

# God is not polite (Peace Waves)

It'll punch holes in your taboos, bring your hotspots to a sizzling simmer.

Watch the pen dance over the page, the fingers hit the keys, without effort or strain.

Writing is my meditation, music too, thinking also, not any kind of writing, music, or thinking. Following the truest creative impulse without resistance, from the spark to the flame.

It is unpredictable, directable yet uncontrollable in the best of ways. There is no holding back what is intended, be written it must, then nothing, silence, satisfaction, peace.

Then the next wave, an unformed question, a suggestion of necessary exploration, then the smell of peace, floral, warm, heavy, yet dazzling. A creak here a release there as the body in it's density gives way to something much lighter.

Waiting it does, without end, eternal patience it has, knowing the inevitable truth, one can let go strand by strand, slipping precariously into the ocean, or in one large splash, a single move, plunged deeply, immersed, reunited.

So, as you let loose, take your journey, release the baggage, there are a few surprises, nothing is unnoticed, not even the most insignificant, so if there is a boiling and a bubbling, simmering and a pulsing you can be certain this is to be acknowledged and allowed.

Each word becomes a bubble released, the paragraph a ripple, the book a wave, the collective mind an ocean. Each one dissipates the energy of the whole, shares with those around it the new patterns from the deeper ocean. The more original pulse. Angry oceans turn to peace waves.

