitute a peak of
introspection.

...disarming reality into
a surreal subconscious state
of wondering and wandering
across many planes of existence
and thought.

The insecurity's solution is the reality;
the perception of the moment...
the absence of the noise distraction
that will the metamorphosis of
surrealism to pure perception.





FLAG'S FREEDOM (A METAPHOR)

***FLAGS ARE A SYMBOL OF FREEDOM
REVERED THE WORLD OVER...PLEGGED TO
OUR SENSE OF LOYALTY TO COMMUNITY
OUR CONNECTEDNESS TO EACH OTHER
INDIVISIBLE IF YOU WILL
HOWEVER, REALITY SUGGESTS THAT THE FLAG
IS A MERE SLAVE TO THE POLE
THAT IT IS CEREMONIOUSLY ATTACHED...RAISED ON
NO FREEDOM OF ITS OWN
DEPENDENT ON FORCES OF NATURE
TO EXPOSE ITS REMARKABLE BEAUTY
SUBJECT TO THE WHIM OF DEATH ITSELF
AS IT IS LOWERED TO HALF-MAST
IN MOURNING OF THE RECENTLY DEPARTED
STRUNG UP...ATTACHED...CHAINED
BUT PURPOSELESS WITHOUT ITS TALL METALLIC PARTNER
A SYMBOL OF FREEDOM IS MERE TRASH
FLOTSAM FLOATING ACROSS PAVEMENT AND GREEN SPACE
ALIKE
AND EVENTUALLY, WINDING UP THE SAME AS THE REST OF
THE DISCARDED DEBRIS
NO POLE MEANS NO FLAG
BUT TOGETHER A SYMBIOTIC SYNERGY
REPRESENTING SO MUCH MORE THAN EITHER ALONE
AS PAIRS OF EYES GAZE HIGH
TO REMEMBER WHY WE HOLD DOORS OPEN FOR ONE
ANOTHER
LOOK UP...KEEP UP
KNOW THE FLAG'S SACRIFICE
FREEDOM FOR GREATNESS
ATTACHMENT FOR REVERENCE
CHAINED FOR LOVE***

REBIRTH OF PERSONALITY

**THE TREE OF LIFE FELLED
BY THE WINDS OF ATTRITION
EXPOSES ITS ROOTS AS FRACTALS**

**ONE TENDRIL THE EQUAL OF THE NEXT
ALWAYS THE SAME AND FOREVER REACHING
THEY DEFINE IMMORTALITY AND CONNECTEDNESS**

**THE WEIGHT OF THE FALLING SHAKES THE GROUND
ON WHICH ALL CREATURES REST
DISTURBS THE PEACE OF THE STATIC
REDUCES THE ENDURANCE OF THE STOIC**

**DRAWS ATTENTION TO THE ROOTS
AWAKENS THE MEMORY OF THE TRUE SELF
SETS THE CONFRONTATION BETWEEN CONVENTIONAL
THOUGHT
AND REALITY**

GIVEN A CHOICE BETWEEN GROWTH OR DEATH...

**...THE FIELD MOUSE BECOMES THE NORWAY RAT
THE HOUSE CAT BECOMES THE FEROCIOUS PANTHER
THE BAIT MINNOW BECOMES THE GREAT SHARK
THE LITTLE BOY BECOMES THE FIT MAN
THE FIT MAN REALIZES GOD...**



FOUL BALL

The pitcher already knows my status as I sit here in the web of his glove. He bends with head nods, head shakes and hand signals toward the catcher to allude my destiny. The batter has no choice in the matter. I am flung at his knees with a slightly curved trajectory, so fast he barely sees. But, he swings and misses anyway. He knows chicks dig the long ball. So, with all of his might he swings again to crack my face. YEP! I've seen it far too many times before. Me, screaming in a straight line towards the stands: the least perfect missile. First, the near misses...the duckers, dodgers and side steppers in the park dance away from my momentum. But once I hit the bleachers, it's on! The mad melee of the emaciated adults dive headlong under the seats after me. A flood of groping paws, mostly missing. Until, like new found love, one claims victory. The cheers and remorse ooze from the others as they have missed their chance. Their window is closed for now. Still collecting pats on the back and missed high fives and claps from her neighbors, the victorious sweetly hands her prize, me, over to her young child. She turns away to claim more admirers from the surrounding crowd. But, as her eyes re-open from the smiling facial, she sees her audience switch from jubilation to horror...the young tyke tosses me, her prize, back onto the field of play. Not missed. Just a foul ball.





The wisdom of my years
Crashes like waves
Against the impenetrable castle
That was my idealism

The presented evidence
Transforms stone into sand
And the successful alchemist
Allows those same waves

To wash the castle away...