

THE SONGS OF THE SILVER GIRL

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The myth that transpired in the annals of memory is reduced to a myriad of amplification within the trees flowering within the mind that seeks an exit out of the chasm.

The circles are the form of the objects to be seen floating within and without us. Piloted by subtle beings, they do not exist in our beliefs created a few centuries ago.

Yet, the flame is igniting the collapse of long-cherished thoughts about the structure of the universe and I hear this song:

Come to me, be happy!
The genes do not explain everything.
The game is much more intricate
Than the content of the genes.

I, the silver girl, mock
The scientific attempts to reduce
My reality to a legend
Good for children.

But I encourage science
To regard me as a challenge
To preconceived ideas
And limiting beliefs.

Come to me, be happy!
We will fly and explore
The regions until now
Unknown to the minds of men.

The control of inferior planes of existence has played a crucial role in the development of inspired architecture in the regions that are to be found in strange dreams and reasoning.

The factor in making this happen will not be revealed until the listeners are really ready to absorb what would otherwise dissolve them.

There are many layers and it results now and again in the confusion of perceptions and roles within a given organization. It does not matter too much as a rectification of some sort will take place.

I travel through the spheres
That you only access
In dreams or unconsciously.
I am unstoppable.

I am the silver girl in the craft
That scared an isolated village
In a remote area of some distant
Country somewhere in the world.

Does it make you wonder
Why failures and successes
Happen as if it was a lottery
Or a whim of fate?

Maybe the answer is that
Dreams and the unconscious
Reveal truths that shake
The very social foundations.

And the silver fleet crosses immense spaces between worlds and dimensions. The influences penetrate the collective mind and play hide and seek with psychologists.

The psychologists are having a hard time in trying to decipher the influences that play with them. Are they from the collective unconscious or from genetics?

The psyche specialists give up their attempt at identifying the influences. They only retain the word 'silver'. Why? How? Where? When? What? There are so many questions and so many possibilities of answering.

I am the silver girl
Who likes to confuse Freud.
He refuses the reality
Of psychic events.

For he believes things psychic
Were produced by matter.
He contradicted himself:
A materialist interested in dreams.

Eventually, Jung surpassed the Viennese
Man and went his own way.
I have inspired Jung in subtle ways
And his work remains big.

I give ideas to some minds
And they get it or they don't.
Now and again, they both
Get it and don't get it. Never mind!

Sublime pastures await the sheep and the song of the silver girl resounds throughout ethereal valleys. Where is the owl that watches over the business taking place during the night? Where is the cat on the lookout after sunset? The silver girl says that they are within her and she is within them. Running along a river that leads to an unknown destination, the man encounters the goblin who hands him a peculiar letter. It is not part of the alphabet but is a dimensional construct, a sigil to open a portal, a sign that you are waited behind the gate.

Some want more, some want less.
I am providing according to your wishes.
Some are ugly, some are handsome.
Beauty and ugliness are both transient.

They would fly up to the moon
If they had the courage to do so.
But their energies are low
And the Moon is watching them.

Gods invent machines and stories.
Men build the devices and dream.
Children play with the fairy folk.
Women turn around the dolmen.

Collective thoughts are a blessing
And a curse. Collective ventures
Are often reasonable and crazy.
The silver girl remains impassive.

I have often meditated on the manifoldness of the spheres that compose the whole of Creation. I have called unknown beings and I have written about them.

I transport a relic from a life in another time and another place and another sphere. This relic guides my steps towards fulfillment of my destiny.

I do not know what will be the fate decreed for me by destiny. I can only work in becoming happier and readier.

Surely the great stars
Await the coming
Of the New Born
Age of Crystal.

The silver girl talks
Through dreams, hunches,
Books, signs, Nature, animals
And the meaningful coincidences.

I capture the moment
Where I am supposed to be.
Who knows where
I am supposed to be?

The beings unlimited by
The Third Dimension
Know where I am
Supposed to be. Trust!

He found the manuscript in a condemned house and furtively took away from the derelict building. The writing was dealing with magic. He decided to do the rituals and opened a portal in doing so. Creatures appeared in his imagination that he had to write about them in order to feel at peace. But the host now written on paper haunted the readers of the book that became a bestseller. Thus, the invasion took place on a psychological level.

The silver girl travels and reprimands
Naughty spirits that misbehave.
The silver girl flies up in the astral
Realms and goes to the mothership.

The fatherland was battling a war
Against the motherland.
The silver girl inspired the openness
Of mind in the receptive persons.

Thus, the open-minded folks
Of both countries sought to do
Things differently and they sat
At a table and the war ended.

The silver girl dislikes useless
Wars and decrees that peace
Is more conducive to the
Fulfillment of nations.

The silver girl carries on traversing unknown spaces and descends to a hill surrounded by blue water. The water is blue, a transparent blue indeed, but blue nonetheless. The regions in which this water is found can be described as belonging to another dimension or plane of reality. Yet, it is possible to enter this other world. But it is not advisable for the ones who have bad intentions to get into this other plane of reality as they would be kicked out right away. You come here because you are ready or because you want to be redeemed and see others being redeemed.

I the silver girl
Protects the place
Where I heal
The one who needs it.

I the silver girl
Transform the place
Into a garden of
Delight for you.

Come and relax
In my spot of healing.
Don't refuse the grace
Due to inner fears.

Come and be
My guest in this
Land of renewal.
I have spoken.

The treason is performed by the godless folks and the worshippers. They reduce their mind to the nuts and bolts of the human brain and don't seek to explore further the possibility of the immateriality of the mind. They assume that subtle things are imagination-based events and that it is not necessary to refer to them, except as entertainment. Those people become aggressive when presented with contrary evidence although some rectify their positions and accept the possibility of the subtle nature of reality.

Looking at the television
Creates a mesmerizing
That locks an entire nation in
The manipulation being disguised.

I am the silver girl
Who appears in your thoughts,
In your dreams and your
Daydreams to wake you up.

If you refuse to be awake,
Then the consequences will be
Hard when the portal is opened.
You may go mad.

If you accept to be awake,
Then the consequences will be
Extraordinary or baffling.
That depends on who you are.

The days increase in length and the night is shrinking. The sky is blue and there is less rain. Flowers start blossoming and the spring is nearly here. Yet, there is a surreal and unsettling quality in the air fed by media and government announcements. Is there really a 'program', an agenda of fear to contain people for the everyday reality seems to fall apart. Everything is impermanent, yet that does not make easier to live in unsettled times.

I the silver girl
Predicts that changes
Are on the way
For they always are.

But in older times,
Changes were slow
Whereas now they are
Fast and overwhelming.

I watch the pantomime
Of panic spreading
Over five continents.
Death will come anyway.

I teach you that
You will die, this is the law.
But how you will die
Depends on many things.

What is the meaning of the scaring stories running in the media? Is there a plot of people actively involved in the propagation of such stories, or is it an unconscious drive which affects people collectively? Is it willed by Nature or the Creator? Is it a test for some and the end for others? With so many questions, the man took his gun and shot himself, while the woman meditated and pondered on the meaning of impermanence.

The silver girl keeps watch
Of important events on Earth.
Yet, those occurrences do not
Matter a great deal.

For, in the great scheme
Of things it is only a fraction
Of a second that we are living.
But in that second, it's all big-like.

The silver girl sent a saucer
In the air of the United States
And a new religion is formed,
Tricksters, monsters or prophets?
The silver girl reads the newspaper
And laughs heartily
For the business of humanity
Is a trivial thing in the universe.

Can I look deep within me and realize that all thoughts are coming and going and that's it, that there is no need to grasp them, which leads to obsession and paranoia? Can the folks of this planet stop their hatred towards each other and start loving each other? I doubt it, although this doubting could be only a reflection of my own state of mind. I call upon the silver girl to give guidance and peace of mind.

The spheres are shaken
By powerful galactic winds.
The brains are affected
By mighty electric charges.

People look for answer
Or refuse to seek for them.
The silver girl looks
At the human spectacle.

She is compassionate
But wrathful when it's needed.
Her craft can reach
Somebody out of the blue.

The worn-out beliefs crumble
Or become more rigid
Because one knows instinctively
That they are fatigued.

The mirror is one thing that I consider to be intrinsically strange for the interpretations are many and the subtle suggestions present. When I look at the mirror, I can myself in different ways. However, I do not recommend to look oneself into the mirror too often for fear of ego-inflation. I am interested in the mirror as a means of communication with subtle spheres. The silver girl travels from mirror to mirror and reveals the hidden secrets of the soul to one who is ready to get the impact of such uncovering.

The weather is simply
Odd since man's interference
With the patterns in which
Cloud formations operate.

Some unknown factor
May be involved in the way
That man has chosen
To intervene in the weather.

For now, we receive
The inevitable consequences
Of our meddling with the things
Of Nature and Her processes.

The silver girl will strike
Against total disrespect
Towards Nature and
Will care for the nature-lover.

The world is the stage on which is played the drama of beings, both visible and invisible. Waves of life-forms enter and leave the stage, some honest, some dishonest, some in the gray area between truth and lies. In a world overpopulated by an excess of trivial information, truth is attacked by people who pretend to be truthful but who, nonetheless, err in doubtful ways. Partial truths are claimed to be total verities and folks fight for the supremacy of their pet partial truth. The silver girl laughs heartily.

I have seen a flower
Which rose to a height
From which you could see
The whole valley down below.

I have seen a castle reduced
To a pile of stones for the
Local lord didn't like
The notion of fortress.

I have seen trees
Growing in deserted
Cities and the grass
Spreading free of interference.

The silver girl lands
Her craft in a forsaken
Tower large enough
To accommodate her machine.

The electronics can allow one to connect with others but often the electronics maintain the illusion of separation by promoting barriers and boarders between folks. Myself, I have contradictory tendencies. On the one hand I want to open and on the other hand I want to keep some stuff private. Destiny will decide what will be the winning tendency or whether the two tendencies will co-exist until the moment of parting: death.

The silver girl guides souls
In the beyond
And some souls are afraid
While others are happy,

Myself I would rather
Be free or rebirth
In the cycle of becoming
But I don't know the outcome.

For the thing is,
Who is 'myself'?
Am talking of ego,
Soul, personality, spirit?

I would like to feel
The Oneness of all
Before passing away.
But I don't know the outcome.

Sublime frenzy coming from above brings about the birth of the movement of the ascended masters. They want to rise above the toils of earthly life and converse with the angels. They are two kinds of ascended masters: those who like Nietzsche and those who like Gandhi. Then there is the movement of those who want to live under the earth. And there are those who say that there is neither earth nor heaven. The silver girl laughs heartily.

The silver girl teaches
That to see things
As they are, one has
To be free from thoughts.

The thoughts and the moods
Filter the perception of what is
And therefore many points
Of view arise and collide.

There are many ways
To elude thoughts and
Concepts in accordance
With idiosyncrasies.

The silver girl sees
Things as they are
In her plane of existence
Which is above the human.

The waves of flowering and the intricacies of measuring abysses reveal the direction in which phantasms go after having been living entities. The truth of the matter escapes the hand of the writer and we don't know if what is written is a fantasy or a disguised description of reality. John Fuller had discovered a curious artifact and he tried to understand its origins. He vanished before finding out. Patricia Keller was a medium and the dwellers of the mind invaded her privacy so much that she became a wandering nun. Such are the facts. What is a fact?

I pray and bow down.
I utter and plead.
Am I doing the right thing?
Am I talking correctly?

I need to see the silver girl,
But do I deserve such
An opportunity? Who knows...
Where is her craft?

The silver girl is there
But hiding or perhaps
I just simply can't see her
For awareness reasons.

Indeed, it seems my awareness
Works more on the ego-level
Than the soul level. The music
Reveals the working of my soul.

Those times are frightening to live in. Of course, it is my ego reacting in this way or is it my Soul. 'My' is problematic for who does it refer to? The language is sometimes inadequate for expressing real stuff. Never mind, as long as I keep in the back of my mind the relativity of possessions. Could it be more accurate to say that the soul possesses me, 'me' being in this case the ego? I pray the Enlightened ones to grant courage and fortitude in those times of uncertainty, and I pray the Holy ones to enable me to be less and less angry.

The silver girl watches
The human affairs and
It is a mess with attacks
From the microscopic level.

I pray the holy ones
That I do not pass on
To others the germ
And if I have done so

Then it is my karma to
Have ripened on me
And I apologize
For my small vision.

The silver girl
Watches the human affairs
And it's a mess. May happiness
Embraces all sentient beings.

The weirdness of the situation is unsettling. I suppose that eventually one will get used to it. I just hope that goodness will prevail over evil. But I must also remember that the two can be found within my personality and I must beware of projections, I must keep the awareness of my contradictions and think not only of me but of them as well. Can I reach selflessness? I don't know. Can I reach enlightened self-interest? That would already be something. Those times are really challenging and I hope I will not react with fear. I hope I will be able to respond with love.

The silver girl
Is monitoring the circus
Of men and women
Confined in their homes.

What can be said?
What can be done?
The human freedom
Is a very relative thing.

I ask the silver girl
To help me bring
The better part of
Myself in this period.

I ask the silver girl
To help me recycle
The not so good
Parts of myself.

The chances of everything collapsing seem bigger than ever, yet the chances of a new religiosity seem also to be bigger than ever. At least that is what I believe I perceive. I could be wrong. The whole business could return to 'as normal' once the crisis is ended, or it could continue 'as normal' but with something changed in the collective consciousness. Sure, greed will still be there, and it's likely there will be wars. It would be nice if there were not going to be any war, but it's the Kali Yuga and anything crazy can happen.

The silver girl
Abducts me
And I am in her craft.
She mesmerizes me.

I see worlds,
Spheres, planes,
Horizons, beings,
Souls and fairies.

The fairies are the ones
I desire to connect with.
But do they want me
To link up with them?

I somehow believe
That it's a yes, but
On condition that
I become a better person.

Unreachable abysses await the ones whose purpose is generating total subversion with respect to the cosmic order, but now and then unreachable spheres of light await the ones whose purpose is generating total subversion with respect to society when the social organism is corrupt beyond repair. The battle plans are drawn between forces of light and dark. But the Ultimate is beyond the light and the dark. However it is said to choose life and goodness, and not death and evil. But the sense of these words might have changed since the time the command was delivered.

The silver girl notices
A ship sailing on the ocean.
The sailors notice the craft
And plunge into the water.

The ship is now a ghost vessel
Sailing aimlessly and becoming
The stuff of legends and myths.
The silver girl laughs heartily.

Sons of the dark ages, be
Strong when confronting
Adversity for it is multiplied
Due to the ignorance of the era.

What we take for knowledge
Is deemed educated ignorance
By those who stick only
To the essential information.

It is challenging. It is possibly overwhelming. The forces of history are hastening towards the abyss and heaven. Some will fall and some will ascend and some might stay put. The relation between the different spheres is really complicated and the interactions between the manifold planes are very intricate. The crafts appear more and more according some reports and less and less according other reports. But ones doesn't take refuge in a craft, one takes refuge in a holy being and that is how it is supposed to occur.

I ask the silver girl
To guide me towards
The essence of my being,
Linked with other essences.

The apparent individuality
Of each essence is misleading
For the essences are one
On the supreme level.

The silver girl's essence
Is from the Mother of All.
The craft of the silver girl
Is not a treacherous device.

The ways are many
And the pitfalls are
Well established.
Be mindful! Be detached!

Today I feel sad and I am not sure why. It is likely to be a combination of different things which makes me feel sad. Is this sadness tinged with fear? That's possible. The portals are open and beings flirt with us. Mainstream thinking could very well be shrinking and leaving the room for fringe thoughts, but the latter may be increasing in number. The mental landscape may become a jungle of belief systems, some crazy, some half-crazy, some not crazy. The silver girl embraces the everlasting doctrine.

The thought is just
A thought, nothing more.
But it seemingly has
The power to affect me.

Now and again,
The thoughts seem
To be out of control
And obsessions surface.

I hope that reciting
Mantras will help
Reduce the agitation
Of multiple thoughts.
The silver girl
Is not affected
By agitated thoughts.
She is supreme calm.

The weird atmosphere spreading in the minds and the planet affects the vocalization of the divine name. The interaction between people and influences is really murky in some cases and shining in other cases. There is no universal rule being accepted except the attachment to one's pet theory. The free minds are confined in their homes and the uncertainty is magnified. Atheism is a bad idea in this era for it leaves no room for progression and reaching the higher planes.

The silver girl
Abducts the man
And the craft
Flies interdimensionally.

The man is initiated
Into a series
Of pictures
That expand his mind.

The man is released
And returns to sleep.
Waking up, he wonders
About the event.

He doesn't know
But he is happy
For he had such
Marvelous dreams.

Possession can happen in ways that people do not suspect. One can be obsessed with a internet social network that it could be said the person is possessed by the said social network. His or her eyes are looking at the screen compulsively looking at the 'news' on the said social network. The person will start to think of the social network and how not to lose access to it. The thought will be going round in his or her mind until he or she does something which alleviates the obsession. Others are possessed by gambling, football, drugs, alcohol, 'bad' religion, politics, etc.

I went nearly mad
With it. I call
The thing 'it'.
Why should I name it?

I read that there are 'spirits'
Hidden behind computers,
Twice I read the information
By two different authors.

Yet, other entities advise
To refrain from the
Electronic social links
And to sleep without electricity.

We are made slave to
The machine. I must be
Aware of this tendency
If I hope to meet the silver girl.

Music can allow the creation of an oasis of freedom within the collective prison, provided the rules are not too strict. The collective prison may not look like one, but some think it's going that way with the spread of the disease and the measures to fight against it. But the quarantine is like a prison, and it is worse in some countries than in other lands. I pray that this situation is over soon, but it depends on the karma of the entire planet. Still, music allows some peace of mind to occur and that is already something.

The silver girl is astonished
By the measures human take.
We are an old race and
We act like old people.

We do things like old people
In the modern world.
We are as decadent
As the Roman Empire.

Only this time, we have
The technology to erase
Life on the planet. But
The planet is not ours.

Others own the planet
So to speak. Invisible
Influences that rule
The seasons and the cycles.

Why do I have those curious ideas which are totally irrelevant? Or perhaps they are relevant in a shadowy sense. Who knows? It looks like there could be further restrictions to freedom as folks don't respect the confinement. It's really hard to know who is right and who is wrong. I find the present culture not particularly uplifting and I am happy enough to believe in the subtle and spiritual realms, but accessing them in a society like ours can be difficult. One has to create an atmosphere and detach oneself from material concerns.

The silver girl
In her craft
Borrows the clefs
Of the Keeper.

The Keeper
Is looking for
The keys
Which are missing.

He growls
And becomes
Grouchy.
An humming...

The silver girl
Brings back
The keys
To the Keeper.

This world disease seems to contribute to the collapse of the consensus. There are the proponents of hatred and love all mixed up in their theories. Some seem to say it's an attempt to impose a world order. Some want to see their frontiers shut for good. Some want to help in any way they can. Since fake news became a constant in the collective imagination, it appears sometimes difficult to know whom to trust. On top of that, there are those who know the subtle and the spiritual and those who only know the subtle and those who deny both the subtle and the spiritual.

I ask the silver girl
To lead me away
From the hatred
For it does not help.

I ask the silver girl
To help me to
Have a more compassionate
Attitude for it helps.

I ask the silver girl
To remind me
That theories are
Impermanent.

I ask the silver girl
To remind me
That the Ground of Being
Is beyond concepts.

The battle of the spheres has commenced and people disintegrate into the maelstrom of their confused thinking. Can I say I am outside? Or am I like everyone else? We are more or less open to influences beyond physical reach. Are we going to see more subtle crafts materializing temporarily amidst the crisis that the disease has brought about, whatever its physical origin? The old structure dies and the new one starts to emerge. This new era could be well short-lived once the crisis caused by the disease is over, if it becomes over in the next five years.

I ask the silver girl
To make me
More resilient
And less obsessive.

Self-obsession
Is not convenient
At this period.
It is dangerous.

When the collective
Is affected, how
Can I continue
With my narrow vision.

Hence, I need
To enlarge my view
Every day if I can.
May the silver girl helps me .

Silver tracks of fume are making the eyes of the unknown agent glittering glamorously in the hall of phantoms, far away from the centers of advanced culture. Priests in disguise administer weird sacraments via ordinary everyday deeds. Mushrooms grow in the brain of an intergalactic spirit and the result is the birth of a new star. Descending from the elevated areas, the boss of an underground firm suffers an heart attack. He is replaced by his grand-daughter who only wanted to play with dolls and unknown beings from a different sphere.

Let your imagination
Run free but make sure
No one gets harmed.
Be compassionate.

Let your feelings
Be expressed
But make sure
They are healthy.

Let your dreams
Design the reality
Of your existence,
To the benefit of all.

The silver girl
Would direct me
Towards making
Transparent my ego.

There are those who find peace in the middle of a crisis and those who find unrest in the middle of peace. There are those who respond with love to a crisis and those who respond with fear (or with a mixture of fear and love) to a crisis. There are those who try to take advantage of the crisis and those who are totally disadvantaged by the occurrence of a crisis. There are those who pray and those who curse. There are those who try to impose their agenda and there are those who lose the plot with the unfolding of the crisis.

Silver girl
Travelling
The spheres,
Don't forsake me.

Silver girl
Knowing
The laws,
Don't forsake me.

Make me
Worthy of
You for the
Benefit of all.

Make me
Open and
Receptive.
Thank you!

It's annoying when an instinctual angry reaction escapes my vigilance. It's not fun to be ignited so easily. I wish it was the contrary and I hope to reach a peaceful state of mind for anger is bad. It shrinks me to a very narrow view of things, and thus I am likely to make mistakes due to short-sightedness of my perspective. In times like this, one needs the bigger picture which includes the smaller picture of oneself. Selfishness is enough spread as it is and I don't want my egoism to rule my show, so to speak. I want good beings to rule the show too.

The silver girl
Laughs at bankers,
Stockbrokers and
The CEOs of big firms.

Everything is
Impermanent
And the big
Corporations

Will die one day
When the surface
Of the planet
Is transformed.

Mankind has
All the tools
To operate
Such a big change.

The turmoil continues and the mental and moral effort I must bring is big. Really, it's only a normal thing to do, but insecurity and deep-rooted fears affect the working of my life. The blazing triumphs may come one day, if the parasite is stopped. But nobody seems to know when this will occur, and if it will occur. But due to my lack of information, I cannot really say anything. May the Holy Beings help me become more compassionate and less selfish. May the silver girl guides me towards serenity.

The sidereal side
Of life is the craft.
Misleading machine
Coming to you.

The craft takes
You to a sphere,
But it could be
A cunning set-up.

The craft brings
You back
And you wonder
What happened.

Are the occupants
Of the craft
Wanting to heal
Or eat our souls?

Stained glass windows separated from the temple. Teeth falling from the mouth of obnoxious animals. Lizards capturing the Military. John Lennon found frozen in the deep abyss of space. Malaria being annihilated in Madrid. Forced implants are found within the brain of mice. A surrogate mother pilots a WW2 aircraft. The trespassing of the main US bank has been accomplished. Monks pray for peace in the world and weapons manufacturers pay for more conflicts to occur. The human saga becomes extremely weird.

For once, escape
Is possible
Through
The deranged words.

The silver girl
Lets loose
A whole array
Of surreal events.

I play cards
With someone
Coming directly
From Orion's Belt.

The stars implode
And the dream
Continues regardless.
She smiles.

You look at the sky and fancy a trip away from the misery that is found on Earth. You look at the sea and weep because of the pollution. You look at a forest and lament the destruction of trees. You look at a map and moan about the lack of peace among humans. You look at a police station and cries because of crime and repression. You look at the news and switch off because of the bad news. We are in the end of the Kali Yuga according to Alain Danielou and Rene Guenon. Don't worry, our humanity won't win. Humans will have to accept the Age of Aquarius for they won't have the choice and their number is likely to be hugely reduced.

The silver girl
Knows about
Cycles and
Respects them.

The silver girl
Knows about
Suffering and
Is compassionate.

The silver girl
Knows about
Abuses and
Can be Wrathful.

The silver girl
Knows about
Spiritual aspirations
And helps the quester.

It's hard when one is asked for help and one doesn't know if it is a scam or genuine. One feels torn between wanting to help and mistrust. If the case was genuine, then the karma will ripen and I will have to assume it. But if it was a fake, then hopefully no bad karma will attain them as I stopped the conversation. But I kind of feel hypocritical considering the engagements I am supposed to have taken. I pray the Holy Beings to help those people if they are genuinely trapped in dire poverty.

The silver girl
Might tell me
Who is in need
And who is not.

The silver girl
Might tease me
In order to assess
My faculties.

The Silver girl
Might take me
In a dream
To see folks.

The silver girl
Might frown
At me if I misjudged
The situation.

Butterflies fly in the mental space of an astronaut lost in the clusters of stars far away from the regions of significance and he doesn't see the way out of this zone. Bees collect honey in the catacombs of an ancient cities devoured by the weed and the rats. A financial market has turned into a recreational initiative for perplexed bankers who find entertainment disconcerting. John has obtained his new car and broke the old wall with it. I dream and you ponder the meanings that can be found in the reveries of unemployed people.

I assuage my
Hunger by
Detonating
A fake bomb.

It is not
A priority
To exclude
The nations.

It is a priority
To keep the holy
Away from
Mass consciousness.

But nothing
Stops the holy
And the secular
Will fade away.

Intermittent confinement. A collective karma for the whole humanity of planet Earth. The implications are enormous both economically and psychologically. What will come out of this very uncertain situation? Will both the best and the worst of mankind come out, with the usual gray area in between in which I might find myself in? One has to trust in Destiny, Karma, God/Goddess or whatever name you want to put on the Source of all. I hope the silver girl will guide me towards bettering myself to the benefit of all sentient beings if that is my karma.

The silver girl
Reads a newspaper
And a butterfly
Dives into her cup.

The silver girl
Watches a film
And a bee dives
In her glass.

The silver girl
Play cards
And a fly
Disintegrates.

The silver girl
Pilots her craft
And a ladybird
Becomes her pet.

Can you see the delights accumulated in the memory banks of older beings who did not have to focus intensely and insanelly on the mundane and the transient? Can you see the toil afflicting many beings on a planet located in a solar system in some galaxy? Can you see the crafts in the sky mocking the toiling beings? Can you see in yourself your connection or your disconnection with realms that are subtle? Can you see you place in the greater scheme of things? Can you see yourself in the reality around you>

The silver girl
Speaks to a
Fairy and departs
To some place.

The fairy picks up
A thing from
The ground
And plays with it.

The thing from
The ground is unknown
And does not
Reveal its identity.

The identity
Is a funny concept
Which is both
Freedom and a jail.

The implications are big. Societies could collapse with lack of employment. Shortages of stuff could happen, unless a cure against the disease is found soon. But for now, I have to live knowing this possibility. I have to trust in my destiny, wherever it takes me. I also have to think not just in terms of 'myself', but in terms of others too. Those times are scary, and it's just the start of it. May the silver girl guides me towards universal compassion. May the silver girl takes me away from narrow-minded selfishness.

The towers
Fall and the
Noise is
Really amazing.

The cities
Are dirty
And the birds
Are not there.

The silence
Is unsettling
And the folks
Stay at thome.

The silver girl
Contemplates
This collective
Karma made real.

.
Gratitude may be a way out of fear. Constant reminding of the disease does not help one be trusting, at least people who are like me. The fear needs to be abolished, except perhaps the one that has to do with rebirth in lower realms and even in higher realms, for both are within the wheel of becoming, ever changing. My ego needs to surrender to become transparent. My soul needs to surrender to become free. There is no shelter worthy of the name in the wheel of becoming but one can appreciate its beauty as long as attachment is not produced.

The silver girl
Takes the one
Who are to be freed
To the Sphere.

The silver girl
Teaches the ones
Who need the lesson
And they are happy.

The silver girl
In her craft
Saves a person
From the entities.

The entities
Preach but
They are lying.
Truth is beyond words.

My attachment to material things is big, or at least it seems so, for I was obsessed about a certain payment and started imagining all sorts of 'possible' scenarios. But I am supposed to let go of things. It does now and again happen, but it is like a being gradually disinterested by something that used to captivate the mind. This attachment and the mind routine could lead me to rebirth within the wheel of becoming, something I do not want. But what is this 'I'? The ego or the soul? Who knows, but someone who sees more things might know the answer.

The silver girl
Is surprised
By human
Attachment.

The silver girl
Wouldn't like
To give up
Her freedom.

The silver girl
Feels pity
For those
Poor Humans.

And now and then
She can be wrathful
For humans
Can do silly things.

People with fake names want to be my 'friend'. I have also created a fake persona for some silly reason, but I don't use that fake persona to telephone people in the middle of the night, only to share information now and again. Did I act rightly by refusing to take this person's call or did I show lack of compassion? The fact is, I did not take the call and that seems to be what was meant to happen, as it did occurred. But hiding behind a clumsily elaborated aristocratic name and with no information about the said person, why would I take the call?

The silver girl
Can assess
Whether or not
What I did was right.

There are
Many tendencies
Within me.
Contradictions even!

One part is curious
To know what
The person had to say.
The other part is not.

If it was unrighteous,
I will have to accept
Any karma related
To it, and that's it!

While the disease kills people, a powerful institution within a powerful nation has officially released documents showing unknown aerial phenomena. Coincidence or synchronicity? Who knows? Are we going to see an increase of UFOs in the skies or a decrease of them? The times we are living in are terribly uncertain and the consequence of the disease could be a more cashless society, transactions being done via electronic exchange, thus augmenting the vaporous aspect of matter at the end of the Kali-Yuga.

The silver girl
Drinks a glass
Of water
And breathes.

She contemplates
The evolution
Of a society
That looks doomed.

Yet, some will
Understand
And others
Will misunderstand.

It's a weird world.
It's an odd period.
It's uncanny,
But is it unprecedented?

What is happening in the background? What is happening above ground? What is happening underground? What is the color of the sphere that you wish to reach? Is it peopled? What are its folks? Many questions pass through the minds of a certain category of people and they wonder and ask questions. Some entities answer them while others just tell either nonsense or lies. The breaches seem to be greater nowadays and the flux of dualistic energy is flowing through them.

The silver girl
Returns to
The Sphere
Of the One.

This One
Is whispering
Star secrets
To her ears.

This One
Is Blessing
Her and
Her silver craft.

The silver girl
Leaves
The Sphere
Of the One.

What's going on with me. My insecurities become sometimes seemingly out of control. My mind panics on some very trivial issues and that's not right. I need to become gradually more detached from self-concern and more interested in the welfare of others. Unfortunately, the 'selfish' needs of humans kill now and again other beings like flies and mice. What a dilemma. On the one hand, you cannot let yourself be invaded by a horde of mice and, on the other hand, mice should not be destroyed on account of creating inconvenience for the humans.

Silver girl,
Please guide me
Towards
Compassion.

Silver girl,
Please guide me
Towards
Self-respect.

Silver girl,
Please guide me
Towards
Patience.

Silver girl,
Please guide me
Towards
The welfare of all.

It is calmer today. I read again last night that computers contain entities which can influence the computer-using person, and that more virtual reality will be a step forwards towards the dissolution of our civilization. This could explain a few things about my own behavior in relation to those machines. I don't want to end up dying with computer issues in my mind. I need to die serenely, peacefully, but I don't know what my karma has in store for me. I need to die renouncing everything about me.

The silver girl
Guides the soul
In the transition
To another state.

The silver girl
Does not guide
The soul to be
Self-concerned.

The Silver girl
Leads the soul
In accordance
With its karma.

The silver girl
Does not make
Promises and does
Not make threats.

Things seem to settle but what can I really say when I don't know what is going on outside of my little world. Plans are elaborated and the future draws these projects to itself. Recollections are revisited and a sigh of nostalgia may seize a person or a group of people. While others think there is a huge opportunity, others reckon that the freedoms are being threatened and they are distressed as a result. Others escape or investigate into other dimensions to find answers or simply comfort. The one giving the comfort may have second thoughts and ulterior motives.

The silver girl
Sings words
Of freedom
And of truth.

The silver girl
Sings words
Of love and
Of comfort.

The silver girl
Sings words
Of warning
And of care.

The silver girl
Sings words
Of dreams and
Of other spheres.

I am a mortal who seems to struggle with what has to be done. Yet, if my reality is illusory, then I am a dream of the Creator like everything else. The idea would be to let oneself be directed by the deity that one worships. The thing which makes things difficult for me are insecurity, attachment, impatience. Am I forceful sometimes? I need to respect others' limits and mines too. I need to recognize when a deed is appropriate and when it is not. With the moral relativism going on today and the drive to make everyone disconnected, it can be a hard task.

The silver girl
Loves the
Manifoldness
Of creation.

The silver girl
Loves the
Patience in
One who is calm.

The silver girl
Loves the
Objectivity
Of detachment.

The silver girl
Loves the
Serenity
Of peaceful minds.

I want to relax and let the thoughts dissolve. But the thoughts are persistent in making consciousness restless. The thoughts come and go, like flying saucers. The thoughts inhabit the mind and are afraid of the mind's silent space. The silver girl teaches the art of meditation and mediation. Can I follow them and become a better person? That is to say, less self-obsessed, more open to others and calmer? The future will answer that question, unless I am meant to die right now, which would leave me quite unprepared for it.

The cows of the
Outer ring
Advance
Military-like.

The snows
Of the mountains
Become ice
When it's hot.

Paradoxes
And contradictions
Frighten the
Rational mind.

The silver girl
Laughs
Heartily
And flies away.

The monster shows its head. The trick is to realize that it is not more real than oneself. Having said that, when it comes to conventional or relative reality, the monster appears real and the fears that it provokes seem also equally solid. The trick is to remember that everything in the world of becoming, or manifestation, is impermanent. Then the monster dissolves and a peaceful light replaces the 'thing'. May all beings be relieved from monsters and may they access the state of Supreme Realization.

The silver girl
Erases the
Nightmare
Now dissolved.

The silver girl
Replaces the
Bad dream
With wonderland.

The silver girl
Takes a couple
Of human
Into her craft.

She shows
Them marvels
And they wake up
Happy in their beds.

I realized these obsessions obey the same pattern when I was younger. The monkey mind is not a cause of happiness but a cause of suffering. Disorderly thoughts come and go, and sometimes a thought will 'seize' an object, so to speak, and try to compel me to think only of this object or whatever it is that has been seized by the thought. When I think of Buddhardarma masters, letting the thought arise and go without being perturbed by it, I realize I am far from that state. May the Holy Beings help me come closer to the peaceful mind for the sake of all sentient beings.

The silver girl
Is not upset
By thoughts
And obsessions.

But thoughts
Are upset
By the mind
Of the silver girl.
The thoughts
Panic and
Attempt to
Rebel against her.

But the silver girl
Is not affected
And the thoughts
Finally dissolve.

Nothing exists independently of anything else. Yet my reaction to things is an individualistic one. I am therefore animated by the illusion that I really exist on my own, whereas the truth of the matter is that I exist because the universe is here to keep me alive, talking just from a materialist point of view (the atoms composing my body come from the universe), and it's the same thing when it comes to the soul and the spirit. Both exist because there is the Principle animating both.

The silver girl,
My sister.
The Silver girl,
My friend.

The silver girl,
My teacher.
The Silver girl,
My aspiration.

Freedom
And serenity
Are states
I hope to reach.

Whether
I will reach
Them is
A different story.

My beloved had hugged me with lots of love and grief. And when I think of the way I have her for granted, and maybe I still take her for granted. It goes according to the moods among others. The thing is, self-obsession doesn't help whatsoever. How long have I got to live? I wish I could feel more gratitude for my circumstances, for they are others who are alone, destitute, etc. Especially in the crisis that we are living worldwide, I ought to feel gratitude when there is a roof above my head, I can communicate with my friends and family and, more importantly, there is my beloved in my life.

The silver girl,
Battling
Against
Selfishness.

The silver girl,
Don't expect
To be noticed
If you're selfish.

The silver girl,
Her love for you
May manifest
In wrathful forms.

The silver girl,
At the end of the day,
I don't know and
I must be more open.

The crisis continues and unsettles me a lot. On top of that, it seems that I have less and less control over my life, if one believes that one has control over one's life. Events happen, many of them are mental. Obsessions about communication devices and cutting of the electronic connection with others are haunting me. As I seem to have less control over my life, or as I seem to realize the lack of control over my life, 'my' selfishness does not stop, even though I am aware of it. I am not too pleased with 'myself'. When will I reach contentment and detachment and renunciation?

The silver girl
Investigates
A curious
Incident.

Spheres
And Planes
Of reality
Collapse.

Spheres
And planes
Of reality
Rise up.

The silver girl
Smiles and
Descends
To witness it.

The sense of oppressiveness is felt as overwhelming or am I exaggerating? The oppressiveness is my mental condition and perhaps my feeling the Spirit of the Age which isn't great. Fears about anything continue to come and go. Self-cherishing! There must be a way or some ways in which I can lessen self-cherishing as it really does not make me happy. But of course, I bet I will protest when those ways come into my life, if they do. But on the other hand, those ways could be felt to be beneficial.

The silver girl
Closes a chapter
And opens
A new one.

The silver girl
Descends
From heavens
To land on the earth.

The silver girl
Takes a pet
And teaches it
Some wisdom.

The silver girl
Flies off again
On the road
To some event.

Things have been going smoothly today. But the fear still lingers in the background. I must not be overwhelmed by it.

The silver craft
Flies and returns
To its point of
Departure.

The silver craft
Traverses
Spheres and
Planes of reality.

The silver craft
Is not to be
Confused
With other crafts.
Piloted by
The silver girl,
It is not stained
By the lower subtil.

Am I going towards psychological disintegration? Then, I must remember all the synchronicities in my life, some of them at least, that have convinced me that there is destiny for me and I am going towards it. Somehow, I am part of the divine plan and of the process which is samsara. My attachment to certain devices is not made easier with the closure of some shops. But being overanxious about it will not make things better, especially when they are those who struggle really

badly.

The silver girl
Starts the painting.
Stars and planets,
Lions and foxes.

Grass and sand,
Hills and plains,
Seas and shores,
Bees and honey.

The silver girl
Finishes the
Painting and
It is beautiful.

The silver girl
Gives the picture
To the fairies
Delighting life.

My obsessive ways are not good. They create a state of near-permanent anxiety in me. I seem to take liberties with my partner which I would not like if it was happening to me. I have to trust and accept reality as it is without fear and/or anger. Unfortunately, the self-grasping tendency in me is or seems really strong. I need to become selfless or to at least take many steps in that direction.

Silver girl,
Silver star,
Silver craft,
Silver moon.

Fabrications,
Truth, Lies,
Genuiness,
Fake and beyond.

The maps show
Unknown lands.
The maps show
Hidden secrets.

To be selfless
Is to open oneself
To the compassion
Of the Holy Beings.

Today I was proven wrong and I was grateful to have been proven wrong. Unfortunately, the underlying fear in me or anxiety seems to cut me off what is and what exists. So, instead of fully be in the now, the thoughts arising in 'my' mind continually think of the future or of the past. They speculate what could happen in the future. Such speculation is only useful if it makes me a better person (more patient, less prone to anger and obsession, more considerate, more compassionate, less self-defeating, etc.) otherwise they are useless, as far as I believe I can see.

The silver girl,
Contrasts
Between Her
And the entities.

The silver girl,
Contrasts
Between Her
And obsessions.

The silver girl,
Contrasts
Between Her
And man's agitation.

The silver girl,
Contrasts
Between her
And mind meanders.

The obsession continues and it is not good. May the holy beings help me to become less attached to 'me' and 'my' objects!

The splendor
And the tragedy
Of Becoming
Are within us.

We can be
The worst
Or the best
Or in between.

I have a karma
Of obsessive
Thoughts
And I must heal.

The silver girl
May or may
Not provide
The needed healing.

The fears within me are too great, or so it seems to me. Winds of panic agitate my mind. I need to ask for protection, but do I deserve that protection when I buy anti-mice poison? I regret the death of the mice and wish its mind to be reborn in a higher condition in which conditions for obtaining enlightenment will be present.

Silver girl,
You see things
And you know the
State of 'my' soul.

Silver girl,
I regret all
Actions
That led to killing.

Silver girl,
I don't know
If the Holy Beings
Will accept me.

Silver girl,
I need more good
Than bad, obviously,
But can I reach it?

A new chapter in the book of the life of the silver girl.

The silver girl looks ahead
And finds three companions.
They are transparent
And are unknown.

The silver girl sings
A song that enchants
The three companions
Who are transparent.

The three companions
Who are transparent
Applaud the song
Of the silver girl.

The silver girl disappears
And the three companions
Who are transparent
Continue their meditation.

The silver girl tells me: Worship the Lady. Do not be afraid. Changes are unavoidable.

The silver girl
Laughs at the fear
That grip humans
As they fear change.

The silver girl
Feels pity
For those humans
Who fear change.

Having said that,
She knows that
Some changes
Are better than others.

It depends on
The cause and effect
That determine
The changes taking place,

A NEW SONG OF THE SILVER GIRL

Jean-Marie Avrils

Unknown spheres detect
The presence of an intruder
In the lower regions
Where shadows reign.
The predominant factor
In all of this is the way
In which the shadows
Flee the presence of the intruder.

With nowhere to go,
They call upon
Help from above
And comes the silver girl.

The silver girl
Laughs and the intruder
Bows before her
And goes away.

What a coward I feel sometimes...

The silver girl
Wants courageous
Folks and not
Cowards.

If one acknowledges
That one is afraid,
Is there a possibility
Of bettering oneself?

I do know it is
Possible to
Better oneself,
But it seems hard.

Faith is what
I need. But
Faith is not
A commodity.

Faith requires
No explanation
For Faith is
A whole.

Another song of the silver girl:

Rest and contemplate,
Things come and go.

Your self will
Either goes up or down.

Bring the magic
In and out of you.
Bring the magic
To benefit others.

Rely on the Mother
For your wholeness.
Rely on the mother
For your health.

I travel but not you,
Be light and you
Will travel too.
The silver girl has spoken.