

Forever Free

BEN R. TEETER



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Forever Free



Sky

Falls
Through,

Body
Erased.

Where
I
Was,

Graced.



You
Give
Me

The
Glittering
Pour

Of
Your

Prosperous
Infinity.

You
Give
Me

The
Beautiful
Nothing

Of
The
Free.



Where

Silence
Is
Being
Heard,

Loved,

It
Rushes
In,

Touches,

Engages
In

The
Impossible
Friendship.



The
Thank
You

And
Then

Grows,

The
You

Crescendos,

Goes,

Bursts,

Too.

Goes.

Then
Goes
The
Me.



Full
Eye

Of

Soul's
Skin

Feels
Ony

Heaven's
Aware
Still
Wind.



Stumbling,

The
Moth
Came,

Entered,

Became

Only

Naked
Flame.



No
Matter

How
Much
Poverty

I
Try
To
Create,

I
Fail
At
It

Under

The
Infinite

Pouring
Bucket

Of
Your
All.



The
Time

We
Feel,

So
Flowing
Like

A
River,

Could
Encounter,

Might
It
Not?

A
Waterfall,
Majestic,

Rainbowed,
White,
Tall,

A
Sudden
Roaring

Into
All.



Skilled
Ignorers

Are
Clothed

That
We
Are,

In
Infinite
Cascading
Draperies,

We
Focus
Into

Life's
Unbounded
Beauties,

Pittance
Of
Worry,

Housed
In

While
Our
Lives

The
Exalted

Infinite
Hall

Of

Whose
Hand
Holds
All.

The Day
And
The Night,

Fed
By
The
Hand

Of
The
One



The
Day
Is
Filled.
So,

With
His
Care,

There
Is
No
Room

For
More
New
Prayer.

For
He
Is
So
Close,

Already
All,

There
Is
No
Space

To
Reach
Or
Call.



Some
Times
It's
Nice

To
Let
A
Busy
Mind

Lie
Down
And
Die,

And
Place

An

Empty
Funnel

From
Heart

Up
Straight,

To
Empty
Sky,

And
Wait.



Peace

Pours

In

Upon

My

Crumbling

Questions.



The
Sky
Has
Descended,

Filling
The
Stones
And
Rivers

And
All
The

Things
And
Creatures.

No
Need
Now

To
Fly
Up.

Up
Is
Now

Completely
Among
Us.



The
Shadow

Proves

The
Sun.



Puppet
Mortal
Man

Dances
Upon
Strings

Of

Infinite
Things.



Sit.

Open.

Release
Soul's
Skin.

Let
All

In.



Man
Mind
Goes
Searching

With
A
Cutting
Tool,

For
Darkness
With
A
Light,

For
The
Certain

For
Silence
With
A
Name,

With
A
Question,

For
All,

For
Fullness
With
A
Need.

O,

How

Shall

He

Succeed?



Can
You

Point,
Or
Place
Finger,

Linger
Any
Where,

On
Any
Particle,

In
Any
Article,

Where
Cannot
Be
Found

Infinitude
Profound?



Miraculous.

The
Infinite
World

Disappears
Or
Reassembles

With
The
Winking,

Twinkling
Of
My

I.



Here
Is

The
Universe

That
I
Wear.

A
Man

Sits
There.



The
Infiniteness

Here
Fills,

Leaves
Me

No
Room

For

Mere
Plenty.



Enemies
Arise
In
Mirrors.



O
Man,

Let
The
Infinity

Before
Your
Gaze

Amaze.



Can
A
Worm

Have
Wings?

O
My!

Ask
Any

Butterfly.



No
Need,

Ever-
More,

To
Fly,

When

One
Is

Already

Sky.



Let
This

Atom
Spin.

I
Am
The

Still
Point

Within.



The

All

That

Is

Is

Being

What

Is

Here.



Infinity

Is

Me.

No

Skin

In

This

Eternity,

Except

What Errored

Man

May

See.



A
Wobbling
Axis

Comes
To
Poise.

There
Is
Music

Where
Was
Noise.



This
Man,

I
Have
Shaken,

To
Awaken,

Though
He,

At
Times,

Thought
It
Meant

He
Was
Forsaken.



Lo,

Limitations

Lie.

All

Is

I.



The
Personal

Withdraws
Into

The
Perfections,

Stationed
Around

The
Still.



Fragments
Rejoin,

And
Never
Were

Asunder.

What
A
Wonder!



As
The
Man
Atom

Vibrates

Clear
Sphere

Around
Dot,

Around
Its
Self
Spot,

Infinite,

Is
Begot.

A
Universe,



Light
And
Sound,

Now

Is

One
And
Same,

The
First
Burst

Different
Only

That
Came.

In
Man's
Name:



Encountering
Someone

Of
A
Different

Pace
Or
Mind,

Best
Practice
Is,

Be
Kind.



This,

That

I

Cannot

Seize,

Sees.



Suddenly,

'Nothing'
Happens,

And
Is
Seen.

And

All
That
Is

Is
Held
In

The
Pristine.



Emptiness,

My
Long
Lost
Friend,

Here
You
Are,

At
Last,

Again.



The
Body
Mind,

We
Find,

Would

Toss
The
Fruit,

And

Keep
The
Mind.



All
Things
Lie

Within
The

Twinkling

Of
An

I.



Into
Existence

I
Whistle
A
World

Around
A
Man.



I
Step

Outside
Of
The
All,

Clear,

And
Find
My
Self

Already
Here.



Perfection

Dots

The

Landscape

With

Versions

Of

Itself.



O
Celestial,
Of
Temporary
Things.

Infinite
Wings,

Abide
For
A
Moment

In
These,

The
Seemingly



The
Nameless

Arrives

Among

The
Names.



Perfection

Is

In

The

I

Of

The

Be

Holder.



This.

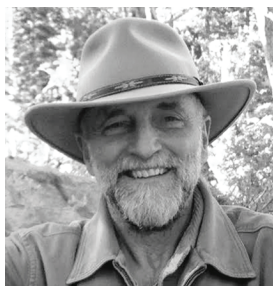
Is

A
Good
Time

For

The
Perfect
Moment.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Who is the Author?

This question is best answered by looking into the author's finished pages, which stand ready for the reading.

But, in the interests of social convention, here is some biographical data to clothe this character.

The early years of the author were steeped in several cultures.

The author as a youngster spent long hours and years in the laconic hard scrabble labor of rural Appalachian mountain life, his father's roots.

The author's mother came from the prosperous rolling and flat farmlands of rural Maryland, close-knit family people of an old Pennsylvania Dutch background, who sang sweet acapela harmonies, while praying and working together.

The author grew up in both influences, while living in the midst of the robust cultural mix of the Washington D.C. environs.

The author left high school blessed with a scholarship to an exceptionally fine university, where he spent his four years, wandering somewhat, among the peaks of Man's intellectual achievement.

The Writing Seminars were among the most memorable experiences of the time there, hours of sharing words among fellow poets, lounging around a large and darkly aged conference table.

In the cultural uproar of the 1968-69 senior year, studies were eclipsed, as the author's interests exploded into off-campus venues and activities, not in the political actions of the day, but in the spiritual, metaphysical and transcendental.

In this vibrant time, the City of Baltimore burgeoned with opportunities for close friendships, learning and practice with various yogis from India, gypsies, highly conscious artists and mystics of various kinds, along with a matured Theosophical Lodge and Rosicrucian Lodge, AMORC, all of this guided by the posters and amazingly well-stocked shelves of the New Age Bookstore, where meditators gathered, crowded together seated on the floor on Tuesday evenings. The author was a part of spiritual communes that started up and renovated spaces in which to work and live together.

This storm of Baltimore life came on, seemed to last forever, and then passed suddenly, with an abrupt departure to a small place in Vermont's north woods.

Then stretched decades of living various places, supported by working with hands and small building business activity, with years of life's lessons in family living with children, years of a spiritual-martial practice, years spent close with a guru from India, and years of working with a spiritually oriented mind training course.

In recent years, the art of word-craft, practiced since childhood, came to the fore.

A body of privately written work slowly accumulated, waiting for the writer to feel ready for its release.

BOOKS BY THE AUTHOR

Forever Free

This title is available as a free eBook at
WiseWordWind.com.

Falling Into All

Prayer Sayer Song

Rise Eyes Wise

FROM THE PUBLISHER

Hello Dear Reader!

We hope that you are enjoying *Forever Free*, as much as we enjoyed producing it and putting it out into the world.

We also hope that you feel it worthwhile to help spread the word about this book in your community of like-minded readers.

Your Review on Amazon will go a long way toward letting other people know about this book.

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(https://www.amazon.com/gp/product/B08V1DZ733/ref=dbs_a_def_rwt_hsch_vapi_tkin_pi_ir)

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Thank you!

-The Team at Wise Word Wind Press