

Parable # 61:  
Love and Kindness sipping tea and softly wondering

Love arising from DNA's desire for birth exclaims, "It Feels right when wishful thinking makes me half-blind and overtakes my mind!"

So the species' cellular collective intelligence smiles and keeps silent, knowing that passion is stronger than Words, and that mind too easily confuses the efficacy of Action.

The love that drives the mother to die as she saves her child is the stuff that stuff burns on, the passing of the relay-runner's torch of life, while she's too tired to think beyond reaching the goal.

Kindness confides, "I so often try to make others happy, appreciating their best and deepest sides. Why do some misuse me, when it's in their own interest to accept my gift?"

The Spirit of Life replies that theft must balance generosity for the dynamic of biology to zig-zag evolve onwards through generations.

Love ponders, "When I appreciate all the way from my inside to the other's inside, and am so generous, why do I so often feel hurt?"

So the Universe of Life reveals that rejection and disappointment are but a variety of enforced withdrawal, which invites filling up with the birth of something new.

Kindness-to-oneself whispers, "Even after forgiving myself: both the sensible child and the ignorant, hypnotized runner-in-circles - I still feel guilty!"

The Self answers that self itself is an illusion; that when peace is found, there's no more finder.

Impersonal compassion and universal kindness admit, "I wish well for all, but there's still those I don't like!"

The wise man of the mountains remarks that the ego is not the sea, that the observer loses her clearest view when she morphs into judge.

Higher love, both focused and impartial, puzzles in wider space over why, for most humans, It has not become a ruling force .

So Humanity's group-psyche explains that technical skill enjoys producing more, and more makes competition, so winners need losers.

Wordless conversations like these buzz in the air, behind the flimmer and morning fog, but you don't need ears to hear, and the deeply open silence is sweet music for the brain!