

## *Lionhearted – How to be certain*

### *Dedication*

*I would like to dedicate this book to my children, Samuel, Alice and Robyn, to my fabulous wife Joy and my friends and family worldwide. Thank you for your love and support.*

### *Acknowledgements*

*I would like to acknowledge everyone who has met me on my journey and helped me along the way. Whether you know it or not, your contribution has been invaluable - you do know who you are.*

*Thank you to Ivor and Elizabeth Perry for your support so long ago and to Marcus Wyn Robinson, a very special spirit. To Graham and Lyn Whiteman who have demonstrated such courage in forging a new path into a paradigm that is so old it now appears new. I am honoured to have been able to collaborate in this great endeavour and am privileged in continuing to do so. These are challenging times and yet also exciting. I look ahead and welcome a host of new folk crossing my path and enriching my life, as I seek to enrich theirs.*

### *Introduction*

*This book was conceived some eight years ago in an attempt to provide the reader/ listener with a direct experience of the therapeutic*

*process that leads to better health and well-being. It is a distillation of the process and lessons I have learnt that have helped me towards fulfilling my wish of finding certainty. There have been surprises along the way and the insights won have been captured and conveyed with as much clarity as possible, to reflect what has been defined as:*

*“The Esencia Model, Step 1”*

*([www.esencia.org.uk](http://www.esencia.org.uk))*



*...a re-framing of the nature and definition of relaxation and how to effectively experience it. I sincerely hope you enjoy this little book and benefit from it as intended.*

*So - relax, feel better and enjoy your life more.*

## *Winter Sun*

*Winter sun slants off the water  
into my eyes.*

*Seagull cries  
overhead.*

*I sit on this bench alone,  
miles from home,  
knowing*

*I could be with you  
but*

*instead,*

*I am  
sitting here*

*on my own,  
enslaved to the man,  
feeling like an also-ran  
in the great scheme of life.*

*There must be more than this  
strife.*

*Day in day out,*

*I doubt*

*they would hear me shout  
even at the top of my voice.*

*But,*

*who are they to me?*

*We shall see.*

*Moving on then to more of the same,*

*day in, day out,  
again and again.*

*There must be more than this.*

*No way out.*

*They wouldn't even hear me shout.*

*I don't even know what I'd have to say.*

*Oh well,*

*here's to the end  
of another day.*

*I guess this is just how it is,*

*but I can't help thinking,*

*that there must be*

*more to it all than this.*

## *Incessant Fear*

*Disconnected.  
Out of reach.  
The beauty that I see  
would still go on  
if I were gone.  
It's just that it wouldn't be seen,  
by me.  
Life goes on  
relentlessly.  
Year on year.  
more life to be ended.  
Worn out by an incessant fear,  
so harsh  
that if all there is to this  
is blood and sweat  
and worms,  
it is hardly a heart-warming thought.  
Should it be for nought?  
All this toil and effort,  
what's it for?  
Going back to the earth  
to sustain more?  
More of the same uncaring life.  
If I am good  
in a way they have defined,  
I will have achieved,*

*a life refined,  
but if the refinement of all this loss is loss,  
I can't find a crumb of hope in it,  
just dross.*

*Toil and effort  
to carve out this life.  
More work and more toil,  
until I merge with the soil,  
to spread me even thinner.  
Even the worms that feast on me  
will be eaten by birds,  
and the birds in turn will end up  
as something else's dinner.*

*Instead of dreams of more grind,  
my goal is  
to rise above this,  
to find  
a place to soothe my soul.*

*Wherever that is.*

*Perhaps even  
away from this life  
that is so unkind.*

*Why would I put myself through  
more of the same,  
again and again?*

*Through cycles of gloom,  
impending,  
never ending,*

*doom.*

*I might as well be kind  
to myself at least  
and end it all.*

*Not in the vain hope of achieving some peace,  
but to be released  
and no longer suffer  
this shit.*

*I wouldn't know then  
if it  
were to carry on without me,  
but the pain and my loss  
and this shit,  
would be gone.*

## *Eat Drink Work Sleep*

*I am going to do something  
about this.*

*I am fed up  
with this lonely, daily grind.  
In order to put my plan together  
I will need to find  
some time*

*but I haven't even got the time to think  
just eat  
and drink  
and work  
and sleep.*

*I am beginning to act like a sheep.*

*Baa baa.*

*Blah blah.*

*Yes Sir,*

*No Sir,*

*Three bags full Sir.*

*Back in the groove,  
not able to move.*

*Whirr,*

*fizz,*

*bleep.*

*The machine goes on  
and on  
and on*



*and on.*

*Slowly, suddenly,  
once again,  
all ideas of hope  
are gone.*

*Gone.*

*Back in the groove,  
not able to move.*

*Whirr, fizz, bleep.*

*Eat, drink, work, sleep.*

*My own ideas in full retreat.*

*Whirr, fizz, bleep.*

*Eat, drink, work, sleep.*

## *Arrogance*

*Is it arrogance sublime  
that I have  
given so much of my time  
and attention  
to automatic reaction,  
unwanted distraction,  
now beyond its prime?*

*In giving credence  
to those thoughts unseen ,  
I have allowed my fears  
to rule the roost,  
unchallenged,  
unfettered,  
my faults assumed,  
dominating.*

*I have been paralysed,  
consumed.*

*What possible, credible purpose is being served,  
in behaving as I do?*

*If only I knew  
how to change the script.*

*Just what can I do  
to help me climb out  
of this self-imposed crypt  
and leave this zoo.*

*I am*

*slowly, cautiously, painfully,  
becoming aware  
of this log in my eye  
that so limits my view.*

*If only I knew  
how to move it aside,  
I would no longer have to hide  
behind automatic responses  
designed to protect,  
but now only resulting in neglect  
of those I love  
and who love me too.*

*I have just got to get out of this zoo.*

*Piece by piece  
I will unravel  
this web  
that so grieves my heart  
and confounds my head.*

*I have decided  
that the only thing left  
to do right now  
is work out how  
to start,  
but I haven't a clue  
what to do,  
nor even how to begin.*

*After all,  
what do I know,*

*mere mortal that I am?*

*As I sit here  
in this wretched state,  
wanting to know love,  
anticipating only hate.*

*Pathetic,  
wretched,  
all alone.*

*Racked with more of the same  
pain and shame.*

*My only friend is my deep,  
unavoidable, cleansing grief,  
but it has not yet offered me even a crumb of relief.*

*All my hope is gone.*

*What to do,  
to get out of this zoo?*

*I wish I knew.*

# *Change*

*Change.*

*Such a perplexing word.*

*Change, exactly what?*

*I really do not know,*

*but, if I do not change*

*I will remain the same.*

*Remain the same,*

*the same as what?*

*It is misery*

*that is prevailing.*

*My soul is failing.*

*Failing in this wretched state,*

*that I am beginning to hate.*

*Round and round and round and round.*

*Wretched, loss prevailing.*

*Fears, anxieties assailing.*

*Everyone else tells me what to do,*

*to think and do and be.*

*They tell me*

*how I must act*

*in order to succeed.*

*To be successful*

*in this life,*

*so fruitless.*

*A chore.*

*Why,*

*would I  
want to succeed  
more,  
at satisfying a hidden man's need?  
Just because he or she can shout  
and drown everyone else out.  
Telling me what to think,  
to eat,  
to drink,  
to love,  
and hate.*

*How did I get in this awful state?  
This state where I do as the hidden man pleases.*

*“Do as he says and you will be fine.  
You will have what you want  
and be free of diseases.”*

*To work some more and ruin my health  
at least I will be on the road to wealth.*

*Lining someone else's pockets,  
while surviving,  
when I could be thriving,  
a-living.*

*Sitting here writing and reflecting  
on this dross,  
all I can feel is a sense of loss.*

*Which doesn't tie in with what I have been told.  
“Work hard,  
do as we say,*

*and the streets will be paved with gold.”*

*Spend all my time  
focussing on someone else's definition  
of success*

*and I will have all that I want,  
but instead I get less!*

*Though if what I want  
is defined by another,*

*whose wants keep changing,  
why bother?*

*As soon as I reach the next level  
there's another and another,  
that wasn't apparent before.*

*Still,*

*a few more strides  
and I'll be there.*

*At a place that is always being redefined,  
and always just out of reach  
and routinely perplexes  
my mind.*

## *Fractured Narrative*

*Forget what the man says.  
What is it I really want?  
I don't know where to start.  
I've hardly even given it a moment's thought,  
as the man has had all my attention,  
my effort,  
my sinews,  
my heart.  
I suppose what I really want  
is to know  
what is it that I need?  
Well that's a beginning,  
a seed.  
If ever so tenuous,  
but why not?  
Everything else  
is becoming so  
bloody strenuous.  
I need  
to sleep-in  
and rest.*



*Get things off my chest.*

*Take some time*

*to define,*

*what is important*

*to me*

*and what it is I believe.*

*What have I learned from this*

*so far?*

*Well, I have listened to everyone else*

*for a start.*

*From now on,*

*I think*

*I will take heed of myself*

*and my heart.*

*There is night and day,*

*black and white,*

*up and down,*

*dark and light.*

*I wake and sleep,*

*may live and die.*

*There is in and out,*

*below and above.*

*There is loss and gain.*

*There is hate and love.*

*There is hot and cold.*

*Having an opinion*

*and being told.*

*There is empty and full.*

*There is high and low.  
There is hard and soft,  
and Sun and Moon,  
future and past,  
too late and too soon.*

*It seems to me  
that in the world,  
that I can see,  
there are always two sides to each story.*

*So, why is it that the prevailing view  
presents only one side as the road to glory?*

*If the man says this is right  
it's surely quite possible  
that what he says is shite?*

*It is,  
after all,  
only one side of the picture...*

*Interesting thought?*

*So, at this juncture,*

*I will certainly  
have to explore,*

*this,  
a little more.*

## *A Different Road*

*Turned down a different road<sup>1</sup>*

*today,*

*on my way to lunch.*

*Everything seemed so clear.*

*My head full of new ideas.*

*I even acted on a hunch.*

*I was fitful over the meeting at two  
and was frightened at what I thought  
others might do.*

*Then over a tasty chicken soup,  
I stepped beyond my usual loop,  
of habitual reactions  
and emotional distractions,  
and realised*

*it was my thoughts of  
what others might do  
that were tying me in knots.*

*So frightened of  
my own projections,  
of fears,  
of habitually anticipated,  
future rejections.*

*Now*

*it's time*

*to stop*

*associating certainty with fear*

*and instead begin to doubt  
the fear itself  
when it sticks its head out.  
I choose to be certain instead,  
of something,  
of anything else,  
but not for once  
the commanding,  
demanding,  
ever expanding,  
fears in my head.  
I have been so overwhelmed,  
by this dominance of fear,  
that it has begun  
to become abundantly clear  
that what I think I hear,  
the sound  
of the pounding  
of dread,  
is not really real at all,  
it's all in my head.  
So,  
at long last  
I am going to choose  
to break the spell I have cast  
and be  
certain instead.  
Certain?*

*Certain of what?  
Well, certain of anything but  
that fear in my head.*

## *What A Day*

*Well, well,  
what a day.  
What is this I say?  
“I couldn’t possibly,  
definitely not!”  
but yes  
these chains are released  
and out these fears trot.  
What to do with them  
when they reveal  
the opportunity for myself to heal.  
I can choose  
to take hold of them  
and turn them around.  
Initially this sounds  
clumsy out of sync,  
yet,  
each time I notice  
I can stop  
and drink them in  
until they begin  
to sing  
another tune.  
I can follow each thread  
wherever it may lead,  
to new expressions,*

*unseen needs.*  
*Gradually I can*  
*begin to feel*  
*the opposite of each*  
*could well be real.*  
*What then,*  
*I ask,*  
*as I start to flow<sup>2</sup>,*  
*what do I want?*  
*Only I can know.*  
*Only I can know,*  
*what it is I want*  
*to say*  
*or do,*  
*to act<sup>3</sup> and express myself.*  
*As I take a step along a brave new road,*  
*I can cast aside ideals*  
*imposed by others*  
*I held in positions of misplaced authority*  
*They cannot feel what I can feel,*  
*nor know what it is I need.*  
*I must trust myself now.*  
*I am unique*  
*and*  
*the universe relies on the dreams I seed.*  
*I must seed those dreams and nurture them well*  
*and release myself from the bonds*  
*that hold me back.*

*I have no need to doubt,  
any more,  
but can choose to be,  
certain,  
for sure.  
To be bold,  
I need merely hold  
my attention on what I choose,  
what it is I want to feel<sup>4</sup>  
and choose to feel it again  
and again and again.  
And as my doubts retreat,  
slowly and inexorably I sense what it is  
to be certain.  
I can after all know  
what it is I need,  
I have, I want,  
I feel, I am.  
Each time I take stock  
and know  
that even though  
each seems a tiny step  
towards a distant star,  
in no time at all  
the mighty bounds they become  
reveal that I have travelled far.  
Even to the growing edge<sup>5</sup> of the Universe  
and back.*



*To share what I have learned.  
To coax, cajole another soul,  
to know they too won't get burned.  
When they leave the surface of their moon  
and like me  
plunge into the depths  
of their sun.*

## *Getting Out Of The Zoo*

*I want to change the way I feel.*

*Now!*

*Not in some hazy, distant moment*

*but I have always thought that*

*I don't know how.*

*Is somebody else somehow responsible for this*

*or is the solution waiting, hidden within?*

*What if I stopped going out  
and instead went more fully in?*

*Will the echoes of my wounds*

*still chill my soul,*

*or could they quietly,*

*gently start to sing*

*another tune?*

*Some help<sup>6</sup> as my efforts converge*

*assists the free flow of energy*

*provides a breakthrough,*

*brings clarity.*

*Connections appear,*

*obviously.*

*Is this an ancient opportunity?*

*Am I free to simply create a choice,*

*as I find the courage*

*to know what is my truth?*

*And end my dependence on another's view?*

*With compassion for myself*

*I can now choose  
to tread my own path.*

*After what has seemed such a long time,  
residing under the yoke of another man's dreams  
it seems*

*that I am beginning to believe  
that I am ready,  
to choose to exercise my power,  
through action  
and expression  
in each moment.*

*In repeating this process  
I have begun to begin  
to recognise my true nature,  
and see that now in others too.*

*Have I found a doorway  
that leads out of this zoo?  
By knowing what it is I want  
I am beginning to be  
transformed and able,  
to choose to transform more.*

*On an endless cycle  
revolving and evolving,  
becoming,  
grounded and certain.*

*It is my right?  
So, quickly  
and effortlessly,*

*I surprise myself in my ability  
to be more fully me.  
As if for the first time  
a concept of safety  
begins to appear.  
Yet,  
it becomes clear,  
it has been  
and is  
always  
here  
and now,  
above and below,  
within and without,  
that there is no need to suffer more  
or any lingering trace of doubt.  
As I start to take  
my first, final, faltering steps  
on my road to becoming whole,  
I need not now assume  
that the road is arduous and long,  
but can entertain the thought  
that I might just have been delightfully wrong!  
With patience and attention  
I have noticed  
my rigid, inner shadows  
start to move.  
I am manifesting a wholeness*

*In what can only be termed  
an embodiment of self-love.  
First ascending then descending  
I know now  
that love is here to stay.  
It cannot go away.  
Though apparently fleeting,  
it is kindled and remains eternal.  
I have embraced it.  
For I know that  
there is no need to chase it.  
For it is already impatiently chasing me.*

## *The Veil*

*Awareness can surely be seen  
as the screen<sup>7</sup>  
on which  
all my thoughts and ideas  
are projected.*

*So, what is the source of this screen,  
that so intimately  
observes all the facets  
of my life,  
yet sits there undetected?*

*Instead of waiting lifetimes then  
to discover what lies  
beyond  
the sand, sea and sky,  
I can surely first try  
to seek to find  
this screen  
that lies unseen  
behind*

*the apparent labyrinth  
of my mind?*

*It seems to me  
that this obscure horizon could be  
the very source of my being?*

*Now,  
that would certainly be*

*exceedingly freeing,  
if true!*

## *Becoming Whole*

*Along the road to becoming whole,  
lies the building of the diamond soul.*

*Mist hangs thick and cool.*

*As the sun's rays elicit warmth for the new day,*

*Rivulets of myth and bliss  
flow along the growing edge  
of the new dawn as*

*rose and lily, on window ledge,  
scent the air and*

*light streams on dreams and industry.*

*A knowing smile breaks out  
on all who enter the establishment of presence.*

*It is a place to ground  
and truly connect*

*to this hectic world of black and white  
and the illusion of what's wrong and what's right.*

*To fuse with love another way  
and balance impulse gone astray,  
to clear the path to harmony.*

*What I need is what I feel,  
It is what I want and have.*

*I am the link to parity  
and a simple law of love.*

*Now is the time to be myself  
and to move with clarity.*

*To build upon the foundations tested*



*through gracious hearts and loving hands*

*I have rested.*

*No longer whether,*

*but now when,*

*without as within,*

*the time is nigh.*

*My feet in the earth*

*and my head in the sky,*

*I am in my element.*

*A home at last*

*now I am able,*

*to express and to involve,*

*to bustle and hustle and take my place*

*to nourish from my table.*

*Without compromise or dilution,*

*I will act on my own terms.*

*I'll take no truck and pass no buck*

*for there is work to do.*

*Until subject and object are one,*

*when the race will have been run*

*up the mountain of the moon,*

*on our journey to the sun.*

*My place can be found*

*in the building of the diamond soul.*

*that lies along the road*

*to becoming whole.*

## *Claim Your Peace*

*In your whole life  
have you ever known  
a moment  
without fear?*

*Well,  
draw near,  
for I have a tale to tell.*

*It may well  
come as some surprise  
but the mind cannot reprise  
the solution,  
but will certainly continue  
to deliver  
ever more  
light pollution.*

*Let it do its job,  
it is not here to rob  
your soul,  
but*

*to help you achieve*

*your goal.*

*But there is no point*

*waiting*

*for the conflict to cease,*

*to win this war*

*you must*

*first*

*claim your peace*<sup>8</sup>.

## *New Beginning*

*Enough of this!  
I know there is more.  
I know it at my very core.  
What it is I want to find,  
lies beyond the fractured screen of mind.  
It is the certain ground of being  
that lies beyond the dimmed  
and intoxicating  
veil of my seeing.  
I choose  
now  
to change  
the way I deal  
with my life,  
again.*

*The very nature of my mind to polarise  
Is relentlessly and ruthlessly exploited  
by rabid corporations and ambitious men.  
It is through an over reliance on thought  
that I have wrought,  
the equivalence  
of nought.*

*An apparent phantom of phenomena  
that so distracts and conceals  
and that forges a tempting, endless path  
to my mind so real,*

*but I now must remember once again,  
how to feel.*

*A new beginning,  
gently, warmly, softly  
deep within my heart.*

*Let me be clear,  
there is neither nostalgia nor effort here.*

*In feeling,  
I can simply find my way  
and make a fresh new certain start.*

*In every moment of every day,  
this tinge of certainty  
surprisingly,  
begins  
to hold sway.*

*It is now assuredly,  
abundantly  
clear to me  
that I can only truly feel  
for certain  
what it is  
to be real,  
when I feel  
it in the neglected chambers  
of my heart.*

*The effort of retreating  
to the veil behind my mind,  
can now be left behind,*

*as it laboriously continues its task  
to compare and contrast  
on its arduous, unending  
and ultimately disappointing quest<sup>9</sup>.  
Instead I can embark on a journey  
so potent and profound,  
and in Clarence<sup>10</sup> conjure a feeling -  
akin to the warmth  
from a curled up, drowsy kitten,  
nestled comfortable and safe,  
purring upon my breast -  
wherein my simmering, true potential,  
my very soul,  
can reliably,  
quietly,  
certainly,  
simply,  
be found.*

*Beyond the maelstrom  
of my mind,  
where it has lain  
patiently  
waiting for me  
deep within  
the labyrinth  
of my chest.*



## *The Kitten Stirs*

*Despite the mind's  
relentless distraction  
my attention has settled  
on a centre,  
of unequalled precision.  
Where a certainty of self  
I feel  
resides  
and replaces the mind's  
disappointing and fractured vision.  
As if emerging from a mystical haze,  
I am now immune from the Medusa's gaze.  
With ease embedded,  
I know with certainty  
exactly  
where my attention  
is headed.  
I am  
free to move  
through a lens  
of deepening love.  
No need to resist,  
but to  
simply feel  
my rested best <sup>11</sup>.  
I know*



*what it is now  
to truly,  
certainly,  
be  
real,  
to exist.*

*As I feel it  
I then choose  
to feel it  
even more.*

*Slowly,  
deftly,  
subtly,  
it delivers a deeper,  
altogether different,  
though essentially,  
familiar shore.*

*I can swim to it,  
I can dive right in.  
Effortlessly falling,  
I fall  
right in  
to it  
again  
some more.*

*I have now found  
solid and certain  
ground*

*for sure.  
Transformed,  
the once vaguely sensed,  
dozing feline  
is now stirring  
from its mythical slumber,  
unfurling, maturing  
and confidently realizing a  
leonine-like roar.*

*As I choose  
to feel it,  
I can choose  
to feel it  
even more  
and more  
and more  
with certainty,  
ever deeper,  
fractally,  
repeatedly,  
to my very core.  
Then every day,  
in a certain way,  
I am a mere choice of letting go away  
and I relish the opportunity  
to learn to relax more  
deeply  
until once again*

*I reach  
that certain, content-free point  
where heart and soul are understood,  
for good.*

*Without constraint  
I free fall within  
and then  
I free fall some more  
into it again  
and again  
and again.*

*I am certain  
and then I am certain  
even more.*

*Each time  
more focussed  
yet less intense.*

*Each time  
I lose myself  
I find myself more.*

*Each time  
as I feel  
there is less pretence.*

*Each time  
re-defining,  
with a crystalline certainty  
in my core.*

*Each time*

*less alone  
and more at home.  
A life  
now re-born.  
A new beginning.  
With each cycle  
I know  
I am winning,  
the race to the centre  
to my best self.  
At the centre  
and at the growing edge  
of all  
I stand apart,  
consciously grounded  
in my heart.*

## *Close To Home*

*My well-practised need  
to control,  
born of anxiety  
and fear,  
has led me to  
here.*

*To this place  
of trouble  
that always seems to double  
when even now*

*I often try  
harder  
to control  
what I see  
or what I think is  
happening to me.*

*I have unintentionally gone  
to some extraordinary lengths  
that test my strengths  
to endure*

*physical, emotional and spiritual  
pain  
without a jot  
of apparent gain.*

*This clever cul-de-sac  
has been*

*like an existential trap.*  
*Yet here*  
*in this other intimate place*  
*the less*  
*I try to control*  
*the more certain I become*  
*and the closer I am*  
*to home.*  
*I am blessed.*

# The Cosmic Seed

*My mind, though wide awake,  
and now aware of itself,  
is left reeling,  
when I realize  
that  
I cannot think  
a feeling.  
Feeling,  
with such depth and scope  
lies beyond  
the mindful dichotomy of fear and hope,  
and the futility  
of effort and strife  
and opens me to the whole  
where I find resides my soul,  
the very purpose of my life.*

*So,  
relax  
and know  
that  
you too  
can create  
the conditions  
to make  
a simple choice,  
to either*

*think  
or feel.  
A simple,  
yet apparently difficult decision,  
to truly, eternally,  
certainly  
be real.*

*It has  
no volition,  
no conditions,  
no opinions,  
no grievance,  
no difference,  
no preference,  
no hope  
no fear  
no now  
no here.  
So relax,  
feel better  
and enjoy life more.  
Refresh yourself,  
drink  
it in.*

*It's easier than you think!  
In this conscious awareness  
find the order that leads  
to the source of your essence,*



*the cosmic seed.*

## *Beyond Belief*

*My mind  
wide awake  
and aware of itself  
is now reeling  
when I realize  
that  
Consciousness  
is not a thought,  
but a feeling!  
All my life  
It seemed to me  
that the world is imposed  
by what I see.  
With no other way  
apparent to me  
I have chosen  
to merely  
be aware  
of what  
I think and see.  
In believing in  
what I see  
and think as well,  
this little wooden boy  
who within is devoid  
of any sense of joy,*

*has programmed, woven even,  
his own personal spell,  
and alone has created a unique  
kind of hell.*

*I have meticulously refined  
my own magic potion,  
to ensure I have remained  
a mere drop in the ocean.*

*Frightened, out of balance and uncertain*

*I still try so hard  
to control,  
something,  
anything  
to find  
what I think  
will bring me  
peace  
of mind.*

*The more I try  
to think and see  
the more I fall  
apart.*

*I only now  
ever get it together  
when I feel it  
deep within  
my heart.*

*I have tried*

*and tried  
to think  
myself  
out of this place,  
but with ever greater effort,  
the available space  
in my head  
gets less and less  
and I must confess  
that the problem  
is solved  
when I give up  
my need to control  
and accept  
that  
all I need do  
is to feel,  
to let go.  
I am  
also moved to say  
that  
it has come  
as some relief  
to find a simple way  
to move  
beyond balance and belief,  
to open myself to the exposure  
to confidence and composure*

*as I aspire to dwell  
in a certain centre  
that has its own deft pull,  
guaranteeing  
a feeling  
that is  
peaceable, calm and full.*

*Like comfrey  
is nourished from the earth,  
radically,  
grow deeply  
into your certainty  
and know your worth.*

*Trying to think  
this feeling  
is an impossible task.  
It is simply madness,  
so don't ask.*

## *Clarion Call*

*With circum-punctuality*

*I stumbled upon*

*the answer*

*to a question*

*I did not think*

*to ask.*

*I had unwittingly unmasked,*

*a folly*

*of epic proportions,*

*now sustaining*

*mindful*

*projections and distortions,*

*that obscure*

*a powerful truth.*

*For now,*

*consciousness and awareness*

*can be described as two different things,*

*according to this kinaesthetic sleuth.*

*The latter you will find*

*sustains only a limited view*

*and perpetual toil in the mind,*

*the former*

*the proverbial*

*wind in our wings,*

*for you to soar above*

*on beats of love*

*and the certain feeling  
where the sky has no ceiling.<sup>12</sup>*

*Know this  
and you and your soul  
will never again  
be apparently parted.*

*You will have  
become*

*“lion-hearted”.*

*So, let your inner heart-felt roar  
well-up and send  
a clarion call  
far and wide,  
to invite  
one and all  
to join the pride.*

## *That When How*

*The poets and sages of old,  
belovedly sold,  
the notion  
THAT  
there exists,  
a plausible connection,  
a way,  
to the light.*

*Where after suitable progress  
through introspection  
we become  
heaven blessed*

*when our mere temporal lives have ended  
and we have transcended our baser nature.*

*When we have become  
physically, emotionally and spiritually wise  
and have realized  
that the ultimate prize  
lies at the end  
of our very own  
path to paradise.*

*What is offered in this book  
is another way to look  
at the precise mechanism behind  
the journey to transcend  
the monkey mind*



*and help you find  
what it is you want.  
It is not the font  
of all knowledge  
that is true,  
but it will go some way  
to reveal  
exactly  
what is stopping you.<sup>13</sup>*

# *Victory*

*Images from lore  
offer a little more  
in our quest,  
to recover the optimal state  
that is our rested best.*

*The double-edged sword represents  
the fractured narrative of the mind.*

*It is designed  
to compare and contrast,  
to keep us fully engaged  
to the present  
and the past,  
and to stay  
vulnerable  
to extremes  
and perpetually, shallow  
and manipulative memes.*

*If instead  
we embrace  
and place our trust  
in the fractal nature of our hearts  
as a priority  
and in listening passively  
we free ourselves  
from our self-imposed bondage  
of mindful, misguided and limiting strategies*

*and we remain safely shielded.*

*To truly put our armour on,*

*all we need do,*

*is take it off.*

*Through embodiment<sup>14</sup>*

*we can*

*now*

*safely*

*execute our return*

*from Oz*

*because*

*only from the heart,*

*can you touch the sky.<sup>15</sup>*

*Know then*

*that the*

*I knows HOW*

*and only*

*you know WHEN*

*and there is no WHY.*

*But where to start?*

*Rely not on*

*the I of the mind,*

*but on the I of the heart.*

*The former sustains perpetual strife,*

*the latter the doorway to an eternal life.*

*This habitual reliance on mere thinking*

*must STOP.*

*If you are to become the divine ocean*

*in this simply human drop.<sup>16</sup>*

*Before flowing out, fully,  
you have the key to enter in.*

*Connected thus  
the very Universe is ours.*

*Once again remember that  
only when the Sun sets  
can we see the Stars.*

*So, sense it  
feel it,  
trust it,  
love it  
and  
above all  
begin  
to relax,  
no effort required.*

*Simply choose  
and feel  
inspired.*

## References and Notes

1. Inspired by what I recall being a Buddhist teaching called “the 5 Verses” (source: Anon) about walking down a road full of potholes, learning how to climb out of a pothole and avoiding falling into further potholes and then eventually choosing to walk down a different road. Sound advice.
2. Relating to the renowned “Flow Sequence” developed by Graham and Lyn Whiteman and as described in their book “Stress Less, More Success” published by 10-10-10 Publishing in 2015.
3. Inspired here by the book “Life is Tremendous” by Charles “Tremendous” Jones, wherein the idea is espoused that “whatever you believe, act as if it is true.” It challenges the reader to wrestle with the very nature of belief. A great little book, thanks Charles.
4. Here I relate to the monumental publication that is “A Course in Miracles”. A book, by Helen Schucman published in 1976, a year-long study of daily affirmations, including the classic “I am responsible for what I see, I choose the feelings I experience and the goals I will achieve.” In its exploration of changing the inner narrative, it is a challenging and transformative read.
5. Doctor Randolph Stone, the founder of Polarity Therapy used this term of “the growing edge” to define our journey to challenge and push back our boundary conditions. Set out in 2 Volumes The Complete Collected Works by CLCS Wellness Books, Dr Stone’s system is a vast treatise on the ancient modality of Energy Medicine.
6. Help is at hand from The Relaxation Academy (see [www.therelaxationacademy.com](http://www.therelaxationacademy.com)).
7. The Hindu concept espoused in the book “Be as you are” containing the teachings of Sri Ramana Maharshi edited by David Godman and published by Arkana.
8. Inspired by a conversation in an episode in Series One of Star Trek Discovery, a Netflix Original Series, 2017.
9. Inspired by the book “*Krishnamurti and the Unity of Man*” by Carlo Soares published in 1982 by Chetana wherein Krishnamurti describes the moment when we become finally and fully disappointed by our mind, and that it is only then can we move on to mature and grow into our true nature. I happened to pluck this small volume from my friend Scott’s collection of books that were languishing on my bookshelves when he was lodging on my boat Prydwen in 2015. As often happens I picked up the book, opened it randomly and this little gem of a notion came into focus in front of me on the page. I immediately realized that if we are not to be disappointed perpetually then we must look for certainty elsewhere than the mind. All at once all streams converged, I knew where and how to find certainty and the rest is history. Thank you Scott Thompson, JD Krishnamurti and Graham /Lyn Whiteman for this serendipitous event.
10. The affectionate name for a horse-drawn carriage with a glass front. The heir to the British throne is known as “The Clarence” and lives at “Clarence House”. At Esencia Relaxation this term has been re-framed. Our re-definition radically reclaims our sovereignty and propounds that Clarence is the vehicle from which you can see the way as well as experience the journey, safely and in comfort. It is a state and quality of being beyond balance, of being clear and certain through feeling the fractal nature of the heart.

11. Your Optimal State as defined at <http://www.esencia.org.uk/index.html>
12. Central to “The Esencia Model” and beautifully articulated in the song “*Audition (The Fools Who Dream)*”, from the Original Motion Picture Soundtrack of La La Land 2016 – a firm favourite.
13. One of the NLP Magic questions – espoused in “The Way of NLP” by Joseph O’Connor and Ian McDermott, published by Thorsons on 2001. I had the privilege of attending Practitioner and Master Practitioner Programs at ITS/NLP in 2004 and have incorporated these amazing techniques into my therapeutic practice ever since.
14. My professional practice [www.lionhearted.org.uk](http://www.lionhearted.org.uk) which builds on over ten years of professional practice in effective health recovery enshrined in the Heart Enterprises™ Group.
15. “*Only from the heart, can you touch the sky*” – Jalāl ad-Dīn Muhammad Rūmī
16. “*You are not a drop in the ocean, but the entire ocean in a drop*”- Jalāl ad-Dīn Muhammad Rūmī

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*“The Esencia Model, Step 2”*  
*([www.esencia.org.uk](http://www.esencia.org.uk))*



*Happiness is: The enjoyment of a conscious life, through the lion's gate, that is the relaxed state.*

*“A highly personally yet universally resonant retelling of the therapeutic process that'll help you find greater clarity and certainty of the self.” ES from Marazion 2018*