

Unconscious

Sleeping

Dreaming

Dreaming the human dream

comfortable in the dream

Don't want to be uncomfortable

A voice, is it mine?

What is this?

A disturbance...a question...makes me need to shift my position, to be comfortable

Don't want to feel uncomfortable,

Don't want to change!

Everything is fine!

Everything is not fine. And so I move, and the voice

Inside me, outside me

What is me?

What is the seed of your knowing?

How can we wake you?

How can we make you want to wake and ask more questions?

What am I not seeing?

Feeling

What moves me?

In what ways am I still unconsciously moving?

Something is stirring in the dark recess of my being, unsettled longing to awaken more fully  
longing to strip back the layers of conditioned response, longing to see more clearly

Something scuttles past the edge of my awareness for just long enough to sense that there is movement, a shadow in the corner of my inner eye

Moving

A glimpse ,again the disturbance, the call calling

How do I respond? Is this a choice?

How do I meet this? How do I move?

And as this stirring the questions begin to wave themselves more fluently into my view

And then I stop and then I come back and then again, I return...

What am I not seeing?

What filters distort my view? What do I hold in memory what lives within me that I can't see through?

What would make you willing to question everything you know and explore the beliefs you have, had, still have?

What is this space?

What is this?

Question

What am I not seeing?

The deep call, the agitation a stirring that all is not as I had known it to be

Beyond inertia a calling

That began bone deep and makes me want to have more

Makes me want to move past static notions of understanding

Reaching through the bars of my mind and grasping seeds of new discoveries to plant in places. Not guarded by the way things have always been...