BEING TIME

Books I through IV
Poems Composed From Prison

by

Thomas Perez Jewell
Dedicated to All Sentient Beings
that we may awaken to our own
True Nature

My being and my time are not distinguishable . . .
Instead of me being in space and time, it's more accurate
to say that I am what space and time are doing, right here and now.

- David R. Loy

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SEPTEMBER 2016
BOOK ONE

AWAKENINGS

The breeze at dawn has secrets to tell you
Don’t go back to sleep.
You must ask for what you really want.
Don’t go back to sleep.
People are going back and forth across the doorsill
where the two worlds touch.
Don’t go back to sleep.

- Rumi
**Awakenings**

TIMELESS NOTHINGS, 2010

Watching Grandma play solitaire
at her kitchen table as
she dots and dashes
the cards while
chatting about notions
and nothings to her
eight-year-old grandson.

Now I, in my prison cell,
forty-five years later,
shuffled and solitary,
layout my cards in kind
and listen as her nothings
become some things about
surviving time.

TWILIGHT SKY AND MARS, NOVEMBER 2011

Indigo sky, thick
wood-smoked air,
embraced by these
unimprisoned gifts,
facing east, I
kiss the cheek
of that planet’s face
now tinged pink.

THE PHYSICS OF COMPASSION

Time betrayals +
invaded spaces –
uncertain energies ×
impermanent infinities squared,
divided by zero =
absolute forgiveness.

Thomas Perez Jewell
AWAKENINGS

ALREADY ARRIVED, 2011

On my way to Molokai
    who will be my kokua?
On my way to prison
    who will be my pardon?
On my way to self-annihilation
    who will be my witness?
On my way to paradise
    who will answer my
“who am I” inquiry?

IN GOOD COMPANY?

“Love your enemies,”
a lesson I repeated
to a fellow inmate.

He said those words
would get me hurt
or killed
in the prison world.

I smiled within,
knowing my life
had been healed.

Not wanting
to further offend,
I returned to my
solitary cell in
very good company.

BETWEEN THE WHISPERS

Sitting surrounded by a wind
wrestling “with” instead of
being the wind.

In the suspense
between its whispers and
reminders, I realize
space as empty
and time not real.

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Awakenings

BEING STILL

Being still with
the shadows in my cell,
I am alone yet
never separated.

My dark as well
offers this world
light’s experience.
We’re never the less
one, and I am as free
as everybody else is.

ENTER WITHIN & LISTEN

Enter the deep dark
within.
Keep fear fluid enough
to be still.
Listen with
your whole being
until you
Speak the light
of love.

NOTHING FOR NOTHING

I surrendered
everything
for nothing
and received
more
of
nothing
in
return.

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Awakenings

SITTING AS MOUNTAIN

Sitting as mountain
   planted as tree
voices break the silence.
I am not disturbed
   instead I enter
inside the scene of hide
   inside the loss of find.
I let go of more as I,
   by design,
become even less
   as everything’s
   Nothing-mind.

A MOUNTAIN OF REALIZATION

First time, first sight
atop this mountain.
The sun rises
inside my eyes
   never to set.
The clouds, the sky
mirror what is and isn’t.
All is melting snow
   and rivers of laughter.

AREN’T WE ALL?

How can one
so beautiful,
one of our own, do
such “ugly” business?
He couldn’t see
his oneness nor his
   beauty
in the heart of us.

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Awakenings

PERFECT MISTAKES

An essential element
for touching truth is:
living through and
embracing
the awkward grace
of every made mistake.

AS IT ALWAYS IS

Still so effortful
at being effortless?
   Smile
Peace arrives as it
always is.

LIVING UNFOLDING FOLDS

   What obstacles
against
so many
resistances:
   How wonderful
growth is!

LIVING AT THE SPEED OF IS

   Life & Death content
   with nowhere else
but here
   to be.

A LIFETIME’S RIPENING

   What is more wise:
To be so self-certain
about everything, or
to be open to every self
unknown?

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Awakenings

NOTE TO MYSELF ABOUT SELF-LOATHING

What self do I loathe?
Silence responds
as my no-self
only smiles.

WHAT A HOWL, 2013

A hoot owl’s
invisible tunes
on a prison yard
this afternoon
in winter are
so clear; I hear
its natural
laughter celebrate
what a howl
such being
has become.

IS WHAT IS

We live
what is
then think it
into what isn’t.
We seek to sing
our inner being
when all we need
is listen.

NEVER MORE AWAKENED

An uncertain
path
on a
particular day.
All the fallen
leaves
had fallen
that were meant
to fall.

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Awakenings

AN ACTUAL SURPRISE

What powerful pain-filled joys emerge when one’s actual god becomes human.

A FEATHER IN THE WIND

This clear night in “November’s year.”
This sliver of moon is a gravity tethered feather in the wind.

EVER HEAR?

Ever hear walls and fences breathe? Be still between these self-made boundaries.
There is a madness required so don’t be afraid of losing your self.
Listen with your whole being in solitary inclusion.

Thomas Perez Jewell
ALWAYS BEAUTY IS?

Beauty always
ever is
as rain music
attunes to wind.

Always ever
Beauty is,
so the Seer
and the Seen.

AT THE CENTER OF I AM

For an instant
fully winged
in the middle
of the sky
I am
at the center
where
I exists
and
am enters
flight.

UNTIL FRESH

Soap pieces dissolve
into disappear;
roll over and over these
open hands and fingers
like pebbles dance
in rivers freshly cleansed.

'THIS WINTER AFTERNOON

This winter afternoon
of sullen joys
invites
such instant
openings
to enter in.

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Awakenings

NOTHING MORE DELICIOUS

Making the best of nothing
brings everything to the table:
when thirsty I drink,
when hungry I eat,
when tired I sleep:
"There's nothing more delicious
than having no future."

WITH MY INSTRUMENT OF SELF

Listening with
my instrument of self,
I felt little rain feet beat
across my world's view.
All at once
a gradual flash opened
my inner eye to being one
with everything that is –
Everything and Nothing:
full and empty.

A MOMENT'S REALIZATION

Wait and Weight
both in time,
are difficult
but necessary
to carry.

WAYS OF WATER

Rivers are daughters;
Mountains their fathers
both must surrender
to the ways of the water.

MY LAST RESUME

A sacred human being
as well as profane.
For further information
inquire within . . . .

Thomas Perez Jewell
BEING AT ANY DEPTH

A touch of water
here and there
at any depth
anoints the places
no one else dares claim.

FORGIVE IS TO LIVE AS VENGEANCE IS TO DEATH

Vengeance is a meal
best served with forgive,
and fresh plums in spring
from the garden of live.

Who is it we offend
when we hurt or we heal?
But ourselves in the end
with our efforts to feel.

A REFLECTION WHILE IN PRISON

We put our prisoners
a million miles in exile
with little effort to restore
all parties to the crime
as if they are not who we are.

This makes all of us perpetrators
of a merciless world,
which keeps everybody alien
to genuine compassion.

We keep “them” hidden
from our own reflection
as shameful shadows
in humanity’s mirror.

How we treat ourselves in prison
is how we heal ourselves in the world.
Awakenings

HOW TO GET FROM BITTERNESS TO FRIENDSHIP

Let go of every hopeless hope
as if your half-whole
awaiting fulfillment
from somebody else.

Be friendship itself –
a gift that always receives
what you want to give
from your endless abundant
gratitude of being.

LEARNING HOW

What was my father’s childhood is
what is inside this man-child.
Learning how to be in a world
not of his choosing.
Learning how to let go of holding
what’s only illusion.
Learning how to forgive selves
unforgivable, and
Learning how to unlearn
what keeps him in prison.

EXILE BLIND

On this horizonless
winter night
I am exile blind
as empty as
empty is,
sitting in
all prisons combined
on earth’s own
awkward unwind.

Thomas Perez Jewell
Awakenings

LET LOVE TOUCH

For those of us who fuss about what can’t be kept: What is depression but an untouched heart from the inside out.

SILENCE IS WISDOM

Turbulent impulsive words meant to hurt pour wet cement on your own punishment. How does it feel receiving your sentence in reverse? Words can harm or heal Be silent before you speak.

UNJUST HUMOR

There is a blind fear in me that still behaves like a little boy hiding, hiding from rejection’s kill. Safe from life’s deaths, I walk in and out of shadows, staying silent.

When I need to speak, I retract my pen each time to conceal the truths of me whether stained or holy,

my heart understands life’s unjust humor.

Thomas Perez Jewell
THE CURIOUSITY FALLACY

When curiosity becomes a crime,
or is it already?
Conceal your heart
and hide your mind
before you’re ruled inert
and silenced by their punishment.

Statistical truths and fears
based on accurate lies
will condemn even innocence
by immeasurable measures
to prove, when necessary,
everything vice versa, and
define with certainty
what can’t be defined.

THE CALM OF KARMA

Retribution’s your karma –
It’s what you deserve
for what you did or do:
Maybe, perhaps so?

Yet, who carries
the burden to forgive
karmic consequence
but the punisher?

Touch the sharp edge
of endless mercy,
release your own pain
by releasing another’s.

A DEATH’S DANCE

A death’s dance
follows your steps
as invisible shadows
of all living’s movements.

Death exists in every breath
as life breathes you into existence.
Once you learn to receive what is
you give yourself your origins.

Thomas Perez Jewell
Awakenings

BEFORE THE FLOOD AND AFTER

Before the flood,
the rain was wonderful.
After the flood,
whatever happened
to your wonder?

Before,
you injured another person
sought mercy
and were forgiven, yet
After another injured you
what happened to your forgiveness?

Before, when in love
forever lived in every moment,
remember?

After love had gone
(as if true love could disappear)
what happened to forever?

SHAKING YOUR RESISTANCE

What does your choice
choose when called
by your original voice?

What delicious burdens
attach themselves to what you hear
when what you want versus
your need to awaken to
your never changing sameness?

AM I THIS STRANGER?

Standing next to him,
I feel the weight
of the burdens he carries.

The solid self he wields
as if his history is who he is,
as if all existence hinges upon
his own imaginary image.

Thomas Perez Jewell
Awakenings

WHAT'S BECOME OF WHO WE ARE?

Schools, prisons, and hospitals
are society's toilet bowels
expertly employed to flush what remains
of any human shit that's real
to hide the stains that life provides
for all of us who live alive.

The first flush begins in elementary school
to complement our fresh little minds
to learn their think and think their feel
until we're who we never were
prepared by rote to use as we consume
the products of our own doom?

We invent ourselves unworthy beings
receptacles of our own refuse
until we see through what we think we choose
we're what we conceive, contrive and conjure.

SONG FOR THE FALL

Leaves, leaves, leaves
like words, words, words
   fall, falling, fell.
The why of life's as is . . . .

What stories do you tell?
Awakenings

SONG FOR FORGIVENESS

What is your saddest joy, my love?
Those complex terrors that last
a lifetime’s beyond?

Harm can arm itself
with fear
that won’t let go
until your mercy’s denied
and cannot heal.

What compares to your greatest pain, my dear,
and who is left to share your grief,
your despair, yourselves
when the your of your your has disappeared?

LISTEN, LISTEN

That strange and better place
that in our mind only exists.
Paths tree rich and sound surrounded –
I hear the silent silences,
and how much we seldom listen.

‘FOG COUNT”': INMATES WALK FROM CHOW

Fog against the prison fence.
Crows eating crumbs
from the generous.
The yard’s secure
with extra guards.
Birdsongs interlace
their scraggly gaits.

Thomas Perez Jewell


Awakenings

YOUR DEATH'S REVELATION

My heart's torn open
and cut into pieces
by the shattered glass
of your "non-existence"?

What does death reveal when
there's no more image to see
but the love that's always been
inside of me.

I AM SO SORRY

There we were
in the midst
of our Is.

We sought to please
as one, but
found each other
hurt instead.
Who knew then
this path of love?

Where are you
in the midst
of what's now?

Have you reached
your depths to heal?
Have you felt
the freedoms of forgive?
I am so sorry
for the harm I did.

Thomas Perez Jewell
Awakenings

AS EVERYTHING'S ROLLING OCEAN

Adrift yet driven by desire's
whirlpools of emotion.
Still attached to the shores
of opposite attractions . . . .
I am the river who has yet to flow
as everything's rolling ocean.

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

Solitary confinement's punishment
is not hearing other voices blend
with your own -- the sweet
synchronicity of a music
that penetrates your inner core
deeper than touch can reach.

Isolated from this communion
is a terror unspeakable,
so I search human faces and eyes
in magazines and books for my origins
before before's before.

AWAKENING FROM IMPRISONMENT (for Tony)

I didn't know what being
imprisoned meant back then,
remembering your empty stare
from the other side of the glass
talking with us on the intercom
on Christmas day 1981.

I would have put more money
on your books and visited more,
if I knew what it meant for you
to be on the other side of the world.

Now that I know what it means,
being alone and condemned,
I would put money on the books
of any one I've ever known
for them to visit me and see
what it means for all of us
to be imprisoned.

Thomas Perez Jewell
Awakenings

MOCKINGBIRD TEACHINGS

From the highest limb
atop the briefest leaf
from joys own joy
    to the griefest grief
you sing your borrowed songs
to help our winter truths along
to help us live our lives on loan.

AUTUMNAL EQUINOX: 2015

    Just another change
    this autumnal wonder;
    A shift within the shift
    of every living being.
    Be still this instant and
    feel the movement happen:
    this external glimpse of our
    measurelessness:
An awakening as the earth lifts
    its ancient eyelids
    for seeing through
    our rigid selves into
    a freer world view.

ALREADY AWAKENED

Day events come to rest
while evening’s eyelids heavy set.
The crow, on the lamp post,
    “caws” itself into awareness.
The brilliant oriole,
    as orange as the sun,
sings every sleep into awaken;
it’s westward flight ascends
    into the darkening skies
    already brightened.

VISIBLE ON THE DRIVER’S SIDE OF THE MIRROR

Empty appearances
don’t persist unless
you continue to bring them
    into existence.

Thomas Perez Jewell
Awakenings

ON NOW’S EDGES

Oceans on either side
of the question:
How do I
become one while balancing
on the surf of now’s
sharp edges?

HOW WE DO HEAL

I admit that I’ve hurt and injured
others and myself;
myself and others have been harmed
in my efforts to be one.
Why condemn one another in return?
I will not respond in kind.
I will be kind in my response,
allowing love and forgiveness
to heal what separates us.

WISDOM CAN NEVER BE GIVEN

The student eventually transcends the teacher,
The son his mother,
The daughter her father.
Wisdom can never stay captive
nor is it given.
Like a seed inside one’s ignorance
through relationship, it blossoms.

BE GENTLE WITH YOUR ANGER

Observe: Why be angry
at your anger’s own cause?
Observe and breathe
into your own healing.
Rage is your tiny baby
needing attention.
Be gentle and treat
her or him
as the precious being
your self already is.

Thomas Perez Jewell
SPACE AND TIME SUSPICIOUS

I departed my voluntary year
in Africa as I arrived: suspicious
about space and time, about
why every here is never better
than any over there.

BEING MIRRORS

After births, breaths, and deaths of selves;
minutes, hours and years of lives;
mountains, streams and rivers of others,
I am still learning how to be in love.

What I thought of love and felt
for lifetimes was wrong,
making the ones I love better than
and separated from what I am
by striving to belong.

When all the while,
Love emerges
in the one who loves as one
as both the lover and the beloved
being mirrors
for the other
reflecting all there is.

YOUR SWEET SHINE OF LIGHTNESS

Light eats light in darkness
into light again
on the other side of mountains,
especially when you are absent.

Your light is the feather nestled
brushes inside a favorite painting.

So graceful becomes my way
as I navigate empty spaces
feeling love inside me shine
in your ever-present lightness.
Awakenings

WHERE I WAS ALREADY?

My return to grade four and beyond
is beheld in my hands, at fifty-three,
in this 1968 volume of National Geographic.

Once again my dreams
come alive to travel the world.
So where have I been all this time?
I feel as if I am
sitting in that library
again a nine year old boy,
looking into the places and faces
where I've been already.

AU VILLAGE EN AFRIQUE

Lamberene moment born
poised at pre-descent
on the downhill road
into my new world
as the roosters crow.

Out of the morning mist
the sunrise rose
on my original face, and
my eyes awakened to a labyrinth
of fresh familiar strangers.

VISITING MBIGOU, GABON

A small village set
on a very large hill.
The fog arrives
with the evening's chill.
These fresh eyes met
an ancient ill?
A dance to divine:
accept death or kill?
The trance lasts all night
into the morning still.
The fog will subside
but not until . . . .

Thomas Perez Jewell
Awakenings

ON BEING TWENTY-ONE

Looking into and through my window
as a rear-view mirror at twenty-one,
I was anywhere but here,
living always over there,
moving meadows of wonder for dense forest depths.

I couldn’t get out of my wanting’s sleep nor
get myself into giving’s awake,
so I stayed afraid in a safe neutral place
dismissing natural risks
that make good mistakes.

So, I stayed alone in my shadow of fears
till I found myself lost
in love’s double bind:

Follow your heart
no matter the cost,
yet being in love
will cost you your life.

ETERNITY’S NONEXISTENT CLOCK

Even a portrait wears with age
and reminds us all
that time doesn’t stand still
in this tic-toc world,
yet it always stops, every time
on eternity’s nonexistent clock.

ALWAYS PRESENT

In that second-grade-classroom cocoon
we observed the larva transform
and discovered what’s inside
the “can’t be seen” after the metamorphosis.
I am still there in the lesson
as the Witness always ever-present.

Thomas Perez Jewell
Awakenings

A LESSON LEARNED IN MEDITATION

Silence is not silence
And still is not still
until you don’t name it
until you be still
until you be silent.

SELF’S INSTRUCTIONS TO SELF

Be still and let
time undo time
Nothing intersects
what’s already whole.
Be spaciousness itself.

MY FEARLESS CHILDREN

After too many schools
in one year and
too many years at different
schools, I learned
as the new kid in elementary:
Never call attention to myself,
ever sit anywhere but in the back
of class, and
Never volunteer even if I know the answer.

After years of unlearning these lessons,
What a relief to discover,
that my children, as first and second graders,
didn’t suffer from my childhood disorder,
as I watched them seat themselves in the front row
among strangers, raising their hands to respond
and fearlessly ask their questions.
Awakenings

A TREACHEROUS SWIM

Returning to life from a dolphin
   to a human has been difficult.
It's a treacherous swim
   in the ocean of words and sentences and
paragraphs and stories. The effort seems endless
when you want to be heard,
when you want to express what's misunderstood,
when you want to be one in a world made separate,
when you want to be loved in this world of opposites.

EVERY PLACE THERE IS

On the train from Frankfurt to Karlsruhe,
your fourth duty station as a volunteer soldier,
   I began to learn what the Army doesn't teach:
      how to live within my within,
      how to be at home in an alien landscape,
      how not to cling to familiar comforts, and
      how to see myself in every face I meet.

DISCOVERED IN DREAMS

What I discovered
   in dreams
is that I am
as everybody else:
The Witness
looking
in a mirror.

Thomas Perez Jewell
BOOK TWO

TIMELESS BEING

Life is only now.
Love is only now.
Truth is only now.
Wisdom is only now.

Enlightenment. Self-Realization-only now.
Joy is only now.
Happiness is only now.
Absolute Peace is only now.

It's up to you.

- Scott Morrison
Timeless Being

SELF PORTRAIT, 2011

For years
pain rained
into every pore
until I became
a river of regrets —
 Now imprisoned
I am swimming in
the ocean of forgiveness.

EVERY NOW

Every moment
I am still,
I hear
forever’s whisper:
“your
thirty year
sentence
equals every
single
now.”

RESISTING THE STORM IS USELESS

So storms the winter
 in January’s year.

Nothing like the weather
to harmonize your now.

It comes as it is and
 is as it comes:
rain, sleet, ice, snow.

“Resisting what is is useless.”
whispers the wind through the trees.

“Useless is resisting what is.”
sings the trees through the winds in
 snow, ice, sleet, rain.

Thomas Perez Jewell
DO YOU SEE THE WORLD IN YOU?

How can you not,
when looking in the mirror,
see the world in you?

Look through your opened eyes
into all that was never invisible.

Steer forever fearless
toward whatever arrives
on your horizons,
and being timeless,
traverse all galaxies
alive with wonder
inside your own universe.

LET ME SHOW YOU HOW

Show me how to grow
into a world so full
and to face what in life
is most vulnerable,
and I will love you now
with everything I know.
For as long as I'm alive,
Let me show you how . . .
FREE FROM HATRED'S PRISON

You pilfered the past
and my precious keepsakes,
priceless photographs,
bric-a-brac and personal mementos.

And then you betrayed
in the guise of support—
self-serving deceptions
for your own elevation—
Serving your self
while I went to prison.

Alone with my hatred.
Alone with my heart.
Alone with the question:
Who am I to fault?

Am I my worst mistakes?
Am I my simple tokens?
Am I the only one betrayed?

I am free from hatred's prison.
I am my heart wide open.
I am the love in my forgiving.

BUTTERFLY AWARENESS

In matters metamorphosis,
Egos use too much
loud and push
when all we need
is one antenna's worth
of butterfly awareness.

Thomas Perez Jewell
Timeless Being

THIS MOMENT'S IS

Witnessing the sun depart
the sky – a left-behind
feeling arrives, and
in this sad-joy’s pure,
perfect event, my heart
opens its aperture
to every beauty present –
So wide and vast –
My thoughts or fears
could not eclipse
this moment’s is.

MOVEMENT AWAKENED

Being still
in the wind.
Movement awakened
to every sung song
nature sings,
I am,
as sunset dawns,
this moment’s
universe.

PRISON YARD TREE

Winter and leave –
less, yet sacred and free,
No time but moments,
we share this oneness.

Our life and death,
our breath,
so we breathe:
I inhale you and
you exhale me.

Thomas Perez Jewell
Timeless Being

SUCH INJURIous MUSIC

A sullen murder of crows mourns
its fallen on the ground.
Squawks and screeches
can be heard miles around
by all empathic creatures
who naturally pardon
such injurious music.

BEING YOUR ORIGINAL FACE

Hell is a subtle easement
into a very deep denial.
Just when you think you’ve fooled them,
you’ve only fooled yourself.

Wearing a mask without true wrinkles
brings diseases you can’t refute.

Remove all pretences, false and fake,
and breathe fresh living into forever’s skin.
You can never stop wearing
your original expression.

REALITY’S NOW

No one opens life’s mysteries
as deliciously complex
as you my dear.

To the truth initiated
clocks are merely pretty faces
in this limitless universe where
time is never master here.

Far beyond that tier
(without ever leaving
who you are) is how
dreams conceive
Reality’s now.

Thomas Perez Jewell
UNTIL EVERYWHERE ON EARTH IS HERE

Do not truck with the world's impediments
nor ignore its teeming mysteries . . .

Traverse them inside yourself
wherein lies all ancient truths.

Enter the hemispheres as equal sides of you.
Follow this universe's mystical tune
until everywhere on earth is here.

FASTING AWARENESS

Fasting is a slow feast
for the soul and senses to listen
with deliberate intent to open
every empty fullness,
dissolving imaginary boundaries
for capacities abundant.

DO WE STEER OUR LIVES?

Let every "ism" have its say
then let it go, but fate can stay
and serve its purpose to awaken
every human who has ever blamed.

Is fate the reason our dreams forsake us,
or do we dream to undo our fate?

What are the forces that propel a person
to be driven rather than to drive?

How do we free our fears to decide
Once aware, it's true, we clearly steer our lives?
TIMELESS BEING

ONCE AGAIN "JUST ONCE"

Once again feeling arrested
by a "just once" wish
as if this burden of desire
would instantly lift
when I get my want . . . .

Now I am with what is,
here to witness simply
this moon's gentle glide
into the blue open sky.

A TINY CANOE

School's a tiny canoe
in the ocean of life,
a selfish painful pretend
until you learn to swim
what is the universe.

I AM THERE BEING HERE

I am there
where you are
as long as
I am
being here's
everywhere.

Thomas Perez Jewell
Timeless Being

AS EVERYTHING’S OCEAN

Locked into a polar existence
since the beginning of the end
living between the vices of life and death
searching for that random passage of discover
through the looking glass mirror.
Which of your selves
is the real illusion?

Beware – fear will hold you hostage until you spend
your last valuable breath, for what that’s worth,
in this world of opposites
as a ransom from freedom’s own slavery.

Release yourself from like’s attraction
to all things magnetic.
Transform your arctic isolation
into the wonders of being one
as everything’s ocean
and everywhere’s sun.

ARRESTED SURRENDER

During a moment’s storm,
I am standing handcuffed
under an overhang
arrested by the pungent
wooden aromas,
as every pain
I’ve ever experienced
surfaces.

In real surrender, I feel
a sweet silence emerge
in the midst of this catastrophe
as I humbly stumble into the center
of timeless being.

Thomas Perez Jewell
RIPPLES OF JOY

Ripples of joy release
my madness with your touch
and all resistances
surrender in liquefied bliss.

Every fiber of being intertwines
with the madness of our embrace
as all existence
enters timelessness.

Every texture of love's ecstasy
expands the madness of our kiss
as all the universes at once
share in our us as is.

ENTER THE SKY

Enter the sky, the stars,
even a moth at night . . . feel
wing beats inside
this shared flight
expanding
the universe
as always is.

SITTING CLEAR

Sitting clear
reflecting
sunset's mirror.
I'm in migration
with a mile long arrow
of swirling starlings
and suspend
myself
in mid-air for
a moment, an hour,
a winter's year.

Thomas Perez Jewell
YIELD, YIELD, YIELD

Is it wise to be this fool
Who surrenders everything there is
for his audience the world—
even self-esteem, and
give and give and give
until everything that’s touched
becomes restored?
Could you be
this happy being that’s madly happy
bending wherever the wind will send you,
living life as easily as a smile
and beaming to anyone who’ll listen:
“Yield, yield, yield!”

WHERE IS YOUR HEART THIS MOMENT?

If I shared with you a secret passage
would you enter on my word alone?

Your answer will question
the level of your fear.

Why do you believe what you believe
in a world so full of uncertainty?

Isn’t this why “Don’t be afraid,”
is on the lips of every sage?

How else would you continue
to let the mysteries of life unfold you?

Now what about the entrance
to enchantment and allure?

The secret is no secret
when you question every answer.
The passage is as open
and as wide as your surrender.

Thomas Perez Jewell
IN YOUR CARESS

Here's a lesson for those humans
who hold themselves so separate from our nature
with mindless minds and ignorant fingers
destroying roses before they open,
attacking trees with heartless hearts
ripping leaves from bended limbs, and
killing seasons before they begin.

Life lives in your singular caress
release its graces by how you touch.
Be what you feel to see who you are,
by touching life's living all-at-once.

LITTLE BY LITTLE AND MUCH BY MUCH

I am seeing
little by little and
lie by lie
a world gone blind
from enormous prisons
we create of our lives
when ruled by liking's dislikes
and disliking's likes.

I am learning
much by much
and truth by truth,
from a world worthwhile when
full of the compassion
we create with our lives
as taught by consequences's wisdom
and absolute forgiveness.

Thomas Perez Jewell
NOTED REALIZATIONS TO A SELF

Just shut up
and your wonder will open.

Find your way to be quiet
after you learn to talk.

What is the purpose
of communication but
to get your needs met
as everybody else’s?

FROM WHERE I STAND

Earth spins.
Worlds turn.
Galaxies twirl.
Universes whirl.
Every part
moves while
the whole
stands still.

THIS IS HOW IT IS (for e.e.c.)

Have you ever tried to hide
an elephant inside
a shallow rain puddle?

This is how it is
when we elevate lies by
reducing the truth to cover denials.

Nothing is unless everything’s so.

There’s no denying empty or big
or full or the smallest of small,

but rejecting we’re one
is ignoring our all:

Winter snows Summer
as Spring rains Fall.

Thomas Perez Jewell
Timeless Being

THIS "MONSTER'S PRAYER"

Now I lay me down to wake
to never make the same mistakes,
to ensure my heart and mind is true,
to heal the wounds the world feels,
to love the "separate" selves our world hates,
so all of us may live one peace. Amen.

SET YOURSELVES FREE

Let the hate you house come out
whatever you hold against
your family, friends, and guests
Release each and every resentment.

Then re-invite them in,
one by one, to set your selves free.
Now your heart has room,
room enough to let them be
to be who they are in you.

I AWOKE TO AWAKEN (for Steve)

I awoke again hopeless in prison.
With suicide no option,
I had to decide
how I want my life to die,
or how this death can bring
my living back to life?
What more is there to give
my kids, my friends, my wife?
My heart is filled with emptiness.
Why hide myself inside?

I awoke to my awake
and hope was not an option.
I awoke to my awaken
and how to live my dying days.
I awoke to who I am
my kids, my friends, my beloved.
I awoke to awake my heart
to free my life from prison.
I awoke to awake all others
to everyone inside them.

Thomas Perez Jewell
Timeless Being

IN MULTIPLE SILENCES

The sages say in multiple silences
don’t base what you do or don’t
on what you yourself believe.
Base what you don’t or do
on your own discovered truths
with authentic being as perfect proof.

THIS WONDERFUL NOW

When truth crumbles
your world of pretend,
keep your heart open
though constricted with pain.
If self-suffering remains
only your self’s to blame.

So keep your heart open
to wisdom’s know how:
Let go of all shame,
villain or victim,
allow your compassion
no matter what happens,
what happens no matter,
forever forgiven
this wonderful now.

DISASTERS AND CATASTROPHIES

Disasters and catastrophes
wounds and afflictions,
whether absorbed or inflicted,
everything that’s being human
is forgivable, everything,
but not every human being
is forgiving until . . . .
THE UNIVERSE IS SINCERELY YOURS

Wealth is a breath and the passion to breathe.
Anything else won’t measure your worth.

Why value diamonds or jewels or the world
more than the treasures inside your within?

Nothing is foreign to a heart that’s wide open.
Anything else won’t measure your worth.
Wealth is our breath and the passion to breathe.

CONSIDER THIS

Certain uncertainty this wonderful live,
Life begins at never’s ending –
misadventures through contradictions,
Death ends what never began –
letting go of what’s merely known
being always alive
in what’s actually so.

ONLY TEMPORARY

Whatever you are in this moment:
Peace, joy, misery . . .
Evolution’s only temporary:
Life and death, good and evil,
easy and difficult.
You are whatever this moment is:
Nothing’s unimportant.

WHY MAKE LIFE MORE DIFFICULT ?

Why make your life
a circus of fears and words
blathering about how
living life’s now
is not who you are?
Be true to what is true
even when what you want
simply isn’t so.
NO ESCAPE NECESSARY

No escape necessary
as I watch from the ground
that hawk soar in circles
on the other side of this prison’s fences
flying this moment
   in our shared aliveness.

DYING AS I LIVE

Just thought I’d let you know
I am constantly rewriting
your already delivered eulogy.

Your life and death
still ever present, now
absorbed in love, but
how do I tell the rest about
our permanent essence
nobody else seems to feel?

How do I show them what
it is to accept forever’s gift
even though I am in prison?

How do I except in how
I live now?
How do I except in how
I now die?
Timeless Being

AFTER YOU DIED

After your death,
Mother’s Day, Mom
is now Other’s Day,
when I celebrate the
communion of all Beings
and take within my inhalation
all their pain and catastrophes.

Then, I release with my breathe
every peace and blessing
that exists within me
because your was is now
my unconditional giving.

NOW’S BEYOND

When is the past but this now?
Transcend your own to a higher bow.
What’s born in life dies in time
not who you are beyond the mind.
No need to stay a victim or villain.
You are free this very now:
“Go within to get beyond.”
The future follows now’s intentions.

SHARING IN FLIGHT AND SONG

I communed with five different birds
while walking across
the prison compound this afternoon.

All of us grounded in the moment,
sharing our gifts in kind:
Go sparrow, go crow, go cardinal.
Thank you for sharing your flight.

Thomas Perez Jewell
I'VE LEARNED: I AM THE MOUNTAIN

I've hit a difficult passage
in this mountain called prison.

The air is thinner
    in the middle
    of illusion.

"Breathe into the pain."
your guide reminds me:

"The only way out is in.
    Climb always now
    never then."

"I" CLIMBS THE MOUNTAIN

Climbing that mountain
    that is no mountain —
falling until I fell again,
protecting a self that is not real,
falling from a thought into a feel:
Angry at your comment
    against my image
so I attacked yours until I hurt,
yet who is the "I" we intend to damage?
Who is the self "I" needs to protect?
"I" climbs this mountain,
    suddenly visible, keeping all separate
what's actually one.

SO SUBTLE

The shock of that rose bush's removal
sends painful waves across the world
so subtle,
but only a few stand witness
    or aware of its shudders:
the shovel, the wheel barrow-bearer,
and this nameless inmate called seven,
who goes by the sum of his numbers.
Timeless Being

A SELF-REFLECTION

Reaping the lessons from our brief
eternal meeting especially when I see
I am more than the man
returning that stare in the mirror.

NOT SO ALONE

Walking the compound
in the hallow wisps of wind,
my boots echo on the ground
from one end to the other . . . .
Alone yet not so alone
when joined by a single crow atop
a solitary post responding:
"Caw, caw, caw, caw." causing
a communion all our own.

ONE GESTURE BECOMES EVERY STEP

I am strolling the universe
one revolution each moment.
One gesture becomes every step
closer and deeper into the endless center.
Within the circle of all worlds
lives every single whole.

AN ABSOLUTE WASTE OF NOTHING

Looking inside each mistake, mis-
translation, mis-interpretation,
betrayal, self-deception, and lie,
All of them equal the seeds
of realization.
What harm can be done
to one that can't be permanently harmed,
and whose purpose in life is to learn?
Therefore, my life, having learned
my true nature in death, has been an absolute
waste of nothing.

Thomas Perez Jewell
LOVE EMERGES THUS

Self-hate does not serve the self.
Misery comes only in its wake.
Who is the one who holds that wisdom?
Listen. Listen. Listening awakens!
Let go. Let go. Let go, so
love emerges thus.

TRAIL AND TRAVELER

As trail and traveler
we journey the illusion
easily blinded by the spin
if not ever present:
As the whole moves
all parts commune.

Thomas Perez Jewell
TO SHARE IN MY FREEDOM

Michael from Wales
are you still logging the miles,
still living that dream
with your wife and your children
in that house on the glen?

I’m still here on this earth
learning and breathing . . . . Did
you hear that I am living
my life in a prison?

Remember our run
in the forest at night
covered in rain clouds, the wet
and the mud . . . . O the mountains
we climbed, and the heights we became.

Now I live in a cabin
on a ship in the ocean.
Years from all shores, from
my family and friendships?

Please give me a moment
to share in my freedom:
Each breath is as precious
as someone who’ll listen.

I row & I row & I row & I row
bringing me only to this moment’s now.
This is the lesson my misgivings have given:
Whether on land or the ocean or in prison,
every shore sought awaits us within.

Thomas Perez Jewell
MY "GLEN GETTY" FRIEND

Two cups of tea served
in porcelain.
We gathered together
after your wife's betrayal:
shattered to pieces and
wounded by shards.
"Humpty Dumpty and all
that rot" echoed in our heads,
but nothing could be said
to match what we shared:
a pot of your special blend
my "Glen Getty" friend.

WHAT THIS TEACHER TEACHES

Turn around: It's time
to free yourself from blame's prison, and
unmask your issues with right
and wrong; good and evil; selfishness and
being selfless. Don't continue in self-hate or
live in self-shame. Don't blame at all.
Face what you need to face until
your once again original,
turning your poisons into what heals.

FAR BEYOND OUR SUMMER

The world inside me shifted
into a balance
that has lasted far beyond
our summer affair and
marks my life's time.

When imagined dreams turned real
my first real taste to touch and feel
what was once so far as more than near.

Now I am that now
because of our what, why and how.

Thomas Perez Jewell
Timeless Being

FOREVERMORE'S AWAKENING

Into the sweet ephemeral world of dreams
when what is real meets fantasy's pure pretend.

I am nightly immersed in the cool water's
deep sleep reservoir of all that is,

and you are with me always
in the joy of being ecstasy itself

as we wind and waft ever present
in forevermore's awakening.

THE OVERLOOK

It feels so familiar
standing here as a beginner
on this overlook in Africa.

As wide as the universe I am.
   My smile encompasses
being everyone that ever was,
being everywhere that ever is.

MOMENT AWARENESS

Now=present=just this
=second=minute=hour
=day=month=year
=era=lifetime=eon
=forever=timelessness=as is
   =All-at-once

Thomas Perez Jewell
Timeless Being

CERTAIN TRUTHS

This world while in love
  feels different
as certain truths kissed us
  on the lips.
A world of made unequals
  a world of born:
What we’re supposed to do
  versus what comes so natural.

The conflict with in and
  between us was fierce –
for three years we faced
  what’s real against
what didn’t exist.
  After more days of changing
with the changes we became,
  we chose the choiceless
to never be the same.

IF I AM THIS NOW, I’LL BE THAT THEN

That little old man
  with a stoop and shuffle, my future?
May I be this actual Being’s being
  in constant contact with each
moment’s truth:
  Resistance free to whatever arises,
Dancing with gravity’s pull
  whatever the circumstances,
Whirling with the thrust
  from expansions’s push
At play and whole
  as the wonderful wide world and I
  effortlessly unfold.

Thomas Perez Jewell
BOOK THREE

TIMELESS WE

How fortunate are you and I,
whose home is timelessness:
We have wandered down
from fragrant mountains of eternal now

to frolic in such mysteries
as birth and death a day
(or maybe even less)

-- e.e. cummings
Timeless We

AS NOW THEY ARE (2003)

Clear sky, sun and wind
on the Oregon coastline
in the middle of their childhood,
my daughters and I agree
to climb this lighthouse and
view the ocean Pacific.

As we spiral the stairs
we share, step-by-step,
our adventure:
"Who will be the first to see?"
we ask one another
while in its center.

I looked at them so crystal clear
as if awakened from a dream.
I see my daughters as I did then
as true and neat
as now they are.

EXCEPT FOR EVERY LESSON LEARNED

Father failures
Children’s wounds
All the pain and suffering endured
will dissolve into disappear
as far as
love forgives
what is.

WE LIVE AS IS

Humans at play –
birth, breath, and death
you and I
in gravity’s
dance,
spin and whirl on earth.
We live as is,
holding hands,
in the universe
under islands of clouds
and ocean’s of sky.

Thomas Perez Jewell
THE RAINS OF MIRACLES

Liquid seeds
rain
down
in
ordinary storms.

Timeless beings
release
into
nothing
ever-needed
so
everything
grows.

WITHOUT TIME

Without time,
life
is what is
and we beings human,
in this world of opposites,
aware or un-,
teach, resist,
bless and learn.
By every death,
we breathe
to live.

WHAT REMAINS?

What remains
after the exile
any how?
Are we not all alive,
seeking freedom,
in the self-same prisons,
subject to the same truths,
in the same world,
at the same now?

Thomas Perez Jewell
WHY WORDS?

Why do we
continue to build
fences upon fences,
walls upon walls,
with words
for a lifetime of arguments
and death sentences
that will,
as all of us,
ultimately open
into a complete
silence?

FORGIVENESS BEGINS WITHIN

Stealth the treasure is
in the awkward grace of sins
for learning living’s wisdom.

When pain surrenders bliss
as understanding opens
love’s forever freedom.
Hurt and heal together kiss,
embracing this liberation.

NO HUMAN IS IMMUNE

No human is immune.

The symptoms are as different
as its countless victims,
and the misery can last lifetimes
unless you die
before dying.

The cure is to love another as is—
seeing through the images
in your mirror’s
own projections.

Thomas Perez Jewell
A MESSAGE FOR MY NIECES AND NEPHEWS

Release your hate with love
since we base our learned hatreds
on lies we tell ourselves about ourselves in life.

Tell yourselves the truth about yourselves with kindness
and witness imaginary walls of blindness
dissolve in your hearts to experience open-hearted
how one loving-act allows instant access
to the universes alive inside you.

LET GO TO LOVE

How do we free our own release
from sufferings we create ourselves,
from hell's own gates, from heaven's walls,
from all our own self-inflicted wounds,
from everything that keeps us blind?

Let go, let go of who you think you are.
Let go of what we cannot hold.
Let go is how we free forgive.
Let go is when we know we're free.
Let go is where we all are one.
Let go is why we doubt because.
Let go, let go. Let go to love.

Thomas Perez Jewell
IN FREEDOM'S BEING

My daughters dance ecstatic
in a crowded meadow
filled with daisy faces,
making color-wonderful paths
and circles
as the wind through them advances.

Each by each, one by one, laughing,
they surrender all fear
into this moment's freedom
simply
the whole world's
far and near.

AN ENLIGHTENED MIDNIGHT

In this precise
enlightened midnight,
the whole universe stands as still
as always is.

Hyper-aware and clear,
every I exists as we
in the timeless center
of this world's
awfully wonderful
pinwheel of color.
FLYING HUMANS

Human beings can fly,
and we do:
Every time we feel what is true.

The body is merely one wing
of our existence and the other
is call the poetic:
    When we soar
with any metaphor we choose
even when insensitive,
abusive, or anorexic.

These limitations serve us
as flying lessons
about what is flightless.

ACCEPTING AS IS

Let us re-happen
    in our world.
We’ll start with a spin
accepting as is
this wonderful upheaval
we call live.

Let us get dizzy with a love
    without boundaries.

Let us laugh in the dance
with our temporary deaths.

Let us receive living’s moments
    in its whirlwind of gives.

Let us re-happen again and again.
    We’ll start with a spin,
accepting what is.

Thomas Perez Jewell
KEEPING OUR DEATHS ALIVE

In this life did you find
the lost self
that can never be found
as if your being ever could be hidden?

As either moth, dragon, or butter . . .

fly we must all
into the familiar flames of living,
keeping our deaths alive
for infinity's razor –
sharp existence.

HERE HE IS AM I

Face to face, brow to brow
embracing the father
I hated
being afraid of
as a child.

Now I love him
as he is,
in all that I am now,
willing,
though unable,
to visit this son
in a distant prison.

Thomas Perez Jewell
FOREVER JOINED

You and I — exuberant
in love — now can exalt
everything there is that lives
inside our lives as we weave
ourselves into the tapestry of life
with every joy and each disaster.

You and I as we
can un-align ourselves
to every truth underneath
what we humans call catastrophe.

We as one already know
that every part is every whole.
There is no hurt that cannot heal
forever joined in what is real.

IN EVERY NOW

Love is vital in every now
in now is how we forever love.

“When everything happens that can’t be done.”
as earth now moves into reverse.

When every poison becomes elixirs mixed
consuming all our opposites.

When what is baneful reveals our cure
by remembering who we always are.

When every prison turns into freedom
free to be what then emerges.
SO YOU CAN LET GO

We resist being
who we are in love --
wanting our identities
to give us our give
and find us our find --
when all we need
is our breath and our breathe.

By forgetting our why
and remembering our how,
love is what happens
when ourselves we forget
by being wide open
through a process called death.

THIS MOMENT'S EVERY MOMENT

The moon
degrees to the east
and full.

The sun
still fixed to the west
on fire,
as realized beings we sit,
like the stars burning bright
through every life and death serene,
as that mockingbird sings
on a prison fence.

BEING ALL THERE IS AS WE ?

Reflected in the mirror I see
every life and death there is in me.
We are all one, in all so many
in this moment's pure perfection.
So comes death to live life free
being all of each and every One,
being all there is at once as we.
CONFUSED?

Confused by a world of ideas.
Lost in the lust of our own thoughts.
Reality is not what we think it is,
so stop, stop, stop,
stop thinking we are just the thinkers—
we are everything that is already,
and every Being that always is.

I HEAR YOU MY CHILDREN

Always at the edge of our shore
even though in prison,
I am everywhere you are
existing with you in
no boundary's now.
Timeless We

FOREVER AT PLAY

Enter the eternal epic
of who we are — one song.

There is no above or below or beyond
No Kingdom, no Queendom, or Stardom to rule.

We are star dust in the flesh —
nothing more and nothing less.

Never born so never death
Never prisoners of mere concepts
unless we suffer from what we deliver
through ignorance, hatred, or fear.

Exit the eternal epic
of who we are — one song.

There is no inside or outside, within or without.
No past, no present, no future, just now —
timeless, silent, still,
forever at play
as everything's movement.

YOU HAVE SHOWN ME HOW

Newborn into this world again
within your labor's love as Mother
Nearer than near you were and are
that I may live forever.
You died first to show me how,
embracing death alone, alone
as naked as we are born.

Thomas Perez Jewell
Timeless We

AFTER THE DEVASTATION

After the devastation,
I found myself
standing in the field
of van Gogh's irises:
timeless and still I am
while he is painting them.

You are also alive
in these rainbow hues
for inside the stems we live,
reaching for the roots
while they reach for us,
always alive at forever's depths.

THE EVOLUTION OF WE

I
I am I
I am am I
am I I am

You are so I
I am so You
You so I so I so You
I so you you so I

so I so you so We
I

Thomas Perez Jewell
THIS MOMENT'S MADNESS

Amid a whirlwind of madness:
  butterflies rain down
  as thick as doubt
this Autumn afternoon
as we celebrate as one
our freedom
from once cocoons.

YOUR STEPS AS MINE

With you in my heart
regardless of this structures
pain and punishment,
I am kissing the world and you
where I stand and
every step I walk shows
your steps as mine walking
my steps as yours.

SAME WORLD DIFFERENT PRISONS

Where are you now Mounagi
twenty years after being the village idiot?

Do you still beg for bread outside the bakery?
Do villagers still curse your name?
Do stray dogs still stay in your company?

Where else would you be if not Tchibanga
one-eyed, crippled, and aging?

Is not your world the same world where I live?
It seems we must together, though apart
  in our searches for the truth, discover
    our own freedoms in different prisons.

Thomas Perez Jewell
IN MOVEMENT STILL

Again our walk,
Again our share,
Again, again, again
until again becomes nowhere.
Not lost, not found,
where we are is now:
   In this moment’s walk,
   In this moment’s here,
   In Being One with All
      this everywhere.

CELEBRATING MOTHER

The pleasures of births and pains of deaths –
the gifts we gave each other.

In my current existence
you gave this day to celebrate.
Every gift you gave yourself,
as every gift received, is what we share.

When I learn from you, I now understand,
it is the Self, in its Original Bliss, unveiled
who speaks these truths with our own voices.

Our lives are in each other lived.
Your body’s dead but Self remains.
Your death’s the greatest gift you gave
removing one more obstacle.

I am the We of our you.
   We are the Self as you and I.
   You are I am as are We.

Thomas Perez Jewell
ALL PARTS WHOLE

This life, this place, this us
the same but not equal
in all parts whole.
In the middle of this ocean’s
ocean surfing
our own waves home.

TOMMI JOY’S PIANO RECITAL

You and the music
realized
on the tips
of your fingers.
Spirit attuned
in communion with sound
in splendid transcendence
once awkward now elegant.

JUST ASKING

What is the use
in visiting a grave?
It’s not an excuse
nor one’s memory abuse,
yet, before you answer that,
answer me this:
Where do we go
after our death
except for sharing
everywhere’s now?
LIFETIMES AGO, YET NOW

Remember our tea ceremony
complete with cherry blossoms
in spring,
lifetimes ago, yet now, in this
memory filled to the brim?

Did we teach each other what Emptiness is,
you and I, before we knew ourselves
in the moment,
before we unraveled living’s
unkept secrets:
When to pour the vital ingredients, and
how to receive what’s being offered?

WHY NOT NOW?

When will this world see
into its wisdom
that you and I are really harmless?

The truth: “I Am that I Am”
is what’s dangerous
since my essence and yours,
the very same Spirit,
can never be harmed.
IN THE WAKE OF YOUR DEATH

In life nor in death
we are not separate.
We are forever one this moment.
My fear and pain want
to say “goodbye,” but
my love and trust sing:
“hello, hello.”

GRATEFUL (for E & T)

Grateful I am
for having held your hand
before the letting go.

Grateful am I
to have kissed
your timeless face hello.

Grateful to have been
your father
in this awakened life.

Grateful for the gifts
you gave
that only children give.

Grateful for the joy to die
as you and I have lived.

Thomas Perez Jewell
WHEN YOUR DAUGHTER TURNS TWENTY-ONE
WHILE YOU'RE IN PRISON

(for Tommi Joy)

Beyond the circumstances
human fears contrive,
my devotion to my daughter
remains unconditional.
I continue to feel her tiny fingers clasp
the hands that brought her into this world.

Our phone call's brief, a single ring,
er her voice answers all my questions
my heart opens to new born joys.

Perish all thoughts, my dear,
creating walls that seem so real;
Love as true love loves, letting go
into no boundaries unity.

IN THE NOW OF WE

My true Self
can only be
in the present
as always already.

Anything else is not
who I am,
nor is it being
One with everything
in the now of we.

Thomas Perez Jewell
OUR BIRTHDAY ANTHEM
(for Antonio Perez)

Today, my father turns
the age I'll be
when I am released
from prison.

Seventy-nine years
does not contain
who he is
already always
beyond what he's been.

Nor, will this life time define
who I am
always already
beyond what I've done
since fifty-seven:
Being One and timeless
with what ever happens.
BEYOND THE BOUNDARIES OF THE MIND
(for Emma)

Being ever present transcends
all space and time.
I am where you always are
beyond the boundaries of the mind.
All across the country
as you run your competitions,
I am the subtle gesture
that supports your "I can do it."

I see you Emma everywhere
a great athletic warrior:
Your face, your heart, your soul
all of them so beautiful
complete in being only now.

All across the Universe
I am there before the race
In your joy's anticipation
for your run to every place.
And there am I at and after
your finish line arrives,
when every fiber in us smiles
at these moments ever ours.

Thomas Perez Jewell
Timeless We

A PRESENT LOOK IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR

The ride to where we were going
was not long, it never was or is, yet
I am still on that road
    without you here.

Did we realize then
the golden realization of how
we are always one no matter where we travel,
and how that now's then,
wherever we find ourselves, is still now?

NO LONGER THE ROLES WE PLAY
(for Mom)

We were not ourselves on those waters toward Molokai.
We were each other aware for the first time:
one in the communion with all there is in paradise.

Coming from painful pasts and horrific obstacles, we arrive
through eons and eons to being here alive.
We feel our mutual yet unique wounds, not as proof,
but to understand their depths of hurt to heal
as all of them at once in the winds just disappear,
and washed anew, from all residual identities, we
as ocean spray, dissolve any separations or divides
from this moment's perfect now.

Even after your death one year hence, and
from this current prison I am now in, we
still embody, as everyone else,
a sacred presence that's every place.

Thomas Perez Jewell
MY HEART EMBRACES EVERYWHERE THERE’S YOU
(for E & T)

You don’t need to visit.
I honor your path and ours—
as one but separate.
You’re already in my presence.
I understand the risk and dangers
of being imageless and condemned.
A dad in prison doesn’t fit
any wholesome image you’d want to live.
So never wait to live this life,
while being patient with yourselves,
allow your self to be what is:
The truest gift that you can give.
The greatest gift one can receive.

DANCING THIS MOMENT’S NOW

Dancing this moment’s now
our existence creates its relative self.
In effortless effort let’s step attuned
to the ultimate truths
of our One Self’s stillness.

TO LOVERS ALL THE SAME

This eye inside my eye
is your eye which doesn’t
blink or go to sleep.
Those timeless touches
continue to feel what
all of us felt within ourselves.

Thomas Perez Jewell
Timeless We

A RANDOM ROAD SIGN

Don't wait.

Be patient:

Let yourself grow
into complete awareness
of the other as yourself.

THE I OF MY I

What is your self now,
and when that self
out grows self desires
does it any longer exist
in this universe?

What is this self
I call me and mine?
Whose memory
will I use to explain
what the I of my I
in this moment finds?

MOM'S UN-VISIT

Inside this womb,
as if never delivered,
I died before my birth
waiting for your visit.

Thomas Perez Jewell
Timeless We

MOM'S LAST VISIT

Her death not yet,  
but I knew it would  
be the last time  
I saw her  
in the flesh.  

Sitting in my glass  
casket, we  
sat brow to brow  
connected by a phone  
that buzzed as if  
long distance, but  
we transcended  
that obstacle as usual  
and laughed,  
laughing not at  
but with . . . .  

An understanding passed  
between us  
given and received  
received and given:  
our history for over half  
a century.  
What could be said  
that wasn't already?  
What needed doing  
that isn't already?

LOVE'S RELEASING FREEDOM

All the lessons in your life,  
difficult and tragic,  
you embodied all there is  
with your living and your dying.  
And about your son, the one,  
shamed by his own actions  
who put himself in prison?  
So hurt by this catastrophe,  
yet you offered him compassion  
and love's releasing freedom.

Thomas Perez Jewell
HAND HOLDING MAGIC

Hand holding magic imprints
the memories of comfort and
gentle guidance.
Little palms meet parental fingers
and squeeze as
the dance of living continues.
So, don't impose your rigid wishes
upon your children's wonder
allow yourself by allowing them
true wisdom to discover.

TO MY ONCE LITTLE GIRLS

We are together in every one we touch.
Memories of my little girls grow deeper
with each wrinkle as I age.
Even though the lives we live seem distant,
our love remains as near
as once our hands still hold
everything we've held together.

NOTE TO MY DAUGHTERS ABOUT FREEDOM

A note to my daughters
from your father in prison:
Use this circumstance as I am
for your selves to awaken.

WHO WILL TELL MY DAUGHTERS?

As I prepare for my nightly ascent,
and don't descend into this life again:
Who will tell my daughters I am dead,
and still alive in the lives they live?
TWO DAUGHTERS AND A FATHER (1998)

One afternoon on Mount Lassen
you may or may not remember?
A pinnacle in my fatherhood:
exploring different worlds for your discover.

After lessons at the museum,
we drove sky bound through various
terrains, season by season, until we reached
the summit side by side by side,
climbing the deep snows with wonder
in mid-July.

DANCING IS OUR OXYGEN

Every birth dances
into a death called live.
We die while we’re alive as
every now’s partner till then.
We dance and live while we die
in stages and seasons and surrenders.
We live while dying to transcend
in joy, in pain, in laughter.

REMEMBERING NOVEMBER’S SWIM

Who swims in these November conditions?
We three did
after the sand castles we made amazed us
at low tide.
Wave aware, one after another, we stayed
present together until the sun disappeared.
This changed the script for my children,
perhaps a lifetime lesson, moving them beyond
just conventional wisdom.
Someday when others are ready
to condemn an “errant” human being
for being what he or she couldn’t be, they
will intervene with their mercy,
remembering our November swim
on a deserted beach
in thanksgiving’s ocean?

Thomas Perez Jewell
**A TIMELESS TREK**

Our afternoon at Bernie Falls,
we descended the switchback trail
with your four and five-year-old pony-tails.
We entered the spray, the roar, and the cascading waters undaunted.
On rocks, we climbed and explored . . . “What was your wonder?”
I wondered while in awe. Your little feats
during that adventure, without complaint, surpassed
all expectation as we crossed together that bridge
across this memory’s forever.

---

**‘PIRATE’S’ FLIGHT**

One-eye blind as you cried in private
Admitting to fear, defeat, and hopelessness.
Adrift in an ocean of difficult choices.
Trapped by your own gangster conscience.

Another victim of gang inflicted violence.
Sixteen when you felt the consequence.
One bullet to the head ended your voyage.
Shot by the man you attempted to silence.

Just like the “Pirate” in Hanh’s Zen poem:
All of us the pirate who fires the gun.
All of us the victim who dies from its wounds.
Fear makes us separate but love keeps us one.
NOT ENOUGH TO ENCOMPASS US

I remember being the last to leave
your graveside under the oaks and elms.

I watched you day by day unfold and
transform into a helplessness until
you could no longer breathe on your own
and died in your sleep beside your beloved.

Now putting myself in your shoes
I am imageless and empty of words, yet filled
are the memories of you inside my shoes
still alive where now I stand.

My hand still holds the dirt’s moisture
from the cool handful I added
for your departure.

But, this gesture as goodbye is not enough
to encompass us, my buddy, never enough
of what goes beyond
our timeless friendship.
Always Already Free

Every moment is this moment, for there is no other . . . .
We are always already awakening to that which has no future . . . .,
and therefore to that which has no past;
to that which has no beginning in time,
and therefore to that which has no end in time . . . .

Now, we are always already living eternally.
The search is always already over.

-- Ken Wilber
Always Already Free

TO MY DAUGHTERS

In you and through you,
I finally reached the place
that is no place,
finally learned the question
that needs no answer,
finally arrived to everywhere’s here,
finally loved
as now I am.

EATING ETERNITY

Eating an orange
sliced in fours
one at a time.
I drink its juice,
pulp perfect,
moment by moment
consumed—
sweet eternity . . .

FREEDOM’S RAIN

The rain
on empty
fullness falls
revealing every miracle
that being

so much
of nothing is

FREE FROM PRISON’S TIME

Free from time’s prison,
witnessing
this sunset’s beauty
my words
can’t capture.

Thomas Perez Jewell
JUST ENOUGH

After this
evening's meal,
we walk
into
just enough
galaxy
for the moon's
cup
to be empty.

EQUAL JOYS

Death's life
Losses gain
Absence's presence
Empty's full
Outside's inside
Impermanent's eternal
Equal joys
Joys
that are equal.

RIPENED TWILIGHT

Only the moment's
perfection —
a sickle
\[ \]
of moon
harvesting stars.

ONLY SOUND

Rain, rain, rain
ground, ground, ground
not rain
not ground
only sound

Thomas Perez Jewell
BEING'S ANTHEM

Not a bird
nor I
just song.

WHAT JOURNEY?

Journey weary and
then a breath
for the joyful pain
in every birth.

A life unburdened
when understood
the painful joy
in every death.

JUST WHAT I FOUND

I went
into
the outside world
while living
inside out
and found
(after no time at all)
everything
I never needed
to find.

Thomas Perez Jewell
WHY WORRY?

Wanting is the shallow end
of Kosmic depth.
Karma is that brief recess
at the edge of forget.
Bring on both life and death
since everything
that already is
I am—
from karma to dharma
to bodhisattva
ever realized—
Our lineage that always exists
from empty nest
to what’s the emptiest:
no mind
no karma
no self.

AUTUMN'S DYING

Walking with confidence
on this path of constant leaves
already already’s arrival.
Doesn’t all of life fall
during autumn’s dying?

INTO THE SILENT SKY

A sudden
updraft
lifts me
into a swirl
of many,
many
birds
awakened
to the world:
no words, no
words,
no words.
ANY PLACE ELSE IN THE WORLD

Drinking a cup of tea
in maximum security
is like drinking tea
any place else in the world.

TWILIGHT SUBLIME

How do you answer
this truth's appeal
to lose your selves as death advances?

Are you afraid of reality's now,
of dying's then,
making time your prison?

Or, do you fancy to fashion a statue
in memory of your imaginary image
only adding to your self-delusion?

Follow no wisdom that doesn't emerge
from your own living's answers.

Death is not your life's misfortune
as if life and death are separate moments.

Our lives and demises together offer
forever's twilight sublime awaken.

THE PRETTY FEET OF APRIL

The pretty feet of April danced
until her rains did flowers splash,
giving spring to countless faces,
providing paths to traceless places.

Thomas Perez Jewell
BE NOT ALARMED

Somewhere in the silence
between my thoughts and feelings,
I felt this wisdom emerge
while drowning in the regret
of others that I've harmed.

Be not alarmed, once you understand.
There is nothing that exists
that can permanently harm.

REFLECTIONS OF THE FALL

The colors arrive
   overnight and stay
    splendid in the wind
until wears thin our leaves
until begin's always been
until until’s already here.

IN TOTAL SURPRISE

Wrapped in an apron
called stars,

I'm alive as we
this forever's instant.

Inside the sky, I am out of my mind
free from this box of thoughts
in total surprise.

Thomas Perez Jewell
Always Already Free

STORM AWAKEN

Storm awaken
from the windows
and doors of dreams:
puddles of pictures,
flooded with feelings
just beyond reach.

No longer in need . . .
Free from my want,
I am
rain's music
now.

BEING ALREADY SO

Celebrating the Emptiness
that is everything.
There is no space
that is not fulfilled.
No moment
that is not timeless.

IN THE CLEARING

In the clearing
every thing's true and deep:
Life, death, breathe.
Summer falls
into Winter's spring:
Swirls of wind move
curls of clouds into
the beautiful scripts
we live as lives.
Always Already Free

MY DEATH CHANT

No longer
am I
on my way
to anywhere
but
Now.

EFFORTLESS NOW

No mountains to climb
but horizons
through this morning's mist,
just a downward glide
into this living's
effortless now.

BY BEING LOVE

By being love unconditional
this freedom releases,
as always, every person
from, her or his,
personal prison.

EVENING'S NOW

The rain never rained all day.
The winds, the clouds, the smells
all present, but the rains never fell.
No promise, no will, no vow
but the beautiful arrival
of evening's now.

Thomas Perez Jewell
Always Already Free

EVER IS

Rains fall into
Always been
Ever
Is

IN EVERY BREATH

Every creation forever ages
until its birth becomes its death.
Forever is its own creator.
Life and death in every breath.

ALREADY RELEASED

Just another reason to cherish
this spring morning in prison
As I witness the sun appear
on either side of the bars.

By the shine of its light,
outer and inner converge
as all walls dissolve
form the inside out.

LET THE WINDS BLOW

Feel how care free
the wind enters the trees
more or less.
Do be careful on your journey –
iintentions matter, every one.
Letting go is how to love
so let the winds blow
through whatever you resist.

Thomas Perez Jewell
IN THE I OF MY I

While
in San Juan
Capistrano
in forever's
peak surprise,
the I of my I
is swallowed
by the flight
of swirling
swallows.

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TCHIBANGA

We drove our jeep
through savannah expanse
arriving at a home
in the middle of Africa’s beautiful.

Front porch reclined, I drift
in and out of awake, dream,
and dreamless sleep . . . .

I am the sky, the wind, the earth,
the sun, and all else alive in bliss —
A moment in forever’s suspense
filled with nothing more and
nothing less.

THE EASE OF SIMPLY BEING

In the ease of simply being I awoke and now awake:
All the weight of guilt and shame releases.
All the pain of grief and fear evaporates.
All the boundaries of life and death dissolve
into one embodied with the Emptiness of failure and success,
ever aware to wisdoms transcendence of ignorance —
beyond illusions’s past, present and future.
I am that I am, no longer prisoner to fortune or mistakes.
In the ease of simply being a traceless trace,
a timeless time, a pathless path, a gateless gate.
ORDINARY GRACES

Sky blue framed and
green the ground,
standing along
a stand-alone tree,
one mocking bird mocks
his many birdsongs.

AN ANTHEM WHILE IN PRISON

I'm no longer angry
at the system
that keeps me here
longer than I need
to learn my lessons.

I'm no longer lonely
when I sit alone
in a room
for one man only.

No longer am I imprisoned
by a life called "mine."
My heart and mind wide open
as wide as love's encompass.

IN SOLITUDE'S ONENESS

I finally accepted
those sage's invitations,
now many years standing.
I awake before dawn
when the world stands still
and sit in its silent whirl
being All
that's One within.
Always Already Free

“IA M THAT I AM”

“Even in prison
you can awaken
into the Himalayas,”
hums my inner silence while
sitting within as Stillness
to the light’s always shine,
chanting
sat–chit–ananda
(Being—Awareness—Bliss)
Heart awakened
to all that is.

WHAT THIS MOMENT GATHERS

Feel the wind’s sudden
rush usher
in the storm
as everything exists
gathers clouds
enveloping now’s
delicious down-pour.

THOUGHTS ARE KNOTS

A million knots
my body winds.
A billion knots
my mind does bind.
A trillion knots undone
by only one’s
ever-loving presence.

Thomas Perez Jewell
THIS REVELATION ARRIVED WHILE BEING

Joy is in the world
not in its denial –
interdependence is
the grace that binds
all offerings from
the heart of one mind.
Let them in you unite
into every depths
existing bliss.

AMAZE

Amaze your self
this moment’s breathe:
Be the rose,
the bird,
the air at once
living the Good in Truth
as Beauty’s now.

IN THE CENTER OF NOW

With death
approaching,
I grow more
alive. Enough
holding back
from love’s
letting go.
Nirvana’s beyond
time’s growing old.

I am as temporary
as permanent’s flow:
Every part
of the whole
in the center
of now.

Thomas Perez Jewell
FREEDOM'S CONSEQUENCE

Early morning awakenings
of push and pull,
of hot and cold,
of wind and stillness,
of cause and effect,
dancing in the balances:
this sudden arrest,
that subtle release, brings
freedom's consequence.

ABSENT PRESENCE

A morning without birdsongs,
an absent presence,
a visit from a bumble bee
buzzing in the moment:
Now here then nowhere.

Every thing's amazing as is
in its movement & stillness & oneness.
Even in all absence, we exist,
but for the arrangement of space,
Nowhere equals now here.

THE PRICE OF ANY PRISON

The price of any prison is suffering,
yet, in every prison there's a freedom:
in noise abides silence,
in ignorance wisdom,
in movement stillness lives, and
in every opposite the opposite is.
ALL BEING ONE

Wind blown decaying-leaves
penned against
this prison's fence
wanting in?
And I, at ease, against
the fence's other side,
All being one, want
nothing but
this moment's
every life . . .

WHATEVER COMES

All is fall-
ing—the leaf
already dead.
The birds, not yet,
leave to live.
The winds uproot
and rend.
Clouds suspend
the endless sky as
Earth receives
whatever comes.

OK WITH IT OR NOT

Eleven crows astride on a wire
in a pecking order of sorts.
Trees and buildings surround
this foggy hierarchy
of which I am a part,
and all is as it is
this instant
whether I am OK with it
or not.

Thomas Perez Jewell
EVEN THE ACT OF SURRENDERING

When I meet myself in somebody else,  
it's a lesson in paradox  
as I continue to resist the truth  
    of our non-separateness.

I end up asking then answering myself:  
"Am I to surrender everything I am?"

"Yes, even the act of surrendering."

TRUSTING IN THE UNSEEN

The sun dissolves  
as the earth moves  
dereper into dark.  
Standing still I am  
trusting in the unseen  
that I am standing still  
when love itself  
    returns the light.

A WALK IN THE FOG

Low tide, the ocean's  
aromatic and strong –  

I walk the visible sand  
going as far as my feet will land.  

The waves still own the shore,  
so I walk into the fog where  

nothing equals everything's more.
REGARDLESS

My mind travels the trip
I think I have not traveled:
Rome, Lima, Hong Kong, beyond.
There is no place inaccessible
providing my “I” transcends all identity.

AS EVERYBODY’S SELF
Impermanence is what makes transformation possible.
- Thich Nhat Hanh

I am not the person
who put me in this prison.
I am what I am only in the present.
This moment is what it is –
no beginning nor end
-- Go ahead and test it.
The world in which I committed my sin
no longer exists, and the harm I did
has turned to wisdom:
Now both the villain and the victim.
I am change itself and all
that transformation allows
as everybody’s Self.

ULTIMATE REALITY

Looking out the window above my bookshelf
I see a world not separate from myself.
The books on end already read, every word,
and as many times thus lived.
Although by many different authors penned,
the Self of my self has written them.
REALITIES UNTRUE

The slivered moon just
above the tree line
translucent through
a bog of clouds.
I'm standing still
on a world that spins
no longer prisoner
to any separations:
One with every part and every whole and
not for an instant fooled
by realities untrue.

AFTER SITTING ON THE NATURE OF NOTHING

Understanding Emptiness
is difficult when full of self.
It's easier to comprehend when
empty of what you think self is,
yet these opposites are both true:
empty is full and full is empty,
which confounds any reason
like feeling felt by a touch
that's touchless.

Neither void, nor full, nor empty
not one, not two, not three . . .

Everything is full being empty
as Emptiness is full being everything.
Always Already Free

WHEN YOU WANT TO BE FREE

When you want to be free
   just allow
   what is now.
   Be at peace
   with all the pieces
   that make us whole
   without exception.

Thomas Perez Jewell
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

First I want to thank my dear friend Holly. If not for her invaluable friendship, encouragement, and editorial efforts, this work would not have been possible in its present form. What’s more, she has been a loving and compassionate presence throughout my whole prison experience. Thank you my dear friend. I am also grateful to my long time friends Karin and Buddy for their love, support and deep abiding compassion even in the darkest moments. Thank you for helping me experience that love has no opposites.

To all the family and friends with whom contact was lost during my cataclysm, I remain grateful for each and every moment we’ve shared in the eternal present of our lives. My arms are still wide open to receive you. And last but not least, I am grateful to my beautiful and brilliant daughters for continuing to be who you are in my life. My relationship with you has been my greatest joy, and for all the moments we’ve shared together as one, I thank you beyond all beyonds.

Through, in and with all of you, I remain in the moment to celebrate the moments we share in gratitude and in poetry . . . to remember and be remembered, to forgive and be forgiven, to love and be loved. May we all awaken, in this lifetime, to the truth of being timeless.