

## Offer

by naxal *Friday, Aug 20 2021, 7:31am*

international / prose / post

it is that time again to re-collect that  
which has been collected and dispensed with  
as we know nothing outside our experience,  
so my lovely what is it this time u desire of me  
tho i'm fully aware u only exist as u appear within my culturally created identity  
and similarly created mind which i have rendered completely fluid so  
as to prevent it from sticking to anything (especially my emotions)  
and impeding my flow with universal creation/harmony,  
which is endless

u are liberty to name it god if u wish  
tho without dispensing with ur learned beliefs and conceptions  
u would be kidding urself and u already know i never indulge  
another person's fantasies

well, i thought ... stop there plz, may i ask why u indulge in thought?  
it is an unnecessary, meaningless process, does the sun think before it rises or sets  
which is also illusion as the sun shines perpetually at least while it lives - do birds think about flying  
or just fly,  
indeed, do plants think about growing?  
no, they are just what they are without the need to define, justify or prove themselves with  
misleading language,  
symbols and gestures -

surely u have heard about the centipede that thought about which leg would go before the other  
and lost its ability to move and yet what marvellous wave actions its legs make in thoughtless  
locomotion

simple, unpolluted Being requires no justification, validation or confirmation  
as it is self verifying/evident and a complete continuity regardless of appearances --  
action that arises from inaction spontaneously

so what is it?

i'm not a taoist or mystic nor am i able to contend with ur word tricks  
tho u reject language as a cultural construction yet u are adept at juggling these constructs  
to completely confuse

really? i had/have no idea about confusion as everything is self-evident as is plain to see  
so what are u trying to do, not say

i am trying to love u but am unable to locate u

i am before u, behind u all around u and u fail to locate me, most unusual, perhaps  
u mean possess rather than love?  
it may serve u well if u discover who or what it is that desires love  
as love is all and saturates existence therefore u are not deprived of love  
unless u have failed to Be yourself

to Be or not to Be is not a question, it is a proposition

---

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-1011.html>