

This Thing

I did it again, I think.
I don't even know if I can say that "I" did it
Maybe it's better to say that *This Thing, This Thing*
This Thing happened to me.
I didn't choose it.
Well, maybe I could have run screaming,
Metaphorical tail in the air,
But there you were, in all your beauty -
How could I possibly run from the richness of you
And the fullness of what was exploding in me?

And now you are frightened and guarded
Likely cognating and rehashing and thinking and logicizing
And I know I have already lost *This One* if that's the truth of you
Because *This Thing* is about more than brain and rationality and planning and
thinking and playing it safe.
This Thing is about feeling, and knowingness, and risk, and faith, and taking a
chance, and standing on the precipice and announcing loudly to the Big Universe
and anyone else who cares to hear,
"YES! I'll take *This Thing*, thank you very much for the fabulous offer"

This Thing is about being courageous. It's about forgetting the rules that tell you
how things should be, because, what the hell, it's not like following the rules
really got you what you wanted anyway. *This Thing* is about giving up the
rigidness of the right way and wrong way and surrendering to This Way.

This Thing, though, is *not* about insanity. It is not about chaos and craziness.
This Thing is not about crumbling – but it *IS* about loosing center in order to find
the deeper core.

This Thing has it's own timing and it's own rhythm. It is a life force river; we can
choose to let it pass by us, or to surrender to the stream. This is not *My Thing* – It
is *Our Thing*. We created it, you and I. Your hands, your touch, your eyes looking
into mine, your isness - rooted in me like fertilized seed in womb.

This Thing, this possibility of life,
will we choose to nurture it or abort it?