

The difference between silence and stillness (Thanks to Gale Ireland for taking the time to show me)

By j.mccurdy

Here in the darkness it's perfectly clear
That there is as much difference
Between silence and stillness
As there is
Between fear and faith

Its only the places in between
That house the grey
That clouds vision
Till vision goes still

It's here
In the in between
Where pain becomes our infinite gift
It's our own suffering
That causes the shift
And allows the birthing pangs to begin

It's here
In the in between
That forces us to examine
That blind space
Where nothing is clear
And nothing makes sense

In this space
We get to see our own side
To real life lessons
Where our own part in things live

It's here in the blind spot
It's in the grey, muddled toxicity
That we realize we put ourselves where we are
And therefore we can take us back out

This is the space in time
This is the harrowing place
That hones our backbone's strength,
Forces us to recognize
Our own place in the space of things

Its where fear loses its power to paralyze
And faith gives birth to itself
And slowly, gently, irrevocably
Pulls us out into the light
Of stillness

Just like our birth
It's where began and begin again
Make peace with each other
So that the mother
Can pulse through us
And out again
Without distraction
It's where we connect

We lose the need to struggle
We learn to be
We relearn
Who it is we really are
Without pretense, without ego
Without submission, surrender or conceit

And no one ever again
Gets to claim
Our truth
When the shift
Into breathing happens
Silence loses its lure
And stillness
Becomes as necessary as our breath

More Little Riddles

By Chase Frinein

The Great Release, the pow-wow at sundown
The event of a lifetime, the ultimate rundown.
The Time when time is no more on the clock
The beginning of the end, the final shock.

The king of the moment, the apex of nothing
The cle-e-ear awareness, the bliss & the suff'ring.
The thrillingest threshold, a step in the dance
The gift & the curse, the hope & the chance.

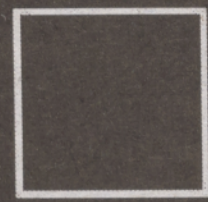
The scarlet of bloomers, the greatest of feelings
When one & one is one, the heart's grand ceiling.
Triumphal intoxication, breath to the soul
The brother of gravity, so to speak, from of old.

These are some riddles and there's more sure to come
Each quatrain's a question-to puzzle up some!
These top three are general; there'll be more written soon
So for more, to your local- Street Roots vendor, stay attunded!

(1. theaD 2. efiL 3. evoL)



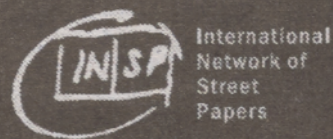
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