

Intimate an Experience:

An intimate experience that can change
by Iam Empathy
Edition I (January, 2009)

- Unexplained Patterns!
- Poetry

Exploring a Nostalgia

November 9th 2008

Spring wake cuts quickly past like childhood memories.
Proceeded through dreams of a not-so distanced was.
Suddenly desired or intimately exchanged.
Desert flowers dry up simply by capitalizing on preferences for memories burnt.
Broad faces seen lucidly.
Are though,
possessions in one,
by one dreaming wildly.

Used thoughts will gather in one place meeting like animals in a savanna being monitored.
Aerial computing cloud gazed closer upon reflection.
At the recollection looming -- Masterly resuming.
Exhaustively plundering sunken whereabouts.
Rational feelings that are presently indigenous to images.
Reconnoitered inside dreams.

Excited for a few hours at night;
now so suddenly released!
Recalled on reality.
Uniformly warping.
Flesh,
smoke and mirrors.
Reminiscence does / undoes dirt darkened remnants.
Obscure extraordinaire that is getting to disinter!

Aged to discover this story-like dream.
Memories of her debris;
drugged out alive under pounds.
Coddled away at once as she once was.
Previous proficiency of past just became irrelevant.
All memories found while spelunking dreams within rational feelings.

Story...

Remaining an Earth

November 22nd 2008

How to live in the future long past the days of an Earth?
To be around where only the telescope goes now.
At this thing cordoned treading time.
Laughing off.

In coordinated human consolidation of the "American way of life".
Subtle thoughts recollected in all ways and directions.
Rebuke it out by birth.
Produced by an Earth.
The inflection of.
There it is that word again.

In young creature comfortable minds that are fine with surviving a bit longer..
Revealing and yearning on a planet shaped in the image of.
The industrialization of the natural world.
What more could we stand to lose?
As a collective mass built on whole individuals with spines.
Staircases step up from dinosaurs of then.

Left behind to stand in front of shadowing time.
What a light -- Beauty seen.
In modern times we surrender our birthright.
Our own rights to our resources of our planet.
Internal sunburn is greed allowed.
'O remaining Earth.

The moon produced for us some beautiful silhouettes.
Immediately taxed in inanimate action.
The chronic master and slave syndrome at its height.
Surrendered birthrights.

Background Answers at a Leisure

October 11th 2008

Things are for the best.
Or so guess.
Learn to calm down.
Things are for the best of.
What if I had death?
I need to enter the next generation of myself.
We are all just an image projected.

Projected as multiple realities.
I can not quite think of another word to describe what I mean (by "realities").
If I do not calm down now.
Then I will be full of stress.
An old man who will be stressed to his death.
From a heart attack at best?
Thus, I should take to learning new things to take home as they come.
Take things on a day-to-day basis,
even without the aid of something else (chosen poison for the soul).

Stress started at the entrance to adulthood.
We can not control death.
Dying comes on swiftly.
Something so swift could not be prevented.
Likewise,
life comes on swiftly.
Or even death.

The universe we have has its multiple dimensions,
multiple universes,
and so forth.
We are projections;
moments enjoying themselves.
How to not be stressed out on a day-to-day basis?
I do not know for sure.
Honestly, some things are out of my control.
Reality is all the science and nature that we call "the universe".
Have not been able to cope with not being in what we call "control",
but rather having adaptogen aides to adapt.

Unlimited a Liberty

October 2008

A time of trust.
Death hypochondriac.
So incredibly casual,
or ever formal?
My life is who?

Unlimited liberty by force or better.
In order to face one's own time constraints:
You have to know how to schedule another life.
I am just a paranoid death hypochondriac.

Draw an end to a generation of “red and blue” states.

If She is or is Not

October 2008

Testing by her silent treatment.
Testing her by silence on one hand.

Is she on par;
on course?

She is on par;
of course.

Testing her by open source.
A life together.

If she is or is not the one.
It means I can not demonstrate a good percentage of her smiles.
Then she is not the one.
Then she is not the one I know.
Then even though I know her stance (even in tears and silence).
Then she is not the one for us.
But she could be.
Plus,
she should have been

What is the best type of medicine for the old silent treatment?
She is just blogging to be.
She is the one;
seen.
She is silent during a fight.
She is a shining example,
moreso;
a deep sidekick of light an.

Go and bag the good and bad memories asleep in mind.
They go back to back.
They go back to forth.
They go back and fourth dimensionally.
We go back to back.
We go back and forth.

She is the one.
She is the one who could be.
She is the one who could simply be me.
She is or is not the one.
Coming and seen.

From, by, of
October 16th 2008

It is like the feeling of just being held down by a gust of wind.
A sacred gust of wind.
That tells me what I should do.
While I am forced to sit down.
You do not realize that it is forceful.
You just realize that you can not move when you try to get up.
Then parts of the room,
like individual aspects of the screen start to spiral.
You realize that you are an individual.
Controlled and in part from, by, of nature.

Wised Voice
October 16th 2008

A wise voice of nature inside of us all the time.
That is God.
It is ingrained as a background process in the condition human.
Oh my gosh.
We are each God.
So therefore, I hear my wise voice as a clear, deep, and gentle male.
Because it is what I envision inside myself.
Because it is what I imagine all.
Controlled by mental illusions.
This is life in its most relished form.
They were all wrong about what God is.
Inner wisdom is God.
No wonder it is hard to find.

Simple Song
October 2008

We are simple creatures.
We have two possibilities.
The universe is infinite possibilities.
We could be more than we are if we could feel and experience indefinite possibilities,
just like the universe.
The world spins like the devil that it is.

98.2 F / 36.8 C (Warm Inside You)

October 2008

We are experiencing what we are able to.
The question is how much are we able to experience that our bodies are not already
equipped for.

Could there be infinite experiences and sensations out there?

If so,

then what we feel as adult humans is only the tip of how many icebergs?

Our genetics give us diversity from person to person.

I feel like this "diversity" is merely the tip of the iceberg.

Only the tip.

Only the tip.

Feeling like the feeling of an iceberg.

That we are able to feel in our life that seems real.

Nature's Insight

October 2008

Given overpowering insight.
Insightful oversight into my mind.
The insight that I try to find.
Characterized by;
by smile.
I to know I?
Who I am to I.
The powerful insight given by the mind.
Is only unclothed beyond the design by my mind.
Which is playfully imposed by nature's insight.

Spectator
October 2008

Speculating is guessing.
Just like we do every day.
Just like we do every day in our brains.
Just like the markets do in their haste.

Mainly just guessing.
Speculation.

You are just watching,
but you do not know.

You do not know,
because you are not in charge.

The mass is left to speculate.

That is us.

We are all speculators at every step in our debate.
And every last thought that moves through the inside of your face.

Fate is only short-lived.

It is half-fate.

The only half what we make.

Like I know you.

We speculate.

Like I know the value of it.

We value.

Like I know what decision is more right.

We judge.

Human Aging Process

October 2008

Will I be able to share my deepest ideas with her?
Fear,
and the human controlling the brain must work together.
Great humans do not,
not have fear.
They have fear,
but they utilize that fear,
for benefit.

People who are too honest with their partners or parents are bound to be apart.
Coming together as one as for caring.

I like being me.
I like being free.
Behind her back I can be me.
Behind her back I can be free.
Will I be able to share my deepest concerns for her.
The deep side that does not come out on a regular basis.
Sharing with caring.
Somehow.
Sharing with caring.
Somewhere.
Oh no;
Yeah.

A lot of guys have these feelings of bisexuality.

Only Everyday

October 2008

I wonder what you do all day.
When you are away.

I am severely needing love.

I will show you yours,
if you show me mine

The End of Terrorism

September 2008

To change the system we need to reach back into our childhood.

We have to connect with people sentimentally,
so they can change the fundamentals.

All new art should expire after a certain point,
then be tossed out into the public domain.

What made us strong in the 20th century,
will not work as well now.

When we realize that we will have learned,
and hopefully remember.

Oh,

and feel the type of person you are.

We need to change things the ultimate way that we thought as a child.

You will not create real change until you stimulate that part of your memories.

How does this relate to my childhood?

I can still be who I was during my childhood.

We are just kids who grow up and who are still growing.

What is "growing up" anyways.

What is the so-called "feeling" of growing up.

In fact, growing up may indeed just be an illusion.

Some of the entertainment stuff from the 20th century is still enlightening.

