

It is all

The so called "truth" or "all" can somewhat be aimed at with words. Here it comes – this is all there ever is – however this explanation is so uncomplicated and as usual a paradox. First off it is so simple, maybe too simple for the time habituated mind. Second, if "this" is "all", we would not know this "all" except in contrast to a "nothing". And now there it is, the dance of "all" and "nothing", the playing vicissitude or eternal metamorphosis, "now" the journey can begin...

-It is all play. There is no one to obey, yet remember to eat from the buffet.

Why are so many working under pressure? When playing is leisure.

-It is all love. Nothing like a white dove, yet it is and so much above.

Let the shields be dropped, passionate and say goodbye, love cannot be stopped, I am ready to die.

-It is all portals beyond. Sleepily immersing into the sofa it will correspond, welcome the bond.

Through the Silhouette, Behind the Wall, There is Set, a Waterfall.

-It is all so vast. In the bowl of cereal distance is surpassed, oh there really is no past.

Truly an excursion, reaching through silk, in the moment's version, to grab the glass of milk.

-It is all effortless. This I must confess. I would love to wear a woman's dress.

Let it all out, there will be no doubt. Hold fast, and dwindle with the past.

-It is all so soft. Touch Sound, the Air the Ground.

Studded-tires pattering. Curbstone-bumps flattering.

-It is all so strange. Here within range, can it be one big old change?

What are you waiting for, and why the distance? When here is an open door, to pure existence!

-It is all autonomous. As the union of alcoholics anonymous, oh maybe nature is more synonymous.
Out on the eternal stroll, the earth turns beneath my feet, I am out of control, and now complete.

-It is all unconditional. Let things be transitional, and you are highly nutritional.
In a form of trust, there is no more shield, no more must, I for the will yield.

-It is all one. How boring this begun, let us play an imaginary split just for fun.
Front and back, need not fight, they are without lack, they unite.

-It is all a dance. In the one glance, we know all about true romance.
Join the fabulous parade, come on swing out, music and toys are played, we all skip about.

-It is all a protected by $\sqrt{\text{hair-velocity}}$. Fuck serious philosophy, promote human curiosity!
Allow Nonsensical Laughter and Now is Thereafter.