

## 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 losing center in order to find  
the deeper core.

*This Thing* has its own timing and its 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?