

SILENT SURRENDER



Poetry from Mauna

The writings in this short booklet accompany my 3rd album under the name Silent Mind, 'Good Morning Mr. Bright'. The album was funded by supporters through a crowd funding campaign launched in June of 2013.

I spent 28 days in sacred silence at a yoga ashram outside of Montreal, Canada – the entire duration of this campaign. Upon my return to the US, I broke my silence during a performance at Nectars, a popular Vermont music venue. The first word out of my mouth was the first lyric of my first song. It was an interesting moment - particularly because, after a month of complete silence, the first words out of my mouth were my own song lyrics...

This booklet documents the journey of my experiences while in silence, written as prose poetry. It was such a profound and strong experience for me, it means a lot to share this with you. Perhaps it will help you to gain insight into my experience of silence, and bring you closer to the songs on the album. The stream of consciousness within these pages is hard for me to release as it is an expression of me at my most vulnerable, with nothing to hide behind. Please know that I am surrendering these pages and this vulnerability for the betterment of life on earth and universal peace.

Om Shanti Shanti Shanti

My Room

Written June 2nd, 2013

She is small but fitting, truly all I need.
One small window reminds my mind of the time.
Meant only for sleep, study, and protection from others, she is my cave away from home.
She wraps her arms around me without judgment as I come and go.
Storing my bed within her, she reminds me of its purpose, sleep.
Hidden behind closet doors that open uniquely to serve me my nightly cushion,
I found myself struggling at first to figure out how to release my bed.
For it too had sleeping chambers from which it seemed not to want to be bothered.
At this small, but perfect desk, I sit and write the blog per night.
This desk and I shall be best of friends soon, as it supports me in my creative and knowledge seeking efforts.
One day passes and here I am back in her tender arms, reminded,
one day at a time, in this moment, this is all we have.
Like she gives to me, unconditional love without judgment or attachment,
I too hope to give this back to her, this precious day, and myself.

The Journey Begins

Written June 3rd, 2013

A cold and very windy morning set the tone today. We often discuss weather, but rarely do we discuss our relationship to it. We assume, when mentioning the weather, that our feelings match it and so does the other persons. Today I did what is called Karma Yoga, which I will do 25 hours a week. With gratitude for my room and board I exchange my energy out in the garden, yard, and in cleaning the house. Today I pulled weeds, laid down mulch, and deep cleaned the kitchen. While doing these tasks I choose to be only with the sound of my mind as this is part of my vow of silence.

I called this entry “The Journey Begins” because with the weather being what it was, to be outside doing yard work with no distraction truly began the deep thought process that comes with silence. I found today to be a good test of my will power to remain silent, as the beginning of the silence is always the hardest. It was extremely difficult as I am trying to rid my mind of the thought of this campaign and reaching the \$10,000 goal. I hope to ultimately release myself from the attachment to the desire of its success, but once that ego gets going, WATCH OUT. As my mother said before I left, “you can always change your mind”, and although I know that, I choose to ride it out in order to use this period of 28 days to truly reach a better understanding of myself.

Like the weather, my mind was cold and ferociously windy today. Knowing it will have no satisfaction of external communication; the inner dialogue began between the intellect (parent) and ego (child) fighting for the attention of the mind (grandparent).

The intellect takes its usual stance as the parent, knowing through experience and study all there is to know and ultimately being the voice of reason. The ego, like a badly behaved child, fluctuates between moods at the drop of a dime seeking fulfillment or else immediately throwing tantrums spouting hateful words in hopes the parent will give in and give the child its desire. One moment it is emotionally satisfied complimenting and congratulating the mind, and the next it is casting shadows of doubt and berating the mind with visions of failure and worthlessness. So what can be done when the mind, with no escape, has to bear witness to this barrage of thoughts? Much like the onslaught of wind and cold one must find shelter and comfort somehow, somehow. If fear is the response, one can walk in circles, never finding shelter only to give up and suffer the pain of the harsh weather. If strength is the response one may overcome the moment, but over time will become weakened finally giving in to the circumstance. This is why the mind must be like the patient grandparent, using breath to remain calm. With a wealth of experience the mind trusts that this is yet another passing moment, which will become an experience along with all the other moments in life. With no expectation or desire the mind remains a witness to the situation following the heart, trusting that no matter the outcome, all is fine. Knowing the child or the ego is merely being a child, the grandparent does nothing but give unconditional love, patiently waiting out the cycles of irrational behavior. Over time, and with this patient practice, the ego calms down and seeks only the unconditional love. Tomorrow is another day and to today, I say goodnight!

LOVE YOU ALL!!!!!!!!!!!!

Friends And Family = Love

Written June 4th, 2013

As the sun sets on another day, I sit to write again. Not knowing if anyone will read this, I realize that this is life. The what ifs, the future potential, the maybes, with really nothing to loose I spend my days here trying to clear my mind. Making it a point not to follow this campaign online, I also try not to think about it. That has been impossible so far, although when it comes up I politely ask my mind to move on. Much like the sun sets on this pond and mountains, I realize that reflection is not the real thing, but an image of the real thing easily distorted. Today while doing my daily yard work I thought about this campaign and its potential. My mind went through all the possibilities of making the goal and not making the goal. Whenever I get flustered with the idea I return to feeling grateful that I made space in my life for this experience. For those of you who don't know, which is probably all of you, I sold my van for \$2,000 to be here this month. A last minute ebay

auction made it possible for me to afford to be here.

This month away from the campaign to be in silence and send positive energy to the charities, the record, and all of you was really all about my search to be the best person I can be, which is priceless. When it comes down to it, that's what making art is. A way to express yourself with hopes that it will transform you. Whether or not I raise this money, the making of this record, putting together this campaign, and being here has already transformed me. It's already changed my life in so many ways. When I got to this thought today is when it hit me.

I came here in order to escape the anxiety of trying to raise this money and not wanting to be nagging people for 30 days in fear that I would not reach the goal. However, what I hadn't thought is that when I asked a few close friends and family to help me, that they were going to be taking on this burden of potential anxiety. Over the years so many of you have given me so much support and encouragement to follow my dreams. You've told me "I believe in you", "do it for us", and "I think you're gonna make it". It's these little boosts of encouragement that have helped me through the endless "you'll never make it", "I just don't see it happening", and "you know this a tough career path right?" So tonight, before I go to sleep, I will be sending out all of my love and gratitude to you. You know who you are and I can't thank you enough. Your help is beyond thanks and no matter how this campaign turns out I feel we've already succeeded. To offer me the support that you all do and to take this burden on for me shows me your love, and I have so much to give back. I am here calling out from within saying thank you, I love you, and I trust you. Each day you live for yourself, but in the end you are only as strong as the community of friends and family around you. This is all we have and it's what makes us great! I love you all so much!!! Thank you for everything and goodnight :)

The Worship Of Women

Written June 5, 2013

This morning I woke up just in time to catch the view of the sunrise, right before it came up over the mountains. I knew it would be a beautiful day as there was not a cloud in the sky, and yet again my mind resembled the weather. I felt beautiful with a touch of emptiness, much like the sky looked. I felt good today, but my emotions began to come in heavy doses leaving me feeling very lonely. Everyone knows this feeling, like the one you get when you are very young or very old, and don't feel well. I realized that my emotions desired attention, and I began missing home and my wife and amazing new little dog. The interesting thing is that I knew this was quite normal for the fourth day in silence, so all I could do was relax and witness my emotions. No one to talk about this with, so I began to just observe. I made it through the morning thinking very deeply about life and this journey I'm on while I began painting the deck outside. With a beautiful view and the sun shining it was hard to be upset, so I continued to watch and listen to what my emotions were trying to tell me.

When I went in for lunch an amazing thing happened. Durga, the only woman here, came in to the kitchen to fill her watering can. I greeted her in my silent way with a soft smile and putting my hand to my heart, and she said hello and walked back outside. The next time she came in to refill the can, she asked if I had weeded the front garden. I nodded yes, and she said “thank you”, with an uplifting tone. I immediately got a rush of positivity and it all came to me! Many men are said to be “out of touch” with their feminine side. Usually when we hear this we think of men who are all testosterone and who never cry. On the flip side we often think of men who are in touch with their feminine side as “criers”. When I got this thank you from Durga I realized I had been given the gift of feminine energy. When in an emotional state, whether male or female, this is what we need. This is why in the action movies when a soldier is dying he calls to his mother. It is this nurturing vibration that we get only from the feminine that helps us feel comforted while being emotional.

A very inspiring teacher I had the pleasure of hearing lecture in India, Satyanaryana Das, spoke of the ancient Indian cultures and he mentioned the worship of women. He said, “in ancient India they worshipped women, as they are the creators. They helped to keep the civilization peaceful and thriving. They were the true rulers.” From one little comment and a smile directed with love, I was immediately comforted. I think this is why the Diva For A Day Foundation touched me so much when I first met Debbie and Peggy. As I heard them speak, as cancer survivors themselves, I saw their desire to nurture. I immediately looked at them as a reflection of my own mother and thought, wow, I couldn’t imagine what it would be like if my mother had cancer. Debbie, a mother of 5 children is one of the sweetest women I have ever met, and along with her family, this foundation is her passion. I believe she found something that most cancer foundations were overlooking, the need for women to be nurtured. Many other foundations are raising money to find a cure, but very few are doing anything to help the current patients deal with the hardships this disease brings. She truly understood that a mother, even with cancer, still puts everyone else first. This made her step forward to help these women put themselves first, even if just for a day. I think we can all learn so much from this. I often try to see every woman as a reflection of my mother. No matter what age a girl is, if you thought of her as a form of your mother, how would you treat her? Especially the young women who one day will be someone’s mother, treat them right, worship them as the creators. Thank you Mom, Adena, Ellen, Debbie, Peggy, and all the other beautiful women out there for being so strong to stand up in a world that throws many hardships your way. Keep fighting the good fight, because every man and boy needs you, especially for these kinds of days when we are in seek your nurturing, loving energy.

I Love You All.

Bless

Please check out Diva For A Day at www.aktivaday.com
Learn more about Satyanarayana Dasa at <http://www.vrajababaji.com/>

Lack Of Food For Thought

Written June 6th, 2013

For those who know me personally, especially my co-workers at the restaurant I work at, Thursdays are a day that I try to fast in order to show devotion and practice control. Today has been a drearily rainy day and the colors of sunrise, the actual sun being covered by clouds and mountain, was the last glimpse I caught of that beautiful ray of light. It seemed a perfect beginning to a day seeking freedom from desire. I watched my first desire, a sunny day, disappear before my eyes with it's tantalizing beauty. Our desires are pretty much constant, and for each one we fulfill there is another on deck waiting for your undivided attention. Day 6.5 of silence and the desires came rushing in. The best part about being in silence is the opportunity to observe these desires without interruption or distraction. I found myself coming close to laughing out loud a few times today while watching my mind run rampant desiring everything from the success of this campaign to the detachment from the success of this campaign. That's what truly makes me laugh, the desire for no desires or at least detachment from them. So where do I go to achieve this feeling that will hopefully fulfill my desire to be happy. It seems the only salvation is truly being in the moment. Desire is an interesting thing, as it cannot exist in the present moment. It is based purely in the future. Our mind springs a thought of something we want and then the hunt is on. We go chasing this desire until it is satisfied or we are distracted by a new desire. That why marketing people are flooding you brains with their products, because they know some other product is about two seconds away from taking over. They want their image to be so strong that you feel you cannot live until you have their food, clothing, or whatever else they are selling. The best part is we all know this about marketing, but it still gets us anyway.

I worked in the garden today removing grass to make a bigger area to plant and if you've never done this without power tools, you should try it some time in your life. I now have a new appreciation for my landlord who comes each year to roto-till our garden. While using my shovel, hoe, and rake, my mind would constantly drift to what I was going to write tonight, and wondering how this campaign is doing, and all the food I can't wait to eat tomorrow, and a million other things. I used the hard labor to try and dial into my breath and be conscious of every strike with my hoe aiming to avoid slicing worms, slugs, and other critters in two. While doing this I found glimpses of the freedom I referred to earlier, but only when I was truly in the moment. With that being said, I hope you will all sit down to your dinner tonight and just take 5 seconds before digging in to recognize your surroundings and take in the moment. No matter where you are or what's going on, you are blessed to have that moment and whomever you're sharing it with, even if it is your silent self, this is all I know of true happiness. Now chow down and have an extra serving for me :)

Love you all!

A Letter To My Mind

Written June 7th, 2013

Tonight I will begin a yoga training that will last the weekend. It is one of two trainings I will be doing while I am here. I am blessed to receive these trainings in exchange for the karma yoga I have done over a couple weeks in May and this month. This weekend my goal is to silence the mind as much as possible. It has been quite the show up there in my head for the last seven days and I'm hoping this weekend I will learn some techniques to help silence the thoughts a bit. My aim is to take a more poetic/prose approach to these writings now that I have gotten through the first week of explaining the vibe in a more diary style blog. Until the 29 of June, enjoy and thank you. I love you all!

A Letter to My Mind

When will you stop?

Is there never an end?

Waiting for an answer to your question,

Statements with no apprehension.

Even sans mouth you run all the time.

I cannot ignore you, for you are my own.

I cannot distract you, as this gives you power.

The slide shows I've seen will never be gone.

With breath I'm free to live through an hour, alone.

I cannot please you, your desires are infinite.

Sometimes it seems there's no escape.

You disease me, I'm tired, and you're into this.

Please leave me, you're fired or I quit.

Can we make peace?

I truly care, but it's too much.

Can we just have a balance?

I'd like to sit back and let you do your thing,

But we must have some rules inside this tiny ring.

We share this and always will,

So be a good roommate and let's grow together.

These rules are simple and will make you feel better.

Rule number 1

No running, walk slowly, it's much safer.

Rule number 2

No judgment. Let others be themselves, they are not you.

Rule number 3

Be kind. Not just to them, but to me too.

Rule number 4

Have compassion. You may think you know, but so many times I've caught you having guessed wrong and you end up making us look horrible.

Rule number 5

Settle down that ego. You don't need to be the best or perfect, especially because there is no such thing. Act for right action and not reward. High school is over. You graduated, got into college, and graduated from there 10 years ago. The grading system should be a distant memory by now. I could go on forever, but you know what I mean.

Rule number 6

Have trust. Realize fear is unnecessary and let the world unfold around you. Trust will keep you away from things that are fearful anyway.

Rule number 7

Let go. You hate anxiety so why create all these things that cause it. Let go of your expectations and your desires and live in the moment.

Rule number 8, the final rule.

LOVE. Feel it in everything, everywhere, and use it often. If you follow this rule you will automatically be following all the previous rules.

Now go to bed and get some real rest. Enough with those crazy thoughts making dreams that prevent you from the good sleep. Good night, I love you, and we'll do this all again tomorrow!

Silence, Settle In

Written June 8, 2013

No way out.

Nothing to grab onto in here.

All objects finally removed, we scratch at the walls.

Finally exhausted and out of breath we sit and have no choice but to relax.

Hey, it's not that bad in here with all that clutter gone

Actually, I think I can get used to this.

What now, nothing.

(Deep Exhale)

The Luckiest Man

Written June 9, 2013

A man lives in the woods.

A partner for life.

A way to pay bills.

A small best friend.

Passion and compassion.

A way to express it.

Tools to be creative.

Food to eat, grown by neighbors and on his own land.

Friends and family in abundance.

Plenty of air to breathe.

Sun and rain take their turns,

As do day and night.

They have their health.

They have their minds.

They have their spirit.

The luckiest man lives in the woods.

Misty Morning

Written June 10, 2013

The clouds descend from the sky and fall to the earth.

They settle in the trees and move slowly as if stuck to the branches.

The cool morning sun rises in its beautiful splendor singing the colors of the universe.

Gently it ascends, beginning to focus with its brightest hue.

A little higher it climbs to unite with the sky shining brilliance down upon the rolling cloud filled valley.
With magnificence and an overwhelming strength, it burns away the clouds drop by drop, dissolving all the moisture until it unites with the earth creating energy for the valley to grow.

To hide, the dew settles into the leaves as the sun makes it way to the highest point in the sky.

Fully burning all dampness, taking back all the stagnant water, the sun continues it all-powerful dance.
Leaving the valley floor dry continuing to energize the earth body, the fierce sun begins to make its way down the backside of the sky, leaving the valley at peace to rest and relax until another day tomorrow comes.

We Are One

Written June 11, 2013

As one we are all but the same.

From the beginning to the beginning, where is the difference?

Only here is there truth.

Breathing breath, bleeding blood, feeling pain, we are the same.

External difference is the illusion we face.

This is our pain and suffering.

This is what we must overcome.

Our true unity is the expression of life that surges through each pulse
of our ever-beating hearts.

Connected to one rhythm in the perfect song we improvise our daily dance
seeking release from any missed steps.

Let's dance together to this divine song that unites every atom of our being
and move upward to our future.

A place where this beautiful song resonates constantly in our hearts played through the speakers of nature,
vibrating on and into all of us forever.

In The World

Written June 12, 2013

*It's as if I have pulled the subconscious floor up so high that even when awake I am dreaming.
Living in the mind with eyes gazing upon their lids or earth, is it not all an illusion? Trapped in the finite
space walled in by four sides of the skull I seek a way out.*

The obvious doorway of pushing the tongue to open the lips must not be taken.

I know there is another way.

*Now I wade in the water of this box floating on the surface of these thoughts, knowing that eventually I will
find the answer.*

*Becoming weightless and observing the water below, without taking a sip, without indulging in a swim, I see
my escape. Here, above the water where sky and sea meet, I shall float above like a sea bird gliding gracefully*

*Until the ocean offers nourishment, then, and only then will I swoop down with speed and courage to take
action.*

Acquiring only what is needed to provide this temple balance before my journey continues.

*In this flight, I will join other birds, which also have learned to live at sea without wading in its waters, flying
swiftly above it with grace.*

*As we glide daily under sun, moon, and stars among the perfect ether, filling our lungs with precious air, we
now see that the water is only there to provide a reflection of our true nature.*

A calling to be in the world, but not of it.

The Cycle

Written June 13, 2013

Existentialist cycles I see.

All with nature, the birds, the bees, the trees.

What brings forth these cycles but a desire for freedom.

Missing something, a generation yearns for a better life.

We want this freedom.

We seek the truth sought before us.

We want to know why.

Knowing the existence of the past the search continues with great aim.

Zeroing in on the target through practice we try and try again.

This cycle will inspire the future of thinkers, so waste not time.

Help them to see the past through the lens that shows this pond, or the leaves of grass.

Guide them to the road of dharma, and the words of the golden gate.
Remain true to the ever-expanding mind that rests soundly on such firm bedrock of thoughts come before.
Solidified into stone, lying so deep it truly is one with earth.
Write, act, sing, create, and do these loudly so that all can hear your joy.
Let them be inspired by your passion for truth.
Give them a reason to take up the pen.
A reason to use the lips in person, amongst many.
The challenge remains, and we stand, one nation, under god, seeking liberty, truth, and justice, for all.

Infant Eyes

Written June 14, 2013

While silent, listen to your mind.
Listen to stories of the past through its perception of the now.
Go deep, truly focused, and listen closely to the past.
This is the karma that is spoken of.
The karma that silently greets you at sleeps doorway.
The karma that speaks so quickly before you have a chance to think.
The karma that's etched into your being and currently steers the ship.
Arrest this karma, put it in the interrogation room under the hot lights and make it speak.
Make it tell the deepest darkest secrets that you have long thought the case was closed on.
Reopen everything from this knowledge.
Investigate all that was in order to restore what is.
This is the way to purity, a silent mind, a mind with the essence of a child.
Free from guilt and sadness.
Free from anger and pain.
Free from distortion and judgment.
Go within and clean out the old photographs, they are no longer of any use.
Release them and burn them in the ceremonial fire, knowing they existed, but are no longer attached.
From here is where you begin again.
Simply living like the child, free and clear of all things past.
No expectations for the future.
Simply watching, witnessing your life unfold with the clarity and beauty of infant eyes.

I Shall Not Yet Speak

Written June 15, 2013

I cannot yet speak of the workings of my mind.

I cannot yet speak of the passion in my heart.

I cannot yet speak of the ever-changing world.

I cannot yet speak of emotions and their depth.

I cannot yet speak of control of oneself.

I cannot yet speak of the judgments and why they're made.

I cannot yet speak of my true purpose in this life.

I cannot yet speak of feeling no duality.

I cannot yet speak of living as the witness.

So I shall not yet speak.

Fast Life

Written June 16, 2013

Fast food, fast times, high speed internet.

Speed dating, speedy service, in and out.

Turbo charge, quick results, 30 seconds sells.

Is 30 seconds enough for our cells?

Barely.

Fear the word.

The word is patience.

I know what I want, and I want it now.

Three I's, two wants, one now.

Traffic jam, long lines, use your mind not the cell,

Otherwise, before you know it, your mind is a cell.

Slow down, stop, and actually take a moment to see yourself.

Could I let it go?

Do I want to let it go?

When will you let it go?

Now.

The only truth lies in the moment,

And this fast life is making us miss it.

Living On A Prayer

Written June 17th, 2013

Whoa, we're more than half way there, who-oh living on a prayer. Sorry, the Jersey in me just came out and I needed to infuse some Bon-Jovi into this blog. Also, I haven't sang in 2 weeks so all these random songs just start playing in my head.

Today I wanted to write about dreams since I have been having many crazy ones in the past two weeks. When I say dreams I'm referring to both the ones from the conscious and subconscious.

The Conscious

While awake I catch my mind drifting from the present moment into the future and the past. Since this has been something I am trying to control by aiming to stay in the present moment as a witness, often I catch myself amidst one of these mental detours and become aware of where I am. I have found it to be an incredible practice, as one has to work really hard to maintain in the present. However, from personal experience it does get easier, although some days harder, and you start to find the past regrets and future desires are only vehicles to help you gain perspective of the present.

I try not to think about the fundraiser and when I catch myself pondering, pretty much at least once a day, I bring myself peace by reassuring myself that when I do return on the 29th, the result will be the same whether I think about it constantly or not. The difference will be that one scenario causes stress and anxiety, and the other one allows me to enjoy the moment as it is.

The Subconscious

Many of my dreams have been a revival of things from the past or at least scenes that remind me of people or places from the past. I imagine the time and exercises I have been practicing here have been opening many of my hidden treasures that I thought were taken care of long ago (or I just chose to bury never to recover). Interestingly there has been a theme in these dreams, which I have a perspective on but will leave it to you to develop your own. The theme is feedback. For those of you who don't know what feedback is I'm referring to these two definitions:

1. Return of Output: the return of part of the output of a machine, system, or circuit to the input in a way that affects its performance.

1. Noise in loudspeaker: the high whistling or howling noise caused by feedback in a loudspeaker.

To be specific I had one dream where I was in a recording studio and the speakers all of sudden started feeding back to a piercing level. It was so loud for so long that I thought I would become deaf and never be able to do music again. When I finally turned it off I realized I could hear but that I had this new perspective of the silence.

The other dream was last night, where I found myself chanting with circular breathing to the point that it was just like the feedback, but a low note this time. All the people in my dream seemed to like the vibration but when they would talk to me I couldn't hear them or stop chanting.

So these have been some of my day and night dreams which brings me back to the present moment and something that silence does to your mind. Never speaking and trying to just be a witness of the moment is kind of like living in a dream. You start to wonder if you are awake or asleep because the two are really not that far apart anymore. There really isn't much that separates the two feelings so you end up walking around as if it is just a dream. That got me thinking about my life, and if there really isn't much of a difference between the waking and sleeping dream, does anything really matter. The answer I arrived at was....YES.

The thing that matters is NOW. Whether asleep or awake if most of the time is spent in some reflective or projecting state then are you really living? So this little ramble is dedicated to all your dreams. May they all come true NOW! If you try, you might realize that the moment is the dream and you can take control of it just by changing your perspective.

Thank you all for being a part of my waking dream and I have all the gratitude in the world for each and every one of you as without you this would all be a daydream instead of this beautiful reality I'm living in. I look forward to seeing you all when I return and don't be a stranger, leave a comment; it's my only connection currently to the outside world.

I LOVE YOU ALL!!!

A Tension

Written June 18, 2013

Temples tight, clinched jaw
Thoughts in sight, inside they thaw.
Dripping off the cold to come alive again
I see them, as clear as the day they happened.
Replay, rewind, play, rewind, play.

Scene play as I sit watching like a movie critic.
Cinch the jaw, tighten the temples.
Scene after scene I watch with great attention to detail.
What happened, why did it happen, what does it mean, what can I learn?
Now, detach and parasail over it all.
Notice the still ocean beneath your feet.
On land, at the edge of your sight the drama continues.
With the wind in your hair and sun on your skin, just witness it all.
Enjoy the ride making sure to pay attention.
This is the way.
No tension through attention.

Heart Song

Written June 19, 2013

Deep in my core searching for the jewel I excavate with purpose.
The one desire craved by all, nourishing like food but for the soul.
At the core its green glow shines a breathtaking luminescence.
I dig deeper and find the thread from which it began.
12 petals vibrate, attracting its nearest neighbor to glow.
In sync these jewels begin the hum of that perfect tone.
The silent music connects each and every one.
Millions have come here to examine.
Millions more discuss, argue, and create over its power.
Search for this jewel,
The jewel of wisdom,
The jewel of being,
The jewel of sharing,
The jewel of compassion,
The jewel of pure love,
A power no one can live without.
A birthright from mother to child,
Silently conversing over her beauty it began.
Share in its purity with others.
Feel it's endless arms wrap around the world and squeeze tight.

Embodied within us its charge is great and reminds us of our true purpose.
The compass of our sanity, sanctity, and community.
Follow it north and continue,
You will find the source.
Through all ills and horrors of man,
Follow it still,
You will find the source.
Let its pulse beat the rhythm of your journey and know this blessing.
True north points within,
Now begin the journey to the perfect, glowing jewel that powers each of us.

Country Moment

Written June 20, 2013

Each blade of grass blows in the wind.
Each flower blooms.
Each foot, steps.
Lower your head under the branch.
Rocks of all shapes and sizes.
Mountains shade the valley showing off their size.
The blue sky against the late day sun.
Fresh country air massages the lungs.
The stillness of the lake against the movement of the branches swaying over it as if they might jump in for a dip.
Birds continue their endless calls.
Chanting them all day, each one has its song.
The moon gets into position on deck for its evening show while the sun finishes up preparing for its splendid encore.
Take all of this in through each sense and remain in awe.
This is life, painted on the country canvas,
And I am here, just as a witness to it all in silence.
Taking it in and savoring each bite through breath,
I am not alone, sharing this experience with the bees, frogs, water birds, and leaves/
Together, we are all one of the same beautiful moment.

19 Hours

Written June 21, 2013

Wake, breathe that first open eyed breath.

Begin the chant inside before the mind begins its craze.

Splash the eyes, then the teeth, clear the nose, then the internal tract.

Find yourself and give gratitude to any form you choose.

Now, begin to breathe deep.

Silence your thoughts and focus on your breath.

Remove any provocation from the minds chatter through focus.

Focus deeper into the center of yourself.

Journal your experience.

Repeat the words 108 times at least.

Lock and release, lock and release, lock and release, lock and release, lock and release.

Stand and pose, 18 varieties to relax and recharge.

Oil, then clean, dry, then dress.

Keep the mind still, be the witness.

Boil the water, heat the bread,

Thank the order, and eat what's fed.

Clean the mess, sip the tea and begin.

Shoes at the door, many tasks await.

Paint the deck, rake the grass, clear the mess, some sun at last.

Clean the tools, wipe the sweat,

Keep the shoes, you're not done yet.

Break for food, a bit to read,

Back to work and planting seeds.

The sun beings to fall, repeat again the system all.

Post this blog and say goodnight,

The same tomorrow so do it right.

It All Starts Here

Written June 22, 2013

Follow me into the forest of the mind.
Watch as I show you the caves and waterfalls.
Trail after trail this acreage is infinite.
All the seasons, all types of landscape in this one place.
Follow me further into your past.
The things you thought you lost.
The times you wished you had.
Through the halls of grammar school into your teens.
A college in the city, this is where we put together the dreams.
So follow me now, even deeper still.
Into your future, the one we made together.
From tomorrow to middle age and beyond.
All planned out written in the landscape of this forest, let us walk.
We walk past your children, the dream house, and career.
Then onto the sadness of losing things dear.
But all of this is life, and you watch it on the screen in your mind.
Then I turn off the projector, because you stubbed your toe, and now you realize you've already grown old.

The Little Self

Written June 23, 2013

Constantly at my door, like a salesman he rings.
Waiting there through all weather, always ready to hand me something.
Convinced he is my best friend telling me how great I am.
Turning me against others in order to lift me up he cries his plea to let him in.
You cannot hide from this salesman as he knows you're always home.
Even in sleep he sends me brochures of my potential.
He has tactics to keep me in his grips and never let me leave.
Stuck in this house trapped by his overpowering pitch,
I start to rummage through the attic finding old belongings he once sold me.
As I go through them one by one, I notice the dust.
I notice, through knowledge gained from time and experience, that the words he used to sell me these items

were false.

Now all the items look the same, a reflection of his clever sales pitch, all false.

All tattered and torn taking up space in this once beautiful and uncluttered attic,
I begin to clean and let him witness from the lawn as I boldly toss all his past sales onto the lawn.

I need no refund, for the knowledge is payment enough.

He calls from the lawn trying still to defend their worth,

But I continue the cleaning and laugh at his cries.

Oh so desperate and why?

What does he have to prove?

Who is his employer but me?

After ridding myself of all the old stuff I come down from the attic,

And for the first time in years I go to the door.

I greet him with open loving arms and invite him in.

He seems cautious and confused at first,

But as I repeat my comforting words he lets go, willing to enter the house with me.

Then we chat, but about love not “things”.

He remembers love, it was about 30 years ago he recalls true love, and in recalling it he can't quite figure out
where or why it left.

He then begins to reflect on images from the past, and tells me about the warehouse where he collects these
items he's sold me over the years.

He also tells me that he is not sure why he does this job and even though he sells to me, he has always thought
me to be his boss.

So today as I invited him in with loving arms to listen, he begins to let go.

Both realizing a long road ahead to full recovery, we agree to no longer be adversaries.

When he comes with something to sell, although I will not buy it, I respect that it is his duty.

Then I will invite him in and we can look at the item together and just talk about it.

He told me its not selling the items to me that he really wants anyway.

He just wants me, as his boss, to look at what he has and be the one to relinquish him of the responsibility of
storing the items.

This gives him deep comfort and love, merely being understood and given a purpose.

The salesman and I have made this pact and from this day onward we will both work hard at our jobs.

Him showing me products, and me just taking them off his hands, and setting them into the river just to
witness them in their passing moment.

This might just be the best deal we've ever made.

The Nature of Friends

Written June 24, 2013

The sunlight brings you clarity in vision, freshness, and life. It provides energy, warmth, and nurtures all that provide for you. It is the source of all things that exist on earth and gave us our elements of love and the ability to sense them.

The sky gives you space. It is unobtrusive yet allows all to come and go as they please. It gives you perspective letting things exist within it. It reflects all colors bringing beauty to your life. It remains unchanged only to be a canvass for the ever changing. Hear her magic silence.

The wind moves clouds, cleans the air, helps you breath, caresses your skin and keeps you cool. It dries you when wet, it powers you in the right direction, or steers you away from the wrong one. Feel her perfect touch.

Fire warms you, keeps away predators, cooks your meals, and gives you light in the dark. It changes things that are stubborn, or quickly burns away the unnecessary. See her beauty.

Water washes you clean, quenches your thirst, and cools you down or heats you up. It helps you travel swiftly in times of need, and can remind you to stay grounded. Taste her purity.

A rock is sturdy, solid, and protective, through all weather. It can endure the most intense hardship and still it does not move nor does it shatter. Smell her precious scent.

Surround yourself with those who are this, as they are your true nature. Everyone needs the sunlight to live, the sky to show you perspective, the wind to cool you down, fire to protect and keep you warm, water to quench your thirst, and a rock to keep you steady. Keep these as the nearest and dearest in your life.

Last night I left this property other than a walk for the first time in 23 days. I went to a Kirtan at a yoga studio, which for those who don't know is a traditional Indian devotional sing-along. I, of course, just sat breathing and taking in the energy. I was amongst truly incredible people who were open and loving and seemed to have a deep respect for my wish to be silent. The fact that they were all speaking French definitely helped :)

To say leaving the ashram for a few hours was needed is a serious understatement. Just feeling the wind in my hair on the ride over brought my sensitive non-talking self to tears. My appreciation for life has truly blossomed into the most delicate flower, and in being silent for 23 days so far, I am feeling the truest sensitivity to all things life.

The Tree Of Life

Written June 25,2013

Here in the center of this flower, I gaze at the world around me.

I develop with the opening of the flower into the beginning of my potential.

A bird comes and picks me off my creator and life begins.

Landing somewhere in a field I feel my chances are good.

With my hard shell I begin by soaking in all the beautiful moisture from the rain and soil.

As the sun repeatedly dries me out my shell begins to crack and I reach for the stars.

I wait, germinating amongst other seeds feeling the earth for the first time.

As I grow, the knowledge of sun and rain continue to get closer, I can sense them both.

Slowly I come above ground and feel the first drop of water directly from the sky.

Then the radiance of the sun shines its incredible strength and beckons me to reach up.

It promises me that with each effort to reach its light it will shine down to me ten times stronger.

I begin my slow climb and see incredible manifestations.

From this view, not only do I notice my roots, branches, and leaves, but that of my neighbors.

We are all one, sharing space, and we look magnificent.

Then, the sun and rain continue their dance showering me with the perfect combination of love.

All of a sudden, I notice my first flower, and quickly appear many more.

As if in the blink of an eye, my existence becomes entirely clear to me and I begin to weep and laugh with intense joy.

I am now the holder of thousands of little seeds that look exactly as I remember myself just a short time ago.

I notice the birds and bees coming to be with me daily.

Joy brimming over, I feel a prick in my branch and notice a bird has picked my fruit.

It swiftly flings from me and soars through the air.

As the sun sets, its brilliant hue touches me softly, putting me to bed.

Tonight I will sleep soundly, as I have truly seen my cycle revealed.

Know Your Self

Written June 26, 2013

Deep inside your heart, know your Self.

In you bones, know your Self.

In your blood, know your Self.

In your hair, know your Self.

In your limbs, know your Self.

In your smell, know your Self.

In your taste, know your Self.

In your sight, know your Self.

In your touch, know your Self.

In what you hear, know your Self.

In the bird, know your Self.

In the ant, know your Self.

In the spider, know your Self.

In the mouse, know your Self.

In the flower, know your Self.

In the weed, know your Self.

In the tree, know your Self.

In the herb, know your Self.

On the mountain, know your Self.

In the water, know your Self.

With the wind, know your Self.

In the fire, know your Self.

In the sky, know your Self.

In your home, know your Self.

At your work, know your Self.

While in traffic, know your Self.

At the party, know your Self.

In your child, know your Self.

In your mother, know your Self.

In your father, know your Self.

*In your sibling, know your Self.
In your partner, know your Self.
The Self is always there, and always will be.
You are truly the Self.*

The Musician

Written June 27th 2013

*Not a choice in this life, I begin to compose.
It wakes me from my sleep,
Jolts me from my peace,
Calls me at the worst times,
And keeps me from my love.
I must go when it calls,
As it beckons me to fulfill my duty.
I have no choice in the matter,
when the song comes I must sing,
I must write, I must create.
Homeless on the street, it calls.
Exhausted from the day, it calls.
Starving for a bite, it calls.
Sleeping in the night, it calls.
Infinitely this black hole will forever command me with its gravitational pull.
It is truly my master and my love.
It tests me to become what it knows I possess.
It asks for nothing in return but to simply continue.
I breathe its air, smell its scent, and taste its sweet melody, all calling me to carry on.
I am trapped in this loving music box, and I will never retreat.*

The Ever Changing Tides

Written June 28th 2013

These waves crash upon me daily.

Each one with a signature sound, size, and force.

I take them as I they come.

Floating in the vast ocean I remain close to the shore

Attached to the ever changing tides that never cease to come.

I begin to listen as my head remains under the oceans surface.

As the sound of these waves beat their drum

I become entranced by their rhythm and begin to dance.

Drifting on the surface, I start to focus inward and float out to sea.

Before I know it the crashing waves are no more.

The once thunderous drumming is now a soothing flute melody,

And I am lost at sea floating on the surface far beyond the crashing waves.

I gaze into the sky and know myself through the image of a star, bird, or the moon above me.

I relish in the silence of my weightless body as if one with the ocean.

I dance in perfect stride with the Earths 24 hour song, riding her from moment to moment, watching her steps.

I no longer feel the push and pull of the crashing waves or have to gasp for air recovering from their punishment, as now I float along on the oceans surface in peace.

Massaged by the water, energized by the sun, cooled by the oceans breeze, I gaze into the vast infinite sky knowing I am the earth.

Final Words

Written June 28th 2013

This being the last blog I will send from silence, I wanted to do a quick reflection and share something I've learned. Being in silence I must admit, was not easy. Not because I wanted to talk or that I missed conversation, it was the mind that made it truly difficult. Daily we live in a world of distractions, and before we know it we realize it's been a while since we've checked in with ourselves. I spent the last 28 days constantly checking in. In fact, there wasn't a day that went by that I didn't spend focused on the mind. As I would watch it start to trail off in thought my goal was to bring it back to the moment as quickly as possible. I tried not to read more than an hour or two a day, only reading uplifting forms of literature and avoided stimulation like music, television, the internet (except to post these blogs), caffeine, and certain kinds of foods.

Doing this gave me a lot of practice reeling in of the mind. It was in my silence that I came to have my two most profound understandings of life.

The first is to serve the fellow man. While spending an average of 5 hours a day doing manual labor around the property here, I found that I had to come to an understanding as to why I was doing all of this. There is nothing in life that will bring you more joy than serving and creating joy for others. I know that seems like some hippie stuff, but it's the truth. Although it takes much practice to break from our ego based materialistic western selves (me included of course), once we start learning to give without desire for reward, we will never look back. In a world that tells us to take, take, take, we must fight the urge and instead, give, give, give. Soon we find instead of taking all the time we will find ourselves receiving, which again is a much better feeling.

The second lesson that I learned was that only you have the knowledge you are looking for. That is not to say that there isn't knowledge outside of you, but in order to truly comprehend this knowledge, you must be connected to the knower inside of you. Focusing on your intellectual knowledge is more of the memory you've maintained in life as opposed to knowing. The knower inside you has the answer to every question you could imagine if you take the time to do some digging and waiting. In my silence I found that the answer to any problem I had was resolved in just seeking guidance from within myself. Nothing is truer than that which lies within the knowledge of your heart and soul. I can assure you that if you follow this wise voice inside, it will guide you in the right direction 100% of the time. So, if I could inspire any of you to do anything, it would be to take a moment of silence right now and try to connect with that person. When the mind tries to distract you, just realize that this is what it does constantly all day long. If you would like to better know your internal knowledge, you have to spend more time working on calming down that voice which is the mind. I can promise you that a little work goes a long way and you will not only become a better person for it, but be a much happier person looking forward to bringing joy into others lives simply for the fact that it makes you feel connected. Thank you so much for reading that and much love to each and every one of you. I cannot thank you enough for being with me on this journey. It has truly been a once in a lifetime experience and I hope to use the knowledge I've gained to hopefully provide more joy in your, and everyone else I encounter's lives.

“I KNOW THE SILENT SOUND...”

