

**Just  
Like  
You**

Copyright 2009, James Tarpinian  
All rights reserved  
ISBN 978-0-557-08881-2

*For You,  
with Love.  
(Yes, I do mean YOU!)*

## Contents:

<i>Just Like You</i> ~~~~	6
<i>We Are All</i> ~~~~	8
<i>When Creation First Split</i> ~~~~	9
<i>Tried to Remember</i> ~~~~	10
<i>Anyone</i> ~~~~	13
<i>The Most Tender Part</i> ~~~~	15
<i>Sacrifice for Love</i> ~~~~	17
<i>Bella My Love</i> ~~~~	18
<i>They Tried to Tell Me</i> ~~~~	20
<i>Heart Justice</i> ~~~~	22
<i>Snowing Again</i> ~~~~	23
<i>Can't Keep on Lying</i> ~~~~	25
<i>Olympian Compassion</i> ~~~~	27
<i>Regarding Compassion for the Wretched</i> ~~~~	30
<i>Gifts</i> ~~~~	33
<i>What We See</i> ~~~~	35
<i>The Mirror in Me</i> ~~~~	37
<i>Balancing Act</i> ~~~~	38
<i>Like Gold</i> ~~~~	39
<i>Rager</i> ~~~~	41
<i>Practically Impossible</i> ~~~~	43
<i>Flame</i> ~~~~	45
<i>One Mind Talking</i> ~~~~	47
<i>Willfully Forgetful</i> ~~~~	48
<i>My Akasha</i> ~~~~	49
<i>Let's Get Naked</i> ~~~~	53
<i>This Seeking</i> ~~~~	55
<i>My Story</i> ~~~~	56
<i>Not the Teacher</i> ~~~~	59
<i>Assembling</i> ~~~~	61
<i>Beyond Knowing</i> ~~~~	63
<i>Where Do I Know You From</i> ~~~~	65

<i>The Most Important Person ~~~~</i>	<b>67</b>
<i>Never Needed ~~~~</i>	<b>68</b>
<i>Just Family ~~~~</i>	<b>69</b>
<i>With My Family ~~~~</i>	<b>70</b>
<i>Coming Together ~~~~</i>	<b>71</b>
<i>Of You and With You ~~~~</i>	<b>72</b>
<i>Not Forever but Eternal ~~~~</i>	<b>74</b>
<i>No Escape ~~~~</i>	<b>75</b>
<i>Would You Go Back ~~~~</i>	<b>78</b>
<i>Keeps on Going ~~~~</i>	<b>79</b>
<i>Free ~~~~</i>	<b>81</b>
<i>To Be Led ~~~~</i>	<b>82</b>
<i>Path ~~~~</i>	<b>84</b>
<i>We Are Forever ~~~~</i>	<b>87</b>
<i>Untold ~~~~</i>	<b>90</b>
<i>Miracle ~~~~</i>	<b>91</b>
<i>God Has Faith ~~~~</i>	<b>93</b>
<i>Overcoming Adversity ~~~~</i>	<b>95</b>
<i>Namaste ~~~~</i>	<b>97</b>
<i>One Moment ~~~~</i>	<b>98</b>
<i>Why Are We Waiting ~~~~</i>	<b>100</b>
<i>Why Not Paradise ~~~~</i>	<b>102</b>
<i>Paradise Found Inside ~~~~</i>	<b>105</b>
<i>Become the Wine ~~~~</i>	<b>107</b>
<i>Falling ~~~~</i>	<b>108</b>
<i>Love Itself ~~~~</i>	<b>109</b>
<i>Why Do I Think That I Am The One ~~~~</i>	<b>111</b>

## *Just Like You*

I am  
a fool,  
I am  
perfect,  
just like you.

I trip on my own toes,  
smile at my own shadow,  
feel the sting  
from the salt  
of my own tears,  
just like everyone does.

Sometimes I die,  
sometimes I am destroyed,  
sometimes I allow myself to be swayed  
by the movements of other bodies,  
just like any world.

Sometimes my triumph of living  
seems so complete  
that I forget about everything:  
I am immersed  
in the ocean of bliss,  
drowning  
and deaf,

just like any person  
consumed by any waters.

I always feel,  
I always experience,  
remember,  
think,  
choose,  
live.

I am  
just like you:  
I Am.

## *We Are All*

We are all  
the loneliest monk  
chanting on the tops  
of the highest mountains,  
looking for God.

We are all  
the fiercest jaguar  
racing through the deepest jungles,  
chasing her terrified prey.

Every one of us  
is the most passionate lover  
who ever lived,  
who ever loved,  
embracing and opening the world  
to the fruit of our hearts.

Within every single being  
lies that spark  
which is the eternal,  
which is creation:

Even the lowest of the low  
are the same distance  
from the gates of paradise.

## *When Creation First Split*

When creation first split,  
mother and father  
looked on each other  
and said:  
"How beautiful we are!  
We must make more  
like ourselves  
so that we can witness  
more of this perfect beauty!"

This way,  
in the grand union,  
in a love so great,  
unfolding infinitely,  
all the universes were born.

This is why,  
when we behold our beloveds,  
all the worlds seem to lie  
in their glowing eyes.

## *Tried To Remember*

Once,  
in the throes of sadness,  
I tried to remember  
where this love came from  
and where it should go:

Very long ago,  
before there was earth,  
before there was life  
or love  
or thought,  
there was only me  
and an infinite blackness.

I was only consciousness,  
potential,  
only feeling  
with no shape,  
direction,  
or flow.

I wanted to learn  
but I knew everything.

I wanted a challenge  
but I was in full control.

I wanted surprise  
but even omnipotence  
is too weak a word  
for the feeling  
of all time at once.

More than any thing,  
I wanted to share  
the potential I was:  
There was nothing like me  
at all  
to share with.

So I created myself into two,  
I forgot who I was  
and became me  
and you.

The first thing I knew  
was your face smiling on me,  
so like my own,  
such understanding.

Then in an instant  
we were torn apart  
by our passion,  
our love,  
our desire to see more.

Now we're both lost  
in the sea of this blackness,  
the void of illusion,  
so full yet so empty.

Now we're apart  
and it hurts like a death,  
I know that this love  
is the only real truth.

Now I feel  
as alone as the beginning  
because I know  
exactly who  
I am missing.

## *Anyone*

Where does my feeling of love go  
when I fall asleep at night?  
Does it disappear?

Anyone would laugh  
at such a notion.

Anyone can understand  
this question.

Anyone who has ever felt love  
can feel  
that it is undying,  
no matter  
where it may go.

How we treat this love,  
how we move it through,  
how we learn from it.

This is creation,  
this is the only learning,  
this is the new world  
and the old one,  
this is the final healing.

Don't ever look back,  
don't think twice,  
never be afraid.

There is no reason  
not to love,  
and that is the only message  
anyone could ever bring.

Anyone could bring it.  
Why  
not  
you?

## *The Most Tender Part*

You were the most tender  
part of my heart,  
but only because  
I gave it to you.

I should have kept it  
locked in my chest  
but that would be a waste,  
a perfect dream  
gone to nothing.

There is nothing else to do  
with a heart that feels love  
but share it with that  
which inspires it.

But we must watch  
and take care it not break  
if we know it is a fragile egg  
in the joyfully careless hands  
of rambunctious children.

It only grows  
in the proper soil,  
with the right nourishment,  
with the proper care.

Otherwise the seed grows dry,  
the sprout is shriveled  
and nothing is left.

You will always be  
in the most tender part of my heart,  
but only because  
I took it back  
and returned it to the garden  
of my own soul.

## *Sacrifice for Love*

When we say we would sacrifice  
anything for love,  
this does not apply  
to the practical.

This is a spiritual sacrifice  
for spiritual love:  
It is sacrifice  
of self,  
out of self,  
not toward  
any other thing.

This gives a meaning  
to the story  
of the golden calf:  
Worship not idols,  
sacrifice not for them.

Worship yourself;  
sacrifice yourself  
in order to regain yourself.

## *Bella My Love*

The light from your eyes  
makes me cry true  
every time  
because you understand  
what is yours is mine.

The knowing in your heart  
breaks my own open wide,  
so tender,  
because you know how sweet  
a heart really can be.

The beauty from your face  
is a reflection of the goddess  
who knows the beauty  
of the face  
of every face.

The humility of your soul  
is known worlds over,  
although perhaps  
they might have forgotten you,  
just for a minute.

But you'll remind them  
and then you will laugh

like an angel,  
just like when  
you really laugh.

The overtness  
of your true being  
is a blessing to us all,  
because you know  
you can never be replaced  
or even imitated.

It is almost pointless  
to point out  
how wonderful you are  
because you know  
that you know.

Blessed forever the remembering  
of your being here:  
When we know you  
we remember ourselves,  
just like we were you.

## *They Tried To Tell Me*

They tried to tell me  
this world was a clinic  
for abused,  
disabled,  
spiritually shattered children!

They tried to say  
we were all so sick  
that we would never make it  
without their guidance.

They wanted us to believe  
that if we slept  
for long enough  
in this turmoil  
that we call living,  
we would achieve peace.

Wisdom,  
perhaps,  
but we need to wake up  
some time!

Never believe  
that you are too damaged  
to be awake

and to live.

Never let them put you  
in a place  
where you feel  
you need  
to be put back to sleep.

We are healing,  
they are correct in this one thing:  
Do not mess around  
with the children  
when they are resting  
and recovering  
from fragmentation.

Should they have taken their own advice  
many lessons  
left unlearned,  
for all of us:

Only love and forgiveness  
for all the children  
of every star.

Only love and forgiveness  
for all  
that is.

## *Heart Justice*

Justice  
is a hard thing to find  
when people don't know  
where their heart is.

True justice,  
real truth,  
only comes from this place  
that understands  
everything is equal.

Without heart  
justice falls on its face;  
it is blind,  
not in that it is fair,  
but to the way  
things really are.

Let us always remember  
that justice  
comes from within:  
We are not here  
to judge  
each other.

## *Snowing Again*

In my dream  
snow signifies love  
that never dies,  
only melts  
and permeates all things.

The crystals,  
so perfectly intricate,  
so unique,  
only to dissolve and blend  
forever  
with the ocean  
of all waters.

Only seeming to be cold,  
gleaming with the sun's  
cruel reflection  
on a clear  
dry  
morning.

Coating all things  
to thaw the frigidness  
in the center of men,  
to show us how any plain thing  
becomes creation's masterpiece

when textured  
with frozen glitter.

It's snowing again  
and I hope it stays with us  
for as long as ice  
still crowns  
any heart.

## *Can't Keep On Lying*

We can't lie  
to ourselves  
any more.

We can't hide the pain  
we've carried  
so long.

We can't afford to deny  
our real feelings,  
we can't let this go  
until tomorrow.

We can't live at surface,  
we can't be untrue  
for another minute  
or we all  
will go mad.

We must take the courage  
to face our selves,  
on every level,  
from every angle.

We can't look away  
now that we have seen

or it will destroy us,  
we can't stop now  
that we know  
we're alive.

We can't keep on lying  
to ourselves and each other:  
The lie is so pretty,  
but the truth  
is breathtakingly beautiful.

## *Olympian Compassion*

An innocent ground bee,  
harmless and tame,  
was stuck in the spiraling web  
of a large spider queen.

She crept from the shadows  
of the dry-rotted planks,  
and still it is not clear how,  
her dinner knew she was approaching.

It flailed and buzzed,  
it struggled to escape,  
it could feel death's hot breath  
burning its body away  
without even a touch.

As the queen crept closer,  
ever so carefully,  
I watched the scene  
and dreamt of Olympus.

I saw a life  
about to be taken  
only for the benefit  
of another:

The first instinct  
was to extend a branch  
and break the ropes  
that bound this creature  
to its cruel fate.

But as I moved  
to preserve one life,  
I realized too  
that the queen must be fed,  
or she would be dead  
as well.

As she fought with her prey  
I could only pray,  
and watch with a tear  
for each contortion  
of the victim's body,  
silently,  
wishing there were something  
just  
that could be done.

This is how it must be  
for the gods  
when they watch  
us here.

Although occasionally,  
they do rescue one bee  
just to remind the universe  
that compassion  
is real.

## *Regarding Compassion for the Wretched*

Have compassion  
for the wretched,  
for you too  
once might have been  
or may again be  
hopelessly lost.

When you see someone  
who is burning like a dart  
through the atmosphere,  
breaking apart  
on the crags  
or in the oceans,  
remember yourself:  
Recall  
your own heart.

We do choose  
our own course,  
this is a true thing:  
All suffering  
is our making  
as the highest self.

But when you are inside

the deepest depths  
of the deepest misery,  
do you remember,  
are you aware?

Only when such  
is lifted from a pit  
like this  
can they see the lesson,  
can they move forward.

Some escape of their own will,  
but so many fall,  
so many of our beloveds  
have been lost  
to knowing their own sorrow.

"Stay your hand!"  
said the great noble mother to me,  
"Live to breath  
one more day  
and to feel my breath  
in all hearts!"

But not all  
are as fortunate  
as we were,  
not everyone is blessed

by a personal appearance  
from the divine.

So when you see those  
in the throws  
of karmic suffering,  
become that visit,  
transform to embody the angel  
that you truly are,  
and never let another of our loves  
fall away  
ever  
again.

## *Gifts*

I can only give  
what will be  
received.

Otherwise it's a waste,  
it's a dishonor,  
it's a pot of juice  
left to spoil  
in the desert.

I'm giving to myself,  
I'm receiving  
from myself:

A gift  
is for giving,  
not the enjoyment  
of the giver.

But,  
in the giving,  
the giver receives  
a gift of gratitude.

The gifts amplify one another  
until the stars

are filled with the gift,  
until there is nothing left  
but giving.

In this way,  
there is no such thing  
as taking.

In this way,  
there is nothing  
visible  
to take!

## *What We See*

What you see  
is what you get,  
and what you get  
is what I want to see.

Those who have deemed me crazy  
can harvest  
the paranoia and judgment  
that comes with that assumption.

Those who deemed me stingy  
can enjoy my greed,  
there is no reason to share  
with those  
who do not receive it  
graciously!

Anyone  
who has denied love  
can keep on denying!  
Why give sacred love  
only to have it tossed out?

This is what happens,  
we create  
what we see:

The insane plague us,  
the misers taunt us,  
and the mad lovers frighten us.

Or we can choose to see  
differently...

## *The Mirror In Me*

The Bodhi in me  
loves you infinitely,  
forever,  
without condition,  
without requisite.

The Devil in me  
wants to see you share  
many-fold suffering,  
so you can understand it.

The mirror in me  
reflects only  
what you bring to it:

Pray,  
bring the face  
of an angel  
or demons  
are all  
you shall see.

## *Balancing Act*

When consciousness  
is focused on darkness,  
dark  
is all  
it can see.

When a heart  
is shining only  
with the light,  
the brightness  
blinds its vision.

When our soul  
notices only what is,  
this is the seat  
of true liberation:  
It sees  
only what is,  
as it is.

This is even beyond  
any concept of balance:  
It is beingness,  
it is oneness,  
it is pure  
understanding.

## *Like Gold*

Sometime the pen runs dry  
because we have finished talking.

Sometimes it is because  
we are too sad,  
too fulfilled,  
too dead  
or even too alive  
to sit and write  
about living.

Some other times  
we can no longer express,  
we are rendered completely speechless,  
totally dumb  
by what we have seen,  
what we wish to discuss.

We know discussion  
is a useless instrument  
when directed in a circle,  
yet we do it  
on any level  
just to connect.

Why can we not

kiss each other  
or just touch  
when we have nothing to say,  
or just be?

Social conventions  
will be the death of us  
if we let  
that disease  
run its course:

Silence is golden  
but only when looked at  
like gold.

## *Rager*

Anger can be a dis-ease  
that twists the mind around it  
until it bleeds.

Rage can burn everything inside of us,  
leaving only a cinder  
of what we were:  
We mourn ourselves.

Let it burn.

Allow it,  
accept it.

Our selves  
are a trap  
that just leads  
to more burning.

Anger is a sign  
that something in you  
is not content.

Let it show you  
what that is  
and then,

for God's sake  
(And hence your own),  
let  
it  
go!

Anger can be a blessed warning:  
It is a cry for love.

Listen to it,  
don't live in it.

## *Practically Impossible*

Sometimes  
there is nothing you can do  
to help.

Sometimes a soul  
has become so fractured  
that only they  
can reassemble themselves,  
only they can know  
what the pieces look like,  
where they fit.

Sometimes  
there is no remedy  
for the illness,  
and all one can do  
is make the patient comfortable.

This is not to say  
they are incurable,  
just that there is no healer  
who can brew the cure  
but the one  
who is suffering.

Practically impossible

to stand by and watch  
someone you love  
fumble with a recipe  
you know they have mastered,  
that you cannot remind them of  
or help them complete.

Practically impossible  
yet you do it  
so well.

If only this world  
had more teachers  
like you.

## *Flame*

Burn,  
flame,  
higher!

Scorch the sky  
in a torrential tower  
of roaring inferno  
and incinerate  
all of our sins,  
all our karmas.

We've lit this off  
and now it needs to consume  
everything it can touch,  
everything that burns.

We've sparked a planetary smudge  
of astral sage  
that now is caustically cleansing  
all life,  
all being.

We wanted it here  
so we called it down,  
we felt dirty  
so we got in the bath.

This fire  
can only burn itself out:  
There is no extinguishing  
this divine flame.

## *One Mind Talking*

Open communication  
is a reflection  
of how we really are  
inside.

One mind  
cannot keep secrets  
from itself!

Not for very long,  
at least...

When we reflect  
one mind,  
we are dancing,  
understanding.

I Am  
talking too much?

## *Willfully Forgetful*

Why should we need reminding?

Why don't we just remember  
everything  
at once,  
right now,  
at our command?

There must be  
some reason  
we are keeping it  
from ourselves.

I suppose  
all we can do  
is honor that  
and every moment  
until the full awakening  
dawns on all our souls.

## *My Akasha*

Like a diamond  
gleaming throughout infinity,  
thus does our past lie.

Like a piece of everything  
that reflects everything,  
like a hologram  
all of my history serves me.

As another fragment,  
it is simply a piece  
of the entirety  
of the drama  
of all living,  
all lives:  
A shining shard of light,  
a glowing piece of a mirror.

My otherness surrounds me,  
it blankets me  
with so many worlds  
in one world,  
of every world.

Why do I recall,  
why do you not,

why did we forget,  
why can't I remember  
who you are?

It would truly be cheating  
to own the whole universe,  
to have complete realization  
of the all  
of the all  
of the oneness.

Perhaps this is why  
we see all these signs,  
maybe this is why  
we left all the clues.

Maybe we can still learn  
in a new and exciting way  
without breaking the rules,  
just a slight bend  
is all that's needed  
for a totally new reality.

It is not normal,  
this is true,  
to remember and relate.

This is a new way

although it is as ancient  
as time is forever.

But like experiencing incarnation blindly,  
it is not the only way,  
it is not the only road:

It is not a necessity,  
it is an icing,  
it is a decoration,  
it is an adornment  
of the adoration  
of my own divinity.

It is the context  
that makes this a drama,  
it is the back-story  
of the story  
of the story  
of the storyteller.

Truly it can wind in us  
until it is all we are:  
A mess of karma  
and memories,  
just waiting for release.

But when we see it

as a tool  
rather than a reality,  
when karma is not a justice  
but a yoga,  
that's when the healing  
that it is designed for  
really begins:

My Akasha are no prison!  
It is the greatest gift  
I could ever remember  
and the greatest memory  
that I could ever share.

## *Let's Get Naked*

Sometimes I express  
aspects of other lifetimes  
so you can remember  
who you are too:

Akasha as a tool  
of remembering  
rather than simple recall  
of a memory,  
of another life.

It's that sort of thing  
that makes this life  
a whole new game.

It's that kind of life  
that makes this game  
worth playing.

It's exactly that play,  
that drama  
we came here to see.

Show it to me,  
I'll show it to you:  
Let's get naked

and remember  
who we really are.

## *This Seeking*

I went searching  
for all the answers.

I found them  
and each one  
brought with it  
more questions.

This seeking  
is not about  
answering questions:  
The answer is in  
uncovering the mystery.

## *My Story*

Let go  
of "My Story".

It's a tragedy:  
Comic,  
romantic,  
adventurous,  
full.

It's a trap.

The mind  
loves stories.  
It clings to them  
until they become rotten,  
infecting everything  
around them.

Our tales  
can become poison  
or parables:  
They may entangle,  
but they may teach.

It's all  
an issue

of attachment.

It is difficult,  
the story  
is so powerful  
we are immersed  
in an ocean  
of drama.

But there's another sea  
that flows into this one.

It is free  
and uncontained,  
unbound  
by any force,  
even gravity.

This ocean  
goes into  
the sky,  
but the sea of stories  
cannot flow there  
with it.

The story-water  
is confined  
to the mind,  
where its wellspring lies.

The waters of love  
contain the currents  
that guide us gently  
toward freedom.

Be warned:  
They can wash away  
all our stories  
with one  
wave.

## *Not the Teacher*

I am not the teacher,  
yet I am not the student.

I am not the sheep  
or the wolves,  
nor am I the shepherd  
or his wife.

I am not God  
yet I am not a man.

I am not this thing  
that you can put these names on.  
I am not limited  
to description  
or word.

All I am is beingness,  
just being here,  
who I am,  
loving,  
experiencing,  
sharing joy.

That's all we really are,  
all of us.

Everything else  
is just minutia.

## *Assembling*

The one that I am looking for,  
well,  
she is me.  
This is what is so important.

I am seeking  
the temple  
of complete wholeness.

I am looking  
for an integral part of myself  
that I have lost  
or denied  
time after time,  
all those times.

It is like mercury  
collecting on a plate,  
or shards of iron  
being drawn  
by a magnetic pull  
to their source.

I am trying to reassemble myself.

It goes this way:

The more similar the shape  
of the piece,  
the more it attracts  
at its own frequency.

Just like a puzzle,  
we are all coming together  
wherever we fit.

I am looking for my adjacent pieces:  
Is that attachment  
or is it just automatic?

## *Beyond Knowing*

I can't seem to remember  
what it is  
you truly are.

Just when I feel  
that I know you again,  
then you have shifted  
and I can no longer  
see you.

What is this game  
that you are playing with me,  
or are you just being  
yourself?

Hard to say  
when I know  
you are so aware,  
that you know  
how much one  
miniscule  
action  
or inaction  
affects all  
of creation.

Are you really the keeper  
of this garden,  
are you really  
just a flower?

The answer,  
you know:  
You are both things  
yet neither.

No one can ever know  
who you really are:  
You are beyond knowing.

## *Where Do I Know You From*

I know you,  
and I think  
that you recognize me too.

"Where do I know you from?"  
The eternal question.

I know you from that spark  
in your eyes  
when they first met mine.

In that subtle smile  
which came to your lips  
but which you so quickly  
hid away,  
thinking,  
perhaps,  
that your feelings were silly.

In the purity  
of your full laughter  
and the soft,  
kind tone  
of your speaking voice.

That  
is where we came from.

Would you like to return  
with me  
to that place?

You need only take my hand  
and kiss me,  
my love:  
The rest of the journey  
happens  
all  
by  
itself.

## *The Most Important Person*

When I'm with you  
you are the most important person  
in the universe  
to me.

You make me feel  
like I too  
am worthy of anything  
that I could ever want  
or need.

But when I am with another  
who also sees,  
it is the same.

It's not a mind-fuck,  
it's not a game,  
and it is certainly not  
out of fear  
of commitment.

This just is how love works  
when we don't restrict it  
to one kind  
of living.

## *Never Needed*

I never needed a wife  
to feel love,  
all I wanted  
was a good friend  
to see my true feelings.

I never needed  
a daughter or son  
to feel tenderness,  
only someone  
to feel the sweetness  
coming through my fingertips  
from my heart.

I never needed healing  
because I was never sick,  
never really needed mending  
because I merely forgot  
how I connect.

I never needed you,  
any of you,  
but still  
you are the world to me.

## *Just Family*

It's all  
just  
family.

The relationships,  
the ties,  
the places  
and times:  
All irrelevant.

We are all family.

There's no two ways  
about that.

## *With My Family*

When I am with you all  
completeness is all that I see.

So much beauty,  
almost too much  
for just  
one  
heart.

That's why we gather together  
in love  
and harmony:

To share and experience  
this beauty  
that is  
all that is.

## *Coming Together*

More love in my heart  
for this Family  
of all life  
than could ever be expressed  
in pale letters  
of console text.

There is no comparison  
to the way I feel  
when I am with you:  
It is connection  
with the communion  
that is the divine.

Coming together  
is a sacred ritual,  
it makes any tavern  
into a holy temple.

Let us celebrate  
this ability we all have  
to unite  
and become ourselves  
by becoming  
each other.

## *Of You and With You*

You show me  
the light inside myself  
because you understand  
your own.

You give me a reason  
to wake up,  
because now I know  
you will be there,  
smiling,  
when I do.

I have been searching everywhere  
for you,  
my beloveds,  
my dearest eternal Friends.

Had I but known  
that you were here all the time  
gathered around my bedside,  
and holding my hand.

Saying gently:  
"Come back to us,  
Love!  
Please,

wake up  
and speak to us!"

That's why it's so beautiful  
to be with you here,  
now,  
in this dream.

You remind me  
why I wanted to dream  
of you,  
with you,  
and why I'm waiting  
to awaken:  
I too  
am sitting by your bed,  
lovingly stroking your head,  
whispering:  
"Wake up,  
my dearest!"

## *Not Forever but Eternal*

Even though  
my heart is breaking  
I've finally found my strength  
through its loss.

Even though  
I had to let go  
of the love I felt  
for you  
and for all,  
now I've discovered  
where its true source  
originated.

Even when the entire world  
is crashing down  
around me,  
there it still is,  
standing  
as firmly  
as ever.

Nothing is forever,  
yet everything  
is eternal.

## *No Escape*

In all of creation  
there is no escape  
from this loneliness:

Only a pen,  
only a song,  
only a touch.

Really we are all alone  
because we are the one,  
infinite,  
complete  
but completely by itself  
in infinity.

Really this longing  
is just to see our own face,  
to kiss our own lips,  
to remember ourselves.

But it doesn't go anywhere.

Love is not an escape  
from loneliness,  
just a memory,  
just our fabric.

In the digital duality  
of this existence,  
love is the one,  
zero is the void,  
all things  
are made up  
of these two.

But essentially  
they are the same,  
they are creation,  
emptiness and light,  
neither holding any meaning  
without the context  
of the other.

Yet we sing,  
we create,  
we love  
to fill in the gaps.

As they say,  
nature abhors a vacuum,  
and fullness  
is in our nature.

This is why  
even though there is nowhere to go,

we still try  
because the road  
is fulfilling.

When we get full,  
we fall silent  
until we are full of silence  
and the cycle  
begins anew.

Really,  
there is no point  
to anything,  
so why  
am I writing  
this?

## *Would You Go Back*

In the light of truth  
all things are destroyed,  
all weapons rendered harmless,  
all thought silenced.

Sometimes this seems  
like an evil thing,  
or an egotism,  
because it is frightening  
that some one  
would be so empowered  
that they cannot be touched.

Are they selfish  
for not allowing the same vulnerabilities,  
for not lowering  
to our level  
of human fallibility?

Perhaps it is so,  
but so understandable:

If you had spent  
an eternity in hell  
and escaped,  
would you go back?

## *Keeps on Going*

A shattered heart  
that cries across the night,  
so much pain  
through such a small place,  
one heart  
inside itself.

Oh this heart  
that has been destroyed,  
if only there were a way  
to reassemble its love!

It shows us all how terrible  
it can be to live in this pain.  
It shows us the true spirit  
of those who carry on  
no matter what,  
even though  
it may be bitter.

No,  
not fragile  
simply because  
it has been broken!

No,

not weak,  
just because  
at some times  
it is difficult to stand.

Yes,  
the heart  
is a regenerative organ  
whenever allowed  
to regenerate.

There are many batteries  
out there  
that can charge it,  
but the best one  
is the one  
already  
in there.

That is the source  
that keeps on going,  
forever.

## *Free*

The spirit  
that knows it is free  
can never be contained  
by walls  
or by thought.

The heart  
that is liberated  
cannot be stuffed back  
into a confining chest.

In this world  
they make so many traps  
to create the illusion  
of a lack of liberty.

All we can do is remember  
that nothing can cage a heart,  
nothing can contain spirit,  
nothing can stop the soul.

## *To Be Led*

Don't be surprised  
if we don't want to support  
the president of a country  
or any other leader:

We don't want to be led.

We are creators,  
the universe is ours,  
it is our choice,  
and only ours,  
how we want to live.

We don't need anyone  
to tell us.

Don't think that means  
we wish for overthrow  
or for any sort  
of revolt.

We don't require revolution,  
only evolution:

Don't look outside  
for someone to show the way,

because nobody can,  
nobody knows.

No one is qualified  
to lead another's life.

No one is prescient enough  
to decide the fates of others.

No one  
is the one  
because we all are.

Enough with these leaders,  
enough with followers,  
enough with those divisions  
that blur the truth  
while pretending to define it:

We don't need to be led  
by anyone  
but our own souls,  
together.

## *Path*

To walk the path of a warrior  
on this sphere  
is to see an amazing road,  
less traveled than many may think.

It is not only to fight  
what is not just  
and to protect  
those who need shelter.

It is the greatest battle  
ever offered to mankind:  
The war for the heart  
that rages in each chest!

Many great rewards,  
many perilous obstacles  
present themselves  
in the way of one  
who fights in this manner.

Like an ancient chivalrous knight  
allows his foe  
to reclaim his sword  
so the fight will be honorable,  
in this way the knights of all creation

make certain  
their fight is fair,  
even when dueling a knave.

As the soldier must climb steep hills,  
lie in muddy trenches,  
cold,  
angry,  
forgotten and injured,  
so the warriors of the heart  
climb the mountain of their own souls  
to victory,  
lie in the darkness  
of their own shadow,  
never a chance to tire,  
never the choice to give up.

Like one man with the power to see  
facing a thousand-fold wave of his enemies,  
so the generals of the heart  
command vast power  
against almost impossible odds.

This war is eternal:  
The only thing that ends  
is our tour of duty.

That being said,

damn!  
These guys deserve  
some kind of parade!

## *We Are Forever*

The nature of what we are  
can never be hurt,  
cannot be killed,  
bruised,  
twisted,  
or cut.

Inside of every one  
who has seen what they are  
is this place  
of unwavering strength,  
peace,  
and power  
which can never  
be destroyed:

Though we can break a rock  
into infinite pieces,  
grind it to sand  
and spread it on the shore,  
it is still that same stone,  
forever,  
only moved into another shape.

Although it may seem easy  
to pull a leaf

or break a branch  
from a grand old oak,  
that trunk  
still stands tall,  
roots buried deep,  
strong as ever.

Although we may attempt  
to push the waters  
of a river  
in the opposite direction  
from which they flow,  
even a small stream  
will forever defy us.

Even as we cover our heads  
and shelter our homes  
from the heat of the sun,  
the chill of the rains  
and the winds,  
they are still there,  
always,  
waiting patiently for us  
to come outside.

Maybe we are awed  
by the majestic nature  
of that which we see

all around us  
because it reminds us  
of what we are  
inside.

Only one word  
I can think of  
describes it accurately:  
We are forever.

## *Untold*

Untold  
because there is nothing to say.

Unseen  
because it is impossible to see  
that which does not cast a shadow.

Unstoppable  
because movement  
is the only real law  
in this universe  
where we seem to live.

Unknowable  
because it is beyond  
any aspect of mind:

Only heart understands  
what love  
really is.

## *Miracle*

I fell into a place  
where I felt  
as if I had disappeared  
from all life,  
from all consciousness.

It shut down my heart,  
it made me cold,  
it made me vow  
never to feel love  
ever again.

It made me hate myself  
so much  
that I hated everything:  
It all reminded me  
of what I hated in myself  
and what I wanted  
for myself.

It was only  
by divine intervention  
that I escaped from this place,  
and still it is a hole  
that I avoid  
on a daily basis.

But something does care,  
something is watching,  
someone will come  
when the time is perfect  
to make things clear.

This is called  
a “miracle”,  
it is a byproduct  
of existence.

## *God Has Faith*

I could not go on,  
it was too difficult.

I was losing the world  
and there was nothing  
that I could do  
to stop it.

So I called out  
in desperation  
for the creator  
to help me,  
to bring me out  
of this hell  
that I had made.

A fatherly energy  
made itself known,  
though it would do nothing  
except to say:  
"I have faith in you,  
my son,  
because you are me."

Never forget  
that god has faith

in you:  
It doesn't need anyone to believe,  
it believes  
in itself.

## *Overcoming Adversity*

The hardships we face,  
the troubles we live  
are dramas unfolding,  
telling the story  
of all our souls.

Every small choice,  
every direction  
creates grand movement  
through the cosmos  
of being.

Light in the darkness  
tends to be the exception  
rather than the rule,  
so rare  
and far away  
when we look out  
on all we can see.

But some lights  
shine so intensely  
we can witness them glowing  
from the other side  
of the observable universe.

Any heart  
that can flood the void  
with so much light  
can surely drive it away  
with just one burst.

Any heart  
that can drink darkness  
and consume all light  
can surely burn brightly  
one day again.

Any heart  
is a perfect reflection  
of the heart  
at the center  
of the all.

## *Namaste*

For me it means  
you see me completely  
and I see you,  
the core of what you are.

It is the greeting  
of godhead  
recognizing itself,  
the acknowledgement  
of the divine  
in us all.

It is almighty  
remembering almighty,  
one soul  
with infinite faces  
reflected in our two.

It is hello,  
goodbye,  
and hallelujah  
all at once:

I cannot think  
of a better way  
of greeting you.

## *One Moment*

No more stories,  
no further dramas,  
not a single  
other  
history  
is needed  
for this reality  
to be completed.

Because the end of time  
is not in the future,  
nor in the distant  
or nearest past.

It's this very moment  
in which we're residing,  
indivisible by our thoughts:  
One moment  
that lasts  
forever.

One  
moment,  
that's  
all.

It is simply an aspect  
of this type  
of consciousness.

## *Why Are We Waiting*

What could it possibly be  
that is waiting  
for this greatness  
to arise?

“What are we waiting for?”  
asked my beloved Friend,  
the divine madman.

I am struck dumb  
by this question:  
I do not know why  
but I know  
that we are.

Why  
should we wait  
when the platter of paradise  
is upon our table?

Why should we halt  
when we see our hearts' desire  
sitting right in front of us?

There is no reason,  
it must only be the tides of time

creating our destinies.

As simple as that sounds  
there was always life there.

## *Why Not Paradise*

What are we doing  
with this supreme passion?  
Why are we sitting alone  
in the darkness  
when we have so much light?

Why are we not living  
in a paradise of together,  
all of us knowing  
we are Love's divine children?

Why don't we see  
what is there right in reach,  
as close as sweet blackberries  
on a thorny bush  
full of protective bees?

My sweet loves,  
my dear children,  
my grandparents,  
teachers,  
sweet hearts,  
my Friends:

Why are we not living in paradise?  
Why do we not live in Eden?

Oh yes,  
that's right:  
It must have changed to night  
when we decided  
that it wasn't day anymore.

We trashed heaven,  
now it's cleanup time  
and everyone is hung over  
from too much living.

Let's get together  
and clean the house,  
let's make our garden  
perfect again.

Let's become the village  
of elder children  
who refuse to grow up  
if that means adopting a frown.

Let's become the elves  
who create beautiful things  
in the depths of the forests,  
who look into time,  
into hearts,  
into minds.  
We have the power,

we have the soul,  
we have the will,  
we just have to become  
committed to love.

Just like any lover,  
when we see each other  
unconditionally,  
the lotus blooms.

Let's water it:  
Let's re-grow  
the garden of paradise  
and never know winter  
ever again.

## *Paradise Found Inside*

So much beauty  
surrounds me  
in this world,  
it takes my very breath,  
it suspends all my thinking:

There is only this love  
for all things  
and thanks  
for being alive,  
here,  
now,  
today.

Some people call that  
“spiritual.”  
I just call it  
living life.

Simple as deciding to love,  
deciding to be grateful,  
deciding to own life.

That is the essence  
of what we need to do  
to create that new world

of joy and love:

Become it,  
all children,  
and that's what we shall have:  
Paradise lost  
inside ourselves  
found at last  
in our very own depths!

That is how we can transform  
what feels like a nightmare  
into the most glorious dream  
any of us  
have ever imagined.

## *Become the Wine*

When your heart is wanting,  
bloom the fruits  
of your desire.

When you are looking for paradise,  
look no further  
than your own doorstep.

When you are looking for drunkenness  
and delight,  
become the wine  
that is your blood.

When you are seeking  
it is only a matter of time  
before you find  
whatever  
you are looking for.

## *Falling*

Once, I fell in love  
with a sacred Shak Ti.  
She was always above my side,  
with me at all times.

Once, I fell in love  
with a beautiful Ka Li.  
She showed me the burning  
of every heart  
in its own fire.

Once, I became love,  
I myself was the love.

Then I never fell,  
ever  
again.

## *Love Itself*

When I can love myself  
this is the time  
that creates paradise.

When I can touch my own skin  
and feel the warmth  
of a sacred lover,  
then I know  
I have accessed  
the highest goddess and god  
of my deepest inner emerald temple.

When I can kiss my own lips  
and know that the kiss is pure,  
that is when the moment is sealed  
and the darkness fades  
from my soul completely.

When I can face my betrayals,  
all my losses and grief,  
when I can forgive my own mistakes,  
that is when peace is inside me  
and radiates into the world.

When I can say to my own heart:  
"I love you truly",

and it responds,  
so tenderly:  
"I know, my dearest",  
then I am hearing the voice  
of the one eternal beloved:  
The original love,  
alpha to omega,  
the beginning  
and the end  
of time.

When I can fall in love  
with love itself,  
that is when I become  
love itself.

## *Why Do I Think I Am The One*

It seems foolish,  
but it also seems true:

How can I ask  
my sisters  
and my brothers  
to grow  
if I am stagnant?

How can I expect  
respect and love  
from any part of the universe  
if I do not show that  
to my own self?

How can I expect clean air  
and clean water  
if I soil that  
which I put into my own?

How can I give  
or receive love  
if I can't give it to  
or receive it from  
myself?

The strongest  
and most non-invasive way  
to heal an individual  
or collective  
is to exemplify  
the healing.

In that way,  
I Am The Awaited One,  
but no more or less  
than any other being.

In that way  
I Am All That Is,  
just as inside of every heart  
of every thing  
there is an endless stretch  
of every endless thought  
in all endless time.

Holograms,  
some call this:

When I change  
the picture inside,  
You change.

When You move

Your reality,  
I am moved as well.

Why have I always believed,  
secretly,  
that I was special  
and that ALL of You,  
all creation I came across,  
were also special characters  
in some kind of drama?

It is as plain  
as the nose  
or the lips  
on Your beautiful face,  
my Friends.

All you have to do  
is look at Yourselves  
in the mirror:

We're all special characters.  
We're all  
The One.



James Tarpinian is a 26 year old reflection of You,  
currently living in Ashland, Oregon.

If you have questions, comments, or would like to  
order books, please write to:  
[JTPOetry4444@gmail.com](mailto:JTPOetry4444@gmail.com)

