

Poems  
From  
The  
Outside  
Edge

*by Omar*  
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2019



The following is a collection of poems written by me between the period of 2008-2015. There were/are of course hundreds more misplaced in spiral bound journals or hardcover diaries, some exist, some have accidentally been donated to hotels, bus stops, or other places in the fabric of space time, as these things tend to happen to most writers... What was lost by me was found by someone, with any decent luck exactly when they needed it; There would be more in this book for you to enjoy otherwise..

This is the stuff that survived for the composition during the period this book was in the process of being written... So with sincerity and love I hope you enjoy them.

Let us begin...

September 7, 2019  
(Authors notes)

**Everything in it's right place:**

Everything is in it's right place, you see...

Such that it was,  
once upon a time-  
We all lived in a manner divine.

Yours was mine,  
and mine was yours,  
Why don't you come over,  
for some hors d'oeuvres?

You see, things;  
They were different then.

Before television,  
and the word "bored."

Life was magic, and people were happy;  
On the insides-

Life is still magic,  
You see;  
For you and for me.

But it doesn't appear that way,  
for those who choose not to see.

The glory, the light, the energy.  
The divine nature, of every-thing,  
every-where, all the "time."

It all fits together,  
as if a jigsaw puzzle,  
made up of miracles-

Is right there under your nose,  
so close, it's literally ---in--- you,  
around you, over and through you,  
under you too. all around you,

For your-  
Five Senses,  
To imbue.

If you ever feel lost, look to the trees,  
the plants, the birds, and the bees.

The oceans,  
The animals,  
a glorious meleé,  
a melangé,  
you'll see.

For they have not...  
forgotten how to see,  
You and me.

Greet your fellow man with love and intention,  
and don't forget to mention,  
the radiance you feel and see.

Feelings are greater than words,  
and the true light is inside- as it would be!

We are all divine creatures of light,  
cosmic radiance and eternal delight!

Pull away from the news,  
the weather and the morning paper;

They create a disconnect,  
a dis-empowerment,  
kindle a fire of "difference,"

These distractions, they create a void,  
inside of you...

A disconnect, the opposite of being free!

So don't forget-  
IN-dividing-you-all,

Is the nature of being an individual,  
One sheep separated from the tribe.

But the truth is, we are all one...  
And at the same, all very unique.

So get back to you nature,  
Rediscover your nurture,  
Let it be your nature,

That you have already arrived,  
Perfect-ly!

And then,  
Again,  
You will begin again,  
to actually SEE.

The world for what it is,  
and can be.

Divine, in kind,  
To you,  
And for me.

And for every creature,  
and every-thing,

every rock,  
pebble,  
bird,  
and tree...

Has its place, in the divine order of things..

of life.

You already feel it, you just forgot how to connect to it,  
how it resonates with you and with me.

As you heal,  
You'll come to realize and see,  
What beautiful creatures we all are,  
and yes, that includes you and me.

## **Let Go:**

once upon a time,  
there was a man without even a dime,

He wasn't poor though  
for he slept comfortably on the floor though,  
of a basement in a church.

He saw people cringe constantly and lurch!

They were all looking for more.

More money,  
More love,  
More attention,  
More adrenaline,  
More action!

More stuff and things,  
always in the perpetual swing-

Of seeking without giving.

But you cannot receive unless you create,  
You cannot benefit unless you live to serve and to gift,  
For to give love is how one receives love.

You will never learn to see unless you learn to look,  
You can't experience life through what you read in a book!

There is a lot to learn by serving others,  
you can finally then understand that...

It's not about ducking and finding cover,  
but more cash isn't the answer either,

It's about being vulnerable and raw,  
open and letting the heart thaw,

Opening up to others,  
and to the self,

So don't run don't duck don't look for cover.  
experience the loving embraces of your sisters and brothers.

For we are all one here,  
on this planet.

We all want the same things deep down,  
to be validated,  
to be loved,  
to be appreciated,

You are indeed a special and unique snowflake,

Don't forget that and don't forget to partake,  
in the glorious mystery of giving and gifting,  
And loving and wishing,  
But don't just wish,  
CREATE!  
FEEL,  
ENVISION,  
ACT.

POTENTIATE,  
Your current.  
Into the vast sea,  
of Possibility.

For what you fill your mind with,  
Is what it will do unto you,  
and you will draw that which you think,  
From others too!

It's all about how you look at things,  
and how you act on the creations of your mind.

In time,  
you will find,  
that you are flowing through the days,  
not wondering what time it is,  
This is in illusion anyway...

Or where you need to be next,  
but you will be doing things organically,

Naturally,  
Matter o factually,  
Being in the flow,

Of the ever present,  
Eternal moment,  
Enjoying the GIFT of life...

What will be happ-ening,  
is you will be finally,  
truly actualized and alive.

So enjoy the journey.  
we're not here to stagnate,  
placate or pacify,

It's not about pleasing some others eyes,  
it's a mutual give and take,  
a push, a pull,  
the friction between atoms,  
as they attract,  
collide, and make new things,  
from re-forming their insides.

Don't try and push things around with a rake,  
let them teach you as you go,  
let things simply ebb and flow,

And decide when to step inside,  
The essence of your stream and  
Justly, get up and go.

It will all make sense when you learn to let go,  
of all the crap that has impeded your flow.

**Let us feel something positive:**

There once was a man,  
he didn't sit atop a can,  
he was not named Stan,  
and he was not from Khazakstan.

There are many things one can say,  
however none so many of them are,  
as important as-

Finding thy own direc—ction,  
In positive loving action,

The power to be,  
The power to feel,  
The ability to reel,  
In the visualization,  
The stuff inside,  
That draws and brings,

To you,  
what you — need.

To be, happy  
satiated  
Find your purpose,  
and be,  
positively elated...

This is all within your own,  
Grasp,

We are taught the power,  
is external,  
What an— infernal  
lie!

This is inside,  
and has always been,  
within, the grasp of your mind.

Flex the mental muscles,  
a strong mind can become weak,  
a weak mind can become strong,

Never forget that everything-  
is a dualistic reality, a'swing.

Meditate.  
Meditate.  
It just means  
me-dee-ate,

I am me,  
and I dee doo dah,  
the ate.

I am me,  
and I do the dah,  
the deed, to get the thing to eat.

English language is ridiculous,  
you see..

Meditating, is the act of allowing all thoughts,  
to flow through your mind,  
until you can see clearly and create the one,  
that you want to find,  
externally,  
as something you create,  
and generate.

So you are you,  
and you dee the doo dah,  
do the deeds,  
until you ate all the other thoughts,  
and spit them out,  
and then you arrive at the one you want.

It's kind of silly,  
really.

But don't take my word for it,  
put it to action,  
and try it.

Act-i-on,  
I act upon the ions,  
I act upon the ions to create,  
Generate,  
That which I want to see.  
Get it?  
Got it?  
Good.

Now,

Lather rinse repeat.  
you will get the results you seek,

As long as you stay focused on what the things you wish for are,  
and step with love and positive motion,

Your universe,  
Your single verse,  
Will be created one line at a time,

In an unlimited sense,  
Not bound by time.

Just like the waves keep coming out of the ocean.  
Hang in there!

**Bad! {TV}Parent!-ing 101- a re-instructional poem of guidance:**

La la dee daa daah daah daah,  
The tee-vee is a brain rotting factoreee,  
Lets decide together,  
To teach our children,  
Actual ways to see and be,  
To think for themselves and decide you see,  
This is proper parenting for those who are or to be!

So heed ye,  
Divine duty,  
And don't park a young one,  
In front of the tv,  
Unless you want to turn their minds to slush,  
And consider yourself a useless lush,  
Then go right ahead.

But what you say?  
I must take them with me?  
Yes indeed,  
Your seed.

Is to be guarded with your life-  
Yes indeed.

So take the wee one with you,  
And teach them how it all works,  
In this bizarro world,

Until it's decided that they can alone stand and think,  
Then just be there for them.

Otherwise,

Lest you become miserable with the results,  
Of your "tv parenting" and later...  
Wonder why your kids stink!

It will save you and likely them,  
From a dreadful future of unnecessary drugs,  
despair,  
depression,  
and drink!

**Luke, I am your blue eyed daughter.. {a poem about lifepath..}:**

Luke, I am your blue eyed daughter.  
do not provide me cannon fodder,  
for I will attempt to spell,  
o-no-moto-p-i-a, very slowly, with glee.

Do not interrupt a man whilst he pees!

Oh glee oh mee oh myy,  
What a not pig sty..

Rhyme man rhyme chime,  
Go grimy and deep into the poetical abyss,  
Syd grys- a San Francisco dee-jay,  
but not a veejay, chay day? da? daaa? all words.

Validly absurd,  
not to the local speaker,  
beaker-

Breaker one two one two,  
please make sure to,  
buckle them shoes.

Glue.  
Emotional;  
Soup- of the experiential-  
Cements the memories,  
Glue.

Bound.  
For non linear success,  
Within or out of-  
bounds-

But done graciously,  
thankfully,

with actions of love,  
and of service to others;

One shall find that,  
they shall be,  
filled with and wallowing in glee-  
and it shall abound!

With abundance-  
of course, steadfast listeners-  
hanging here with me,

I am humbled that you are still actively listening...  
shall we share a smile,

A  
laugh..

A  
giggle-

A  
cry???

Emotions are a-okay,  
And to be experienced through the body-  
Through FEELING.  
The heart brain connection-

Many sever it-  
Through the pains and trials of life..

So please if you love yourself~  
Pause what you are doing and ask yourself-

When,  
Was the last time I cried deeply and wept?  
Tears of joy, or or sorrow?

It should be recently and easily available to your memory-  
If you are fully open and presently **A..L..I...V...E...!**

Actively feeling, flowing, grooving, loving, expressive and constantly  
creating, and always regenerating, and h e a l i n g ... !

Those around you ,  
and your love ones-  
but please remember!

A “stranger”  
is just someone,

...you have not met yet...  
because to the other you are another,  
the stranger and the other. so you see..

There are no strangers,  
just others you have yet spoken with.

So be open and declaratively awesome,  
and assertive and trust that gut feeling act right up upon it,

Just like a knight would gallop into the firing of arrows,  
You ride towards your destiny with open heart,  
And wet love filled eyes-

This will be your blessed and amazing journey of purpose-

Upon the happy trails,  
of the o-p-e-n..... eye'ed.

Remember, there is-  
Actually-  
More than enough---

All the time-  
for everyone.

So please, enjoy living,  
loving and serving in the dance and flow,  
of this world,  
as you give and grow,  
some call it abundance,  
but words are silly...

And if you can,  
draw others willingly,  
towards the precipice of their own realization,  
actualization,  
potentiation,  
sublimation unto becoming their very own portals of divinity-

Please...

But don't get lost thinking,  
you're some kind of god.  
You're not.

But!  
Bring them into the circle;  
If you are so able.

Enjoy the ride !  
I love you too.

**Be the spoon- a poem about presence and action:**

Be the spoon,  
bend the spoon,

Dance at high noon!  
Fill the glass,

Dance with class,  
it's your glass to fill,  
this life,  
no frills!

So get up off of your ass!

These experiences and all things,  
Must be brought to you,

By you,  
for you-

to live through,  
to experience.  
At last.

But you must show up to dance!

Otherwise, askance askew-  
Thou art always in limbo,  
like a kite in the wind,  
you will be not going where you,  
see and want to,  
and then where is the desired,  
experience,  
the dream,  
for you?

Homerically fleeting,  
But if you focus,  
it will be yours.

Enjoy.  
See you where the action is!

**Fidgety GÆM:**

What is his name?  
Ballasts and shame!  
Not for you,  
Teapot.

Eat from the sipping cup,  
Drink from your bowl,  
Dress up now and then,  
Make things not droll.

Won't you please,  
Accompany me-

Out into the crisp night air,  
Perchance for a stroll?

Bowls,  
Of grapes,  
Of medicated canapés,

WHO knows the lay of the land,  
AND that true medicine is from,

MOTHER NATURE'S';

Hands.

We play a fidgety gæm,  
In this modern day and age,

With the health of our,  
Very names,

Our VITAL frame-  
Our health you see,  
And education,  
knowledge,  
and common sense,  
is and are lacking,  
about thee;  
Bode-e.

As many have learned to rely,  
on mans,  
Pharma-cee.

For you shall in time perhaps learn,  
If you've the drive towards love enough;

To yearn,  
For the knowledge,  
The knowhow,  
The ability to self generate,  
Everything you need,  
Everything you feel,  
Everything you want,  
and Everything you will be.

It's certainly not up to me!  
That is all for you to figure out,  
Exactly how you want it,  
So don't pout.

You have to be invested in,  
The process by which,

You get to the next step,  
Of, And-  
Towards the achievement of every action,  
Taken out of nothing but pure love,  
Of self and of your environment,  
Where you live,  
What you're surrounded by,

You will truly understand,  
The universe is nothing and everything,  
Upon a grain of glistening beautiful,  
Sand.

The feelings of knowing what everything,  
Nothing,

And knowing nothing is everything,  
And everything is nothing,  
Cannot be understood,

These are concepts that,  
For the typical IMPRISONED Heart,  
Are long since lost,  
As the typical heart, is...

IMPRISONED in the mega-frost,  
OF STUFF OTHER PEOPLE TOLD YOU.

So,  
Take your life to a commitment,  
To the next level,  
Of your synthesis of self,  
Being,  
Of nothing but acting as pure love,  
Towards self and others,

Then promised to you isn't,  
The winning lotto,

Far better,  
For you'll eventually become,

A Bodhisattva.  
Again,  
Words are silly.

You'll just become your own master,  
Which is much better than any title or accolade,

That could ever be bestowed upon you,  
By someone else...

And for then,  
You will understand and stand upon and within and see outside, and  
feel that which it is...

To walk upon the green grasses of heaven,  
For it is truly here,  
On earth...

P. S. -  
I love you.

P. P. S. -  
All spiritual practices are a path to the same God. It's actually all the  
same thing. It's the process of becoming yourself.

## Where To Now?:

“Where to now? She exclaimed!”

Up, Down,  
Left Right!

Fore, aft, side, side, anterior-  
Interiors.... Of;

Station Wagons.  
Cruising cross country,  
ice cream and popsicle scones,  
the politicians representing us are,  
Drones—

Of sorts...

Yo!  
The dawning of 2011 was welcome yet,  
rather uneventful,  
yet ardvarks and antelopes await,  
In 2012.

With love in their hearts,  
but not in their asses or farts.  
Mr. Pop TART!

CHART!  
That circumnavigation of your splenum,

split like the coconut milk down the forked trough-

A bough of Sage and Holly,  
shall decorate, invigorate;

Banter and no folly!

Good giggity golly—  
Someone....

Polly, Mollie, Wally, or Nelly;  
One of you come quickly.

After we get your help,  
we shall sit to eat,

laugh and be joyously silly!

**Elvira:**

Like a steel fly-trap vagina,  
she lie in wait,  
for the citizens of Red China.

Her perfumed hair,  
smells of fragrant willows,  
blowing tangled by air;

As I sit acrost and gaze upon her,  
through the arms of a chair.

(Now we are {really} playing with fire.)

Dear Elvira, try and find me.

## Glancing at Pie:

Critically,  
Pi . . .

Pine,  
Thine,  
Square root of Pi,  
Equal to the speed of;

Gravity.....

Which leads us,  
to a lost civilization,  
but just now today—

Shows as,  
a scattering,  
of cunning monuments...

See then, the cleverness at Giza,  
height over perimeter is Pi,  
and it doesn't cease there...!

The pyramid code,  
is eternally transmitted,  
and self contained,  
by this monument;

Which speaks of Pi and equinoctial procession—

It's mathematically,  
astronomically,  
actually, factually,  
measure-o-metrically,  
True and Correct!

Correct to the 432 decimal harmonic...

S-C-A-L-E . . . !

(of earth's Northern Hemisphere.)  
A 432,000 scale model,  
of our planet;

An eternal bastion of grace,  
mathematically brilliant elegance,  
seemingly cut by lasers,

a paper does not fit,  
between it's massively, masterfully;

Sculpted;

Engineered blocks...

There are other eternal monuments,  
scattered across the earth's lands,

and one who's mud,  
is visible still,  
to one's hands!

Become enraptured then,  
in Pi's in-Phi-nite beauty...

A message to behold,  
a message from those like us,  
who came before!

In days we'd truly describe as "yooooore."

It's written in bold,  
Brazenly, to the tune of engineering marvels.

See Teotihuacan,  
Giza,  
Tenochitlan,  
Tiahuanaco..

A memory continually arises,  
of a bearded distant powerful man...  
Call him Uncle Viracocha!

A whirlwind of misty memories,  
distant yet close,

at heart we can learn to hear and feel,  
what's encoded in,  
the fiber of our very DNA.

A collective,  
woven in alphabet ribonucleic lettering,  
a biologically kept,

historical record,  
collected of and during,  
our near past;

Human times.

All across our world,  
remnants are found;

Stories of ancient times,  
are recalled —

As we decipher,  
assemble,  
figure and re-tell...

The newly discovered,  
age old tales of our relatives,  
our ancestors!

Lives that have come,  
and passed.

## **New World Fishsticks:**

one two three,  
redfish,  
bluefish,  
greenfish,  
Tree!

Enormous!  
Gigantic!  
Whales having tea!

Sanguine squallor,  
a myopic dolomite sangria...  
Offered for free.

Futures, features,  
built into plan;

The spec is gigantic,  
a sweeping of a hand.

Eat, drink, be merry;  
For the hammer,  
comes down at an unknown time.

Stick together,  
Stay Together,

Stick together like battered frozen fishsticks...  
Unity will carry;

Us united, magnanimously through..

Whatever comes our way,  
in this epic of epics yet unknown!

Avenues, adventures,  
Homeric and fleeting,  
The episodes we together shall face,  
are unfathomably turning..

Points,  
in our lives together-

On this beautiful blue green orb;

Heaven on earth will once again rise up,  
after this coming storm.

**Yerba Mate:**

This poem you see,  
is green inside-

With eggs and toast,  
when one wishes...

To coast-  
and asks-  
does your breakfast have the most?

Ham and roast... that is!  
A fez I wore,  
on holiday retreats with the old neighbors...

A maze was torn,  
through memories of,

Autumn pies and September drives—

Moat the roads,  
with emotive accellerant,  
for the throttle has slipped..  
And choked open wide...

The naugahide no more,  
laughing at the floors;

A bore  
nor a chore-  
to scrub the clean the covers of...

What was once tangible,

Those,

brown beaded  
Seats..

Atop the dodge omni, he left his book-  
Come one December morning,

A warning!

There's a gloaming aside,  
But nevermind!  
I spy a pale blue ride—

Take death in stride!

For it's just a;

Turn in direction,  
of-

The ride...

Inside.

Or..  
Out-

Don't pout!

Be not afoul,  
To clout a-clutter,  
ones mental state must not sputter!

Dostyevsky wrote and wrote,  
as such I'd like to introduce him to,

a strange fellow I know....  
but haven't seen around,  
or found—  
in some time-

We refer to him only in this solipsistic rhyme:

His name to chime?  
Says you in song?  
Succinctity,  
he calls himself.

And he's been missing a LONG ....

Time.

**From left center of middle:**

stand firmly,  
in the middle;

The fulcrum,  
of non-reactivity.

When one stands;  
In the middle-

They embrace the beauty of,  
The unshakable;

The strength—  
Of,

The Pivot.

The Pivot of Tao.  
This dualistic thing,  
Has a small space in the middle,  
The Zero Point,  
Where nothing is tempted to swing!

That's what you need to find,

Embrace the quiet,  
embrace the agility—

Embrace the marvel,

of:

Observation.

Non-reactive,  
Observation.

You don't have to choose a side,  
and you won't be getting wet-  
As you stand on the rock between,  
the two fast moving rivers.

It's a firmer place to stand,  
than choosing one particular thing,  
each time a change is observed.  
No need to continually swerve.  
Absurd? Cluck cluck Buttercup, no need to be served.

### **Positivity Poem:**

The Joy you feel,  
is real;  
you see.

For when you live life,  
Happy to BE,  
It really changes;  
Your reality!

Be one to smile.  
One to give,

One to marry your life to;  
The harmony in the synergy,  
The unity of the following,

There's a balanced point,  
as mentioned before,  
with the positive,  
negative,  
and the center point,  
called zero.  
They're all part of the same thing,  
balanced together in swing!

If you do so,  
and live with,

a love filled heart,  
it's very unlikely that–

You'll ever end up,  
meeting the sharp end-  
of a shiv.

Here be ye,  
Being Ye,  
and Ye be what ye want to be.  
But you gotta do somethings to make it happen!

**Unison:**

My heart,  
Sings to you...

As yours sings to me.  
Our frequency, in time...

Hearts beating in,  
Synchronicity.

The way you look,  
at me-

Precious and frozen;

In my minds eye...  
Lights,

A burning fire-  
upon,

The seat —

of my soul.

I love you.

**As the tree stands:**

Oh silently strong glory,

within thee—

as I gaze upon,

...

life as a tree..

You do not run,  
you do not fear,  
you stand rooted;

Tall,  
strong,  
firmly in place-

Standing your ground,  
Literally.

There is much to learn,  
from the ways of the tree.

Fearless strength,  
in silence.

Looks inside,  
feels...

The breeze,  
of awareness-

Blowing acrost-  
the mental leaves;  
Of your awareness,  
Like a tree..

The metaphor is deeper than that,  
However,  
It's up to you,  
to figure it out..

Back to the tree,  
shall we?

That awareness...  
That falls and blends into..

Your consciousness,  
waters the foundation,  
of your inner tree.

With each breath,  
you realize,  
you live,  
you walk...

With the knowledge,  
sown-

By rooting,  
yourself..

To your center-  
Your place of stillness,  
Your zero point,  
Your core of your being,  
Your assemblage point,  
Your shakti-put center,  
Your root chakra,

Your insert metaphorical symbol here that represents a person in tune  
with their essence here -  
(See I told you words were silly!)

As a tree.

**Slide N' Slither, Never Wither:**

Placate, Pleiades-

Globe trotters,  
all of us.

The signal says,  
to switch left-  
in due time;

Let's perfect,  
Our-

Meandering swagger.  
A wandering...

Exploration,  
of who, where,

and what,

Our feet,  
wish us—

To greet!

In due time,  
Such it shall be,

Walk with confidence,  
C'est La Vie!

Eat a lunch with me,  
and we shall be,

With the band moving along,  
already marching.

Shall we,

Meander,  
salamander?

Slither, slide, and flow,  
one two three,

Are you ready?

Are you set?

Ready?

Okay then!

Set...

Here we go!

**Be like the spider:**

...and along came a spider,  
walked across the grass,  
a perfect creation,  
suited exactly to its purpose.

The spider did not start wars,  
ravage its home,  
or even make attempt to bother.

Be like spider.  
Be still,  
Be here,

Co-Exist.

**Untitled #1:**

Tomfoolery.

As we dance,  
Askance—

Akimbo.  
Thou art always in limbo.

Razor-blades and ice-cream cones,  
hydroplane amongst radio controlled drones.

Eat and chew,  
I hear that perhaps celery is good for you.

Clarivoyant catchers,  
babes in strollers,

Do not next—

Hand them the controller.  
Also, avoid turning on the tube,  
would you?

**On the formation of universal potential, and manifested states:**

The source you seek,  
I get it now.

Creations force, in you and me.

The truth inside,  
is simply there,  
bridge the gap and it unfolds,  
the helix of the matrix code.

The light you need,  
inside yourself,  
is there to be,  
To greet!  
You see.

The passion source,  
the energy,  
the God within,  
creations force.

The source you need,  
inside yourself,  
the light be there,  
to make it BE—

Then behold,  
the global truth,  
the ALL to BE,  
universe,  
magnanimity!

Universe,  
inside yourself,  
the key to hold,  
the light be bold.

To you and me,  
this is truth—

The source,  
the force,  
it unfolds....  
Your fingertips,  
the vector point,  
your mind and heart,  
the compass.

The spark you need,  
it greets you now,  
Look inside,  
There you'll see –

The TRUTH,  
The LIGHT,  
The ENERGY!

Cosmic force,  
shall guide you here,

LISTEN to the TRUTH you speak..

The things you do,  
then unfold,  
in GRACIOUS LIFE,  
ALL is told.

Live as thus,  
and you shall meet-  
your purpose here.

The harmony,  
the unity,  
look within,

becomes the source,  
THE light be bold,  
it follows YOU,

for it is of,  
the ONENESS here,  
the CONSCIOUSNESS,  
it be told.

ONENESS here,  
a global truth,  
universal LIGHT,  
for all to grasp.

The guidance force,  
be it there,  
is PERFECT you see,  
in it's course.

So it's said,  
BE HERE NOW!

The only time,  
we really have,  
sits with us,  
unfolding NOW—

The matrix course,  
is perfect then,  
its' beauty speaks...

To Those Who Listen.

**written on 9/11/2001 around 4:30pm:**

Life as it is fragile,  
transient as slipping grains of sand,  
slides and moves.

Do not forget love,  
as it holds our memories of life's finest.

With love, they shall not be fleeting,  
as our time here goes by.

Heed time.  
Life yields to it.

Love binds life,  
as love is eternal,  
so is life.

**Sept 30, 2001:**

Lucid tranquility,  
the water lies.

Solid glass,  
chilled ice.

Stretched- acrost---  
A depression of ground.

Stoic yet expansive,  
this is the way of the pond,  
in the days of cold.

In search of life as embers glow,  
smoke wafts through time and the infinite beyond,  
and reminds-

of the warmness of the soul.

Hearts bleed,  
sliver apart slowly by day,  
quickly by lone night.

Blood from broken heart,  
weigh down thy broken soul,

thy broken cry out upon the night,  
screaching to all and any receptive.

No one listens.  
Thy broken soul remains---  
Shattered.

Entre,  
Crushed aluminum,  
crushed dreams,

a fickle laugh,  
hardly an afterthought,  
from the mind of he who demolishes,

the one who destroys;  
All that was known,  
and dear.

Bongos,  
Guitars,  
Saxaphones,  
Trumpets,  
Instruments of freedom,  
and jubilant exhaltation,  
expression,  
love and passion.

Of unbridled.. passion.

Conveyance through message of simplicity,  
and sonic purity.

Rolling from strings n' stretched surfaces.  
Resonating and refracting through -  
Our auras, and our consciousness.

## **Metaphysical Oarsman:**

I had lost course,  
but now I have found –

Once again-  
My metaphysical oarsman.  
It was me all along,  
after all !

I have been always rowing,  
continually, and always eternally,  
and without pause,

Ready and willing,  
To paddle,  
full steam ahead,  
into and through,  
the river of life-

The stream of existence,  
and the ocean of the universe.

Will you row with me?

As together....

We unlock the secrets;

Of Being.

**The walk:**

If ever you shall be,  
in a place unfamiliar-

Breathe,  
Observe,  
Imbue—

Take those unfamiliar circumstances,  
and make them yours.

Breathe life into,  
your actions.

Speak with,  
passion.

Live your actions-  
in quiet strength,  
with...

Conviction.

Walk,  
with love,

and it will walk...

with you.

**Untitled beat poem #5,286 "Hello There!":**

How are you dear soul?

I am most excellent,  
as I hope that when your eyes,  
find these words- most excellent-

is the state that you're in.

Parakeet, dingo.  
Wigwam, Tulsa.  
Doorbell, Santa Klaus..

Trinket, Infinity.  
Mambo, Radar.

Djimbe, Incense.  
Frost, Paine...  
Thomas, Theodora.  
Lanky, Doberman.

Adorable gaggle of baby geese,  
Half eaten bowl of ice-cream,

A spat of shepherd's pie,  
A dingo has spit in my eye,

Formaldehyde in an ancient jar,  
Found crystallized-  
In sub-basement's domain;

All was quiet when the jar appeared.  
Notice did anyone save for my eyes?  
Apparently not!  
For it was,  
Discovery all forth mine eyes.  
Surprise!

Cats and drill-bits,  
are not equilateral triangles.

Soju is not a type of fruit.  
To Kill a Mockingbird, would be shameful.

However, if  
'twas a mockingbird;  
An excellent work you've just read!

Elephants, elephants, elephants!

A parade of technicolor lights,  
and lamps,  
dot the-  
expressway.

Vibrantly yet ghastly dressed,  
yet well intended clowns dance in the streets.

Gas lamps flickr atop ancient columns,  
San Francisco,  
New York,  
Philadelphia,  
Boston-  
Seattle,  
Pittsburgh.

A hundred years later,  
in some way,  
still feels like,  
the turn of the 19th century.

And what a romantic touch they must have been-  
when they were not- setting things on fire,  
these gas lamps,

surreptitiously setting things ablaze,  
when there were subterranean explosions,  
tearing soft iron pipeline,  
asunder,  
generating quite an epically destructive,  
blunder...

For in these modern times,  
we are told that an unattractive and oft,  
Alien looking shade of white will have to suffice-  
Compact Flourescent,  
They call it.

'Specially if it happens to,  
come whence forth- an iconic,  
Electric indoor column,

Sadly it's neither Doric, or ionic,  
and typically,  
an unsightly cement pebbled type apparatus.

To knock one over,  
whether on purpose, or accident-  
is wholly contingent upon a very,  
large fine.

Something to the tune,  
of 2,000 large,  
according to the EPA.

Lunacy in that duality.

Shall we?

Flying cats,  
accolades.

Japanese tiny boxes,  
marzipan filling.  
Mexican pastry,  
Italian wedding;

Soup for 12.  
Finality of prose.

## **Order and reality:**

This page out of order,  
these boxes-  
intentionally left,  
blank.

The scrawled writing,  
on a gas station bathroom,  
wall-  
May just amount to-  
more poetry-

Albeit vulgar subject matter,  
atrocious diction,  
torrid and tangibly unrefined,  
languished and lavish,  
bundled ridiculousness.

Yet what a delightfully raw,  
expression!

Perhaps this amounts to,  
a summation of,  
more poetry than-  
you've whence past,  
drawn muster.

In your own life.  
A reminder,  
Of your Jungian Shadow.  
Haunting you as you stroll.

Create, radiate,  
Dictate your total,  
reality.

Focus,  
with intent-

Execute.

I shall recommend,  
that you visualize,  
and then at some point-

It shall come.

## **Spanish Guide:**

Spanish guide,  
Spanish guide in my pocket.

Spanish guide,  
Shall I find,

My way into –

Adventures a'plenty,  
comidas delicioso,  
luscious vino rojo.

Models of dreams,  
shall now be,  
turned- into reality.

Oh thank you,  
Spanish guide,  
I'm fortunate to have,  
a pocket,

Big enough to hold your knowledge.

Head,  
Heart,  
Soul,  
Spirit-  
Mind-

All urge me to read,  
my Spanish guide.

**Trans-Continental:**

Flow,  
linger,

Be,  
Do-  
Here,  
There.

Hiatus,  
retire.

The possibilities,  
will all be here,  
available to you,  
when you return.

Beliz, Panama,  
Colorado, San Francisco.

This is my trans-continental-  
love song;

To you.

Each moment is a treasure,  
and all of these moments,  
none are,

More precious,  
than the other.

They all,  
form a tangible part,  
of who you are,  
of your experiential whole.

Are,  
Am,  
Shall,  
Shan't,  
Can't,

Wait...

Will,  
Will I do?

I will...

I urge you to,

live in vibrancy.

## **The body autonomy:**

Intrinsic to our bodies,  
are thousands of systems,  
all autonomously working together.

Pure wonder and amazement,  
course through my veins,

Through my heart, and soul.

Each time I think about,  
How-

Their wondrous cacophony,  
orchestrates each breath,

each sigh,  
each laugh,

and movement,

I may once again,

Exhale,  
in beautiful autonomy.

**Restoration 2015 (as seen from a.d. 2009):**

Life is precious,

Do not squander possibility.

Do.

Be.

Be ready for the world,  
as it does not stand still.

The coming of peace,  
and the restoration of order,  
the natural order-  
is coming.

Rejoice in this truth.  
From the chaos shall come order,  
but without chaos,  
change cannot emerge.

However it is important,  
to note that when it does-

It will give rise to-

such clarity,  
beauty,  
and lifeblood-  
Vigor,

That it all the impending toil,  
and all its' related strife,  
shall be worth it-  
in the end.

Restoration 2015.

**Timing:**

Remember,  
be assured,  
dear one –

That you,  
are in exactly-  
the right place.

Doing exactly,  
what you need to.

Every moment,  
of every day.

I love you.

## **The state of democracy:**

Do you hear it?  
The sounds of a restless society.

A society consumed by its own cognitive dissonance,  
yet without clear directives,  
or awareness of where,  
or how it stands.

The chatter of a nation,  
that has partially realized –

They have been stripped of a true liberty.

Where do we go, next?

As a people?  
As a nation?

The truth is – I do not know.

But what I do know,  
is this country,  
no longer functions —

by the values,  
on which it was founded.

That much,  
is clear.

As I sit here,  
I ask myself,

What can I do,  
to improve the quality of life for myself,  
and for those around me, willing to take action in kind?

Where can I be a little more tolerant of,  
Difference but not senseless anger,  
and to build a stronger understanding,  
Of these things others do,  
as I go about in my life?

Things to chew on...

## **The smokescreen of disconnection:**

Have you ever noticed,  
and seen through the smokescreen?

Have you also wondered,  
why nobody seems to care,  
or notice anymore?

The great national seance,  
of television and “marketed culture,”  
have fractalized society into “lifestyles,”  
and “statuses,”  
and "causes,"  
and "ideologies,"  
and perpetuated the falsity of-  
“Difference.”

Reunite with your brothers, sisters,  
mothers, aunts, uncles, cousins, neighbors,  
and all of the others.

We're all people.  
We all need love.  
We all need to be understood.  
We all need to eat,  
We all need hugs,  
We all need to have a partner,  
and we all need to have inner calm,  
and our inner guidance systems,  
switched into the on position.

We're all in this together.

**Actualize:**

Do you notice,  
The oft unseen?

Both on the outside,  
And within you?

Are you oft inspired,  
By the light of-  
Your internal fire;

So much that you feel-  
As if you could explode—  
In a burst of radiant light?

Do.  
Actualize.

This is your invitation.

**Embrace:**

Are you?  
Am I?  
Are we?  
Are they?

You are, they are, we are,  
All glorious cosmic beings of light,  
Radiance -  
and joy.

Embrace the I,  
You,  
We,  
And They,  
Each waking moment,  
Of every day.

**A poem for unity:**

Are we really all so different?  
Are we really that hateful,  
greedy, violent, petty, and self-serving?  
Does it really have to be this way?

No.

A world filled with love,  
joy, respect, wonder and adoration —  
Has been hiding under the surface all along.  
Underneath the surface of you.

We are all connected,  
and for each day you live your truth,  
and answer the call of your higher-self –

Those repercussions are felt and echoed,  
somewhere else in the world.

As you add the elements,  
of your unique self to the human collective,  
remember that you are powerful,  
you are wonderful,  
you are glorious,  
and you do make a difference.

Each and every day.

We are all one.

I love you.

**Please see next page:**

Thank you for reading.

If you enjoyed this, my new writing project is at <http://www.revitalizyou.org> and is a bit different. It is predominantly psycho-social/philosophical in context and content.

Me, (The author), may be contacted for info regarding future book releases, and for speaking engagements, such as poetry readings.

Omar (the author of this document) resides in the southern California area.

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Thanks and with love,

Omar.