*Let This Be Love*

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1

Let this be love. May the Spirit guide my oh me our hands outlining metaphors for only the real thing. The very real thing being love. So the soul enters upon union in body believing grace of the one who's lived and lives for no grave can stop endless love. Love is endless. Live on. The source of all life is love i feel. Whoso you are i do not know. My mind wraps in tight cocentric outspirals unfurling from galaxy sized questions, my conception of human, finding a divine thought of being found, accepting such a transporting intellect to elicit synergetic grasps of time unveiled, space abolished. All is, all is in eternal nearing. And all of time passes before the first word is uttered, light fills from nothing, becoming everything. Life is the word. The word is passion. The understanding is patience, wise fool of you to be. The devotion is. Spirit guided.

Spirit guided i enter the echo uttered through me, reverberate back and trickle back into the lips of light.

I can hear the voice still, my lips tremble touched by them. The word of the real world. Who's gone internal, silenced their silence and spoke. And kissed. And with my ear to their ear, i heard everything.

What does it mean to be human? What does it mean to have once been human

2

Finding love to be the meaning of life, letting still the flowing waters surge through, still motion picturing me, Spirit of breath and life being life in through me now. She says in change you can look, see time be right on time.

Silence, who under the veil of metaphor, dressed in word and reality, you who speaks in me. From the coming and going of today to the moment you find me, i am here, in image.

I exemplify the Spirit of creation being inwith my hand. From within my soul from Spirit the soft echoes color sunset, mend a mind, cast sweet blessed dreams, play in genius. And i see all is gift, all is given freely as returned over the bridge of silence. Into our one source.

Listen, how quiet it is. Shaping in silence, appearing, re-appearing.

2

I want to be found by the sound. So soul, what do you say? The poets of yesterday are today no poet. Just as soon as something is, it is not. The poets of tomorrow are all the same. Send me a really singing serenade.

I'm listening with this constant thought of how does this exist? In realizing all this i hear come now from it. The first moment of time happens constantly in me. Inside my mind, about my body, through my soul, spirit. Some flick their light on and off for duty calls. Some ride the winds and whisper nearest praise not because of their storm, and still for the one who allows it. And creation is still being created.

3

A war is a single division. Hate begins in the side of one, stirring against itself. If loved back into one by acceptance, peace persists. If hate is returned, even in the face of enacting justice, war begins. The single division is a cut of hatred left unsaid, untreated, cut right into the heart, bled from the lip, puncturing with slowness, lust, greed, irreverence.

Love is the most powerful force in all existence. Love is life. God is love.

4

What started once only a dove fragment. Prescribed to be written in through, letter of fame, fortune, the rearrange of riches. Time is sure asset to the attuned device of forever now, forevermore.

Journal notes of divine, spiritual, connection meant to be. Really see we are love. I am love. You say I am love. Eternal life, everlasting to everlasting. Humbled by the weakness of my tongue, feelings so true.

To have my hand in you, fingering the flesh and organ coalescing. Colors crimson pink and blue. White and black. Both and, you I.

Our Holy dove moves in we. We fly inside. Dreams, higher, see you again this ever instant. The birth of the world begins by the death of silence. How color sung your lip. Carries still.

5

We are one; we are love. When the angels handed me this gift, i accept, and ever will it return, this gift: life.

The bees buzz, flowers bloom, tree withers sap smiles. I am the blue in green. In the morning will be yellow, the hello of new dawn, birth; and i'll say i grew.

I have a friend with a pretty particular sorrow, nameless though, though he'll tell me mine. I'm where i am at, met like Jesus, bodied divinity swings fingers into holes. It's meant to be. I'm growing. I'm always learning. I'm always.

In the Spirit of life, flow and groove, soothsaying playmaker still at play, today's the first day, creation is still happening. The grand One takes name, face, in written piece. And the hand of Life holds me.

6

The keys to time spent. One bit of life on all of life. One in all and all in one.

Poems and songs are moments senses. Forever nows forevermore. Spirals and yellows. Sensual swoons on the movement. Genius of language.

And with.

7

Rest east and easy west, my fortune fathom: inner ever rest. God within meeting one universe of connection. Connect us again.

From there to here, there from here. All i see exists then and when else then through me by perception. This bending of my being into your shape, make me water, make me air, make me earth, make me fire. I fill, for i am the river the sea needed. I am everywhere, met by everywhere. I am grounded, quietly listening, awaiting. I am passion, patience, devotion, burning with all consuming love.

8

In the future we'll be now, forever now. Nothing abbreviated because whether time be an illusion, our greatest asset, or a facet of God's nature; all is on time and we've all the time in the world. For the beautiful things we give time; if only we saw the time spends us in good value, our joy, our pleasure and praise, we'd arrange deeper hours.

In life, these hours booked into ours, we've been given our great gift and our great cripple. Both are great. Both involve love. In your gift, give in fully and take care to your health. Exercise the fullest of your potential, genius kiss and propagate, tell the world through action all you are, you are a taste of heaven in whole. And in your cripple give in humble one, allow the arms of another to hold you well, steadfast and slow, sure in faith for God remains, sustains life. Trust. This is your opportunity in growth. Both are closely related. They are the faces of love we do not understand; and, within we live.

9

There is the spiritual world which lives within the sensual world. Many things connect in ways we do not easily perceive in the spiritual world, like loose thread paints tied in coalescences, lover's touch through distance, stories bellow in the deep, resonance is a sure language, and echo of love returned to God.

I believe in myself. Help us to help into blessing. I believe in you, i love when you love me, bless me, with belief. Come home.

To the one ocean we all flow from. We, rivers and streams; songs and colors and smells; memories of forever return to me - return me.

10

Energy pools of substantial relation, still flower petals skim the still surface water still. These pleasant and sweet colors swirl in the wind awakening movement, many a slow hour.

Hold me dear, my love. Hold me in peace and press your heartbeat into me. Let me feel you're ever since, sway with me in these waters, from endless to endless.

11

Circulating her own blood stream through this body of mine, love entangles I; wisps of wherewithal wander us into eternity, thee in endless circles.

To call her is to look in, deep and near celestial strings, plucked by rings of saturn. We'd been sent spinning - purely dancing.

12

Who cakes the present with birthday. Verges on the being - breathing intention to incubate ever slowing nearing never not somewhere, so that in being everywhere - came into existence.

Night lights up tumbling lightning in white popping forms, the clouds in the night sky. Blue black purple. But the wind rises. Life eternal in life today, leaves of one tree, are we. Are we not a question and an answer to being effect of love causation. The effect of love. Pink dandelions and wiping clean the palette. A new color combination. Tastes like something sweet, sense of the soul, our soul.

13

Momentum interweaving, momentous moments. Standing in the pouring rain, watching water droplets slip down breasts and up windshields. Feeling the inner walls of thought, pink perfume, golden naples yellow in the mystery - outta mind, outta time, outta space - and in feeling through the dark with a hand of light, i'm reached within and found again. Forever love.

Spirits on traintracks. World's flipped up on wet streets, slipping into dreams - don't get lost about the stars, i tell myself. Dreaming of a painting full of lines of their individual color and bend, on a canvas. None of the lines touch, while the canvas unites them. People are like this sometimes, we never touch and i feel you. And when tonight i am touched and i touch, i feel heavenly.

Soon I can tell no longer dream from reality. What is is what i wish and what i wish is what is. I've accepted the will becoming way of yahweh, dreammaker, inviter, life creator, my lover.

14

What's worth returning an hour. For when the fire log falls, cracked light crackles, skirts on the earth's ceiling and waters tremble. The leaf of infancy shrieks. I am a leaf. I am in beautiful terror with the world's maker, the space between where my feet walk and my soul strides different.

Sometimes the shadows of the past can be felt by the present.

15

Sometimes; the light of the future is blinding, the light of the past is burning, the light of the present is colorful. So as i look from the place i long for, i am reassured. God finds God. I am echo. I give myself for it. I am what i have been looking for. I wish i wouldn't always feel i've not done enough. I am enough.

While the passersby say with anything but mute mystery, the fullest articulation of our unitive imagination, all things are connected. Collected in the eye of dawn we re-reveal.

Like the petal blossom bough.

16

This is what i walk home to; the sound of a highly experimental album of music i've created from in bed with paintings surrounding me, my walls fixed in a flurry of phenomenal sensations at being the colorful sonic expressions of an internal temple, just singing like the morning birds do.

All the paintings have smiling faces.

Everything is going to be okay.

Seventeen thoughts of you wake the flower meadows, eyes like little suns fluttering like butterflies in my heart. The sun could rise, just, for you.

17

Lend me the pen again.

A wise sage is a misty laughter in heads full of clouds. I get the sensation every star is looking right at me.

You know what a rockstar is yeah? Someone with the star essence on the rock of earth.

18

Everything goes in cycles.

Everything connects.

19

Being found by the sound. Swinging masters of peace hand in hand and in all time's volume not one hand is absent us.

20

My future is somebody else's past. Past the old soul, i got young bright booming live: energy amassed through seven-hundred and seventy-seven lives, amazed to be blazing through time with a feeling so freeing.

The face of every in the mirror, the mirror of love in a share. Love where? Love here. Love when? Love now. Forever on. Forever one.

21

You can live into however you feel. Feel sunset and run up with colors of smooth crystal eyes of stars adoring your own. To vary your ownselves among the vast array of balance: the life brink and beyonded by everyday.

Every image fill to permitter, colors, reason why; a restful sleep of night. Tomorrow, the new day. Today, the soil.

Love, all occurrences.

22

Galaxy and sexy strings of connection. Between us is the place of music. With us is the pool of time.

23

Laxidaisy and easy does it. Flow with it, life's ever on going internal strides to realign the eyes of many to one. Love yourself, love those like you, love those unlike you; love. In God is love.

Laughter pools and exchanges of change. You touch me, i touch you; together we are forever everything.

24

Madly involved with receiving energy, vibrational frequencies to the tune of love insofar as this body beats, the spirit speaks. Sings me serenade, serenade; let me hold infinity in the free flutter flip up open and out of this lip. In finality, still goes on.

She's the candle which whistles in the wind. Tomorrow's no end to today. On the way within, where she's in wildest imagination, interconnected warm and snug serenade.

25

The mountains help to shape the clouds.

26

Echo utterance. Wind house. House of wandering voices who've found their way, who wanders in, who'll wander within, who've i become?

Bellowing with the winds like believing this life, this wondrous thing of life, how wonderful is all this,

Nature feels alive and watching, being in the breeze, seeing from stars, sharing breath with flowers and trees, orange yellow blue light dancing colors around the moonlight; its really a night.

Feels good to feel good.

27

Flying in the blue, skies in my eyes. In and out i love you still. Forever i will.