

**Title: Listen Within**

**Subtitle: Poetry**

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Summary: A look at the voices within our own consciousness and how they can interact within.

A daimon and a genius,  
Is it ingenious?  
When it's so misunderstood,  
That it's become precarious.  
A daimon relates,  
Where ego begets.  
A genius finds,  
Solutions entwined;  
Secrets and mysteries,  
Found in our mind.  
Daimons have got us in a bind,  
We've forgotten how they were assigned.  
List a few to remind,  
How easy they are maligned.  
Satan means an accuser,  
Not some Hell sent abuser.  
Devil means a slanderer,  
Not some unholy commander.  
Their minions related,  
Partially integrated,  
Yet not so well designated:  
Intimidator,  
Interrogator,  
Aloof and Poor me;  
All relating for profit we see.  
Yet let's add some more,  
That do abhor:  
A debater,  
A mocker,  
A scoffer,  
And clown;  
All take our heart,  
And smash it on the ground.  
There is maybe more we've missed,  
So please write a list,  
And will add it to this.  
So on to bliss,

Explaining contrast;  
Holding to light that will last.  
A genius wasn't a person,  
Yet the spirit sent to guide;  
That leads from the inside,  
To help us decide.  
Yet with fear and contracts,  
Holding people back;  
Often they see this as a lack,  
And the other as their tract.  
Thus listing genii could also be applied;  
Hopefully leading to what is implied.  
So when people lied,  
Notice we heard the slide;  
After we were told it all was snide.  
A problem and solution,  
Whilst sleeping expands;  
That unless in meditation,  
Ego withstands,  
Almost like sometimes,  
It's taken over command.  
Until a word slips our tongue;  
Open & listen,  
A new word sprung.  
It's learned by being young,  
To instinctively walk in the sun;  
Where our instincts aren't wrong,  
As we've learned the song is always sung,  
From deep within our lung,  
In our heart where we begun.