

‘The Art of Being’
-by Rich Butnotfamous

Close your eyes and imagine yourself saying these words.

This is not your world to protect.

It is mine.

Like experiencing every emotion,
In one motion,
Me,
The artist,
Of my own life and exist,
Tense with the same stuff as the Sun inside,
Iridescent,
In ascent,
And the dance floor is mine,
Until someone realises it's theirs.

To whit.

A selfless place absorbed in now and simply stating being.

Then I siiiiiinnng!

Allowed I am to see,
The world a self recursive tapestry.

Make and break, rise, fall, spring into steps that I take as I glide now.

A way to shake blame,
Guilt and shame,
The play of life's game,
Voluminous rain,
On the tin roof, give way,
To the awe of the stage,
Where we stay.

The fire,
I admire,
In people beside me,
Is echoing thunder dust rippling wide,
On the pond of my limitlessness and,
Shh!

The child in me is learning to be me again now,
The monarchy inside so gleaming a castle bows,
Samurai simply means 'to serve',
Lucid dreams,
Of the wizard are logic embodied,
In question.

How joyous to give all I have!

Remember it's you that is saying all this,
Though words are all ours, ownership void implicitly,
Here.

I copied a baby by wailing in grief,
Stole fire from heaven, disbelief,
In a scream for the world and the hurt and in brief,
Saw the paradise lost until I sleep.

And that I should do now.

To let you be you now.

Wherefore art thou, sandy grains on a beach or in stone?

A willingness is now to make art part of home.