

ABOUT THE BABY ROCKER

Granny's have rocked babies to sleep through all Time.
Soft, sweet, cuddly, baby in the bed fast asleep.

Baby: driving to work, fast asleep.
Baby: brain drooling over the phone, fast asleep.
Baby: raising a baby Baby, fast asleep.



"Shhhh! Be quiet! Tiptoe," says Granny. "When babies wake they're hungry."

"Enough sleep!" says the Universe, and whistles for help, yet again.

The Baby Rocker drifts into the room like a mist, thumps baby on the head.
"You in there! Time to wake up and rise.
I'm here to rock you out of your ancient socks
And into the reality of your innate Divinity.
Thump.

You can't grow anymore on mass Pablum!
Thump.

Sit up! Pay attention!
You aren't who you think you are.
Thump.

Listen up close, my dear,
So you might clearly hear,
First of all,
That you are not your body.

Cuddly though it be,
It's a throw-down temple, you see.
Thump.

A temporary abode.
A grade school classroom.
A vanishing teacher.
Thump.

It serves you well,
If you're vigilant,
But it's not who you are.
You *will* wear it out,
And it *will* fall away.
Thump.

It's time to wake up,
Stretch far beyond your temple,
Expand way out past Time,
Acknowledge your Holy Self, and start practicing creation.
Consciously. Mindfully. Beautifully.

It's time to become aware of the Eternal Being within
That's struggling to reflect Light into its external mirror image.

Indeed, that you are a reflection at all
Is positive proof of Divinity on the Rise.

“Oh, Sweet Baby, prepare to accept
The responsibility of Truth.
The Universe urges you to wake up now,
Become fully conscious, and join the party.

You can only do it *now*, because
When the future gets here it's *now*,
And when *now* flies into the past,
It's still *now*.

There is no time, except **Now**.

Take a deep breath, Baby.

Now it's time to grow.

05/04/2018