



## Love in a package

It came upon a morning clear  
as if I had awakened the dead,  
those of a most beloved few  
who into a mind, mine,  
spoke of who now I can become  
to alter time in terms of a love  
to each and everyone.

### How ... is what I asked of them?

How is it at all possible hate being the number one  
exceptional Western utopia?

How is it that I am to become some form of expression  
when I do prefer the quietly disposed, unaware type of an  
individual (life)?

**And** ... this was a reply they gladly chorused all nine of them  
present then ...

God does do what in you,  
you have been specifically designed potentially to do,  
however in this horrible state of globally dysfunctionality,  
love is needed speedily.

So when in your quiet time think about your past  
and clear that of a most burdensome regurgitative state;  
clear the past of loss of fame  
and clear all the hurt of lack and loss  
you did to yourself as worth self-inflict and shame.

**How ...** again I appealed to them?

How to do what you require  
when in my life a confusion  
about my own ways of being  
prior to death and dead as earthly expire?

Simple as simple, the reply.  
And I interjected and said,  
sure what of me a minuscule dot  
and You almighty of a deathly lot?

But then,  
as if a heavenly burst all in and sundry  
the light of my life, the soul's source  
belted and scratched the surface  
of my most narrowness  
and I suddenly awakened to,

**'Grow up and do your own best'.**

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So much of what I did learn as thoughts flowing  
comforted to know -  
a life is as an endlessness of a type consciousness pool  
and of a mind somewhere and somehow  
interleave and interconnect to become a voice  
as if in one's own uniqueness the head or brain  
but none-the-less powerful as any profoundness.

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So much was being known  
far, far too much to warrant then to run from  
but sit patiently on the beatification of a forest alone.

## How to explain that powerful exchange on that day?

How to interpret in a language  
lacking the knowledge, experience or gratitude  
to have of a voice within, a voice as language  
to communicate back and forth  
as thoughts do to each on of us as come?

There is a storied view of a life on earth,  
born as birth, life and death and in-between  
a life of each a most unique unfolding  
of a profoundness to us, the human  
learn of as a most powerful life living quest.

How, you may query?

## How, you may venture to ask, are we able to commune with those dead?

And the answer simply, Consciousness.

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## How possible to learn to love?

How possible to value life as is us?

How to? Well up to you, choice a given.

## This is a selfish approach. but if not ...

life all life is definitely a dying race.

So listen well ...

decide for yourself the best approach  
and cautiously, with a strength and courage,  
choose more appropriately the best of those thoughts  
that do support  
and not those to whom in sadness  
you have prior chosen but hurt and or hate.

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Nothing more, nor nothing less,  
life is a miracle – claim it as is  
and live in turmoil or create more balance  
and become an independent thinking star within.

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