



Imagining Anew

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To the people who have pushed me to reconsider my world,

Thank you.

Preface

Imagining anew

Is a wonderful thing to do

It'll get you by

Even when times are high

When times are low

It'll bring things to a slow

It will let you think

And reconsider

Your life

Show you

What's important

What really matters

Why even bother

Who cares?

You imagine anew

To bring forth to us

A new vision

Of how the world really works

You lend us your eyes

You create for us

Hand us a piece of ourselves

We could not previously find.

When you imagine anew

You hold in your head

The contents of a new universe

One in which

Suddenly anything

Becomes possible.

You lift us to new heights.

Take us on your journey.

We couldn't have done it without you.

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Introduction

Key #1: The source of much of your misery: the idea that you have to do something.

Life is not going to do anything special for you. There is no holy grail. There is no peak experience or special accomplishment this is all leading up to. There is no point at which the world suddenly opens up to you and you become endlessly entrapped in ecstasy. There is no point of absolute understanding. There is no point at which the world deems you as having proved yourself sufficiently, and thus being worthy of all life's gifts. There is *no point*. There is a purpose, but there is no point.

Now what?

This gives you permission to enjoy every moment fully. Because you cannot miss the point—not if you are without one.

No one is going to save you. No one is going to bless you with magic. There is no point at which you become safe and protected and revered forever more.

I'm sorry. There is nothing.

So what do you do with all this?

Use it to live. It's the only thing you can do. If you demand the realization of fairytales and fantasies, you will be dead. Don't worry about doing great things. Just do you. Planning simply helps you to return your focus to the present moment. That is all it can be effectively used for.

You don't have to do anything. Nothing will make you worthy. No thing will make you happy. Nothing can.

All you can do is the one thing humans have always done: *carry onward*. Life is movement. If you can accept that movement, to the point where you become it, you will enter a state of flow—a state of moving continuously in one direction. In the state of flow, you would not deny that you are life itself. And when you are life itself, what more could you ask for? Is that not literally everything?

Key #2: The goal is to have a bunch of good runs before the sun sets¹.

¹ Quote from author Seth Godin.

Would you rather be stuck at the top, searching forever for the perfect ski hill? Or would you rather go down a relatively inviting ski hill, and have a good run?

The thing is, once you reach the bottom of the hill, there's a chairlift that brings you back to the top. Then you get to go down another hill, and have another good run. So it's really quite foolish to stand around when in that same amount of time you could be skiing down hills and having good runs.

The only hills you really ought to avoid are those that plummet into Hell. Often, these are hills you have been down before. Of course, even Hell isn't the end of you. It's just Hell. Besides—you can always get off those hills before you go too far down. They're usually slow and clunky anyway—filled with obstacles. As long as you don't let your head droop too low, you'll know when you're on a Hell-hill, and thus when it's time to resurface to the summit.

Key #3: You will imagine relentlessly anyway—and these imaginings of yours will ultimately be futile.

You are going to tell yourself many stories, trying to weave them all into one coherent story. The problem is, this story is an endless number of wings of projection. You project first from over here, then from over there... Why, you turn a person into everything *except* the person. You do not dislike people. You dislike what you project on to them.

Well, what do I do? I can't live in a vacuum.

You cannot help but write code—to program reality. It is just what you do. It is an extension of who you are. If you just observe, you will see yourself doing it all the time.

The void is not a vacuum. It is dynamic. That is where you consistently tap into the base desire to live.

But if I am inside a program of my own creation, I can't be in the void.

Well, it's void enough to you— isn't it? It is *void of certainty*. It might not work. You do not know what will happen. There is movement here. There is potential for change. This is to live, and this is what you desire.

Oh god. I just don't know.

Exactly! Why do you need to know in advance?

I'm not sure. I guess it is more exciting if I don't know, eh? But it's scary, too... Or, I should say, and it's scary, too.

Just go.

Alright.

Meeting the Dead End

There's an urge to categorize something and shove it into the framework of an archetypal story very quickly. This is dangerous, as it can lead you to regard yourself as a façade- a mere preprogrammed character- rather than a living, breathing human. If other people are involved in the story, you'll do the same to them. Obviously this makes it very difficult to relate to people properly. You'll be living in a fantasy world.

Reality is infinitely better than anything you can imagine. The imagination is powerful, but it can lead people very much astray. It can cause us to expect and think we want things that don't actually matter. The imagination is very quick and very active. It often does its work without us realizing that this is the work of the imagination; and so, we take it for granted.

The imagination, in fact, can end us. It can lead us so far down a thought-trail that we come to a dead end. Though a painful event, this is a wonderful thing.

To reach a logical dead end is to reach the ends of the limits of a belief system. You have explored the ins and the outs and all around the edges of a perspective. You have seen essentially all of what there is to see. The use of this perspective steadily became more and more dysfunctional for you, as it increasingly turned out to be incongruent with your desires and at war with more conscious thoughts.

Now, you have reached the end. You have hit the point where you can do no more with this perspective. To try to do so would be to stand still, and if you stand still here you will slowly crumble.

When you reach this dead end, you will be in a lot of pain. You will have dragged yourself through thorn bushes and battled with snakes to get here, and now you are here and you see that you went the wrong way. You aren't merely lost—you *have* lost. You tried to win the game this perspective lends itself to, and you lost. If you had won, you wouldn't be at this dead end right now.

Your pain will come, in part, from thinking, *if only I had done this—then I wouldn't be in this place right now. Then I would have won.* You will be filled with regret as you pour over every tiny error you committed. If not for that *one* thing, you would have won, and life would be fabulous.

What you don't see right away, however, is that there is no way to win within this perspective. You certainly think there is. You have your ideas about what it is to win. But those ideas are either basically-unattainable, or they are out of line with who you are.

When you reach the dead end, it is because you have trapped yourself in ideas of what you think you want. You followed the gilded trail—the trail lined with lots of incentives. There weren't merely breadcrumbs to follow: there was the promise of a big prize at the end. Whether it was a new girlfriend, the first-place podium, or a big paycheck, the ultimate promise was some form of this very thing: *happiness*.

You believed that if you just kept pushing, and did nothing more than reach the end of the trail, you would be happy. You thought that suddenly life would become amazing. You thought there would be no more pain. You thought that you would at last be worthy as a human being. You thought that this was the point: to *win*.

The trail you followed, however, is a trail that lead downward—down into the hottest piece of Hell. In fact, when you started on this trail, you stepped foot into Hell’s very gates. But you were too blinded by empty promises to notice.

Imagination has many frailties. In particular, it imagines things to be desirable that do not actually matter. It thinks that all will be well if *just this one piece* of reality changes.

However, the imagination creates for itself a sort of hyper-reality. It is poor at seeing. It does not see things in a way that they would actually happen. Instead, the imagination blows up certain aspects of reality, overemphasizing them, while downplaying and hiding away others. Left to its own subconscious devices, the imagination can remove you from reality almost entirely. I’m not just talking about the objective reality that exists “out there” beyond your head. I’m talking about the reality of *what you actually want and care about*.

It would seem that the imagination is a cozy place where we can cultivate what we value most. This is true. Indeed, imagination is necessary in times where things are slow and stunted, in order to get moving on what is important once again.

But imagination is a process—an ever-ongoing, highly active process. It keeps moving. If imagination is not wielded consciously, it will go off on tangents ruled by the subconscious—the part of self that houses fear, conditioning, and expectation. Executed unconsciously, the imagination will form images of a reality so distorted and so beyond anything you would ever consciously choose for yourself. The characters in its imaginings will be lifeless automatons—blow-up dolls whose names are both over-celebritized and which do not matter. There is nothing human- nothing tangible and real and graspable- in such imaginings. Such imaginings are the nourishment of Hell—the stuff demons feed on.

This barely becomes apparent, however, until the dreaded dead-end has been reached. You told yourself repeatedly that you would be fine, just fine, *as long as you did not lose*. Now that you have no more moves left to make, it is quite inevitable that you lost. Because you have been stuck in your head for so long, you cannot grasp this reality. You cannot accept it. It is so much in defiance of everything you have imagined.

Now you do not know what to do. You go into imaginative-shock. All you can imagine now is that it is all over for you. You have lived so long in denial, and have hidden so long behind the poisonous stuff of your imagination. Now you can do nothing but break down in the face of reality.

Breaking, it seems, is the only valid option once the dead end is reached. Something has to get broken now, if things are going to get moving again. What shall it be? You can break yourself, so as to end and prevent further suffering. Or you can break down the gate that is the dead end, though the land beyond the gate is thorny and littered with thick brush. You’d need a flamethrower to stand any chance of making your way two steps through there.

The third and final thing which stands for possible-breakage is your perspective. Your perspective lines the very trail that brought you to this dead end. Your perspective- your view of the world- is based on where you stand. Where you stand is on this trail. So if you want to see something different, you will have to stand somewhere else.

Where else is there to stand, when you are at a dead end? This is where conscious use of the imagination comes in. It is a misconception to think that you must “break through” your current circumstances in order to escape to something more desirable. Mere destruction does not cultivate newness. Instead, you must *build through*. You must build a new idea of reality for yourself on which to land. You must build a stairway—though it is better than any flighty stairway to heaven. This is a stairway to a new reality.

~

Conscious use of the imagination does not ask that you be incredibly conclusive or dismissive. Indeed, you will have to say “no” a lot on the way to the new reality. You will have to say no to old fears and outdated approaches to life. You’ll have to stop giving attention and obedience to things that do not matter. You will have to look dead in the eye the things that do matter to you, and ride them up that staircase even if it means hanging on with a single finger.

Indeed, you will have to conclude what does matter to you, and dismiss what does not. If you do this too quickly, however, and you allow the imagination to run its raspy voice and immediately try dismissing and approving everything imaginable, you will be stuck. You will end up downplaying what matters and submerging yourself in what does not. Keep that up, and soon enough you will find a new dead end for yourself.

Instead, what you must do is allow reality to unfold, piece by piece—one step at a time.

If you plan in advance too concretely, you will stifle yourself. When you attempt to imagine reality anew, you are bound to make the mistake of thinking that there is some script you are supposed to follow, and if you merely follow the script you will one day land feet-first in a new, wonderful reality. However, you do not get what you want by coaxing yourself into being an automaton, because you do not want to be an automaton. You want to be human.

To be human is to appreciate yourself for who you are in every moment. You don’t need to merely give the appearance of doing things correctly. What would that do for you? How would that make you more worthy? How would that be even mildly enjoyable?

The point of building through to a new reality is ultimately to be more human. You want to live in a world where you continuously acknowledge and act on what matters to you. To do what matters is to feel alive—to see that you are a living, breathing, real-life human being.

So, let go of the script. Living by a script is rather unimaginative, anyway—don’t you think? I think you are far better than some flimsy piece of paper.

Your imagination may be prone to many frailties, but that doesn’t mean you have to subject yourself to them. You are not flimsy, frail, and fragile. You are life itself—you are robust, dynamic, and strong. Your imagination can lead you to experience that you are not all those things. But once you get a handle on riding the head-rearing, hind-kicking bull that is imagination, you can see yourself as you really are, and live in a reality that truly matters to you.

As for the trail, you will find that the trail of the new reality has no end. There is no end that we call “dead,” nor is there a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. On this trail, every step is golden. Every advancement along this trail feels like drinking from a firehose operated by life itself. You don’t *need* some hyperrealistic prize at the end nor fear of loss to keep you “on the right path,” so to speak. On this trail, there is no win or lose. You don’t need to win. You play for fun, and so it makes sense for you to play indefinitely.

Some objective outcome is never the point. The biggest mistake imagination makes is in thinking this. The point is to *change how you see*—to experience the world anew, and to feel your liveliness reverberate through you in a way you *never could have imagined possible*.

The reality of present experience is far more inspiring and pleasurable than anything you could possibly imagine. When you imagine, you are very much in your head. You aren’t living in the world. You are seated behind a façade.

You know this. A simple conversation with a beautiful girl is far more exciting than any sexual fantasy you can conjure up. Having \$50 is better than imagining having \$1000. Running a race is more gratifying than imagining yourself winning that race and impressing the pants off everyone.

Sometimes we get so lost in our imaginings that we stifle our ability to do these things. When we try to live by the script and grab the prize at the end, we end up not living very much at all. When you think that you are a mere pixelated movie character- rather than dynamic, powerful, ever-changing life itself- how can you possibly be alive? It will appear that you are alive, but that will not be your experience.

Stay on the edge, and be neither dismissive nor conclusive. In every moment, steer the ship. Look straight out ahead, keeping your eyes on your mission. There is no need to remind yourself of this mission by imagining. Simply live it, from one moment to the next. Do not allow imagination to distort that mission. Do not merely stay alive—*live*.

Do not do things the way you imagine you are supposed to. Life does not want this of you. All life wants you to do is to be it—to live.

Avoid the trap. Do not make the mistake of thinking that *I have to do something*. That sort of anxious clawing and clinging will end you. It will bring you to another dead end and destroy you.

Do not move ahead with mania, but do not slump back into complacency, either. *Steer the ship*. Do not force, yet do not hold yourself back. Ride on maturely. Stay quiet, but without blending into your surroundings. Do not picture in your mind every possible outcome, yet do not judge by the appearance of the concrete present moment, either. Do not push, nor pull. Instead, *flow*.

Continuously root out from your thoughts what does not matter. Remind yourself that you are life, and all you want to do in this moment is *live*. Do all that, and you shall go far. You shall get the best thing beyond your imagining: an experience of life.

Go to the place that is beyond imagining. There, you shall find the void. From the void, new life springs forth. Dive right in, and then rise up anew. Do so repeatedly. To do so is to have a relationship with life that is fundamentally dynamic. If life is change, then to live dynamically is to truly live.

Imagination: The Wormhole

People will dislike you, ignore you, speak untruthfully about you, go out of their way to avoid you-- even hate you. My only intelligent response is, *What would the opposite do for you?* If all people responded to every word you said, always paid attention to you, and loved you—what would it do for you? *What's the use?* Why do you need a particular response from a particular person?

What would it do for me if kimwrate.com received 300 page views tomorrow instead of 200? Would it make my life better somehow? Would receiving a certain amount of page views mean that I have attained a holy grail? Would I finally get what I've been waiting for all along?

Of course, you know the answer. A collection of bits in a database won't change your life. They will not bring you everlasting happiness or genius or anything of the sort.

Circumstances really aren't the point.

I've found this to be a particular difficult lesson to keep hold to when it comes to other people. I've always had a way of thinking that if I could *just* get this person to laugh at my jokes, or if I could *just* get in with that group of people, or, of course, if I could *just* get that person to fall in love with me, BAM! Magic would happen.

Does magic happen, when those things are realized? I think you know the answer once again.

This lesson never began to sink in for me very much until I had my first sexual experience. Yes, I can hope that you will not react sorely to me talking about such a stanky topic; but, as this piece points out, such hope is futile.

Anyway, there was one particular moment where this understanding began to take root. I had the thought, *This is not important.*

I was taken aback when I first reflected on this. I had waited 19 years for this! *How could this not be important?!*

But the reality is that a person doing something that you thought you wanted them to do isn't the point.

No, there was no trickery or manipulation or hopeful-insecurity involved. Everyone was fine and well. We still get along quite nicely, in fact.

However, none of these things are the point, either.

It doesn't really matter what other people do. It doesn't matter if someone hugs you and then runs away from you weeks later. It doesn't matter if someone won't go out with you. It doesn't matter if someone *will*.

It doesn't matter if someone walks up to you and hands you a million dollars.

Maybe these things matter to you. For my part, when I am clear and honest with myself about these things, I can't deny that I don't care.

I do react emotionally to these things. I think about them. I imagine them.

For the most part, the things I imagine are a waste of space. The most useful thoughts come to me either serendipitously or as the result of deliberate studying and thought.

Serendipity and deliberation are very much intertwined. You can't have an insight about a situation or field of study you never think about. For instance, I'm never going to hatch a profound thought about the fashion industry—not unless I become more familiar with it first.

When you read a book on a subject, take notes, and recall and apply the ideas in the book as you go about your life, you will in time integrate those ideas—they'll become a normal part of your thought process. Once that happens, that renewed thought process will enable you with insight—sudden ideas which not only strike you, but which you seriously consider taking action on.

Previously, you would not have considered taking action on such an idea, if you could consider it at all. Before your thought process changed, the idea did not make enough sense to you. It was not a part of you. To try taking action on it would have been an uphill battle, because it was outside the realm of your understanding.

After your thought process changes, however, new possibilities become available to you. You can forgive someone, and then thank them for helping you to see the world differently. You can get an idea for a software application, sit down, and begin writing it. You can tell a person that she's beautiful.

When insights to do such things come, there is very little need to deliberate about them. You don't have to make up a story about why you should do it. You just know. That *why* is a part of you, and you don't really need to hear it.

When insight comes, you know it is true. You know you must act on it. There is little need to question it. Questioning will only delay action, and delay will merely frustrate you.

Delay does not become you. This is because delay inherently means that there is inaction. When you are taking action, you are doing all that is needed. You don't need certain reactions or responses or metrics or returns or anything like that. To act on *that which becomes you* is to live. This is to enter the flow state, and experience life at not only its finest, but also its most rugged and edgy.

When you are in the flow of action, realizing those insights which undeniably resonate with you, there is synergy between action and imagination. The two are constantly mixing together, creating for the next step in the act to be taken.

Imagination is not at all like a daydream, when in the flow state. Instead imagination travels from your head to your center, and it is transmuted into instinct. The imagination is so well engraved in you, it has no use for the musings and ramblings of the head.

Images are likewise unnecessary when in the flow. The reason imagination can still be called such is that the flow state requires intense, deep seeing. This seeing is foresight, though without the predictions and analysis and attempt to attain certain outcomes. This is foresight into the act to be delivered. There is no need to write down prophecies in a book, when this type of foresight is activated. In fact, you had better act on foresight pretty soon, lest imagination should return to the head and bring on analysis and worry.

There is no such thing as fear. Fear is nothing more than analysis. Whenever you are afraid, you are in your head. You are analyzing the circumstances- the various objects at play in the situation- trying to figure out *how they might turn out*.

When the mind analyzes, it loses sight of the bigger picture. It sees that these circumstances are *all that there is*, and as such, it believes that they bear the fate of its future—life, or death.

When the mind is in analytical mode, the imagination is very active. However, it is not proactive—it is *reactive*. It is reactive to the limited scope of what is seen.

It is at times like these when the imagination is a very sorry character. Imagination is the “poor man’s wormhole”²: a person gets all of his highs and lows, his pains and pleasures, from what he imagines. He gets a rise out of imagining scenarios that will never happen. He fritters away his days and his life with mental masturbation.

What a sorry man we have here. There is much that he has seen in his head, and he imagines he has seen it all. For all the imagining he has done, he cannot imagine that there could be any more.

In truth, he has seen very little. How can you see when you are preoccupied with images conjured up in reaction to nitpicky thoughts that are concerned with the petty needs of your ego?

Of course, it is lack of sight that perpetuates lack of sight. When you have seen very little, it only follows that you cannot imagine there is much more to be seen.

This is the, “Damned-if-you-do, Damned-if-you-don’t” problem of imagination. On the one hand, imagination is what brought you to this pitiful state of being in the first place. You’ve been so caught up in old memories and stories and dreamed-up soapbox-speeches and potential-but-unlikely scenarios that you’ve driven yourself mad. Your entire world has turned into this state of affairs: you are a prisoner of the mind.

On the other hand, imagination is the only thing that can get you out of this mess. Imagination may be a wormhole, but a wormhole is something that can be travelled through. Perhaps up to this point imagination has transported you into a pit. Just as it can bring you here, however, it can bring you elsewhere. It can even take you to outer space, where you can see everything.

There is one caveat, however. You will have to travel back through the wormhole.

Travelling the Wormhole Deliberately

Key #4: “You will imagine relentlessly anyway—and these imaginings of yours will ultimately be futile.” ...Unless they are not.

The wormhole is the only place where magic can happen, if there is such a place. The wormhole is a place beyond your wildest imaginings. This is because it is not a place, but a state. It is an ongoing, ever-continuing process. You can do your best to get away from it, but it will always take you back up into itself one way or another.

² From Daniel Gilbert, *Stumbling On Happiness*.

The mantra of the wormhole is this: *Just wait. It will excite you.*

When you step into the wormhole with the purpose of building through to a new reality, you will have to think counter to your disempowering or otherwise useless thoughts. In other words, you will have to question the things that typically take up space in your imagination. Be critical of them, and seriously wonder whether they are worth your thoughtspace and whether you even really want them at all.

What if I end up not wanting to make money from this?

What if I end up not wanting her to be my girlfriend?

What if I end up not wanting to run a new best time?

What then?

When you inject new patterns into your thought processes, whereby you question your fantasies and can easily identify and shut off things that do not matter, your instincts become more reliable. You don't have to be such a hardcore, self-evaluating being all the time. You can allow feeling to guide you.

The more you practice this, the more you can differentiate between impulse and inspiration—that is, between fear-based feelings and love-based feelings. Fear-based feelings hypnotize you into reacting to things that do not matter. Love-based feelings encourage you to initiate or respond proactively to the things that do matter to you, cultivating an ever-stronger presence of those things in your life.

Fear wants you to rush around to respond to things that do not matter, and it wants you to wait around and ruminate in order to avoid the things that do matter.

Love, on the other hand, declines to play the control-game in response to things that do not matter, opting instead to refocus and play its own game. When it comes to things that do matter, love wants you to act quickly (yet without anxiety), and it wants you to stay with the feeling. Love does not rush. It moves, but it does not set a disheveling pace. Love never gives anyone more than they can handle.

When it comes to love, and to things that matter, it is wise to act on the feeling shortly after it arises, and then to stay in the situation it has called up.

And that brings us to the next key.

Key #5: Do not walk away so quickly.

Don't be so quick to walk away—dance with me³.

³ From Justin Timberlake's song, "Rock Your Body."

Do not be so quick to walk away. Sometimes you must halt, and stay with the present. *There is more to be seen here*, if only you will stick around to see it. Give reality a chance to reveal to you its most brilliant and beautiful underpinnings—the gifts it saves only for those with foresight enough to see them. Reality does not purposely hold back from anyone—rather, you simply see what you will choose to see of it.

Whenever I let myself sit in the silence, for a moment: *I love you, Kim. --I love you too, life. Thank you for everything.*

This is so wonderful. When I do this, I feel like a genius scientist who has just come upon a brilliant discovery. It seems to me that life can always feel this way—that in every moment, as long as I stay present to it, I am discovering what life really is. It is breathtaking and brilliant and wonderful. And I can always live like this. By continuously discovering life, I live.

Do not walk away so quickly—not from the one that you love. Keep her gaze. See the *more* that there is to see there. Stop for a moment, and see the beautiful, soulful, loving human being staring into the very depths of you. Let her know that you love her.

You can get more if you want more. You can also walk away, if that's what you'll choose to do. It's really very much up to you.

Goodness—what happens if you take *more*? What *more* could there possibly be? There's a point where taking more means you become bloated and overstuffed. Then you can't take any more. Taking more until you're about to explode is the path of trying to win. Staying lean, on the other hand, and simply taking enough to keep going and enjoy the gifts continuously is the path of playing for fun—playing for a draw. This is to play by your own rules.

The problem with taking *more* is never that you've taken too much. The problem, rather, is fixation. You have mistaken a single form for the whole of reality—for the very best life has to offer for all time. But life would like you to see all of it. Life wants you to engage with it comprehensively—not merely to get trapped in this one hole. Certainly it will like you to indulge, at times. In fact, life lends itself to being incredibly pleasurable.

But sometimes we fail to see the forest for the trees, and we think that the physical form is the point. Of course, that is not the point. The point, remember, is *to live*. It is to *be*—not to *have*. To *be life* in this moment does not mean the same as it did in the last. While the thing you are being is ultimately the same for all time, the way it *looks* changes in every moment.

The point is not to make any particular thing happen, but rather to see your ideas regenerate themselves—to sprout forth on the other side, having combined from the elements beneath the soil into a comprehensive, growing, beautiful plant.

The void is the well-spring. It is where you really live. It is where you see yourself in the newest light.

You're just diving in and then swimming back up, having fun exploring the depths of your mind and then coming back into the light of day for air. Ah, what a way to live.

Do not walk away so quickly—not from this situation. Not yet.

You could just click right on to the next thing, but perhaps this one is deserving of more of your attention. Consider it. If you simply wait you will dig deeper into the void, and see what there really is to see. You'll get far more than the surface reality. You'll get the deep, profound, complete, raw, unearthed reality. You won't just get an image. You'll get the experience—the being. It will present itself to you, whole and real, and you will know it at last. You will become one with it. You will be it.

Do not say what you are going to do. That is not the point. Instead, just do you. Just be. Just go. It doesn't really matter how you do it. Simply do it your way, without self-scrutiny. Be one with what you do. When you are one with it, you do not need to talk about it. It will speak for itself, by your actions. Indeed, it *is* you.

But all of this is possible only if you choose not to walk away—not just yet.

Whenever you feel that you are about to feed into compulsion and turn too soon, stop. Stop, and wait. Keep yourself from setting foot into the floodgates of foggy-minded hell. Do not step forward so soon.

Do not walk away so quickly. Not from the one that you love.

Take those five deep breaths before you spin on your heel and turn around. Really take it in. See it, and appreciate it. When vision blurs, and appreciation screeches like nails on the blackboard, it is now time to turn.

Just remember—you walk away at any time of your choosing. No one tells you when. It is entirely up to you.



If this was a print book, I'd tell you to fill this page with your own thoughts—your own words, ideas, and images. Let them fill the page, and then allow them to expand beyond what you can presently imagine.

Maybe you can do no more than feel the vibe of these expanded imaginings. That is all you need of them. That's all you need to get going on cultivating the things that matter in your life—just a feeling. A feeling that arises from your choosing to see more clearly—to see past all of the mess of the mind, and to go straight through to what you care about. A feeling that aligns with your choosing to open your heart and in turn enable your head, which is what happens when you decide to be love.

Fill in the brackets. Squiggle in the empty space. Create a masterpiece.

Then, erase your whiteboard and start all over again.

Have a ton of fun. That's what imagining is all about.

The Five Keys

Key #1: The source of much of your misery: the idea that you have to do something.

Key #2: The goal is to have a bunch of good runs before the sun sets.

Key #3: You will imagine relentlessly anyway—and these imaginings of yours will ultimately be futile.

Key #4: ...Unless they are not.

Key #5: Do not walk away so quickly.