

**Title: Conversations**

**Subtitle: As an old Zan koan goes or a Zanda Panda**

**Second Subtitle: As an old Zan koan goes or a Zanda Panda**

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There are proverbs of being a barrel,  
And how to removing the binding,  
That surrounds you like a winding  
There are spokes of a cart,  
That people have mistook,  
And never really looked.  
For what was being discussed is the hub.  
Yes (I am) is you...  
Yet "yes you are",  
So remember that and gain you heart,  
Yet any more and you become an old fart!  
So live your life,  
With none of the strive,  
Learn that yes you get an ego,  
Yet it comes as the wheel,  
It is the hub that congregates,  
It is the hub that relates,  
So in all is this implied,  
To remove the bindings again,  
Is that from something from within?  
The centre of the barrel is hard to break out of,  
Unless you remove the bindings at the tops first.  
So in you may see,  
Yes above is free in every atom,  
The below is dense sound,  
And why we hit the ground,  
For love of God is the higher,  
Then no one can speak we are a liar,  
You see to start to be free,  
You start at the top,  
As your feet go so far,  
Searching in your car,  
Yet the plan starts inside as in the barrel you can't hide,  
So let help relate what is implied.  
For in the oneness the top of the barrel starts to open,  
Yet with EGO binding at the bottom,  
We will never open.  
As one is gravity and dense sound,  
And one is light this we have found.  
So open your heart,

To start and in this order we see,  
As wisdom of God comes for free,  
In every colour sight sound you see.  
It is so dynamic it is self portrait to help you relate,  
And find your fate,  
As yes in a barrel we can go over the falls,  
as many do yet not if we are to tall,  
As the barrels have dimensions,  
And this is apprehensions.  
That constrains this barrel,  
Maybe to make this more clear,  
We should state you live in there!  
This is here,  
So have no fear!  
So with every care,  
The barrel gets fuller,  
And there isn't room for another.  
So in the cup if full,  
It is useless and neglectful of its master's choice,  
As it rehearse a drink from before,  
And hasn't seen there is new water to pour,  
The rhyme keep rhyme as life it self's,  
So all have this secret wealth,  
It does not hide,  
It only gives and if in each day,  
We see this and say thank you,  
Then slowly the light shines through,  
And the binds start to fall,  
So instead of remain in side crouching,  
You may again walk tall.  
Yet many think,  
They are from the greed?  
It's the way we are taught,  
To be a twenty thousand year old student again is good,  
If implied,  
Yet when all the teachings stem from them who lied!  
We really must fix this,  
To teach our children not hide.  
You see once this love,  
Is shining and the heart releases,  
The rhythms start rhyming and your feet start to tap,  
Then with the bottom it simple unlatch,  
And that is the catch,  
So remember the rhyming,  
And the secret contained,  
As for the well moving it sings as it rocks,  
And each of the spokes is there for the rocks,  
So don't fight them,  
And bind them;

For some secret wealth,  
As in no secrets given,  
Is anything other than stealth.  
So let's give to release in wisdom,  
To relate and make our future great.  
Then let's learn to dance as one,  
Not in stupid barrels,  
Where it all went wrong.