

Death

What is death?
Mixing shades of black
Awash black tie-die rolling of the bones

Emotions all in-tide-en-tangled
Down to? Stopping - still: Stopping to

Something described as sleep?
Passing back to... black? Inking the before time.

Time is calling

Soon to be soon to be myself fully realized...as fully into... a calling back into oneself

Tired of acting
Awakening to self

It's:
Some say heaven
Others say hell
Still others say nothingness

I have died
Know the truth
of nothing, more or less

So know
It's no longer pretending to be something
you are not

===== Thoughts =====
Kurt Vonnegut once wrote: "You have to be very careful what you pretend to be,
because you might wake up to find that's what you have become."

In life we pretend to be many things. It's imagination in action as living.

Death is the time for us to return to our true nature, when a person no longer pretends
to be anything other than themselves.

Death isn't an ending of our paths. The moment of death is timeless and the turning
point of consciousness; it's when consciousness can touch the entirety of life. In
touching our entire nature we can stop pretending and *sigh* into the Tao.

===== Paths =====

Death is an experience which tempers the ego. Many myths have a person going into the land of the dead to learn. Even the Gods (Odin as example) would die in order to gain wisdom. I think it's true; one does gain wisdom from death, whether from personal experience or through experiences dealing with death naturally as it occurs in our lives.

Experiencing death within one aspect of our nature, ripples across our entire being. So experiencing a spiritual death is as real as experiencing a physical death. I have briefly touched upon both, and will share a brief story of my path and observations.

<p>It was death I found the passport Indeed custom's rubber stamp marked the departure</p> <p>Death and memories did co mingle I found a snapshot Indeed a black and white image recorded the event</p> <p>Leading to a discovery</p> <p>No time passed, no time existed A day, a month, a second, a year were all the same in the passport</p>	<p>Time is the key</p> <p>People think death is eternal Instead know Death is moment-less, only life is eternal</p> <p>Life mixes to: seconds, years, months, days. As jumbled glimmering glances tumbling amidst jostling Moving to a beat... As a spring sun beats down Warming life, my life, growing again as a weed</p> <p>Amidst the seconds that rain</p> <p>As time is felt and time is life and life is time.</p>
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When I was a child I constantly tested how high my sneakers could bounce me. One day the sneakers *might* bounce me high enough to touch a cloud. The day I did touch the sky was without sneakers as an ocean wave slapped me backwards into drowning. No one knew I was drowning, that my body was quitting, my mind had switched over and everything was shutting down and, well, I was over the world; I could touch and hold Earth in my hands as I looked over the Earth in my moment of death. I didn't know to be afraid; instead I explored the nature of my life. *In one moment, I touched my entirety.*

Then my brother pulled me out, back into: Breath! Wonderful breath burst back into my lungs. As a child, I knew one moment I was dying, and in the next moment I was living again. Both moments were wonderful! I was truly living in the moment. After recapturing my breath, after gaining bearings again, I went straight back to playing in the water and had a great day in the ocean surf. Years later, when I asked my brother about that day, he didn't even realize he saved my life! He just pulled his silly brother out of the water when his little brother was under the water a little too long. He had no idea my spirit was packing up to go bounce around into another cycle of my life.

Now when I tell people about my experience of drowning: almost every adult responds, “Oh my god! Drowning is the most terrible death”. I lose my words as I personally know drowning and indeed dying, can be a most wonderful experience. How do you convey an experience to a person who is so in fear of any death? I want to ask “*Do you worry about sleep, when the consciousness magically fades into the black for a few hours?*” I know the answer will be: “No: Because I wake up and remember myself”. The analogy will break down at this point, as dying, doesn’t bring you back the next day. Death brings one back into another expression of their own life, but it doesn’t normally round trip a person back into the same body the next day.

So where does this leave me in explanation?
What is my path concerning death?

We feel most alive when young
when every second is an eternity.
So no surprise people try to re-capture life
as once before
bouncing childlike between the moments.
.... Oh, it helps.....
But it isn't the answer.
How can it be when: we are not children anymore?

If you look to me for answers...
I can only admit to not having any
Perhaps in time I will have some

Matters not

As I go outside, lifting my face to the sky
feel sun, breeze, time: rain down on me
a second at a time

Many paths exist; start with the core of life

Living in the moment is the simplest to attain...
just by being in the moment.

No guru or tricks are required: It takes only patient self-exploration.

===== Stories =====

What would you do in a meeting
mixed with death, an ever nameless man and yourself?

Would you jump away?

Would you reach out?

Would you pray?

Would you ignore?

Would you discover poetry?

I am a poet, discovering poetry to be:
The end of one journey, and... The start of the next

I am a man
Once giving passing rites to another man
Now writing words meant to help those living
So others can discover

We never die alone