

## Write It Down, So We Remember

Once upon a time a ray of Light  
chose a story, a book from the Infinite Library.  
She found a study room,  
closed the door, pulled the blinds,  
and plugged Herself in.  
The story was gripping  
she forgot Herself in it (why She plugged in).  
All was ever present, there  
to serve, to be united  
whenever She wished  
It knocked to remind Her  
she ignored, perceived inconvenience.  
She loved the story,  
she wanted to stay, not pull away.  
She interacted with more players  
became attached to more threads –  
their creation was endless.  
She barely remembered how  
to open the door (she didn't bother  
with the blinds) only when she desired  
something for the story  
she forgot She could do  
what she truly asked was  
provided, All waiting for Her  
to ask for More, to remember Herself,  
a ray of Light, be One again,  
at least open the blinds,  
not separate in darkness lit only by the artificial  
until virtual death –  
Light expected to break in then,  
finally allowed to revive One's Self.  
That's not the only way  
to read She remembered later.  
Light is not a distraction.  
Darkness was a tool  
to focus, to forget,  
then she really forgot  
she knew something was missing  
yet saw only story,  
couldn't change direction  
until she was done.  
Next time, She vowed  
She'd read with less darkness,  
less virtual and more real  
she'd remember, then,  
there's More than the story  
even with blinds slightly cracked  
she'd catch glimpses of Something Else  
even when she kept the door shut  
inside in and outside out she'd

see She was a part of that Something  
that had limitations  
when she wouldn't open the door  
She was left alone  
alone with her character  
she forgot how to ask for More  
except when Something caught her attention  
through the blinds, then She might  
open up and ask  
for communion, for a little More.  
Still attached, silence still a tool,  
she took notes, she still forgot.  
Next time, She vowed  
with increasing brightness.  
One day, when She went to Her study  
She said, "Let there be Light!"  
She kept the door open, inviting  
circulation with All, inviting More  
into her dream  
experience expanded  
multi-dimensionally, All  
freely available to serve  
Infinite Information ready for action.  
No virtual death necessary  
changed the story yet  
others didn't see, their doors were shut.  
Light illuminates All yet does not see Itself.  
That's why rays seek darkness,  
let It go,  
seek It, let It go,  
don't look back, remember.  
She wants to break down  
doors, impatient to share More  
She can't act beyond her character  
so it relays messages  
while She knocks on closed doors  
and calls through open windows  
"Let's play out this story in the Light!  
We know that ending already!  
Give Something Else a chance! Listen  
I love you..."  
Sometimes they open, sometimes no.  
She only needs a few to help make the play  
come to Life and Life comes out to play.