



Escape

There is no way
out of this place.

It is a web of our own making
and just the thought of escape
makes it real
and we are caught
once again.

To do anything
is to play the game
become a doer and
thereby sink into separateness.

Even the thought
of doing nothing
brings into existence
that which would do nothing.

This web that is woven
by this spider that is us
is subtle beyond words.

The more we struggle to be free
the more entangled we become.
And death awaits us
when the vibrations we create
alerts the spider to our presence.

Not physical death,
but rather the death of that within us
which would bridge the gap between
this and that and here and there.

There is no way
out of this place.

But it is not a real place.
It is a web of our own making
and will dissolve on its own
once the truth is touched
and the making ceases.