

I am a dolphin once. I am a dolphin multiple times. Ecstatic sounds dance their luxuriant colours. They dance themselves. My ears open to hear. My ears hear beyond, beneath, in between. Into the infinite I hear. Into heavenly Joy I hear. Heavenly Joy I am. Lush, defiant, uninhibited Joy. Sun rays enter the within of me water. I see from the within of me. I see from the within of water. Light dances its presence towards me. A dolphin whistles profusely.

High, high, very high I, a dolphin, whistle. A dolphin I AM

Can you hear birds singing? Let yourself hear. Let them sing. Chirp with them.

Light releases its form. All forms release themselves. Everything softens. Everything rounds and soothes their existence. Borders become borderless, angles angleless. Walls lose the sense of presence. Rules find pointlessness. Impediments, barricades, blockages deliquesce into motion. Structures, concepts, ideas dissolve into beingness. Matter diffuses. Eternal dissolution into How, Why, What Is. Into You.

Voice. My voice. Your voice. Me voice. You voice. Me voice in you. You voice in me. Me voice with you. You voice with me. Me voice through you. You voice through me. You speak through me. I speak through you. I ask, You answer. You ask, I answer. I ask, You ask. You ask, I ask. Silence.

Look into the blue sky. The blue of the sky is very different from the blue of the ink, isn't it?  
What is the colour of air?

I burn within you Water. I swim within you Fire. I run within you Air. I fly within you Earth.

I just continue.

I scent ecstasy. I hear ecstasy. I hear ecstasy in, with, through silence. I hear ecstasy beyond, beneath, in between silence. I touch elation. I inhale euphoria. How does euphoria smell? Euphoria, let me taste you scent! Ecstasy, let me smell your voice! Let me touch your cheeks! Let me caress you heaven! Let me be Me!

MeYou. YouMe. IamYou. IEcstasyAM

CELEBRATION PURE!

I paint bliss. The form of its colour dissolves as I keep painting into the centre of the canvas circle. Within the Centre of Centre bliss reveals. Its wakefulness catches me breath. Its peace excites me skin.

Its serenity electrifies me bliss.

FRESH DEW ON THE MEADOW AT DAWN, HOW ARE YOU SPIRIT?

I practise living. I practise me living. I practise me life. I do not die.

How can I register scent? I desire to keep the scent of this morning. I desire to hold the scent of every morning. I desire to bathe in you, scent of every morning. Again. Anew. Now. And now. And now again. And now anew.

NOW

Am I dreaming? Am I living? Am I both? Am I one? Am I the third one? How many am I?

An invisible leap of light. You know the leap.

You cannot see it yet you know it.

Know it to see it.

Know it and you see it.

I walk with a pack of balloons. Look! Look how they are dancing through the air! One of them leaves us.  
A pink balloon flies up into the clouds. We keep walking forward.

We own places and spaces of nonexistence.

They own us.

We own each other.

We own in Freedom.

We own with Freedom.

We own through Freedom.

In, with, through Freedom we are.

Together each other we are.

Freedom we are. Freedom We AM

We taste the uneatable. We scent the scentless. We hear the unhearable. We see the unseen. We touch the  
untouchable. We eat sounds. We scent images. We hear watermelon. We see through. We touch You.

I love cocos. Do you love it either?

I live within water. I live water. Water I AM

Fire love me. Love me Fire.

Busiu, you live in me. You live with me. You live through me. I live you.

Naked innocence. Innocent nakedness. Pure, primal, free.

I Deer AM

Coconut flakes fall from the winter sky.

How does the scent of this Mary rose sound? I dance the sound of her scent. I sound the scent of her dance.  
We celebrate us.

Coconut truhting.

Whiteness renders itself into transparency. Existence into nonexistence, into different existence, into different and same. Again. Anew. Into the NOW existence.

My clothing is covered with multiple tiny bells. They sound playfully dancing with one another. I join them. We sound and dance forward. Together forward we are.

Multidirectional I breathe the how, why, what of Freedom.

The How, Why, What of Freedom I breathe.

Freedom I breathe.

- How do happy butterflies scent?
- Which one do you mean? You need to be specific. Each happy butterfly emanates a unique scent of their happiness. So which one do you mean?

Hello! Hello! Hi! Hello! Hi! Cześć! Witaj! Hey!

I am Now. Now I AM

I desire to embrace you Moon. Come closer please. Let's embrace each other!

I excite you Water. You excite me Air. We transcend.

Elated Wings are growing from the within of Me Heart.

Clouds of soap bubbles touch my infinite physical borders.

- I will ask again: how does the scent sound? How does the sound scent?

- Which one?

- The scent of Freedom, the sound of its scent.

I burn you Air. I melt you Sun. I kiss you Moon. I caress you Flowers. Love me!

Wait, I need to consult Water.

(T)here are lots of flowers and an abundance of dancing.  
All ephemeral. All so ephemeral, so ungraspable, so impermanent.  
Is it? It may be sensed. It may be received. It may be felt.  
You may scent the flowers before they (dis)appear.  
You may dance the dance before you (dis)appear.  
Can you flowers scent me dance?  
Could you be me dance?

THERE IS NO OTHER SIDE.

Stars kiss the night sky. Sense into your own death. Receive. Feel. Know that you do not die!

Can you hear the scent of Mary roses?

Enter my nose. Enter my ears.

Their scent sounds somewhere (t)here in between.

Let me melt into you. Just a bit. I desire to dissolve into me.

What colour am I? And now? What colour am I now? And now? Now? What colour I AM?

"It is what you cannot escape from. It is what is always there." - I say to Robert in one of his morning realities.

