

My Confession

By David Gray

I am David, son of Clifford

Father of Sarah and Cooper.

I am the quiet one, observing all.

I have the eyes that witness the unseen.

I am the one who can feel your pain,

But who buries his own

I love and envy the artist and his ability to

Produce that which can stir my inner soup.

I am the music that makes men dance

And the turn of a phrase that causes the heart to sing.

I am the sun that can bake the skin

Brown and seduce the senses into euphoria.

I ride the wind with the top down and smile

When the engine screams at full chat, while

The tires barely hold on for dear life.

I am balance---I know where the line is dividing

Almost and Too much.

My ancestors speak to me of their sacrifice

And trust me with their wisdom.

I am a Pilgrim. I go places others can't and won't.

I am an old and stubborn goat, a Capricorn, the Rooster, Earth, a 4.

The owl is my reflection in the lake on a moonlit night.

I can love you longer than you can love me,

And will probably hold that against you.

I am a walking contradiction, partly truth and partly fiction.

But I Am a child of God, who made me this way rather than your way.

I am a student learning what is mine to learn.

And on a good day, in every Present moment, I am already a complete

And unique and perfect Genius, the Champion of my Soul,

An Outrageous Expression of Life.

I Am That..... I Am.

Advice To Self

By David Gray

My fantasy is,

There is a woman out there

I would be totally comfortable with.

Who's proclivities I could tolerate

Without any judgement,

Who's personal likes and dislikes

Need not match my own.

Who's interests and preferences

I might allow when they do not

Meet mine.

Who would afford me the same.

It's a good practice to have a cat.

Most of us would have said

"Own a cat",

But what a cat teaches you is,

No one owns a cat.

You both share some space

Only if and when it suits you both.

When a cat rolls over
With a come-hither squirm,
She is not asking for a lifetime
Commitment.

She wants stroking
Until she suddenly decides:
"OK, that's enough,
Now leave me alone."

She doesn't want to sit on your lap
When it suits you.

She doesn't want food
When it's convenient for you.

She doesn't want company
Just because you feel lonely.

And she doesn't give a damn
What you think you're entitled to.

Egos have a real problem
With boundaries, entitlement,
Expectation and neediness.

Wanna own something?

Own your ego

And all of its unreasonable

Demands.....

Then, maybe,

Fantasy becomes reality.