

## Colonialists Spread Disease

Let's say you have a leader,  
And everybody be questioning that leader,  
They be putting all kinds of queries to your leader,  
And you ain't gonna do a damn thing about it,  
'Cause he's all kinds of nice and ahimsa.  
You do feel regarded contemptuously and  
Unable to copy like your G.  
Still that would be the best thing to do,  
Because your leader is ahimsa.

poem by *Lord Byron Chelsea McScott*

Now let's geugle the word "ahimsa" from the famous poem by *Lord Byron Chelsea McScott* as per jotting down in the 19<sup>th</sup> century. Being a foreigner somewhere and being boycotted by and large by the ruling deities at companies galore, we might find a sense of destitute gripping us by the neck and suffocating us.

We pray and we pray and the perpetrators seem to inch their way into our brain and they wriggle wriggle, they squish and sort of tickle. As we suffer near death like experiences, we replay the satsang of our master and we hear him say we need to do our meditation; we should let love; and that we don't want to be a push over or a doormat.

We're astonished with savage brothers and sisters that are into testing themselves clear out of the master and the boon of his satsang and are confronted with butchers that enjoy putting distance between the buoy and the drowning, exhausted swimmer, grappling for it. Prying its savior from cold wretched hands.

Still, being of a conscious mind, we're painfully aware of those kinds of people having faith in violence and negativity. Satanic as they are, nothing they do leads towards the Lord. All their actions are centrifugal, outward bound.

We pray and we pray and find that having no choice but to do our meditation according to the hand out of the master at that time of initiation when He initiated us onto his path of the saints, Sant Mat, is the best choice to have. Even now as we are in the dark and have this dark inclination to butcher them and shove bamboo splinters up there little wieners;)

## Hefty And Sacked

"How would I build a trap? All I know how to is to stay out of traps,' the tiger said."

He was a proud man, hefty and sacked. Given his age and nature he'd become a kind of a wise man. One of the things he learnt from experience was that finding the cause for things is synonymous to finding a predatory man. A kind less inclined to learning and more of the lazy notion of going Robin Hood on the money. Doekoes that you **showed** them.