

The *italics* are whenever “she” or a phrase refers to me.

May 11, 2009

12pm

Are there words that guides wish to be spoken to (name removed)?

The words we gave *you* already – write them. “The heart sings and the crow screams”

We also gave *you*, “The heart sings and the crow sings”

Why the difference – because music is an individual preference, what is screaming to one is awful, painful, hideous agony to another.

The *one with the pencil*, as *she is* now fond of calling herself, says that you will say you already know this and is there a deeper message. A deeper message is that which we already know.

We think we know but we are lost in our own projections, our own self-made sufferings, to really see – to really know the deeper meaning.

The deeper meaning is easy to see – stop trying to find poetry and philosophy.

Just look at what you hear when it first calls. When you first respond. Ah, but knee jerk reactions you say. Shouldn't we wait to hear the soul operate?

All of these methods are superficial and created to serve those that have lost their way.

People have forgotten what they already know.

They lost their way. You have not lost your way. You have not forgotten.

So song bird – why do you not hear your own song?

Why do you not perch on a wire and sing?

And stop the excuses that have been made reality. Someone was unkind.

Someone told you you could not sing and you stopped.

Long long ago – long long ago you listened out of need to be, to be seen.

You listened as a child begs, “Can you see me?”

You listened but you forgot to hear.

You forgot to hear your own voice.

In you sucked the poison. In you pulled someone else's pain.

In so deep it became your pain.

These words are not for tears or even for understanding.

These words are not for release or for catharsis.

They are only words.

Reach out your hand – close your eyes – feel what you have come to do .

Feel.

Can you can you feel without sucking in and seething poison?

Poison multiplies – it starts with one breath and then it is like a cancer building new roads for new poison to come.

The snake slithers and is strong in its path.

The body heals.

The body drowns – it screams.

What shall this poison be for you song bird?

*This one* wants to ask us a question but is unsure what to ask.

*She* wants to empower you but we have already *shown her* and now we tell you.

This thing that *she* has – this opening to hear is not from you.

It is from him that sits in the chair.

Yes, from father.

He had this and it terrified him.

But this is not for now – not for telling now.

This thing did not come from you but it is because you did not squash it.

You gave it room to live.

This is no secret, *pencil person* has said this before about many other things.

What we show- what we say, "See" is that it is not the having that matters.

It is not even the giving at this time.

What you lack is what you already have.

What you came to do is what you lack.

You feel empty because of seeing and knowing the lack.

What if you know the know?

What if you know the acceptance?

What if – you ask the questions for this language limits

and what you need is your heart song – so ask, "What if-"

And let go of the unspoken dreams.

Let go of what you thought or did all along the way.

Not stuff – not in having.

Not in material things.

These are not bad but is not for lacking of money.

It is the dead song that needs to live –

needs to sing.

Where are your vocal cords?

Do you still sing?

Do you still weep?

Than you can still sing.

Mon petite flower

This message has been received and written. It will be shared. We thank you for this time and for coming to us. In gratitude, we release you and send you home – Merry Part