

# THE CRUCIBLE OF AWAKENING

Issue 12 April 2006

*A Special Issue*

*Featuring Essays About*

## GREED and DESIRE

(Plus a poem, Training and Workshop offerings — including a new group for women [*Reclaiming Your True Voice*] — and a listing of the contents of previous newsletters)

### **Greed Revisited**

In our greed for the roses we are already wedded to the thorns.

In our greed to end or transcend greed, we don't recognize that in the very pulse of its desperation coils the pure and primal heart of our real need.

Excessive appetite is best approached not with the tyranny of repressive regimes, dietary and otherwise, nor with the permissiveness of myopic tolerance, but rather with a compassion capable of diving so deep into the dark of greed that it finds therein the pearl of bare need.

Shrinking from the thorns, burying them in numb flesh, or storing them in cognitive waste dumps not only strands us from their teachings, their messages, their pointers, but also exaggerates our craving for the roses. Trying to bypass

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pain simply tightens greed's grasp on us, partially because we're then not sufficiently present to truly face our greed.

Greed is all about having to have something so strongly that it has us, owns us, runs us. The repulsion that greed ultimately feels toward its object — and itself too — as it enters satiation often gets defused through the activation of guilt, wherein self-indulgence and self-castigation coexist in a stalemate that permits the “transgression” to continue. One hand grabs the goodies, while the other wields a parental whip. No discipline — just a knee-jerk punishment ensuring that guilt will continue. Greed has no conscience, other than guilt.

There's something grubby about greed, something dirty, swollen, redly suctorial. Orality in extremis. Just as fear has a certain smell, so does greed. Sweaty and dense. Greed stinks. Of course, greed can also get all dressed up, including in spiritual robes, and it can also greedily gargle greed-disguising products, so that it appears respectable — a little driven perhaps, but what's so wrong with wanting to get ahead? When an entire culture makes a virtue out of greed, it's easy to confuse greed with need. We may even talk, in a pseudo-spiritual context, of “having it all” — without noticing that we are then simply sacralizing our greed.

Still, there is a pressure to get rid of the more unattractive manifestations of greed, like addictiveness, and this drive toward “cleanliness” — frequently polluted with puritanical, just-say-no zeal — mostly only rubs us the wrong way, inflaming our rebelliousness, healthy and otherwise, thereby just creating more garbage, more filth, more addiction, more desperation, more neurotic compartmentalization, and, of course, more guilt.

Garbage — there's such an accelerating abundance of it, an outcast piecemeal archipelago munching away at the fringes of suburbia and our manufactured sanity, piling up and up, spilling out of our dreams — toilet bowls overflowing, sewers surfacing, plumbing malfunctioning — and poisoning our streams, squatting with increasing immensity in our headquarters, towering over the latest remedies for the mess we have made and are making. From tool-maker to garbage-maker — an epitaph already half-downloaded.

We waste that to which we won't cease clinging, if only by squeezing and sucking the vitality out of it. In our compulsion to hang on to and own what we love, we destroy it, crushing it in our well-meaning grip until it's just more garbage, however nostalgically or romantically framed.

It is easy to get caught up in rearranging and redecorating our junkyard, diligently deodorizing or ignoring the mounting rot, instead of digging out its diamonds and letting the entire load of it be fertilizer for the roses, both outer and inner. Truly an unshitty thing to do with shit. And is not much of contemporary culture little more than compost waiting to be discovered, running from its worms?

Have what you have lightly, or else it will likely have you, and not so lightly. At the same time, however, don't make a problem out of attachment — getting attached to being nonattached is the dirty underwear of spiritual finery. Excessive distance from our appetites maroons us from their teachings. The prudish are not able to illuminate the must in lust because of their fear of getting in that close — the thorns just might prick them!

We may pride ourselves on not being prudish, but are not just about all of us spiritual prudes, shying away from our innate lust for the Divine, our hard-wired hunger for the Holy, our greed for the Supremely Edible?

There is nothing necessarily polite or neatly ordered about ecstasy, love, and real spirituality; there is nothing necessarily sexless or passionless about awakening from our psychospiritual slumber. Awakening thus is the greatest and the most consuming of passions, the most succulently engaging and nakedly alive — and nourishingly difficult — of passions, finding its optimal flowering in the unabashed presence of attachment, need, and intimacy. Full-blooded awaring.

So dive in, for God's sake. Through doing so you will soon enough know what to keep and what to release. The less the luggage, the easier the traveling. But easier said than done. We cannot truly let go of something unless we have already had it, really had it — or been intimate with it — in the first place. And to get thus intimate, we have to dive in, get involved, get messy, get attached, hooked, greedy, and all the rest of it — otherwise, we won't develop the needed ripeness for letting go. In short, we have to flesh it out before it can give up the ghost. Homesteading on the Edge.

Our task is not to create our destiny, but rather to allow it to reveal itself.

So dive in before paralysis again seizes the reins — better to have jumped in and gotten hurt than to have withered all safe and bleached and brittle in logjams of shore-hugging prevarication. We have a date with greed, both our

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own and our collective greed, and it's a date we'd do better to deliberately show up for than to skip or cancel. However repulsive our greed is to us, it is there to be known, and we cannot properly do so from a distance. Instead of recoiling from its touch, take it by the hand and introduce it to a different land, where Being is more central than having.

The estrangement from Being that characterizes contemporary culture breeds greed, its wannahaves and gottahaves giving consumption a bad name. Even the most pleasing satiation is not enough, being haunted by a craving for — and a subterranean doubting of — its repetition. Even the most sophisticated technological advances retreat before the loneliness moaning in the wake of their latest upgrades. Many religious rituals do little more than spoon out some release from the very distress they have helped create through, among other things, reducing God to the ultimate Peeping Tom. With such an abundance of dissatisfaction, is it any wonder that we are so hungry, so greedy, so fixated on “more” as our core mantra?

The good news is that dissatisfaction can catalyze a hunger for more than more. A hunger to discover the root of suffering and the root of true satisfaction. A quality quest. Dissatisfaction, however, far more commonly inspires not Awakening, but only a craving to be successfully distracted from our suffering, preferably as pleasantly as possible. So long as we adopt a problematic orientation to dissatisfaction, we remain seducible by whatever best reassures and entertains us — and such entertainment includes the horror stories of the news, the threatening implications of which increase our hunger for even greater doses of cultural and personal anesthesia.

The tremendous chaos of our era, with its crazily accelerating changes, avalanching stress, and time-obsessed social mycelia, provides extremely fecund conditions for cutting through the infectious case of mistaken identity of which dissatisfaction — the mother of greed — is an inevitable byproduct. This may be the Kali Yuga — the age of darkness — but it also is a time of unparalleled opportunity. It's all here all at once, not just metaphysically or archetypally, but literally — different traditions, different times and styles, almost all uprooted and thrown together in a dreamlike bazaar, a global supermarket between the vast walls of which ricochets the feeding frenzy of runaway consumerism, glazed with hope and sticky with greed, swinging between dilettantism and obsession. It's as if the whole planet is now just one gigantic garage sale, inviting us to shop until we drop, beneath the plastic skies of good buys.

But instead of just complaining about all the craziness — and such complaining is itself only more craziness — or glossing it over with terminally optimistic babblings, we can use it and its fertile chaos, its hybrid vitality, its bewildering turbulence, its underground hunger, as catalysts for Waking up, so that real sanity can take firm root. This means going without pacifiers and alibis, taking stands wherein crisis is not bombed, drugged, or jailed, but rather is taken as the opportunity it actually is.

We won't get any real satisfaction until we befriend our dissatisfaction.

How can we be fulfilled — filled full — when we are already stuffed, crammed, packed, filled up with what we take to be ourselves? Thank God for the thorns, as they prick the bubble of our gotta-have-it identity and its resident greed, leaving us in a position to truly appreciate the roses.

# The Anatomy of Desire

Desire can manifest in many ways, including biologically (as in hungering for food), emotionally (as in hungering to feel loved), cognitively (as in hungering for monetary good fortune), and spiritually (as in hungering for intimacy with the Divine).

If a desire is particularly strong or compelling, we may feel as though it has us, owns us, runs us. Driven by greed, possessed by lust, eaten by envy, overcome with longing, consumed by ambition — such expressions all imply that we are at the mercy of desire. Thus does desire itself often get blamed for all kinds of slippages and screwups, as is most spectacularly illustrated by the kind of religious mentality that demonizes sexual desire.

We can, as is common in much of Eastern spiritual practice, treat desire as a hindrance, a trap, an obstacle to Awakening and spiritual freedom, thereby making a virtue out of desirelessness (or at least out of a watered-down or eviscerated version of desire). Or we can, in typical Western fashion, indulge

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in desire, romanticizing “higher” desires (like hungering for marriage) and guilt-infusing “lower” ones (like hungering for pornography).

So it seems we can avoid desire or we can indulge it, or we can do something in between. But, as we shall see, there are other options.

To make a goal or virtue out of desirelessness, as occurs not only in much of Buddhist and Advaitan practice, but also in Christian asceticism, generates and legitimizes (and spiritually ennobles) the desire to be without desire. The body, which is where desire is felt, then becomes an “it,” a problematic something, an inanimate sheath or container — or housing project — for our “real” self, a disposable, chronically dysfunctional assembly of unpredictable and irresponsible meat, a mere animal to subjugate and tame.

However, we are not in a body. Our body is in us. Living not in, but *as* a body, but not only as a body, does not necessitate any negation of the body, nor of the desires that arise in the body. The body does not live on credit; its debts, including those incurred through spiritual ambition, must be paid in full, or else we will be left to starve outside the Gates of Plenty.

Freedom from desire does not mean the cessation or extinguishing of desire, but rather Awakened intimacy with both desire and the sources of desire.

Go toward the root of desire. Trace it back to its origin, not to get rid of it, but to give it the necessary space and perspective to show up in the raw. Whether or not desire then disappears doesn’t really matter. What matters is the kind of relationship with it that we choose to cultivate.

Trying to get rid of desire is not just the ambition of spiritual fanatics and ascetics — just about all of us are trying to get rid of desire. Some of this is instinctually sane, as when we eat until we are no longer hungry, but some of it is just drivenness, desperation, the gearbox of addiction.

For example, when we get greedy sexually — seeking happiness through erotic compulsiveness and frequency — we want to do it until our desire to do it is eliminated, voided, fucked away. Bop until you drop. Shop until you have to stop. Drink until you are numb. Splurge until you are purged. Lash out until you are empty. And so on. What is being sought here is a low-grade cessation of desire — the negative emptiness of satiation, the “peace” of oblivion.

It is not so easy to tolerate — let alone actually enjoy — for very long the bare sensations of desire, but we tend to like the feeling of release from such sensations so much that we crave having that desire, that compelling itch, again and again and *again*, so at to once again “need” release (especially pleasurable release!) from it. This, however, is not even close to deep release, but rather only a superficial discharging of energy.

Those experienced in meditation may noncognitively enquire into “who” is having the desire. This can be useful, but only significantly useful when we are already intimate with — which means getting close to — the mechanisms and psychoemotional circuitry of our desires.

Without the ground of genuine intimacy with the “less-than-spiritual” dimensions of ourselves, the sky that opens for us will only be the ceiling of our hungriest thought. We are not just here to live in and as Consciousness, Truth, Love, but also at the same time to live where Consciousness is attention, where Truth is paradox, where Love is attachment and — yes — desire.

At essence, desire is the primordial fuse and connecting force of Life, the bare condition and engine of being attracted, the core sensation of every dimension of urgency.

Desire, in almost all cases, is desire for something. But desire for something will not truly serve us unless it is allowed to be transparent to Being.

So where to begin? With our current need. With recognizing and embodying and directly feeling — including feeling into and through — such need, granting it full, unabashedly alive, and appropriately externalized expression. Breathe into it. Breathe it open. Give it room to openly show itself. Don’t allow it to detour into neediness (the far-from-appealing, desperation-infused, clingy overdramatization of need).

But what if we’re uncomfortable with a particular desire? First of all, stop making a problem out of discomfort; do what you have to do to get more comfortable with it. Then develop some intimacy with the you who’d rather not have that desire. The point here is not eradication, but compassion.

Shaming ourselves for certain desires we have only drives those desires into an aberrating darkness, in the shadowlands of which addictions easily arise and thrive.

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How reluctant we ordinarily are to simply admit aloud that we need love, and really mean it, not only informationally, but also through our tone, gestures, timing, and presence. To authentically say “I need love” is not so easy — we may say it somewhat apologetically, passively, halfheartedly, flatly, suckily, or even defiantly, as if embarrassed or resentful to be so inconvenienced to have and to admit such need.

But to be ashamed of our need — or to be ashamed of its intensity — is to be ashamed to be alive. Then we may withdraw from or condemn our need (or condemn its presence in others), or perhaps reduce it to mere neediness, with its characteristic cringing or seductive orientation toward its object.

We need to consciously and openly move through those times — as imprinted in body, mind, and psyche — when certain of our needs were first made wrong or deemed inappropriate or otherwise mishandled, times when we learned for reasons of pure survival to treat those needs of ours as pathogens.

Every type and every level of desire is worthy of our wakeful attention. Turning away from our “lower” desires only strands us from their hidden treasure, their dark pearl, leaving us in an eviscerated freedom, a spiritual wasteland of sterile attainment and disembodied encapsulation.

Turning toward our “lower” desires does not necessarily mean submitting to them, but rather feeling our way to their core, knowing them from the deep inside.

Desire can bind. Desire can also liberate. It all depends upon what kind of relationship we develop with desire.

And with the root of desire.

# Reclaiming Your True Voice

## *A ONE-DAY GROUP FOR WOMEN*

May 13th, 2006 in White Rock, BC

**with Robert Masters and Diane Bardwell**

Many women do not have full access to their true voice, and as a result have not sufficiently represented themselves, attracting situations and relationships that have only reinforced their inability to truly speak for themselves.

This group is about taking back power that originally was given away in order to survive difficult conditions, and taking it back not just cognitively, but physically, emotionally, and spiritually. Doing so involves expressing, *fully* expressing, what has been held back in the name of fear, insecurity, and social pressures.

Part of what is needed is a reclamation of anger (plus a clear differentiation between anger and aggression), so that it becomes a resource, a guardian of boundaries, a potent catalyst for needed change.

This group'll involve deep letting go, through a creative mix of psychotherapy, bodywork, and spiritual deepening practices (led by Robert), and it will also involve toning, chanting, singing, and healing through sound (led by Diane). The release-work facilitated by Robert will let loose *your* voice, and the sound-work guided by Diane will wing, fill out, and celebrate *your* voice.

**TUITION & LOGISTICS:** US\$250 or CDN\$275 plus GST. A \$100 deposit is required. Limited to 8 women. Early registration is highly recommended!

**Diane** (Robert's wife), is an intuitive energy healer and Reiki master, using sound to deepen healing and well-being. She is a songwriter and professional singer, with a gift for accessing the Sacred through sound and song. See [www.dianebardwell.com](http://www.dianebardwell.com).

**For more information, or to register,  
contact [info@robertmasters.com](mailto:info@robertmasters.com)**

# FREEDOM THROUGH INTIMACY

## A Weekend Intensive For Couples

May 20th & 21st, 2006, in White Rock, BC

**with Robert Masters, assisted by Diane Bardwell**

Intimate relationship has immense transformational possibility, especially when we approach its difficulties as opportunities instead of as problems. Opportunities for what? To know ourselves more deeply, to love and live more fully, to become intimate with *all* that we are — in short, to be freed from our suffering.

In the liberating bondage of committed intimacy, we enter the One through the two, finding the Beloved in both depth and surface, so that the very details of daily life become a potent awakening path. Freedom through intimacy.

**This group is for couples who want a more conscious, loving, and liberating relationship with each other, and are ready to cut through whatever's in the way. Even if you already have a good relationship, consider coming, and taking your relationship from good to great to what it really can be.**

Individual work will be given as much emphasis as couples work, using a spontaneously structured approach that creatively mixes psychotherapy, bodywork, dream exploration, spiritual practices, and dyadic deepenings.

**Logistics:** May 20th & 21st, 2006, 10am to 6pm. Limited to 5 couples.  
\$1250 plus GST per couple. \$300 deposit required.

**Diane** (Robert's wife), is an intuitive energy healer and Reiki master, using sound to deepen healing and well-being. She is a songwriter and professional singer, with a gift for accessing the Sacred through sound and song. See [www.dianebardwell.com](http://www.dianebardwell.com).

***For more information or to register, contact  
info@RobertMasters.com***

# *Letting Go*

## **A DAY OF DEEP HEALING**

**May 27, 2006, in White Rock, BC**

**with Robert Masters  
(assisted by Diane Bardwell)**

Real happiness takes root when our longing to be truly free is stronger — or permitted to be more central — than our longing to be distracted from our pain. In entering our pain, we lessen our suffering.

In this group we'll face, move toward, and learn to make wise use of our difficulties, through a dynamic, intuitively structured mix of spiritual practices, bodywork, dream exploration, conscious movement, and psychotherapy.

**TUITION:** US\$250, or CDN\$275 plus GST. \$100 deposit required.

**LOGISTICS:** 10am to 6pm. Limited to 8 participants only (so early registration is recommended).

Diane (Robert's wife) is an intuitive energy healer and Reiki master, using sound to deepen healing and well-being. She is a songwriter and professional singer, with a gift for accessing the Sacred through sound. See [www.dianebardwell.com](http://www.dianebardwell.com).

**For more information or to register,  
contact [info@robertmasters.com](mailto:info@robertmasters.com)**

**An opportunity to learn (1) unique and exceptionally effective psychotherapeutic, spiritual, and bodywork skills; and (2) how to combine these in counselling work.**

## **Psychospiritual Counselling Practicum 2006/2007 APPRENTICESHIP PROGRAM**

The purpose of this training is to deepen the capacity of participants to effectively counsel others through a dynamic, intuitively structured approach that integrates body, mind, emotion, and spirit.

To this end, the training will blend deep work on oneself and equally deep work with others, in personal, social, and spiritual contexts. Healing will be the primary intention and activity. Approaches that are taught and practised will be held, as much as possible, in a perspective that transcends them.

You'll learn to not rely upon nor necessarily impose structure, but rather to let it naturally arise from your relationship and interaction with those you're counselling. Working this way weans us from the security — the eventually deadening security — of operating from behind a preset structure or methodology, leaving us in a position that requires an appropriately creative response from us. Such creativity keeps us fresh, open, and alert.

Throughout the training we will be working with body, mind, emotion, and spirit. Love, integrity, and presence will be the cornerstones of our practice.

The training will take place over 6 three-day weekends, beginning June 23rd, 2006. Tuition is \$5300 plus GST. A deposit of \$750 is required. The training is limited to 10 participants (**Note:** there is currently only **1** space left).

The training is a prerequisite for further trainings, including the **Bodywork** and **Working With Couples** Apprenticeship modules planned for 2007.

**Applications for the 2007/2008 Practicum are now being taken.**

### **Practicum Schedule**

June 23-25, 2006, Sept. 15-17, 2006, Nov. 3-5, 2006  
Jan. 5-7, 2007, Mar. 2-4, 2007, May 4-6, 2007

**To view previous newsletters, go to the links below:**

<http://www.RobertMasters.com/newsletter/May05.pdf>

<http://www.RobertMasters.com/newsletter/June2005.pdf>

<http://www.RobertMasters.com/newsletter/July2005.pdf>

<http://www.RobertMasters.com/newsletter/August2005.pdf>

<http://www.RobertMasters.com/newsletter/September2005.pdf>

<http://www.RobertMasters.com/newsletter/October2005.pdf>

<http://www.RobertMasters.com/newsletter/November2005.pdf>

<http://www.RobertMasters.com/newsletter/December2005.pdf>

<http://www.RobertMasters.com/newsletter/January2006.pdf>

<http://www.RobertMasters.com/newsletter/Feb2006.pdf>

<http://www.RobertMasters.com/newsletter/March2006.pdf>

## **Contents of Previous Newsletters**

### **April 2005: Issue #00 (Introductory Issue)**

**Poetry:** The One Moment That Is All Moments

**Essays:** Introduction to Body, Mind, Emotion, & Spirituality  
Suffering Versus Pain

### **May 2005: Issue #01**

**Poetry:** Don't Lose It In The Translation

Seeing What Is Out Of Sight

One Fine Morning

**Essays:** Working With Fear

Choices Without A Chooser

A Cartography of Scentuality: Rose and Jasmine

What Is Truth?

**Movie Review:** Fight Club

### **June 2005: Issue #02**

**Poetry:** All This In A Moment

Back, Back Goes He

## The Crucible of Awakening

Your Flaws No Longer In The Way

**Essays:** A Cartography of Scentuality: Sage and Frankincense  
Patience: To Wait Without Waiting  
Heat, Madness, & Sacred Fire: The Psycholinguistics of Anger  
Taking Charge of Our Charge

### July 2005: Issue #03 (Special Issue on Terrorism)

**Essays:** Revisioning Terrorism  
No More Turning Away  
Getting Intimate With Anger

### August 2005: Issue #04

**Poetry:** There Was A Long And Unbreathing Time  
When We Stop Trying To Make It Make Sense  
Sacred Hymn

**Essays:** Sometimes What's In The Way Is The Way  
Freedom Through Limitation  
Prayer: A Divine Personal  
What Do We Know?

### September 2005: Issue #05

**Poetry:** What Seems Real When We're Doing Time  
And Again  
When I'm My True Size  
Airport Blues II

**Essays:** Komodo  
A Cartography of Scentuality: Cinnamon Bark and Angelica Root  
Thank God For Dragons

### October 2005: Issue #06

**Poetry:** Don't Stop Short  
Blue Burns the Night  
Look For Me  
What You Do To Me  
Somewhere Past The Edge

**Essays:** Tarzan Must Weep: Toward A Deeper Manhood  
Behead Your Hope

**Movie Review:** A History of Violence

## **November 2005: Issue #07 (Special Issue: Intimacy)**

**Poetry:** Your Face A Landscape  
It's Not Our Heart That Cracks  
Wallflowers Suddenly In Bloom  
Undressing Me From the Inside  
I'll Meet You There  
Long The Wait Has Been

**Essays:** What's Right About What's Wrong In Relationships  
Keeping In Touch When We're Out of Touch  
The Importance of Safety In Intimate Relationship

## **December 2005: Issue #08**

**Poetry:** And This Too Am I  
O Breathe Us  
To See This As It Is

**Essays:** Anger-In Versus Anger-Out

## **January 2006: Issue #09 (Special Issue on Sex)**

**Poetry:** Blues For Sex  
Eternity's Kiss  
What Then Shall I Call You?

**Essays:** An Inside Look At Eroticism  
Pornography Undressed

## **February 2006: Issue #10**

**Poetry:** Bow To It Until There Is Only Bowing  
When Cracks Appear In Reality  
Forever's Gypsies

**Essays:** Being Messed-Up Doesn't Have To Mess Us Up  
Spiritual Shortcuts

## **March 2006: Issue #11 (Special Issue: Shame & Guilt)**

**Poetry:** Crystal Cove  
Husband of Your Heart

**Essays:** Shame: The Exposure That Shrinks  
Guilt: One Hand on the Candy, The Other on the Whip

## Robert's Work Schedule for 2006

March 3, 4,	2005/2006 Practicum: Whistler, BC
March 18	Letting Go: Ojai, California
March 25 & 26	Freedom Through Intimacy: White Rock, BC
April 8	Letting Go: White Rock, BC
April 15	Letting Go: White Rock, BC
May 5, 6, 7	2005/2006 Practicum: White Rock , BC
May 13	Reclaiming Your True Voice: White Rock, BC
May 20 & 21	Freedom Through Intimacy: White Rock, BC
May 27	Letting Go: White Rock, BC
June 3	TBA
June 10	Integral Naked Group: White Rock, BC
June 17 & 18	Radical Opening: Edmonton
June 23, 24, 25	2006/2007 Practicum: White Rock, BC
July 8 & 9	Freedom Through Intimacy: White Rock, BC
July 15	Letting Go: White Rock, BC
July 22, 23, 24	2005/2006 Practicum: White Rock, BC
July 29 & 30	TBA
August 26	Letting Go: White Rock, BC
Sept. 8, 9, 10	2005/2006 Practicum: White Rock, BC
Sept. 15, 16, 17	2006/2007 Practicum: White Rock, BC
Sept. 30-Oct. 1	Freedom Through Intimacy: White Rock, BC
October 14	TBA
October 21	Letting Go: White Rock, BC
Nov. 3, 4, 5	2006/2007 Practicum: White Rock, BC
Nov. 18 & 19	Freedom Through Intimacy: White Rock, BC
December 2	TBA
December 9	Letting Go: White Rock, BC

## **GONE, GONE BEYOND GONE**

Green, green the spear's sudden flight  
Red, red the bite of steel and iron  
Axeblade and sword opening me to the bone  
The earth and my skin have a final touch  
And all this life is stolen in a second  
I reach without hands across the divide  
Trying to touch your face  
But everything blurs and breaks  
Wrapped in dreamily dense heartache  
A last dusty glimpse and the door shuts

Something more than any something  
Opens so wide so huge and bright  
Until everything, everything is but light  
Yet if but a single thought does intrude  
There is an immediate new world  
Into which what's left of me does pass  
A real illusion with a surrounding cast  
I must, must remember, but what?  
And what, what is doing the remembering?  
The worlds tremble, fall apart  
And I am gone, gone into what I never left  
But only dreamt I did  
Only dreamt I did