

Beyond! The birth of a poem.

"How do you come up with so many interesting verses?"

I was spending some time with my close friend Maria when she asked that question.

Not having a fixed formula, I mentioned I usually have a catalyst that stirs my imagination.

"So, what does that actually mean," she followed up with.

I answered with "give me a minute to see what I comes up".

I turned my head and looked out the large glass pane window and as I did four wild ducks took off from a pond about 300 or 400 feet away. They climbed upward in their flight, leaving the calm water behind. Instantly and precisely, all together in the same formation, they turned a sharp left and off they went.

It reminded me of the Blue Angles Airplanes I had seen flying in air shows. They flew in groups of four with the same exact precision. Realizing one quite large difference, the pilots have to practice and communicate with each other in another way and, with a great deal of trust.

My next thought was that the ducks have an instinctive trust with each other. I picked up my note pad and pen to write, *an instinctive knowing beyond trust*.

I sat down, closed my eyes, took a deep breath, waiting for my next thought with my pen in hand. I wrote "there is an instinctive knowing beyond what others label trust."

A couple minutes later I had written this partial poetic verse as a demo of how I write.

It is a curious mystery.

There is an instinctive knowing
beyond what others label
Trust."

"That is not much of a poem is it" she replied as I added a beginning line.

I titled it "Beyond" and read it to Maria with her question answered.

Total time probably around three minutes.

It is now included in chapter three (page 133) of my book,
Spiritual Arousal - A Journey into Connection.

Beyond

*When I am with you,
physically or spiritually,*

it is a curious mystery.

There is an instinctive knowing

beyond

what others label

Trust.

~ Ray Justice

Its all about something that gets me out of my head and my thoughts, a Catalyst. I look, feel or hear something that I was not having thoughts about. The Ducks were my catalyst and you can see that is all they did, change my thoughts. The poem itself is not about the Ducks as they were my Catalyst clearing my thoughts.