

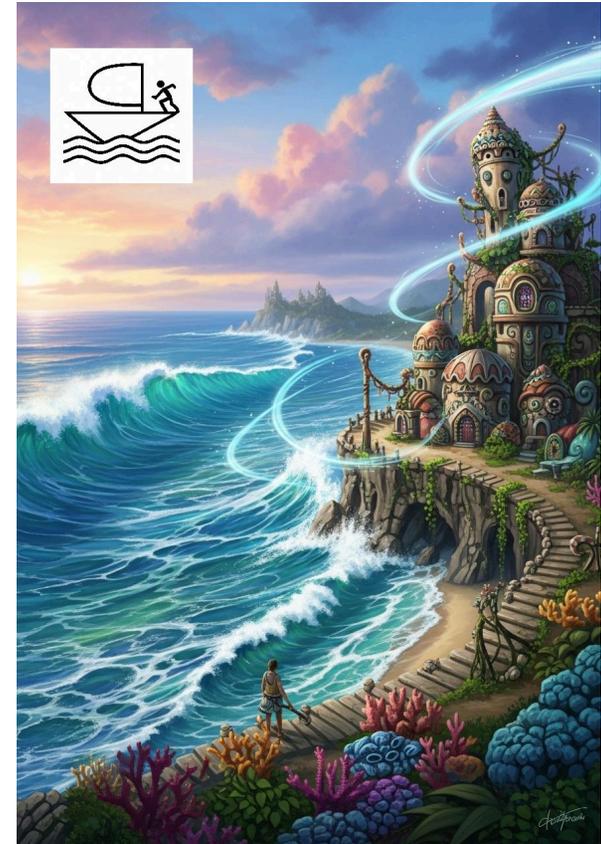
Family, my communities, and circumstance
crafted me, one of their herd.

Much of my experience can stay, but some
parts just aren't in tune.

These poems are new tales we tell ourselves,
and then begin to live.

The analyzer and dreamer in me work in union.

Eight realms, eight ways to be aware; into one I
go!



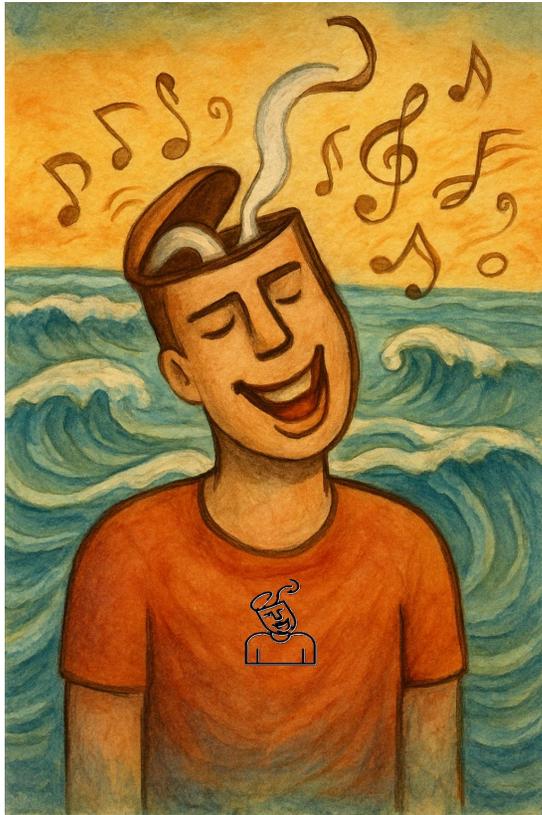
Adrift upon a realm of rolling emotion.

An oceanic abundance, ever expanding fortune.

A chaotic swirl of connection and relation.

Alive, teeming. Magick flows into awareness.

A community carved into a beachside cliff.



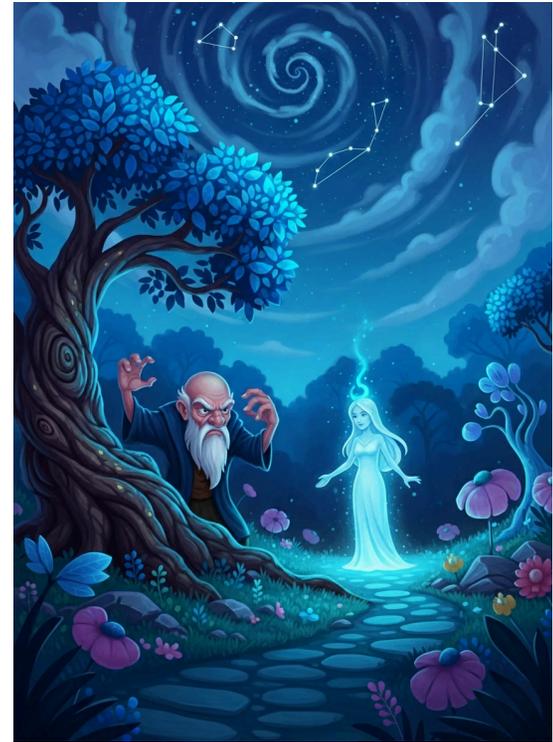
Inspiration rolls in on the waves.

My senses primed, my inner ears poised.

Intuition open wide, symbols sing a hidden truth.

It goes unseen and unheard by most,

But I drink in and reveal that sacred wisdom.



Crack up that cranky coot, Assumption.

Underneath is my guide beyond the veil,
Curiosity.

Breathe courage into Curiosity's tentative
nudge, run!

Revel in the arcane awareness.

My open mind leads me to joyous and strange
experiences!



Yearning for the unseen, to prove the Mystery.
Desperate companions with lofty promises lead
to deep delusion.
Worse yet, some deep moments in High
Strangeness have emboldened!
Eager to share and feast on others' esteem
puts the brakes on my spiritual path.
Let's co-learn instead, I learn from everyone on
both sides of reality's veil!



Hear your Ego, dear Psyche, that we may stand
in union!
Out of Chaos, we know our realm, our virtue's
champion, our shadow, and our helpers.
May my actions ever match these aspirations.
May other bearers of these virtues ally in
common goals.
May this knowledge and action move me ever
closer to my Ideal Self!



I bless myself for my efforts on this sacred path.

I bless the Order of Book Builders, sticking
apart with me in stride!

Joy from the future I KNOW I manifest by
magnetizing virtues, fills me now!

My life, my actions, when channeled through
virtues, give strength to my communities.

Grow in wisdom and compassion.