

Back into desire

creativity and freedom

beyond illusory limits

Words

released

rising

Waiting for them

to land on my tongue

opening my mouth

for their flight

into the landscapes of the sky

The sentence

From the outside the ultimate freedom

From the inside the strictest confinement

You came to me

We left

The sentence, a set of words or a judgement, causing actions with severe consequences. From the outside, unknowing, the sentence can appear to be the best choice. From the inside, now knowing, the sentence can be the worst choice.

You came to me is meeting another person, a meeting in which the solution or the answer to the question you never asked is found taking you out of the choice that changed from the best to the worst, a super synthesis that overcomes the contradictions of its lower opposites. A love that exceeds the limitations of short-sighted changes.

The sentence that changes from apparently having good intentions to, when chosen, a severe mistake, that appears warm but turns into cold, out of which only the love-meeting will lift you into the super synthesis: we left.

I stopped

and waited

the trembling was brought to rest

the endless keeping up ended

relieving me from the constrictions

of organized beliefs and mandatory guidelines

merging the pressing of the keys with desire for sensation and sound

Pressing the keys with desire for sensation and sound

relieved from mandatory guidelines

and right and wrong not being right and wrong in incomprehensible ways

unwinding emotionally, verbally, and physically

feeling good

finding better words

enjoying being here

**On my own
as a child
in the sunlight**

**I noticed the shadow
of a black sculpture
against a whitewashed wall
thinking that the shadow
could be made into a new sculpture
and that the shadow of the new sculpture
could be made into a new sculpture
creating an outward spiraling movement
of shadows and new sculptures**

**The sculpture is not there anymore
but the movement keeps spiraling
as a message from my former self that never left**



SCRIPTURE

RAINBOW

never too late

for

bold

steps

IT

ME

I

**Perhaps moments of inspiration and intuition are accumulated efforts united in one act of creation
apparently out of the blue
but really the final choice of many**

**at least it is my experience
that this insight lifts a burden
and makes creating a choice**

**it can in fact be done
and is not only something to be waiting for
like a train delayed forever**

if tried frequently that accumulation of efforts until a final act of creation can be more and more delightful

sound

listening

touching

effort

effort

effort

embraced by

intuition

touching

listening

sound

**intuition embracing accumulated attempts
releasing undecided efforts into one gesture
of thought – touch – sound**

**at the same time observing from
the center of intuition
and outside intuition**

the broken movement has been healed