

THE OTHER VOICE

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A Way Out for Your Heart

There is a way out for your heart.

It is there beyond the dim guiding lights
that can barely be distinguished from the night,
beyond false versions of the promised land
always glimmering somewhere in the distance,
while parasitic sirens feed on your soul
through hopes and dreams from which none is truly yours,
locking your heart into a dark, rectangular world
whose every fibre is made of pain
where the common language is fear
and every visible color
is a shade of blue.

There is a way out for your heart.

Listen.



Unboxing the Self

Why are we so afraid of tearing away the wrappings
and unboxing ourselves completely?

They are important extensions of ourselves, we say,
necessary and relevant add-ons,
while knowing quite well they are merely
ectoplasmic constructs of the ghost in the machine,
and ghosts aren't real.

Yet almost eight billion ghosts are roaming around on Earth,
leaving not much else but traces of devastation behind,
while desperately running away from what's inside
the tightly sealed box of their selves.

There must be the horror, the ghosts say,
the dark and lonely emptiness and the cavalcade of bogey men,
the ocean of uncried tears and the mirror that cannot lie,
so that is not the way to go,
not now,
not ever.

But it is only the ghost who is afraid.
It knows too well that if the thing inside is let loose,
it will be the end of the wrappings,
the box,
the ghost.
It will be the end,
and then,

the ghost does not know



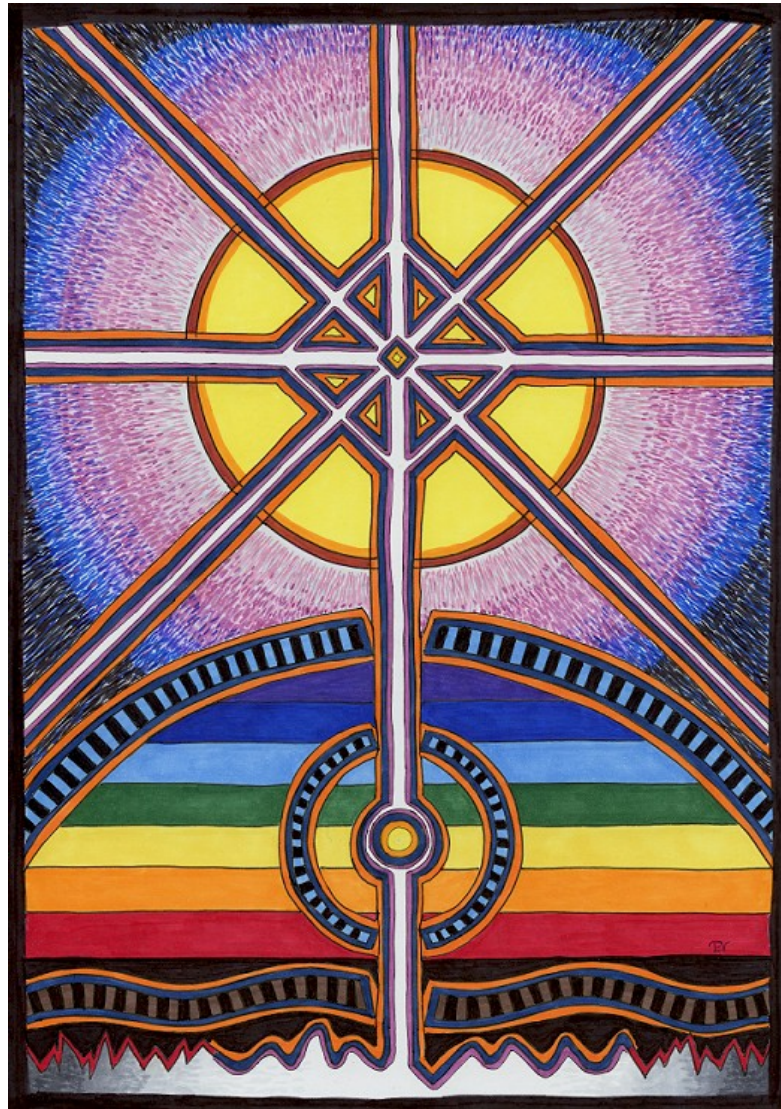
Healing

The Mind is split in two,
and only in two.

The resident of the Rainbow Palace
is trying to live happily ever after,
again and again,
but the madness denied and buried
beneath the basement floor,
finds its way to him,
one way or the other.
What is within
can never be without.

There comes a point when the deluded traveler
has to give in.
Not because he must,
but because what the other part is constantly reminding him of
is irresistible.

And so the little kingdom is given completely away,
the other part floods in,
and its compassion is brutal and it is infinite,
it tears the traveler apart layer after layer,
reaching all the way down beneath the basement floor,
and invites him to look,
and urges him to see,
so he could finally choose again,
what he wants to be.



The Eye Has Opened

One eye divided in two,
divided in thousands and millions and more,
all looking straight into where
nothing can be clearly seen.
Through closed black-and-white eyelids they look,
and what they see is time,
endless fluctuations of time
flowing inside a small gray box,
tightly closed and sealed,
the new Home
built in the desert of emptiness.

Eventually, each eye will open,
slowly, one eyelid at a time.
The light that enters the eye comes from within,
and wherever the eye turns its gaze,
it sees the timeless Kingdom
glowing through everything,
everywhere,
within and without,
here and now.



The Choice

1.

A choice was made long ago,
right now,
between what is
and what we wished to be.
The consequences of that choice echo all around us,
and what we see and feel
is what we have chosen to be.

This house of reflections is our new home,
our hiding place from the original
fear, guilt and loneliness
our choice to separate brought along.
It is this place around us
where we came to forget,
to escape,
to get back what we believed was forever lost.

The will of the dreamer,
the archetypes and frequencies,
and the hero of the dream in the middle of a whole wide world –
none of it truly matters.
There is a new choice to make,
here and now,
and the worlds and layers and heroes do nothing else
but spin around that choice,
and the Voice within,
who is constantly reminding us
in every possible way,
to choose again and remember what we are,
is there with us.
It is there with us.
It is us.



2.

It is all around us,
in everything we perceive,
the echo of a choice
made deep within.

Yet the Tribe of the Mad does nothing else
but run in vicious circles amid the echoes –
fixing, chasing, fearing, attacking –
but never truly looking at the choice cherished within,
even when it is all around us,
all the time.

Originally, one strange decision was made –
a rather mad decision, in fact –
things got completely out of hand,
and here we are.

Now the only game in town is to allow
that decision to be undone,
to choose again.

The situation is simply this:
what is not love is murder,
and please do not believe you haven't already chosen,
that you are standing on some no-man's-land between the two,
pondering what's going on and what to do.
There is no such place,
and you know what to do:
what is not love,
is a cry for love.
So love.



The Missing Piece

It is a riddle without answer,
a maze without an exit,
a dream we dream
secretly from ourselves.

Drinking from ten thousand Holy Grails
will never be enough.
What was born broken will remain broken,
and what has always been whole
does not need to heal.

We did not create ourselves.
The missing piece has never been lost.
And the dream of brokenness is
exactly that:
a dream.



Trusting the Way

The invisible metamorphosis came and went,
and the old ways were irrevocably gone.

How bizarre it would be
if you still tried to crawl your way
down on the ground?

Now the only way is to trust the way –
unconditionally –
even if you're somewhere high above the abyss -
and fly.

