

The Family of Unsharpened Pencils

by Carl Santoro

the dream:

I was rapping with
Maharaji-
he leaned across
and using the eraser end of an unsharpened pencil,
he pressed gently an area
on my forehead
between my eyes.
He then came racing
through the woods on horseback,
and I held out my
right arm
and he swooped me up
and we rode
deep into....
....consciousness...
as I
woke up.

I remember, his horse said to me
"God is a wavelength.
It is just a matter of
tuning in."

Committed to memory by Sally, member four of
The Family of Unsharpened Pencils 11.17.75
and as told to her brother Adam for inclusion in the family's
upcoming
audiobook - "Following Ripples Around the Lake"

