

MOTHER OF DARKNESS

Mother of darkness, grief, and pain.
Breaker of hearts and sorrow of Souls,
"Expectation" is the witch of all witches.

The Mind delights in making up a story to happen in
the future
—which does not exist.



Then the emotions become attached to an outcome that's impossible
—in a non-existent future.

When what we expected does not happen the **way** we expected
—And it never does...

Oh, the disappointment!
Our world is plummeted into darkness.
We curse the stars for our bad luck.
—When there's no such thing.

However, if you know the secret formula,
Much sorrow can be avoided,
And you can live a Serene Life.

This is the way we expect, we hope, we like to think, life works.
—But it doesn't.

If you do **X** then **Y** will happen.
That's a logical expectation working very well on paper.

Here's the deal breaker: there's nothing logical about life.
There is always a secret *A. B. & C.* hiding in the bushes
That you can never know, but think you do.
—Arrogance is always the problem
Making you buy into your own downfall.

So, when you do **X**, expecting **Y**, *A.B. & C.* giggle in anticipation
And enter the equation, unanticipated by you,
So that "**Y**" never happens . . . not even close to your expectation.

Not possible to happen your way.
Can't foresee everything.
Can't know all the influences.

Can't control that to which you are blind.

Remedy?

Expect *expectations* to be unfulfilled
Until you can remain in the present
And observe your Life unfold,
—without emotional investment.

Even then, as an observer, your sneaky mind
Can't help but surmise as to what *might* happen.

BUT, as long as you observe the mechanisms of your mind,
And don't invest them with **EMOTION**,
Your life can remain serene.

Simple.

Not easy to understand that your own mind
Is a cage full of rambunctious monkeys,
Swinging from memory, to hope, to ambition,
Exalting in creating gigantic expectations
—the **MOTHER OF DARKNESS** to come.

Then it gets to roll and jump
In the juicy adrenaline of crushed dreams—
In the liquid of fouled hope—
In the stench of bitter disappointment—
And remain in control of you.

Ever seen a monkey smile?

True as dirt.

Hide, and watch yourself work yourself.

That way, you will know you're not your mind.

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