

When I Think

When I think I create
What I create is not always what I want
For I create too many thoughts
Which tend to confuse me.
But I can't stop thinking
My mind is a generator
That continues to pump
Volumes of messages into my head.
Sometimes they can
Make me happy
Bring about brightness to my day
And tranquility prevails.
But there are times
They flood my head
With distraction, discomfort
And discontent.
When I try to take control
A conflict starts,
The mind speeds up
As the heart interrupts.
The heart is peaceful
And subtle,
The mind a processor
From how it was conditioned.
When the two work together
And a synergy established
The head is filled by value
And not distraction.
Learning the key
To making them friends
Is the doorway
To a better me.