

Waking Up The Possible

This is Lincoln Stoller of Mind Strength Balance speaking a piece called *Waking Up The Possible*. This is a hypnotic induction that requires your full attention. Do not listen to this piece if you are driving a car, operating machinery, or doing anything that requires your attention.

Find a relaxed position and let me describe the purpose of this work. *Waking Up The Possible* offers a simple template you can take to heart. It shows you three steps to finding a new understanding, a new reality.

First, draw a line between yourself and what you're invested in. Then, create a view of what you'd like to have happen and who you are in that. Last, move into the unknown where little exists and anything is possible. Three simple steps that you can take to almost anything. Three simple steps, so easy that you will do them in your sleep.

Take a breath and release the major stresses in your body. Breath into the muscles of your neck and as you exhale release the tension in your neck, your jaw, and your shoulders.

With the next breath focus on your face, your forehead, and around your head... breathing in and gathering these all together. As you exhale take the tension off the skin, lowering your eyes, relaxing your cheeks, and releasing your scalp.

With a third breath, gather all the strings and strains that spread out across your back like cut grass, and with your exhale dissolve them into water, bury them into soil, or burn them into air so that you are relaxed, limp and comfortable in your head, face, neck, shoulders, and back.

For every issue, for every state of affairs, for every transformation there are three realms or points of view, and we exist in all of them simultaneously, to some degree. They are the realm of what is, the realm of what you'd like there to be, and the realm of the unknown. All three realms must be there and pregnant with potential if you are going to make any progress with any issue with self-control, ever.

We usually don't have these three stages ready, and that's why we usually don't make as much progress as we could. We don't clearly see our situation. We don't clearly understand our goals. And we don't deeply appreciate or embrace how little we understand of our potential.

Take a breath and focus on the space inside your chest, the space of your lungs and heart, and as you exhale imagine there to be greater space for movement and circulation. With the next breath, breathe into your gut below your lungs and as you exhale let those muscles relax so that you feel yourself opening up, releasing, and comfortable.

The first step is insight: seeing the truth of how things are. The second step is vision, feeling the pull toward the balance of how things should be. The third step is openness, detachment, and being ignorant; making space in your being to become something that doesn't exist now and never has before.

Take a breath and imagine yourself looking down or stepping down into a stadium, a theater, or coliseum. First you bring it to your mind in order to enter it, then you imagine yourself moving down within it, and finally you settle down to imagine it's happening to you, and you're involved in it.

In front of you is a three-ring circus, three rings next to each other, each with a different point of view, all happening next to each other. Imagine the space and the lighting is funny, and you can't judge distance, and you can't tell if these three rings are next to each other, in front of one another, or drawn on top of each other. You can tell there are three stages but it isn't clear whether they're really separate or just drawn in different colors.

Take another breath and count down from three, the three steps down, three stages, three levels of attention that start at the top with three, and then spread out in the middle at two, and then settle down to feeling comfortable waiting just as you are, one.

This visualization will bring you each of these rings, into greater clarity. And you'll see, feel, or experience them in front of you. You'll feel them without feeling captured in any of them. Each is separate, each is different, and you can move between them. For now, we'll just call them rings, and you can see them as circus rings, locations on a stage, or three rings of anything that we will fill in.

This visualization uses a mechanic, an element of movement in addition to my voice and your imagination. It uses your fingertips tapping on your sternum, the thin, boney valley running from your collarbone down the center of your chest, to the edge of your rib cage. Place the heel of one hand on your breast, the tips of your fingers laying along this valley. With the least effort and slight motion of raising and lowering your hand you can tap all four fingers on your sternum, feeling a resonant drumming in your body.

Rest a hand there, fingers on your sternum, and as we shift from one point of view to another I'll ask you to tap your fingers softly, as this will help you disconnect your attention from one thought-frame helping you to drift into the next.

And you can tap on your sternum now, just lightly tapping: tap, tap, tap, tap... feeling separated from your thoughts. The tapping reminds your body of its own consciousness, reminding your brain that your body is there, and that your body has memories. Your brain imagines and elaborates, and your body participates and responds... tap, tap, tap, tap... and you are both mind and body, and not just one or the other.

Let your tapping slow and stop, as you bring each ring into focus, but keep your hand resting on your breast as we'll start tapping again later.

Imagine that in one of these rings before you, in one aspect of your attention, is the major issue of your concern, an issue in which there is a kind of solar system with things in orbit, and you are one of those things, and the sun of this system is the major issue of concern which is more of a feeling, an energy, or a dynamic than a physical thing. But you can imagine it like a sun, or a source, radiating this issue out, holding all your planets to it and immersing them in a kind of necessity.

Take a breath and unfold yourself into this issue. This issue is pervasive, like the light of a star, it irradiates everything, it's central, it's definitive, it's demanding, it's necessary. Make this issue grow larger, hotter, more demanding, more essential, definitive, and unyielding. It becomes heavy, hot, and tight. It holds everything together. It defines everything.

Take a breath and feel yourself in this orbit, fixated on the center, oblivious to what's outside, and then exhale. And when you exhale let the image, tableau, scene and sensation, the feeling you have created begin to soften and then slip off you as if you were taking off a costume.

Become aware of what's around you, and the sense of space behind you. You are not enclosed or encased because there is space, and in that space there is other light, other stars, or sounds, or sensations. Take a breath and let yourself become bigger, less centered, less attached. The planets and the orbits and the sun and the light are just a picture, a scene in that first ring. The story that's told, hypnotizing you like a fable, a drama, like a novel written by someone else where you've been written in.

If your hand is on your breast, then tap an even beat on your sternum. And if your hand isn't there, then move it there and begin to tap. Let the taps remind you that you're watching, creating, involving yourself in the issue of your main concern, and it is a thing, and it is a construction of your mind, built from memories and understanding, some of which are yours but many that have been brought in through the needs and personalities of others.

And as you tap let your attention slip off the stage, out of the spotlight, back to being a watcher, back to being separate. Tap... tap... tap... tap. Let this main scene fade as if you were turning down the contrast, stepping back, taking a wider focus.

Watching, resting, separate, a confluence of circumstances, a weaver of ideas. And let the tapping slowly stop as you coast into separateness, non-attachment, relaxed and disconnected. Watching.

Imagine what it looks like ahead and outside, beyond the present and the practical, into the potential of what could be. How are things like in the realm of what you long to manifest, and what is it in all its goodness and love and possibility.

Maybe it seems unreachable or outlandish, and maybe you've tried everything or given everything a chance, but pay that no attention and enter into the realm of what you know could be, in your heart, in your soul, of what should be, is or was denied, and settles in health and fearless confidence.

Focus on the feeling of what you would like to bring into existence. Just the feeling, none of the characters, none of the reasons, opportunities or obstacles. Just the feeling of settling into a different future, and make that feeling grow larger, as if it was the present in some other story, or maybe some other person's story. The good life, the good story, the good outcome, the balanced and vibrant nature, like a bustling forest, a booming ocean, a balanced family or community.

Take a breath and let this future vision run into the present, enveloping you in a reality that washes you like a sponge, filling you with an atmosphere that inflates inside your skin. This is a reality you cannot grasp but it still takes up space. You cannot be it, but it fits you well. It is worth being, having,

and living and it has a vibrance of its own. It has a life force and it's positive, and it grows like a vine, like ivy, like the blooms on a bush until it's covered with blooms and the scent of honeysuckle.

This dream has a root and, while you may not know it, it builds its ecosystem attracting life that conditions the soil to balance, fertilize, and protect it. The more chance you give it, the more it pervades your system to grow you into a container for it. Yet it remains a separate vision, a scene you'd like to have, become, and be. And what should you do to make it happen, to grow in, around, over, and through you?

Hold this image, feeling, scent, and sensation. Let it turn into flowers in your wishing mind. Imagine this fulfilling future as covered with fruits from its blooms, strange twisted pods that shake like rattles. You can pick them, and they have a hard and solid feel. They fit in your hand, wrapping around your hand, as if made for you to hold them.

Step back to see this as another ring of the circus you are witnessing, a balancing act, a garden of exceptional promise. Step back from the garden of promises, taking its dark seed pods with you.

Take a breath and let it settle as an idea, and as you do begin to tap again on your sternum, like reality knocking on the door, to remind you that you do have presence and you are the firmament and your body does know things and you should ask. Tapping back to the space above your history and your future. Tapping on solid ground, on the real matter of memory and form, tap... tap... tap... and tap.

The good story takes its place in the ring beside, around, within, or on top of your first issue, like one transparency on top the other, looking through both, projecting a picture colored by both. Now back in the shadows of the audience, the witness-stand, the ground of contemplation. Just watching, and seeing in a distance, these two alternatives: the one that defines your struggle, and the one that defines your success. And around, beside, atop, or within both of these there is another dimension, another ring or stage, and it's empty, and you start to bring it into form.

Take a breath and go deeper... three, two, one. See the trajectory that leads from struggles in the present, toward harmony and balance that you are building, toward something larger, formless, and absent. A space of things that can become but are not yet visible, a space of dust, a sea of currents, a sense of history lost and future beyond seeing. Sink into a thoughtless self, a patient and waiting being as you would be waiting in the womb of change.

Settle down deeper, dropping out of thought and mind... Down to a sense of floating. With no sense of balance, and no sense of movement. With no sense of stability, and no sense of form. Nothing to hold on to, and nothing to let go of. Going deeper...

Take a breath and as you exhale imagine yourself dissolving, dissolving into a quiet mind, maybe there is the sound of voices, like murmuring of a mumbling mind, old conversations repeating old stories to old listeners. And you far away from that with unborn ears, ready to listen to the forming of new sounds, to learn new languages, having forgotten everything.

And with your hand now still on your breast, begin to tap. Tapping like an echo of solidity to a formless mind. Reminder of a solid body holding no mind, just presence, no vision with nothing to see. No judgement, no colored emotion, just the rhythms of the body in its presence, the breath, the pulse, the flow of energy through the nerves, the rhythms in the brain. Aware of focus but nothing in focus. Aware of width and depth but nothing to assign to it.

Now remember the seed pods you picked, the dark and curling pods that fit in your hand. Imagine as you squeeze these pods they split and their rattling seeds spill in and out of the palm of your hand. Closing your hands around these seeds, cast them into the formlessness. Like beans into a dark night or pebbles into a well, they disappear, swallowed up, gone from sight, into the space of your potential.

They will find ground in this far dimension. They will sprout, watered by the potential of things that can happen before you know how to make them happen. Look for them in the future, in the dark you move through without yet having your eyes open. Into the future of what you can be but don't yet know how to become.

Use your nose, your oldest sense, the sense that goes right into your brain. Follow the scent of growing things, of the flowering of things that are the best of things, things that naturally grow better and stronger when you keep them in your heart, from good intentions and self-love.

Don't chase after what you wish you had in bad situations, but what fertilizes good ones. You don't need to grow in the old circumstance, birth yourself in the new, create the new, from the seeds of promise and pure intent.

Three rings, three stages, three possibilities. The way things were, the way things can be, and the formless realm of what you can't yet imagine. Which is the most attractive? Which has the most potential? Which future holds the greatest meaning?

Take these questions deeper. Count these three questions down, taking in each question with a breath and sending them off with a wind. Inhale and ask what future is your most attractive, and exhale the question into the space of thoughts... Inhale and ask which future has the most potential, and exhale into the feelings of your body... Inhale and ask what future will take you into your greatest sense of meaning and purpose, and exhale into the unknowing of your future evolution. Inhale... exhale...

Three rings, three forms, three futures, three senses of self, action, meaning, and purpose.

Coming back to the present, bringing them all along with you, like balancing the bass, mid-range, and treble in their right proportions. Yet attached to the past, guided toward the future, ready for what can't yet be seen.

Coming up like bubbles through the water, ten, nine, eight, shimmering in the dim light of possibilities. Seven, six, five, scattering light and thoughts like shards of rainbows. Four, three, two, beneath the surface an undulating mirror of everything below it.

And one, and you're back, breaking through the surface into a world of air and sky, wrapped in an atmosphere tapering into space big enough to hold anything you can make yourself into.

