

Poems
Inspired by
A Course in Miracles

Alan Steinle

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A Course in Miracles in a Nutshell

Our innocence is what we miss.
We feel no greater loss than this.
Complete forgiveness makes us sure
Creation cannot be impure.

A Course in Miracles: What It Says

*This unfinished poem is based on the Preface of A Course in Miracles
(Foundation for Inner Peace edition).*

Reality is life that's free,
 And it does not desist.
What isn't real might have appeal,
 But it does not exist.

To tell what's real and what's unreal
 Is what this course is for.
The peace of God is no facade—
 It fills us to the core.

The truth is one for everyone,
 And knowledge doesn't change.
Perception shows what minds once chose,
 And choices can be strange.

There is one law on which we draw:
 The law of God or love.
It does not shift, but will soon lift
 Us to the realm above.

Eternal truth is not uncouth,
 Though sometimes ostracized.
The truth won't hide. It's on our side,
 Although unrecognized.

What God creates has all these traits:
 It has no starts or ends.
It's truly real. We can't repeal
 The love that God extends.

The truth cannot be changed or taught—
It is beyond all time.
All knowledge squares, and naught compares
To what is so sublime.

But what we see is never free
From constant stops and starts.
The things we spy all seem to die,
And each of them departs.

The world we sense is dark and dense.
It's based on loss and lack.
Our sadness springs from separate things
That constantly attack.

The world we view can shift anew
Each time we change our mind.
Our minds project, then we detect
The things we want to find.

This world's not true. As we imbue
It with our own desires.
We see in it what we have writ,
But dreamers can be liars.

The systems that these two begat
Are opposites for sure.
What we perceive can soon deceive,
But knowledge will endure.

No knowledge can exist in man
Unless it is in God.
Perceptions may lead minds astray—
In darkness they may plod.

Though men may fight for fear or spite,
There is one Will for all.
When we are taught to know God's thought,
Our wishes won't appall.

The world of sounds and sights confounds.
It always seems so real.

But wishes can change what we scan,
And what we taste and feel.

Illusions come and we succumb
To what we see and hear.
And when things change, the world seems strange
And we feel numb with fear.

Illusion's world in which we're hurled
At birth can cause us dread.
We try to find some peace of mind.
Confusion comes instead.

This upside down and crazy town,
This realm of nothing fixed,
Makes us defend what we extend,
But loyalties are mixed.

For we perceive what we believe,
And we think wills must fight.
So we contend with foe and friend,
And think that might makes right.

Now we are caught, and we cannot
Escape this world of dreams
Without an Aide who's not afraid
To deal with silent screams.

We're in bad shape and can't escape—
We're in a mental loop.
When we agree on what we see,
This puts us in a group.

And what we sense creates a fence
That keeps us in the dream.
Another choice from His own Voice
Was made and will redeem.

His Spirit's keen to come between
The worlds of truth and sense.
He sees our dreams and faulty schemes,
Whose falsehoods are immense.

The Spirit's goal will make us whole.
Our thoughts won't be debased.
With pardon's aid, mistakes we made
Will quickly be erased.

He will reverse the world's great curse.
Forgiveness is His tool.
Our thoughts will be reversed, for He
Will take us through His school.

The world we see will just agree
With what we think within
Our "truth" reflects what sense detects
And we project again.

We look inside and we decide
Which world we really prize.
Then we project what we select,
And we see truth or lies.

If we would find a world designed
To justify our ire,
Then we will sense, at our expense,
The evil we desire.

The world complies before our eyes
To what our minds conclude.
If we see sin and hate therein,
This just reflects our mood.

So what we choose supplies our views,
But we might not be right.
If we forgive, then we will live
With truth and see the light.

When we defend, we can't amend
Mistakes that we have made.
A twisted mind can only find
Where other men have strayed.

We recognize our mental lies,

Then overlook them all.
Forgiving minds can loose what binds
And topple every wall.

Our real Self wakes from all mistakes
When pardon is complete.
On this crusade, distortions fade
And victory is sweet.

The thought of sin we hold within
Is simply our mistake.
It won't require a hell of fire
Or lashes till we ache.

Since love is all, there is no Fall
To keep us from His will.
The God of love Who lives above
Indwells creation still.

We feel a hole within our soul,
A lack of all things good.
This fallacy of scarcity
Controls our livelihood.

We feel a lack, so we attract
Another to our side.
We try to steal what we would feel,
But this they can't provide.

Within our mates, we look for traits
That we believe we lack.
We take what we would have or be,
But we give nothing back.

A big mistake is what we make
When thinking love has needs.
Though we have gold and wealth untold,
Love's bounty still exceeds.

When minds unite, they share the light.
Their union never ceased.
The mind of Christ is paradise.

Its light can't be decreased.

Whom God has merged cannot diverge—
Eternally, they're one.
Their bond endures, and God ensures
The union of His Son.

The ego tries to win a prize—
It seeks external "love."
But what it owns are worthless stones.
It never has enough.

The ego plays to win more praise.
Outside is where it seeks.
It makes crusades for accolades
But can't endure critiques.

The Self we've got has need of naught.
It is a perfect soul.
It's safe and sound. God's love abounds
To keep us ever whole.

Abundance fills and love instills
The Self that God holds dear.
It has no needs and never cedes
To lack of love or fear.

The special bond of which we're fond
Destroys our peace of mind.
We're childish but often wish
That others would be kind.

The special bond may still respond
To lessons on this earth.
We can't deny the holy tie
And all that it is worth.

The world alarms. Its bonds are arms
To make exclusion true.
The bonds it makes are just mistakes
That we learn to undo.

We can exchange what is deranged
For what is good and whole.
With pardon's aid, bonds are remade
When under His control.

The bonds we make can help us wake
And let the dream depart.
Forgiveness rights all wrongs and lights
The lamp within our heart.

Each bond that lights in us invites
The Spirit's presence here.
The memory of Deity
Will cancel all our fear.

The ego tries to use our ties
To make exclusion true,
But each one learns that pardon turns
His ties to something new.

Each bond's a way to loose today
All souls with pardon's aid.
When we forgive, we're free to live,
And all lives are remade.

The body seems to make some schemes
Without the mind's consent.
It follows still the mind's own will
And shows the mind's intent.

The mind that's black promotes attack
And makes the body ill.
The body's state can just await
The mind's directing will.

The flesh is prey to all decay
When used to make attacks.
The flesh can't ail when minds are hale
And see no sin or lack.

The mind must halt to make assault
And let the flesh be whole.

Communicate—it's never late—
It is the body's role.

The mind can choose to win or lose—
The ego is one choice.
But wise indeed are those who heed
The Holy Spirit's voice.

A Mind Forgiven

A mind forgiven feels no guilt within
And seeks no punishment from foes without.
It isn't driven mad by thoughts of sin
But feels a peace inside and all about.

A mind forgiven seeks not to attack
But only seeks to keep its cherished peace.
It sees abundance where it once saw lack.
The joy it spreads to others must increase.

A mind forgiven has more than it needs—
Its knowledge, love, and energy abound.
From great abundance, more abundance breeds,
And all it gives away comes back around.

Complete forgiveness offers all of this.
It brings a mental metamorphosis.

A Sticky Brew

wrath and guilt are glue
that bind your lover to you
what a sticky brew

Alone at Night

Because your lover made a break,
You moan and weep and want to die.
But you'll get better, by and by—
A lover new will soothe your ache.

Your lover new was just a rake,
And so you left him on the sly.

You left your lover, made a break.
You moan and weep and want to die.

Alone at night, you lie awake.
Real love is what you crucify,
Unless your love comes from on high.
You must love all, and none forsake,
Although your lover makes a break.

An Angel Still

Now Satan was the first to fall.
He gave up life for naught at all,
And he convinced us to pass through
The darkest place we ever knew.

He said, "You're guilty. Fear the light."
And we decided he was right.
The fear of God drove us insane,
And guilt produced all kinds of pain.

Although we followed Satan's lead,
Sought useless idols in our greed,
There is a way for us to learn
Another lesson and return.

We're holy still in God's own sight,
But our mistakes block out the light.
When minds are cleansed of past mistakes,
Creation sleepily awakes.

Yes, Satan is an angel still.
He wished to own a different will.
He envied God, but he will see
That oneness makes creation free.

An Eternal Dawn

past and future gone
just one holy instant spawns
an eternal dawn

Bedlam

The winners of a game would like to gloat.
They think they should rejoice for their own win.
The only thing that makes their spirits float
Is when they triumph over other men.

The losers of a game return home sad,
But they still aim to win next Sunday's game.
They tell themselves their luck just turned out bad,
But future wins will take away their shame.

Can someone's joy depend upon disgrace?
Should players join to tear apart their foe?
Or is one's joy reflected in the face
Of last year's rival who lets healing grow?

How can we find the peace of mind we seek
When competition makes our oneness weak?

Body or Spirit?

Are you a body, from all sides beset?
Attacks produce anxiety and strife?
Are you a spirit, safe from every threat?
Is death a harmless passage in your life?

Attacks produce anxiety and strife
When dangers lurk and midnight fears abound?
Is death a harmless passage in your life
When you accept that you are safe and sound?

When dangers lurk and midnight fears abound,
You teach that you're defenseless, frail, and weak.
When you accept that you are safe and sound,
You find true love and turn the other cheek.

You teach that you're defenseless, frail, and weak
When guilt has told you something that's untrue.
You find true love and turn the other cheek
When only harmless thoughts exist in you.

When guilt has told you something that's untrue,
You feel the need to launch revenge attacks.
When only harmless thoughts exist in you,
You will become quite helpful with your acts.

You feel the need to launch revenge attacks
If you're a body, from all sides beset.
You will become quite helpful with your acts
If you're a spirit, safe from every threat.

Breaking the Ties of the Past

whether right or wrong
the arm of the past is strong
carries us along

~

can we break the tie
let all our past notions die
soar into the sky

Christmas

To many, it's a time to balance books,
While others fall so quickly into debt.
While children gaze at lights with gaping looks,
Their parents buy more gifts for them and fret.

This season does set expectations high,
And many cannot claim the joy they sought.
For even when they can afford to buy,
A dark depression brings their joy to naught.

If Christmas is to have a meaning real,
Then we must turn our minds another way.
Resentment does a bitter mind reveal.
It fills us not with peace but with dismay.

While Christmas isn't something we can buy,
Forgiveness brings a peace to brothers nigh.

Darkness Cannot Hide

When pride and selfishness prevail,

The twins of guilt and fear derail
The happiness we try to find,
And darkness creeps into our mind.

The darkness of our thoughts, we feel,
Must be forever kept concealed.
But, finding darkness cannot hide,
We fear the light that shines outside.

But when we're freely pardoned, we
Are not afraid to finally see
That all is light, and love still wins,
And we can't hide our smallest "sins."

Complete forgiveness is our right
When bringing faults into the light.
Our Advocate gives love to all,
And everyone will heed His call.

When we decide to share our thoughts,
The light will cleanse our darkest spots.
The happiness we could not find
Will flow into our open mind.

Dust and Light

The body's dust, the soul is light,
And what has life can never die.
To save the dust, we should not fight.
The body's dust, the soul is light.
Into the mind that is contrite,
The truth returns to clarify:
The body's dust, the soul is light,
And what has life can never die.

Endless Thought

God is all we've got.
Not a body or a mass,
He's the endless thought
Of oneness we can't surpass.
We're the love that He begot.

Forgiveness

If guilt is what I feel within my brain,
Then I'll reject the love that's everywhere,
And I'll accept the fear that goes with pain,
And I will not find peace but dark despair.

If innocence is my identity,
Then I will not condemn myself with hate.
My guiltless mind will be my guaranty
That peace and love will always be my state.

In order to attain that peace of mind,
I must forgive the errors that I see.
Since errors are with guilt all intertwined,
Forgiveness sets my guilty conscience free.

Forgiveness is the constant note we play
Until all guilty feelings go away.

God's Love Sustains Me

God knows exactly what I need.
His love sustains my mind and soul.
His plan for me is what I heed.
God knows exactly what I need.
His guidance is my living creed.
I will not fail to reach His goal.
God knows exactly what I need.
His love sustains my mind and soul.

Health

Health
Is just
To concur
With God's good plan
For the light to come.
It will quickly plumb
The heart of man
And ensure
Robust
Health.

If Guilt Is Real

If guilt is real, it must be true.
I will not want to show my mind.
If guilt is false, my life is new.
A world of joy is what I'll find.

I will not want to show my mind.
I will expect attacks from you.
A world of joy is what I'll find.
My love extends to all I view.

I will expect attacks from you.
I have attacked my guilty foes.
My love extends to all I view.
My mind transmits all that it knows.

I have attacked my guilty foes.
I thought that they'd attack me first.
My mind transmits all that it knows.
My heart emits a joyful burst.

I thought that they'd attack me first.
And now I feel my guilt remains.
My heart emits a joyful burst.
My will is free—no one restrains.

And now I feel my guilt remains.
If guilt is real, it must be true.
My will is free—no one restrains.
All guilt is gone, my life is new.

If Love Has a Price

if love has a price
only complete sacrifice
for love will suffice

~

if love's always free
sacrifice could never be
to any degree

If You Forgive Your Brother

If you forgive your brother, you
Will cancel all your guilt and fear.
Your guilty past will disappear,
And you'll attain a peaceful view.

A guilty mind is all askew—
It will not let real love come near.
If you forgive your brother, you
Will cancel all your guilt and fear.

When blame, attack, and guilt accrue,
Your mind cannot be free and clear.
But if you wish for peace and cheer,
Then learn again this lesson true:
If you forgive your brother, you
Will cancel all your guilt and fear.

Infinite Mind

Our science says effects all have a cause.
We should predict the future from the past,
For knowledge of the past produces laws
That can't be broken, twisted, or surpassed.

Religion claims to know the will of God.
Our holy books reveal what we should do,
But skeptics say the rules are rather odd,
And foreign cultures have another view.

But what if we could wipe the white board clean,
Erase all expectations from our mind,
And cease to judge all that is heard and seen?
Would we all live as we were first designed?

If we renewed and opened up our mind,
Our mental powers would be unconfined.

Joy Is Our Concern

the past won't return
grief and pain will be unlearned

joy is our concern

Karma

focus on the past
and karma will be amassed
that can't be surpassed

~

overlook them fast
the thoughts and deeds of the past
so karma won't last

La Belle Dame sans P  ch  

This is a parody of "La Belle Dame sans Merci" by John Keats.

"O what has healed you, man of war?
You're peaceful and you're smiling.
The lake reflects the sunshine and
The birds all sing!

"O what has healed you, man of war?
You're happy and you're thankful now.
The animals all live in peace.
Please tell us how!"

"I met a woman in the field,
So beautiful—a pure delight.
Her hair was long, her clothes were silk,
Her eyes were bright!

"I felt my heart leap up within.
Her purpose was mystery.
She looked at me with kindness, then
She said to me:

"Our innocence comes not from us.
Our innocence was given by
Our one Creator, heaven's host,
Who lives on high.

"Although your mind is still not sure
A sinless world would be the best,

In time I'll teach you many things,
And you'll find rest.

“I'll teach you just what holds you back,
And you will learn to give it up.
For all my words you will imbibe
From wisdom's cup.’

“I said to her, ‘You are the one
I've waited for, so teach me of
What men desire from the heart:
Instruct in love.’

“She said, ‘I cannot teach you that,
For love is what you are in truth,
Though you've misunderstood yourself
From early youth.

“To know yourself, you must remove
All notions that oppose the real.
You must reverse your darkest thoughts.
That's how you heal.

“Forgiveness means to overlook
All errors that you see within.
The Spirit will correct them all.
There is no sin.’

“As I was standing in the field
I had a vision, and above
A host of angels said to me:
‘You will know love!’

“I saw the dead who were alive.
I heard them say with hearts entwined:
‘Behold, la belle dame sans péché
Will heal your mind!’

“And after many lessons there,
I learned to overlook the ill.
I do not see the darkness and
I feel no chill!

“My mind is healed, and all has changed.
I’m peaceful and I’m smiling.
The lake reflects the sunshine and
The birds all sing!”

Luminous Mind

Mind
That’s pure
Feels no fear
But only love.
To achieve this goal,
Let your mind be whole.
Thoughts from above
Will appear
In your
Mind.

My Mind Is Free

Though jailers put me in a cell,
And leave me till I feel unwell,
Though body rots and bones decay,
My mind is free to fly away.

Though I should ail in all respects,
Though I should pay for my defects,
I will not choose to overstay.
My mind is free to fly today.

The only thing that keeps me sane:
The knowledge that I’m mind, not brain.
My spirit always wants to roam.
The body cannot be my home.

When mind decides the spirit’s real,
Then mind itself begins to heal.
And when the mind is saved from hell,
The mind and spirit jointly dwell.

The body cannot limit mind
When mind and spirit are aligned.

When mind and spirit live as one,
Their freedom cannot be undone.

My Thoughts Are the Shots

If my thoughts are the shots that hurt me,
Then we should learn it good and agree
That your act was a fact,
But the tact that it lacked
Was what I did supply and did see.

One and Many

While One was thinking timeless thoughts,
Against him Many fired some shots.
And Many said, "It's plain to see
That Truth belongs to folks like me,
For objects clearly come in shades:
As one gets bright, another fades.
Each object has a special form,
And different objects are the norm.
Dividing things by shape and hue,
I shatter thoughts that come from you.

"The thought that Oneness had some Truth
Dissolved when men outgrew their youth.
For now they know the Ego's right.
It turns each day into the night.
Religion was a force for One,
But it was trapped in webs I spun,
For I divide all unities.
They fall apart, the center flees."

Then One replied, "I hear your case,
But your own thoughts still have as base
The Oneness that you would debate,
So listen well and stem your hate.

"Beyond what people see and hear,
Exists a light that shines so clear.
Connecting all, its Truth is real.
The different parts it seeks to heal.

"But Many is illusion's child,
A spawn that makes the whole world wild,
For people thought their lives were done.
They thought they had destroyed the One,

But all their guilt and all their fear
Could never dim eternal cheer.
For I could never be destroyed,
Though thoughts and actions were employed.

“The people show that Truth is Light,
For they take pains to prove they’re right.
If there was not a Truth at last,
All efforts from the distant past
Up to today would be a waste,
And Truth would be a shadow chased.

“It is amazing you don’t see
That your attacks on Unity
Suppose that we can comprehend
Each other’s words and minds can blend.
Communication is assumed—
Without that base, all would be doomed.
Though sometimes words that people use
Just cut, attack, deceive, or bruise,
The fact is that the One abides.
This final Truth will join all sides.”

Oneness

According to Georg Hegel (1770-1831), history is a series of steps in which a thesis and its antithesis are resolved in a synthesis. In this sonnet, revenge and forgiveness are resolved in oneness.

Revenge is what we seek to make things fair
When someone hurts our body or our mind.
But after we attack, we are aware
We haven’t left our guilt and fear behind.

Forgiveness seems to be unjustified.
It seems to be a weak, suspicious deed.
Our foes might fear to see our darker side:
When anger kindles, kindness can recede.

If we could see that oneness is what’s true,
Then pardon would be good for everyone.
We would be careful what we say and do.
With faith and love, our fears would be undone.

To end the cycle of revenge and hate,
We need to see the oneness of our state.

Pardon All

Some people do not know that they are wrong
And see no point in giving up their ways.
They hunt and hurt their foes because they're strong
And heap up crimes until their dying days.

Some people feel their karma's coming back
To hit them like a giant rubber band.
Each careless word and each revenge attack
Will be repaid by justice' hidden hand.

Some people know that pardon wipes the slate.
Their karma is not set in changeless stone.
Forgiveness acts to cancel deeds of hate.
The grace they offer is what they are shown.

Some heedlessly attack and hurt their foes.
Some fear their karma will bring future woes.
Some pardon all and enter calm repose.

Peace

If you want peace to come to stay,
Then listen to these words today:
If guilt is what you keep and hide,
Or you place guilt on those outside,
Then you will only feel dismay.

Although these words might sound cliché,
Complete forgiveness is the way
To end all war and turn the tide
 If you want peace.

To overlook, to turn away,
From all mistakes another may
Have made without his holy Guide
Is what you must learn to decide.
Ignore the false and don't repay
 If you want peace.

Real Love

You try to find a special partner here
To share a love that stays obscure and veiled.
This one and only love you call your dear,
But special love on earth has always failed.

The others cannot feel the love from you,
For you would limit love to only one.
Your enemies and neighbors, you eschew,
For you believe that they would end your fun.

But God does not bestow on you his gifts,
Withholding them from others, out of spite,
For in his love, there are no cracks or rifts:
His love is whole and fills the world with light.

You shouldn't ask for love that is unique.
Real love is strong, but "special love" is weak.

See Here Now

This world is like a prison for the blind,
For what we see's projected from our mind.
We have agreed to "see" the absent past,
But vision will replace these blanks at last.

Illusion says our self is frail and small.
We must defend or we will quickly fall.
Illusion says that everyone must fight.
Our enemies are everything in sight.

But if we could forgive our hated foes,
We would be free, and nothing would oppose
A vision that sees friends in every place,
A world of love reflected in each face.

We use the past to judge the bad and fair,
But judgment makes us "see" what isn't there.
A vision of the present lets us see

A now that leads us to eternity.

Shadow Dancing

Like shadow dancers in a play,
There is a script that we obey:
Our minds and those that we survey
 Don't live as one.
We circle close, then move away—
 We seek to shun.

Within this dance, this earthly ball,
There is a gap between us all.
It holds our separate minds in thrall,
 For we're afraid
To be the first to breach the wall
 And look for aid.

Though separate lives are not ideal,
We're still afraid that love will heal.
Though lonely, we still often feel
 We'd stay unknown.
And so we strive with eager zeal
 To waltz alone.

We fear the love that brings the light,
For love insists that we unite.
Our masquerade occurs at night,
 So we can't see
That if we ceased to shadow fight,
 We would be free.

Our bodies cannot fill the space
Between our minds when we embrace.
Our fleshly unions can't replace
 What we await.
Our minds must find a resting place,
 A peaceful state.

When two agree they want true peace,
Then all our minds will gain release,
And love for others will increase

And fill each heart.
We'll dance as one and never cease—
A joyful art.

Sins or Mistakes?

if sin's truly real
then forgiveness cannot heal
what guilt would conceal

~

if sin isn't free
to destroy eternity
then sin cannot be

~

mistakes are not sins
an illusion underpins
the devil's brief wins

~

holiness corrects
all mistakes that it detects
blots out their effects

~

if sin is not true
and mistakes need not accrue
then pain is not due

Stop Striving

Begin with stillness in your soul
And cease your striving for a goal.
You cannot see or quite detect
The link of cause to each effect,
So simply act for God and all
And do not fear what may befall.

But now you work all day and strive,
And you believe you won't survive
Unless you run with faster gait,
Unless you make your name as great
As those with whom you must compete,
As those who work for your defeat.
But vanity of vanities!

Your striving for the apogees
Will bring you failure in the end.
You will not have a single friend.

Your living days were only spent
Increasing strife and discontent.
Slow down and make another choice
And heed a different, quiet voice.

This friendly voice does not command.
It just reminds you where you stand,
For now you cannot see the whole.
You do not know the aim or goal.

So, heed the one who makes it right,
Who leads you forward to the light.
This friend reveals to you your role:
You'll heal the world and make it whole.

He knows all things that can take place,
Divides the noble from the base,
And shows you how to choose like him
To stoke the flame that's growing dim.

By giving up resentment dark,
Your true forgiveness lights a spark
That spreads to everyone around
And frees all who are tightly bound
In minds enclosed by guilt and fear.
They had not let real love come near.

But now the ones who strove for gain
Have open eyes and minds more sane.
Relinquishing the race to live,
They find the light is theirs to give.
And now one goal unites all men:
To feel no guilt and see no sin.

Taking Sides

You take a side and join the throng,
And winning carries you along.
Your side opposes other men
And always seeks to score a win,
So it can sing the victory song.

Yes, now you feel that you belong.
You seek your triumphs to prolong.

Though you may bleed and lose some skin,
You take a side.

Yet unity alone is strong.
The fighting went on much too long.
When you defeat your foe again,
You feel a sadness deep within.
You walk away—it now feels wrong
To take a side.

The Ballad of Sean and Jenn

Some time ago, both Sean and Jenn
Felt happy just to be
Within each other's loving arms
Beneath a shady tree.

The two had even planned their lives.
They planned their wedding day,
And from their parents' houses they
Would quickly run away.

They planned their lives and named their kids,
Their children unconceived.
They couldn't ask for more than this,
The union they'd achieved.

But over time, their flame grew cold,
And Jenn did not know why,
But every time that Sean was curt,
She felt the urge to cry.

How could the love they'd built upon
Be castles in the air?
How could their passion turn to dust?
It all felt so unfair.

Then Sean seduced another girl
And broke the heart of Jenn.
And Jenn refused to be consoled:
"He's just like other men!"

And Jenn returned to Mother's house.
She wept both day and night.
She found it hard to eat or sleep.
She couldn't bear her plight.

But after many days like this,
She turned another page,
And she began to live again.
She'd reached another stage.

One day she walked into the woods,
And sat beside a stream.
She felt a peace she'd never known.
It seemed just like a dream.

She thought of Sean, and saw her past.
She didn't miss that life.
She felt a calm, although she knew
She'd never be his wife.

Alone, she felt a love more true
Than she had ever known.
It filled her heart with peace and joy.
It was her cornerstone.

And all the love and happiness
She thought she'd had with Sean,
They were not like the love she'd found,
For those had come and gone.

As she accepted this new love,
It healed her broken heart.
And with the peace within her now,
She made a brand-new start.

*If this is peace, and this is love,
Where do they both come from?
The more I need, the more I get.
Their depth I cannot plumb.*

*There has to be a deeper well
That gives its waters free.*

*It gives more life, and gives more love
Than romance gave to me.*

*This source of love is all we need.
It's free just like the air.
Though I can't see this love I've found,
I feel it everywhere.*

The Chain of Atonement

Atonement spreads like rippling waves
That flow across this world of woe.
Its perfect love renews and saves.

Atonement's waves join with the flow
Of freedom that unlocks our chains
And pays the debts of love we owe.

Atonement's gentle mercy rains
Upon a dry and dusty earth
And washes out our cherished pains.

Atonement leads us to rebirth,
So eyes are opened to the real
And we recall our priceless worth.

Atonement labors to repeal
Our thoughts of darkness, sin, and fear,
And everything guilt would conceal.

Atonement brings the real world near,
So that our eyes see differently,
And pleasant sounds are what we hear.

Atonement seeks to heal and free
Discouraged minds from hopeless graves
As we forgive with charity.

Atonement spreads like rippling waves.
Its perfect love renews and saves.

The Dreamer

The body seems to lead the way.
It seems we must feel what it feels.
But it must follow and obey,
For when the mind is healed, it heals.
The body doesn't need esteem.
We are the dreamer of the dream.

The guilt that we project comes back.
The guilt that we forgive is gone.
We aren't the victims of attack,
Although we dream of Babylon.
Our love for others will redeem.
We are the dreamer of the dream.

We don't attack our foes unless
We feel our lives are still discrete.
If we were one, we'd only bless,
To make each other's joy complete.
Our unity must be the theme.
We are the dreamer of the dream.

The Epiphany

When Max grew up, he found someone to hold:
He took a wife as many others do.
But over time the love they felt grew cold,
And they did not know how to make it new.

And every time they argued or they fought,
Their bond continued to erode and fray.
So, finally, they loosed their marriage knot,
They sold their house, and they both moved away.

One day when Max was sitting in a park,
Just watching couples walking hand-in-hand,
He thought about his ex till it grew dark:
What happened to the life of bliss we planned?

Perhaps our love was only love in name.
It's either real or just an ego game.

The Final Lesson

Upon the search for truth, we finally learn:
Forgiveness offers all that we have sought.
When we attack, it is attack we earn.
Upon the search for truth, we finally learn:
When we condemn, it is ourselves we burn.
All pain conceals an unforgiving thought.
Upon the search for truth, we finally learn:
Forgiveness offers all that we have sought.

The Glorious Surprise

Can you imagine powers hidden deep
Within the consciousness of humankind?
When we awaken from our ancient sleep,
We'll realize that we've been weak and blind.

The superpowers that we will possess—
Telepathy, clairsentience, and more—
Will not be ours to have and use unless
We banish from our minds all strife and war.

The power to communicate with all,
To travel through the universe at will—
These powers will amaze us and enthrall,
But there will be a greater freedom still.

What is the final glorious surprise?
We are the endless Whole that never dies!

The Great Purification

In all we see and hear and touch,
There lives a soul that mirrors us,
For nothing on the earth is dead,
All can perceive and think, in truth.

The problem is that something's wrong
With our perception of the world.
We see ourselves as separate
And other life's the enemy.
We're isolated from our kin,

We're lonely, though surrounded by
A family of unity.

In truth, two foes are in our mind—
The twins of guilt and fear destroy
The peace and oneness we deserve.

If guilt were based on something true,
Then we could never find release.
But we cannot destroy what's real,
So sin and guilt must not be true.

We can destroy the physical,
But what can change does not exist,
And guilt cannot be based on acts
That ruin what does not exist.
So guilt does not have legs to stand,
And we are still as we were made.

On earth, our guilt is tragedy,
As long as we believe it's real,
For guilt makes us lose all our peace.
It makes our minds go wild with fear.

We fear we will be punished for
The sins that we believe are real,
And fear, the twin of guilt, conceals
The love of which we form a part.
And fear makes us attack the foes
We see around our fragile flesh,
And these attacks increase our guilt,
And make us fear revenge attacks.

This vicious cycle made the world
A vengeful place of fear and guilt,
But we can leave this cyclic mess.
We only need to do two things.

The first thing we must learn to do:
We must relinquish all attack.
This is the way to conquer guilt
And keep it from regaining ground.

The second thing that we must do:
We must forgive until our minds
Are wholly pure, as they once were.

With these two tools, we will regain
Our sanity and recognize
The Self that God created by
Extending all his attributes.

The love and joy and peace we are
Can be destroyed in time alone.
Eternity will never know
The madness here that brings distress.

For heaven knows about the truth,
And nothing here can add a spot
Of darkness there, where all is one.

When from the earth, all fear and guilt
Have been removed, we will not stay
Upon the earth, for God himself
Will lift us up into the realm
Where heaven's light forever shines.

The Guilt Trip

For both anger and guilt are a glue
That is meant to prevent an adieu.
When your anger begins,
She feels guilty of sins,
And she lays the same guilt trip on you.

The Holographic Heart

The loneliness can feel like hell
When I am shackled in this cell,
But if the whole's within each part,
Then those I love are in my heart.

Communication's not that hard—
I only need to drop my guard,
For those who wish to love and live

Prepare the way when they forgive.

Forgiveness is the only way
To share my life with all today,
For if I look inside and hate
The smallest part, then all must wait.

For heaven is not known in part—
I must accept within my heart
All souls so that I will not fear
The parts of me that dwell so near.

And, finally, when I detect
All beings and do not reject
A part of me, I will be whole
And feel the cosmos fill my soul.

The Inner Voice

The inner voice, the ego's words,
Can make chaotic sounds like birds,
And when the inner words commence,
We find they don't make any sense,
For they're produced by guilt and fear,
And words of truth do not appear.

But in the stillness of the day,
We gently throw false words away.
We meditate on unity
And overlook the mess we see.

We welcome thoughts that come from God,
Although, at first, they seem quite odd,
For we are used to noting wrongs
And cannot hear eternal songs.

Those songs repeat a clear refrain,
That only thoughts of God are sane.
We needn't heed the ego's voice.
All we must do is make a choice.
Our minds grow calm when we elect
To overlook the incorrect.

Illusions need not our support—
Attacking sin will just contort
And twist our minds with hate and rage,
And fear will be our daily wage,
For we will fear revenge attacks
On our exposed and guilty backs.

But when forgiveness is sent out,
We will be calm and have no doubt
That we're forgiven just like those
Whom we forgave and sent repose.

For now we choose to hear our friend,
The Holy Spirit, till the end.
The ego's words will not profane
Our peaceful heart and quiet brain.

The Judge

A child was born, his mother's first,
Who tried each thing he could.
Each thing he tasted with his mouth
And judged if it was good.

A growing boy, he learned from books
What men esteemed and prized.
He learned of virtue and of good,
And he became more wise.

He learned all of his lessons and
He saw the world through them.
He judged each thing with expertise,
Be it a rock or gem.

The man became an expert judge,
And all throughout the land,
His judgment was a valued thing
For its unbiased stand.

But after many years of life,
The man began to doubt.

He felt his judgments were not just.
What was it all about?

The things he'd learned in all the books
He felt were simply air.
The judgments that he'd made till now
Weren't proper, just, or fair.

He felt he could not see the whole
And he felt quite confused.
*Have I been wrong about my life?
Have I my job misused?*

*How do I know how things will work
When all is said and done?
The things that I have judged against
Could be the shining sun.*

And so the judge withdrew his claim
That he could wisely make
Decisions for the people's lives.
He felt he'd been a fake.

*I'm not aware of all the things
That go into our life.
And if I stop my judgments now,
Perhaps I'll know less strife.*

*It was a heavy burden that
I've carried on my back.
I've judged against or for a man.
I'll drop my heavy pack.*

*And from now on, I will not judge:
I will let Someone wise.
He sees and knows how all things work.
He has clean thoughts and eyes.*

*Each thing that I decreed against,
It could have been His plan
To use it as a way to life.
I will no longer ban.*

And now the man accepts all things.
He's free and he is glad.
He lets the Spirit work, and he
Calls nothing good or bad.

And if he finds his mind goes back
To its judgmental ways,
He views his thoughts, but lets them go,
And so he spends his days.

The Language of Forgiveness

Communication is our aim,
And pardon's symbols mean the same
To everyone who looks within
And sees one Self, untouched by sin.

The Pull of God

Our channels to receive, and thus to give,
Are blocked when fear divides us from the whole.
We need another way to love and live,
So that we are fulfilled within our soul.

Our minds are lonely when they are apart.
It's not our bodies but our minds that merge.
When minds are open, thinking with the heart,
We feel a restlessness, a constant urge.

The pull of God attracts us all to Him,
And fear cannot deter what He has willed.
The shining of His love is never dim.
When we accept and share it, we're fulfilled.

To join with God and others is our fate.
As one, we have the means to co-create.

The Shadow Figures

The shadow figures from the distant past
Arise like ghosts before our sleeping eyes.
And what we see is not the truth, at last,

But guilty people whom we still despise.

We never see what's right before our face,
For we decide to judge according to
What we went through within a former place
And block out present sights with what we knew.

To see the world with open, guiltless eyes,
We need to let the past go from our mind.
But if the past continues to arise,
A world of ghosts is all that we will find.

Until past judgments fully dissipate,
We will not see but just hallucinate.

The Thought Reversal in a Nutshell

When projecting the guilt from our mind,
We attack all the sin that we find,
But we can't gain release,
And our guilt does not cease.
We don't see it return—we are blind.

When forgiveness takes place, we release
The belief that our guilt cannot cease.
We absolve in our mind
All the guilt that we find,
And we give what we gain—inner peace.

The Worldly Roads

The worldly roads are all the same
And do not vary in their aim.
We walk along a dead-end street
When we decide but to compete,
When brothers' loss brings us acclaim.

How can we win at this dark game,
When triumphs come from brothers' shame?
We can't progress while we repeat
 The worldly roads.

A higher thought makes us reframe

Our earthly goal and why we came.
Our world with joy will be replete
When brothers' gains are also sweet.
When all can win, we will disclaim
 The worldly roads.

Though Roles May Change

A prince was born, and he became a lord.
He ruled the land with power, sense, and tact.
But foes attacked and claimed their own reward.
That lord was killed, and all his land was sacked.

A tramp was born to live upon the street,
But as he worked, he earned a higher place,
And now he lives within a lofty suite
And can't recall the days of his disgrace.

One man went down, the other rose to be
A leader in his country's upper class.
This life is strange, and we can never see
How things might change before we age and pass.

Though roles may change, as in a random game,
The oneness of our souls makes us the same.

Time

When children dream of futures filled with hope,
Attempting to escape the present plane,
This dreaming is their way to deal and cope
With all the cruel stresses, fear, and pain.

Adults attempt to reach back to their youth,
Believing things were better at that time,
When parents were the source of light and truth
And children had no thoughts of death or crime.

If time is spent preparing future joys,
Then we will not receive each gift today,
And if we dwell on times when we were boys,
Then we may dread the dawn of each new day.

When past and future we no longer see,
A fresh eternal now is what will be.

Timelessness

We cherish memories of former joys—
A bittersweet activity of age.
The present only offers trinkets, toys.
The future is a fearful, unknown page.

We work our mindless jobs to earn a wage
To pay for happiness that ebbs away.
Our memories are trapped within a cage.
They mock the fading pleasures of today.

If we could leave the past without delay,
The holy present would not have an end.
Though everything in time would soon decay,
Eternal joy is what we'd comprehend.

This moment is the door to timelessness.
The bliss that lies beyond is measureless.

Trust

We trust the One in whom we dwell
Will free us from the pain of hell,
For fear has crept into our mind.
We fear that we'll be left behind,
That Oneness will not take us in,
That He'll forever punish sin.

But Oneness cannot let us fall
Into a void—it's One for All.
In Oneness there's no empty space.
It has no gaps, so take your place
Within the arms that keep your soul
In union with the greater Whole.

We trust that One will guide the way
Through darkest night and light of day.
We have no wisdom of our own.
We only know what we are shown.

The larger picture of this place
We cannot see without His grace.

We trust our bodies will remain
As long as Oneness does ordain,
But we will let our bodies go
And will not tarry with our woe,
For other realms request our soul,
And earth is not the end or goal.

We trust that we will find the love
That we have yearned for, there above.
We trust He'll make our minds as clean
As when the Garden was serene.
We trust that we'll be welcomed in
As we forgive each other's "sin."

Vision

The mind decided guilt was true,
And it projected sin on all,
So now our eyes can only view
Illusions on this turning ball.

But when the mind forgives the past,
The spirit will perceive what's real,
And sight will spread to all at last.
This is the way that we will heal.

The body's eyes see empty space
Between all things upon the earth,
But light holds all in its embrace,
Connects all things and gives them worth.

The body's feeble eyes are blind,
But vision sees all things intertwined.

We Are the Same

We are the same, though covered by
Our outer forms, which amplify
The thought that we are different.
This is our great impediment

That we are loath to rectify.

Our special thoughts preoccupy
Our minds and tend to ossify.
Though differences are evident,
We are the same.

Diversity can complement
When we become more tolerant.
When we perceive and don't deny
The inner sparks that underlie
Our bodies, we'll be confident
We are the same.

We Choose

What we believe or think is what we see:
We see a world resentment makes unwell
Or see a world where pardon sets us free.
We choose a world of heaven or of hell.

To see the world anew, we must dispel
Our harmful judgments and the tendency
To see our brother as an infidel.

The Spirit knows that hell's illusory.
He cannot choose for us. He can't compel.
He knows the end and waits so patiently.
We choose a world of heaven or of hell.

We Don't Have to Suffer

All pain and joy are in the mind.
We feel what we are so inclined.
When we believe that we are pure,
Then joy is what we feel for sure.
When we believe our guilt is real,
Then pain is what we choose to feel.
When we believe mistakes are sins,
Then we forget our origins.
Would God allow a soul to fall?
He gave perfection to us all.
When God creates a perfect soul,

He gives to it the cosmos whole.
He does not let the soul destroy
Itself, or lose eternal joy.
This world of time can be escaped
Once learning goals have been reshaped.
When learning proves we cannot sin,
And punishment leads none to win,
Then joy is what we will elect,
And guilt and pain we will reject.

What Do I Want?

What do I want to see outside?
My inner wish will be applied
To all I see. When I see sin
It is because I chose within
To glory in my brother's slide.

My specialness, my ego's pride,
Rejoices and is satisfied
When others fall and lose their skin.

What do I want?

More joy will come if I decide
To see all people on one side.
If I believe that all can win,
I'll choose to see in all again
A sinlessness that's justified.

What do I want?

What God Creates

What God creates is ever pure,
Completely changeless, guiltless, whole.
We are His art and signature.
What God creates is ever pure,
So we are always safe, secure.
Extending self, He forms a soul.
What God creates is ever pure,
Completely changeless, guiltless, whole.

You Are Forgiven

They pressed the thorns upon your head,
Then mocked you as your arms were spread
And nails were driven.

A crowd of people gathered near.
Your enemies were shocked to hear:
“You are forgiven.”

There is one truth that all can know.
We speak it when we tell our foe:
“You are forgiven.”

From Babel’s tower to today,
Our words make chaos till we say:
“You are forgiven.”

One meaning’s what we should intend
Regardless of the sounds we send:
“You are forgiven.”

It has the power to reverse
The pain of guilt and hatred’s curse:
“You are forgiven.”

It is the plan of God to save
His erring sons who misbehave:
“You are forgiven.”

It is our privilege to extend
The grace of God until the end:
“You are forgiven.”

In heaven, pardon is unknown.
On earth, it is our cornerstone:
“You are forgiven.”