

MAX HALEY

writer - songwriter - copywriter

All the answers

I let all the answers go;
holding on had been relentless.
I moved to a different place -
one with more space.
I just found myself there
a shift without a blink,
not an atom's width.
In this space,
what do I do?
....what do I care!
I'm free at last,
lighter,
a dimensionless state.

In the present -
the future
I do not even
try to imagine,
or envisage.

Beyond fear

past death.

Existing

thoughtless,

motionless

still.

Not a dream -

realization

from an inner realm -

part of all.

I'm out of wind

and interest

in the ephemeral -

many past desires

simply

evaporated.

Choice at will,

mine alone.

Touched by love

and others,

with a difference now.

I am me,

that moves

or does not,

and misses out

or joins
to a thought,
an image
or another
without restriction,
with anonymous
gentle energy
from a deep spring
which governs
my reality
and unreality.

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