

THE COLORS OF FEAR:

Some Thoughts on Emotional Blockage

Why bother loving anyone?
What's the value in opening up?
Why should we trust other human beings?
Don't we experience enough suffering?

Isn't it simpler to be alone -
letting warm passion turn to cold stone?
Isn't it wiser to still the mind -
seeking happiness only in abstractions inside?

With thoughts like these
I've clipped my wings
& closed all doors
to intimacy with other human beings

In the zen of insularity
a hollow quietness is reached -

the satori of a single hand clapping
is a wonderful, yet ultimately empty peace.



Cantara: (blowing her nose melodramatically) This poem is so wimpy!

Tim: (chuckling) Yeah, this guy is such a loser! Those who fear never love.

Miok: (a bit sternly) Since most human love ends in disappointment, at times I am tempted to ask, "Why bother?"

Tim: You miss the point. (half-earnestly imitating Yoda from Star Wars)
Disappointment and pain are part of life and growing. Disappointment and frustration simply mean we have more to learn . . .

Chris: Ah, cut the crap! Maybe I don't wanna learn . . . often the ignorance is preferable to knowledge. Before Adam and Eve ate the forbidden apple, weren't they both content?

- T Newfields

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