

## Poem of ME

A touch of Silence fell upon me, it was not a feeling and it was not a touch as words fail to grasp it as such. A ray of light fell upon me, it woke me up from a long, long dream.

What am I, what am I? I am Open Field. I am Open Field.

What am I, what am I? I am the Silence from the Open Field, from the Open Field.

What am I, what am I? I am the Light from the Open Field, from the Open Field.

What is Open Field? what is Open Field? It is ME, it is ME. That is what I am, It is what I am.

What is Silence, what is Silence? It is Open Field; it is Open Field.

What is Silence, what is Silence? It is ME, it is ME. It is the Open Field; it is the Open Field.

What am I, what am I? I am the mind; I am the mind from the Open Field.

What is mind, what is mind? It is me; it is what I am.

What created the mind? What created the mind? It is ME from the Open Field.

What does the mind do? What does the mind do?

What the mind does, it does what I do. It does what I do.

Why does it do all that I do, all that I do?

It does what I do, It does what I do.

Because that is all it knows, It does what it knows and it does what I do.

That what you do is that what you know, so the mind does that's all that I do.

Because it is me, because it is me, it does what I do because it does what I do.

What does the mind do, what does the mind do? It does what I do, it does what I do.

What is God, what is God? It is everywhere, it is everything.

What created God, what created God? It is the mind; it is the mind.

Why did the mind create God? Because that is all it knows, and all it knows is me, it is all that it knows.

How about the body? Who created the body? It is the mind; it is the mind.

Why did the mind create the body? To interact with the world, to interact with the world.

What is the world, what is the world? It is mind's creation; it is mind's creation.

What am I doing, what am I doing in the Open Field, in the Open Field?

In the Open Field, In the Open Field there is nothing to do, there is nothing to do.

Everything is done, everything is done in the Open Field, in the Open Field.

In the Open Field, in the Open Field everything is done, everything is done.

So, I wake up, so I wake up, in the Open Field, in the Open Field.

And when I woke up, when I woke up in the Open Field, in the Open Field,

I fell in love, I fell in Love with the Open Field, with the Open Field.

And after some time, after some time, nothing changed in the Open Field. In the Open Field.

And I got bored and I got bored, I got bored of the Open Field.

And what did I do, what did I do when I got bored of the Open Field?

I uttered a word, I uttered a word, that is what I did in the Open Field.

What is the word, what is the word, what is the word in the Open Field?

The word is "I"; it is "I" from the Open Field, from the Open Field.

The word is "AUM", it is "MUA" from the Open Field, from the Open Field.

And then I knew who I was from the Open Field, from the Open Field.

And I was proud with my creation, and I carried on with my obsession.

Word after word I kept going on, in the Open Field, in the Open Field.

And I fell in love with all my creations, with all of my creation, with ALL my creations.

It was not a love it was not a love; it was an obsession; it was an obsession.

So, on I went with my creations and the more I created the prouder I was with my obsessions.

And I would look back at all my creations and bask in my own glory of obsessions.

And, I would chart ahead with more creations. I would chart ahead with more creations.

So, after some time, I forgot what I am. I became my creations, and they had become me.

All of these words that I had created, it is I, it is me, it is silence, it is light, it is mind, it is God, it is all ME

So why did I need to create all these words just to tell me what I already AM?

Because I forgot what I am, so now I live in my castle made up with my own words.

I am in my castle, I am stuck in my own movie, it is what I do, it is who I am.

Each word I created it split me in half, it split me in half each word I created.

It split me in half each word I created, there is nothing left of me but only my creations.

What once was me no longer exists, I am my mind, I am my creations.

So now I think I am my mind and I am my body, and that is all I know and that is all I do.

That what you know and that what you do it becomes that what you are.

It is me; it is me. That is who I am.

So, I am my mind and I am my body and I keep chasing after my creations.

I am from the Open Field, I am from the Open Field but only in words, only in words, only just words.

Because all I know is words, and that is all I know, that is all I know and that is what I do. That is all I do.

I am trapped in my creations and I have become my creations.

I long to get back, I long to get back, back to Open Field, back to Open Field.

The stronger the longing, the more I think about it, the more words I use and more trapped I become.

I have a longing to go back but my creations are pulling me right back.

They have a life of their own, and they're afraid and don't want to die.

So here I am trapped with my creations, I am stuck in a dream, the dream of my creations.

And when I wake up, when I wake up, I am still stuck in my creations.

I am stuck in the dream of my creations.

I am stuck in a dream in this tunnel of life, in the wormhole of time, the wormhole of time.

What you do can be undone in the Open Field, in the Open Field.

So, all these words I have created, they represent me, they represent me, they represent ME.

I know what I am, I know what I am, before the first word arrived in the Open Field.

So, I roll back all the words, all of the words from the Open Field, from the Open Field.

I fall back in Silence, back in Silence of the Open Field, of the Open Field.

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What am I, what am I? I am Silence from the Open Field.

What am I, what am I? I am Open Field; I am Open Field.

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