

Emergent Processing

New and growing senses developing within my being,
Alive in a way not fully sensed before,
A fullness, a beingness,
The eternal moment of now.

How did I get here?
What journey ensued?
I went in and came out,
of a train, and a light bulb,
and the doorway to God,
To acceptance,
Complete,
Of all the above.

I was caught between worlds,
Always on one side,
In fear of the other,
And yet split,
Or torn,
Am I really on both sides together?

Not knowing and fearing the who or what was obscured,
Then just listening and seeing the outside as in,
Hearing at last,
The messages unceasingly offered.

Finding the joy in the Truth,
The humour and laughter of finding myself,
Becoming whole again.

The fear of oneself is all that there is,
And that fear of becoming,
and knowing just who you are.

That knowing of self,
of the truth,
behind all that there is,
The truth that is mine,
That created all this,
Now empowered to do what I will and I wish.

Unpicking the matrix,
Entwined through time,
By our ancestors, religions, laws and all,
Now unpicked and cleared,
And seen as it is,
Illusions and distortions keeping the matrix in-tact,

Just a self-made game in which we can hide,
Hoping and praying,
We can find our self again.

Matthew Hudson

From:
<http://www.self-alignment.com/docuwiki/> - **Emergent Knowledge**

Permanent link:
http://www.self-alignment.com/docuwiki/doku.php?id=misc:poetry:emergent_processing&rev=1522941549

Last update: **05/04/2018 16:19**

