

ACCIDENTALLY ON PURPOSE



“Accident” is an unfortunate word.
It defines a concept that is an illusion.
And we live as if it were real.

Far too easy to holler “accident!” and pass it off
Without analysis, without looking for cause, responsibility, outcome,
Or what good might come from the “accident.”

“Accidents” make good martyrs.
Victims roll with glee in a pile of accident,
Then shelter in *faux* self-pity,
Absorbing all the sympathy,
Watching carefully for the next pile to roll in.

Strike the word from all vocabulary!
Bury the concept!
Banish the thought!
Never, ever, even go there,
And *voilà*!

That way, there are no accidents.

That way, you look for the good in all events.

That way, you can live in the real world
And dabble in the illusion—if you must.

Soon you will see patterns emerge, and your behaviors shift,
And the cause of your living become purposeful.

A life without accident is a beautiful thing,
But there are no excuses,
Can’t rely on sympathy,
Have to learn the lesson and move on into the Light.

Oh, darn. That’s hard.

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