

Collected Poems by Samuel Adam Alder

"love is an ever outstretched hand
love is a path leading to the promised land
love is a way, which creates itself and overcomes the troubles of the day,
love is, love IS."

"look past the distraction, look past the haze,
fix your eyes on what is eternal, focus your mind's gaze...

and what you will discover is the end of your confused trance like daze, time ends
when you want it to, it's just the twinkling of an eye,

just a changing of perspective,
just a blinking and releasing of selfishness and pride

the real I is eternal, it doesn't waver or dissolve,
it is simply made of everything, and everything is made of it,

the shit the, flowers the sunshine, the spring water too,
it's all the self same thing, and it's all inside of you!

by this i mean you always have been, are and will be, connected to all of it, and all
you have to do to get a glimpse of the infinite eternal,

is look within and listen, to the silence inbetween the sounds,
the eternal infinite silence, connecting everything, all around."

"Considering the Eternity of Time and the Infinity of Space,
Makes it easier to let go of the Illusion,
that life is a race, that you always have to rush,
and get to the next place...

Why is it called the human race?
Can you see the anger in people's face?
Where are they going?
They are doing themselves a disgrace...

An angry, proud, stampeding herd,
running off the cliff, unable to fly,
not yet angels,
neither colourful and glorious birds.

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Words, words words, words words words, concepts and ideas,
Which are all so absurd, unless you consider, the infinite depth of beingness
And see, that even throughout all of this time, a single, subtle breath,
Has kept us alive, What a miracle you are, What a miracle we are, When just one,
just one act of violence, just one accident, just one fall, is enough to end it all.

All

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All of these generations, all of these,
sparks and eternal somethings...

And it makes me think about how... How... How...

I have been chasing myself for so long now,
only to find out, there is no sam, no me,
separate from everything else...

...And there is no thing to see

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being is a loving free quen see...

a sound, a moving vibration, a pulsation
moving through the air, the ground, the ocean, the fire,
and we are it... we are the prime ordeal, primordial
sound, we are it, we are the ocean of emotion

we are it... the dream of our ancestors

whom we were also... we are, we

are, yes, we truly are, and you

know, we really truly just are

this beingness this love

this eternal justice

which just is

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Dharma is embracing life's journey;
instead of trying to dictate to life, what kind of music it should sound like,
what the food should taste like, listening and letting it tell you, letting it show you
new tastes, sights and sounds.
Allowing it to fill you with new experiences, which let you weave between layers of
synchronicity, mystically arranged mazes,
finding something which amazes! Dharma to me is about living life to the full, in a
sustainable way: not going and smashing yourself repeatedly into obstacles, but...
listening to the subtle whispers of life, which show you the way to live.
Dharma to me is about shining like the sun, which does not shine for itself, but for
everyone, in all directions, giving birth to cosmic reflections!
Dharma is about a daily practice of compassion, which can take on multiple forms;
about being awake to all of life, the suffering and the joy.
It is I believe, the same thing as what Jesus called the Straight and Narrow, and
Buddha called the Middle Way; striking a balance.
dissolving the Frozen Ego droplet of "self" through continuous active, directed love
and sliding into the compassionate ocean.
Dharma can be about anything, but most of all I believe Dharma is about embracing
the love of God; the supreme thing which you place of highest value and
importance, around which you orient your life, I call it and accept it by a multitude of
names: Life, Love, Wisdom, Nature, Flow, Absolute, Integrity.
Some call it Money, others call it fame, I think if you believe only that, when you get
to the destination, you might feel kind of lame, because
Dharma is about the source, the sauce of life, about variety, and sobriety, and
getting drunk and high on Life, with your wife.
Not trying to please others, or just pretending to help them, but really seeing
through to the heart of things, and really... loving them.
However embarrassing, or childish, or vulnerable it might make you feel, Dharma is
the only thing that really makes life real.
Dharma is about geometry, sound and colour, about merging all things and loving
yourself just like the others,
Dharma is about drama, and heat, and getting in touch with your feet, about
dancing, and wiggling, and shaking and never giving into any permanent feelings of
defeat.
Dharma is about seeing through illusions right into the heart of things, and letting
life sting you with its Inspiration, so you can sing and bring the truth,
and find the real you, which you might have lost in your youth. Dharma is about
overcoming fighting with nail and tooth, and instead always relying on the truth;
God is Love. There is an answer for everything before it even happens, it is a

beautiful, cosmic swirling galaxy of an answer,
Life's answer to itself is Life, and seeing, working on and believing it, is what we call
Dharma.
Dharma is the key to opening the lock of the cosmic clock.

How does this make you feel?

Living in the heart,
we discover the sacred art,
of rowing our boat down the stream,
where our shared dreams burst at the seams,

with gratitude and grace, we pull the left and right oar and water splashes our face,
as the truth twinkles with the light of the sun we let go and are at one; giving grace
its rightful place, not a single distraction ameliorates our face.

Clarity sets on our brow, we are remembering and learning exactly how,
to manifest what is best so that this earth can once again be blessed:
we won't run away from this moment but live in the now.

Ripples and reflections are on the water, we give our all and sometimes fall; in, but it doesn't end then it just begins, goosebumps are what we feel, when we are not skimming but swimming in the waters of love, a crystal clear field, above and below are one, in an ocean of star dust lit by the sun.

Now inspiration swoops down like clouds from above,
reminding us of any truth or love we have lost:
We discover things below the surface,
feeling what is real, the deep no longer conceals;
something becomes immediately clear, the sun lives in us, just trust!

We're all joining in the fun, we're in it for the long run!
To shine like the sun is our destiny, to discover the best in you and me,
learn to harness the 4 elements; Earth, Wind, Water, Fire in the right order will take us beyond any borders; always on, higher, lower, higher, our soul burns, it is fire, inner, outer, whole worlds it inspires.

No one knows how it was all made,
that's what makes this game fun, it's not just a charade
It's difficult to tell head from toe, when we are always on the go,
That is why we must learn to go with the flow, and just know the music in which our own soul is immersed, the song which from our heart and lungs longs to burst,
Give it space give it time, it is a divine vine, one does not pick grapes before they are ripe,
that's almost a crime.

Discover the direction leading away from senseless slaughter, mother earth, sky's daughter, have a plan: to restore all of this land and end what nature abhors namely wars, which are endlessly boring chores: every broken bone must be healed, violence has no yield... a family will miss its members, just like a tree, feels all of its roots, they are tender.

We are striding along the way of peace, not slaves, but brave ones, so let us master this beast: the impulses of the body; no longer giving ourselves over to feelings which can only be described as shoddy. Remembering the dignity of being human and what it means to say truthfully „God Loves Me“.

We know the pace and the rhythm, we're smiling because it's already given! Heaven has a code, and of it there is a node, it pulsates in our chest, if we listen we can know it and be blessed : -)

it's not matter OR mind it's both, so let's do what we love the most, know that the answers are in our hearts, there's a place for us on the ark, a place to free our divine spark, a place where we can always restart,

where age meets youth, love doesn't seem odd,
but you know the truth of god: god is love,
and that's why no one is out of place, that is certain and true,
you really don't need to feel blue, because while they call this the human race,
know that here, there is overflowing grace.
That's what makes it easy to keep the pace!

So Let's all join in the heavenly music,
which the sun by daring to shine all night long,
keeps whole planets moving on, whilst singing its wonderful song,

The Soul is the goal of this song,
and when you listen to it you can do no wrong.
Because it is everything light touches,
and this let's you know: you truly do belong!

I Used to be so worried about getting everything right,
Didn't ever want to get in any fights,
always wondering about what was going to be left,
then i discovered this magical thing called the breath.

Breathing stops me from freezing, in the moment, in my self,
breathing opens the ceiling, and connects me with heaven's wealth,
breathing reminds me i can feel my feelings,
and when breathing finds me it unbinds me from my kneeling, slavery to idols bereft of self.

Opening the portal for healing, even the sky is not the ceiling,
Inner and outer space merge, and I am filled with a new surge,
A spark wants to emerge and set everything on fire,
I am a wild cat, climbing the tree of life, got to go on the journey, move on, simultaneously, deeper and higher!

The roots of a tree which is free to be, shoot down into hell and heaven infinitely, The source is the sun which gives you the power to run and be at one, with all you see for it created all this from which we come, and to which we will return. Even the bible says so; god is light, god is word.

When we take the right turns, with ease we will earn, learn and re-earn,
whether it's left or right or up or down, the most important thing is to make sure your soul doesn't frown,
the message in your heart is not to be ignored, so don't tell me that once again you snored.

Cosmic consciousness does not accept excuses or abuses, as valid reasons for why you should not burn, with effort, so you can afford, whatever you want to have for, your self or your entire species, maybe a planet or two, who know's? It's all god's feces!

Turn the dirt into gold, don't reject yourself or you'll be left out cold,
a diamond is just charcoal which learned to take the pressure,
harness this lesson and work with me measure for measure,
everything in its rightful place, have discipline and pleasure will come just

like leisure, first things first, though don't try to rehearse or go too fast or too slow, no just stay in the moment,
so, you can sail on the wave of your soul's navel rave; feel it in your stomach, it's there and you will never plummet, to any depths where you will not shine,

just make sure that "my mind is mine" and in it i can keep or give anything away which i find, rhyming isn't a crime, and with each day's lyrics i climb, the spine of this universal creature, i know what it is i seek yeah, love and an eternal source, a cosmic power a force, innocence, open doors, adventure, security, serenity, friends and family.

The dark corners, pits, caves, seas & waves is where we will find the rejected parts of ourselves... the fire, if we are brave.

finding these parts, can lead to growth, or insanity.

It's up to us, but if we stand still long enough we turn to dust, or get hit by a bus, any way? So why not make now, to-day, our day?!

HEY!? Are you listening to me?

The inner child screams "you think you can handle me"?

Pay attention, it knows our intentions, don't even mention anything, unless it is of use, to put an end to this world of abuse: it longs for the light, the answer, which will let it dance and sing, and overcome this cancer.

It stalks our dreams, if we don't allow it a place to talk, time to walk, to unload the heavy burden of well kept secrets, and buried pain, of broken promises, and unnecessary strain.

"Work with me, love me, give me your energy, pay attention, Listen!"

All it wants is YOU, the real you, not the pretend you, not the you you show to the world, just genuine, authentic, loving, CORE you.

To rid its soul of the memories of silent capitulation, fits and meaningless orations, and reckless opportunism, which lead to schisms.

Of things misused which were promised to be well intended,

but abused, before and after all things are mentioned, it knows the truth, you can see it in its eyes, if you dare to look, it will tell you what it truly loves, or does despise: Did you do this to me? Or was it the world.

Love... It can't tell you what it loves if you don't really want to listen, to feel the answer, if you are not prepared to live and be the answer.

So LOVE! At least try, it reminds you; that's the purpose of your life, that's what you will be happy about before you die: you are a fire, a flower-bud, a seed waiting to burst open, and when you do, you will find the real you which you abandoned, piece by piece, that ambivalent thing for which you were hoping, will be reassembled.

HATE... hate, hate, intuitive NO, gut feeling GO, get out of here, avoid those people, ignore that, be loud now, be quiet, learn, how?

It's visceral, obvious, clean and clear cut, black and white world in which it lives and loves, child soldier, everything is simple... it thinks, but it's a child!

Look after it. You are the adult, You are the guardian, You are the care-taker, aren't you? Don't you care about yourself? Stop and learn to care.

Clean up your mess, there's no reason to look into a mirror in a graveyard and dress, in any fanciful number of ways, it's all just a waste of the glory of what could be the day in which you return to the real story; the thin red line, the golden time, the place you want to be, the space where you feel free... But not without courage, or acknowledge the "you" in "me".

It's about respect, and doing what is appropriate, apologizing to your self, and "others", acknowledging your inner poverty or wealth, not going blind to what you want to find, by sleeping in the time, allotted to your little mind, body, soul, spirit, Time... Time, time!

As the world becomes one, and we all recognize the sun,
as our common energy source, which is a conscious cosmic force,
we realize there are no lies we can hide behind no matter how much we despise...
The truth.

The stone the builders rejected and the waters on which god reflected,
are no longer purely such an external matter, but, internal: there is no escaping our own conscience, only brief
excursions, into another room, of the temple of... this place you just entered.

Don't be such a narcissist I hear you say, alright, so come out and let's play: This whole earth is our home and
we are writing a tome, about our journey to the stars, beyond Venus and yes Mars. About Technology which we
can use responsibly, because we know it inside and out, literally; that's what it's all about, the forests are your
lungs, these audio visual systems your eyes and tongues.

This... Journey Adventure Life Quest Travelling Guide Fate Thing...
is about what it takes to be real, and feel, the answer within ourselves,
7 billion people on one planet, all looking for the white rabbit, the new habit, how to love, better faster quicker,
make it last, girl, boy, my new toy, wait what?

"I thought that was hot", but it's not, it's just a cliché, and if I was really brainless I would say something about
homosexuals or myself being gay, because i love myself, and the man i love is a man, but you see, we're all
mixed up, we're all male-female mixed pups, so if you love yourself, fully, that means you refuse to give into
any bullies, or woolly notions of should - should not, would, could not, because love always fills you fully.

Love your neighbor as yourself, because humanity is in a state of decay, and you are the only one who can
change this formula of entropy in your world, in your life, today. Loving your neighbor as yourself means you
love yourself first, and your neighbor second. Regardless of what he or she is or does, finding a way to love.

To float back to the realms above; to take this meaningless shit, with or without a glove, combine it and go
higher, to light a fire in your own heart and as it burns inspire! teach others about what you learned, and how
the soul's gold: love, can be reached, attained, earned and kept flowing...

glowing, like a musical instrument, a sea of sound, through which we are rowing, whilst knowing, the journey is
endless, so sowing, the right seeds which we can thank ourselves for instead of bleeding or blowing, the
chance. We know we owe things, to noone but all of us who are here, present in our own lives: showing there
is meaning to this: rotating, gorgeous sphere: mother earth, loving, firey, beating heart, in endless blackness,
here.

If we dare to look into the darkness, and find the stone, our heart will beat the drum and tone, the melody will
fill our lungs as we hum and come, back home, forwards, home... wherever that is, on an eternal internal
journey, a quest, to stay in the zone!!! : -)