

# Hidden Thoughts

## Part 1

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# Introduction

Greetings! Welcome to the Book of Hidden Thoughts.

This is not, in the common sense of the word, a story; but rather a collection or compilation of thoughts and ideas over time. There is no plot line, nor named characters, nor locations. Instead, there are emotions, moods, and atmospheres. The material is not organized in a recognizable pattern; it appears, at first glance, haphazard and chaotic.

There are poems, motivational quotes, and bits of music I draw inspiration from, thoughts on life, incomplete poems, goals, dreams, interesting ideas, and more. Everything presented is of my creation, unless otherwise noted. Sometimes, I write poetry to the melody of an existing song, and I denote whichever song that is.

As a side note: The magic routines I create are frequently inspired by music, paintings, poems, and nature. The process of conceiving a routine goes something like this, as an example:

- Take the last couple minutes (27:40 – 30:11) of this song: Moonsorrow Jäästä Syntynyt / Varjojen Virta
- Found here: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3isGs5se-Z8>
- Regardless of how you feel about that style, that feeling of triumph, the sheer *power* of the finale, is incredible.
- How can I model that feeling with magic? How can I structure a routine that puts the audience in a mental and emotional state that is equal or similar to the feeling I get when listening to that music?
- And so it goes.

So, I hope that somewhere in this collection of notes, there is at least one line that unlocks a door for other magicians and gives them ideas to create *great* magic.

Each night, before I go to sleep, I write at least one thing I thought of during the day. It used to be that I would write these thoughts on random pieces of paper – envelopes, sticky notes, playing cards, whatever was handy. Eventually, I realized that in order to prevent myself from becoming too disorganized, I should probably start putting these writings into a spiral or journal. This work is the typed version of that journal, and each night the journal gets a little longer, so when you read the cover page “Hidden Thoughts – Part 1”, it is very safe to assume that a “Part 2” is on the way.

But for now, enjoy the read.

We Yearn for the mountains  
Our hearts set with the sun  
Though in all its blazing might, the fire will fall,  
as it bows to the reign of night.

Behold this grandest majesty,  
as the light fades from the sky  
when the wood is pitched to darkness  
and all beings begin to die.

This woodland of an age forgotten  
where the trees sing their sad song  
sorrows stream across the limbs  
to invade the place where joys belong.

Yet each oak will keep a secret  
each root runs long and deep  
a persistence to continue growing  
the light within the wood shall sleep.

As clouds now cover the earth  
heaven's gates unleash the rain  
even in night the trees still sing  
and the sky's own tears wash away the pain.

The song has turned now to joy  
and darkness has been shaken free  
tears still flowing to the ground  
carrying sorrow from the leaves.

A light has emerged from beneath the bark,  
Shadows are shed as trees stand tall  
the song resonates throughout the earth  
and the forest now rises, singing to us all.

We yearn for the age forgotten  
We yearn for the rain on our skin  
We yearn to become like the woodland  
To spark an awakening from within.

- April 2015, inspired by that truly wonderful person.

To the melody of “Vanir: Sons of the North”:

Our spirits awake to the whispering wind,  
Calling and yearning for us to ascend.  
Our heart ever wishes to break free,  
Yet bound to the earth we remain.

- Should tell that Nature will set us free
- Should end each stanza with one of these:
  - “the heart of the forest is burning”
  - “the heart of the forest is healing”
  - “the heart of the forest is singing”
- Stanzas should incorporate these lines
  - “Now those days are lost to us all”
  - “The songs of our gods are silent”
    - (songs of our gods = songs of the forest)
  - “Those memories rest deep in our hearts”

When life gives you lemons, make grape juice..... and let them wonder how you did it.

Through darkened woods I wander  
The wind whispers a gentle song  
Above the leaves a storm of starfire  
Within the night my soul belongs.

- In forest of despair

This beauty in time is frozen  
Veins of wood run deep  
From days now long forgotten,  
Secrets within the roots will sleep.

To the melody of “Caladan Brood: Echoes of Battle” at the 6:44 mark:

Through leagues of blackened wood and dying earth  
Rays of light breach the trees and shines on bloodied ground.

My breath becomes the winter frost  
My heart becomes the frozen ground.

Magic is a world beyond this one. Magicians can pull aside the curtain,  
and show glimpses into that world of wonder.

What if we could take a square of paper, have it hover in the air, and  
then it folds itself into an origami crane? How beautiful would that be?

Learned a couple interesting words today:  
Empyrean = sky, and Azure = blue

“Depression” does not always mean “depressed” or “sad”. To be in the  
deepest, darkest depression is that point where you become an empty  
void. The loneliness, the emptiness, the nothingness. A hollow shell, a  
husk of humanity. It is not something I would wish on anyone. But  
eventually, the awakening – the ray of light breaching the leaves. It  
illuminates *every* aspect of life. Sometimes this awakening just happens,  
sometimes it is a sound, a sight, a smile on someone’s face, or the words  
they speak. For anyone reading this who is feeling down, you **WILL**  
find that ray of light, the secret within the oak, the song of the forest.

To the melody of “SIGARTYR: Sleep of the Sword”

Hear the rain,  
The tears of the skies  
Of joy and of hurt,  
Of toils of our lives.

See the rain  
As the heavens do weep  
A flood of tears  
The sky will unleash.

Feel the rain  
Fallen from great clouds  
As it washes away  
Our fears and our doubts.

Become the rain  
..... (haven't finished this yet)

For Love is this rain  
A raging storm  
Surrounding us,  
Its embrace so warm.

For Love is this rain  
A mist gracing this life  
The lives it has blessed  
Once were filled with strife.

For Love is this reign  
Flooding our mind  
Flooding our heart  
Flooding the sorrows we once left behind



For Love is this reign  
Holding our gaze  
A rising fire  
That sets the horizon ablaze.

Yarek Ovich – Don't Release My Hand

This is such a beautiful piece of music. Beautiful in a sad sense. The first time I heard it was after someone I deeply care about implied that we can't talk much anymore. It was indeed a terrible feeling, and this music portrayed it perfectly.

“Indifference tears the soul apart.” – Anomander Rake, The Malazan Book of the Fallen

There is a growing mindset that to ‘care’ about someone means to fully support them in ALL their choices, regardless of what you think or believe. It is very possible to care about someone enough to let them know that something is not a good idea. To stand by and say nothing is indifference. To know that you could have spoken up to prevent someone from getting hurt but didn't, for fear of offending them, is a terrible feeling. And indifference to other people's choices, especially someone you care about, certainly tears the soul apart. It's just easier than speaking up.

Sometimes, the greatest things in life are often mysteries. But the greatest mystery of all is:

Picture a scene of aspens writhing in flame.

My breath becomes the winter frost  
The snow chills my skin  
Sorrow rushes in rivers across  
The bleeding heart within.

“God is within man, god is within Nature, and Nature will always grow – that is the force of all life – is to grow.” – Gaahl

Let the cold embrace of winter  
Freeze my weeping heart  
For in every waking moment  
Sorrow tears my soul apart.

Close your eyes and imagine standing on a mountainside: feel the gentle breeze in your hair, the leaves rustling, the moss-covered stone beneath your feet. Hear the soft trickle of water in the stream. Look now to the sky, spread your arms and watch as the sun sets, the sky turns orange, then blood-red, then dark purple, and the stars and moon begin to rise. Now look upon the valley, as moonlight streams forth, across the waves of aspen.

Promises forever lost,  
‘Neath these tides of winter frost.

When will the winds change?  
My heart has shed its leaves upon the frozen ground.

Wonder drives me,  
Hope guides me,  
Love moulds me.

For under her gaze  
The sorrow and pain  
Is washed away  
By tears and rain.

What can I do,  
To make myself  
Worthy of you?

When it rains, we walk with the clouds.

What if we could stand in the rain, and collect a sphere of falling water in our hands, have someone touch that sphere, then we reveal the name of the person they love? Getting that information would be easy, but how to create that sphere of water?

Like the river, death will run, carving wood and hewing stone, forging a path for a new age.

“Magic is woven into the very fabric of this world.” – Merlin

Look at the crystal caves in Mexico, they are truly amazing.

From the poem “Hyperion”, Book I

“Saturn is fallen, am I too to fall?

Am I to leave this haven of my rest,

This cradle of my glory, this soft clime,

This calm luxuriance of blissful light,

These crystalline pavilions, and pure fanes,

Of all my lucent empire? It is left

Deserted, void, nor any haunt of mine.

The blaze, the splendor, and the symmetry,

I cannot see – but darkness, death and darkness.”

Need to read the whole thing.

The Light has gone and darkness reigns

Flooding the forest, withering the leaves

Thoughts and memories revive the pains

I wander alone, accompanied

Only by dying trees.

As the sun sets behind the wood  
Rays of beauty streak the skies  
And standing here I realize:  
It is the same majestic Light  
Burning bright  
In her eyes.

Violet Cold – Desperate Dreams

Do one thing every day that will brighten someone's future.

I bathe in the pale moonlight  
And lift my hands to the sky  
Pray for the darkness to take me  
And fall to the earth, wishing to die.

I bathe in the light of the sunset

....

I bathe in the light of her soul

...

Don't know how to continue with this. There are no words to describe it.

For are we not a forest? Living, lasting, swaying in the winds of time.  
We give strength and life to those who take our place.  
Do a TNR, using a blank card with a drawing of Yggdrasil on the face.  
In preparation: Use the friction marker trick to write the name of the  
spectator's child on the face, vanish the ink, so only the residue is left.  
Use a billet peek to get the name... or just ask. Force that card, have the  
face signed, then start to burn the face (burning around the area where  
the residue is. Top-change that card for a dummy card, tear the dummy  
card into pieces, and burn them. Mercury-fold the signed card, palm it,  
and rub it in the ashes, slowly revealing the folded card. Unfold it, wet  
your thumb a bit, and rub it across the residue area. The soot from  
burning the card sticks to the residue, but when it is rubbed off, you are

left with a burn mark with a name written in white in the middle. Use this premise: “For are we not a forest? Living, lasting, swaying in the winds of time. We give strength and life to those who take our place.”

Wedard – What We Left Behind

We only get a certain amount of time to live, what will I do with it? Who will I spend it with? I need to assess my daily routine and cut out those things that are not worth my time, because ultimately, that is one thing everyone has in common, what defines us, is what we decide to do with it.

Before reading the rest of this, go watch the music video for “Finsterforst – Mach Dich Frei”.

Take a walk in the rain. Don’t be afraid to get dirty – clothes can be washed, skin will dry, but that feeling of being *alive* cannot be replaced. Remember that music video? Emerging from the cave, covered in dirt and mud, but seeing the world in a new light, through new eyes, finding FREEDOM, finding YOU.

Already have a routine that has this sort of feeling, but now I have a new story. Someone selects and signs a card, and I then draw the image of a ‘closed eye’ on the back. Tell the story of the cave, then wave my hand over the card, and the eye opens, symbolizing the person seeing the world in a new light.

10,000 hearts beating as one. That would be beautiful.

Destroy something beautiful – maybe one of my artworks – on stage. Have the audience aid me in re-creating something from the remains. Sometimes we have to destroy before we can create. Unite the audience in sadness in seeing art burn, then turn that sadness to wonder, as new art is created.

“The thing holding you back is the thought that something is holding you back.” – Vince DelMonte

Oak Pantheon – A Gathering

Every now and then, someone special comes along...

“The reason why people give up is because they tend to look at how far they have to go, instead of how far they’ve come.” – Vince DelMonte  
That’s why it is a good idea to take progression pictures when you workout. Take a picture every 3 - 4 weeks, because assuming you workout consistently, that is about how long it takes to start seeing change. Wait until about 15 weeks after the first picture, to look at the first picture. The results are impressive.

The fire in your heart will light the way.

Will her heart hear?

Forest Mysticism – A Nation Drenched in Blood

To the rhythm of “Graveland – The Fire of Awakening” (first song on album)

Will the sky weep

    When our body falls to the ground?

Will the clouds part

    When our souls rise to the stars?

The blood of our fate

    Runs to the earth

The gods are conquered

    By our bleeding wounds.

Alan Lee’s book: “Castles” - Echo of the Past, idea for poem/story, in the drawing of the reflection in the water.

Never forget who you once were, never give up on who you wish to become.

*The Awakening*

*Summer 2014*

As I lay my hand upon the wood  
and think of all the footsteps past,  
her knowing smile,  
her gentle words,  
the questions answered but never asked.

I stand in solitude,  
aging fingers tracing lines in bark,  
then the memory floods back, as a river,  
rushing, churning, and awakening the dark.

I know not how she found me,  
for I walked in dark despair,  
my heart was frozen from icy winds,  
and my soul felt as if it would tear.

Her gentle voice called my name,  
her presence calmed my mind;  
for this inner storm of raw emotion  
had left me nearly blind.

Though once the storm abated  
and her light could shine through,  
I listened to her speak of Nature,  
and my life began anew.

I sat in awe and listened,  
for in a voice of crystal she spoke,  
of the voices of the forest,

and then something inside me awoke.  
She said, "Here within the forest,  
where pillars of earth stand strong,  
where all of Nature thrives,  
where the wind sings an evensong,

the truth of life is spoken  
from all that is alive:  
From roots of elder trees,  
from moss upon the stones,  
from the whispering autumn breeze,  
from the depths of the unknown.

"To the earth, all life is bound,  
it is the beginning and the end.  
You must continue to grow,  
Though you may be weary,  
for what lies in the future  
is for only you to know."

Pondering her words,  
I turn towards the heavens,  
searching for comfort from my beliefs.  
But none was given,  
no warmth was found, and from the "Almighty",  
there was no relief.

Arcing on, over majestic oaks,  
then casting rays across the sky,  
the sun joins the horizon,  
bringing wonder to the eye.

Darkness veils the heavens  
and mourning stars now reign,  
like sadness shining from the soul



and coursing through my veins.

The throne of night is taken  
by a newly waxing moon,  
and past wounds surface,  
as if they were freshly hewn.

I bathe in the pale moonlight  
and raise my hands to the sky,  
I cry for the darkness to take me  
and fall to the earth, wishing to die.

Yet from anguish and sorrow,  
beauty may be birthed,  
and though life may seem hollow,  
peace is a gem to be un-earthed.

Here within the forest,  
where pillars of earth stand tall,  
a world has been revealed,  
once buried deep in the depths of the soul.

The darkness of life needn't be traveled in fear,  
for the keeper of the wood and the god within ourselves  
show us the way  
when the path is no longer clear.

Seeing my struggle  
and my questions of the end,  
she began to speak  
and I listened intently yet again,

“Though the mighty oak has fallen,  
it will never truly die,  
the spirit carries on forever,

living throughout time.

As the decaying giant becomes the earth,  
saplings spring forth from its tomb.  
And growing in shades of green and gray,  
flowers of lichen begin to bloom.

As one life passes,  
causing withered flesh and fragile bone,  
the oak within our hearts may fall,  
but seeds for another life are sown.

“The cycles of the world  
– the circle of life –  
is an ever-starting, never-ending  
trial of eternal strife.

Go now and seek out beauty,  
to make this life worth living.  
Give hope to others and quench their thirst,  
for this will lead to their fulfilling.”

The young dawn is rising.  
The morning stars step down,  
for their kingdom is in the night,  
when they bear a darkened crown.

Her words echo in my heart  
with all she has taught and shown.  
My eyes are open and spirit found,  
and I no longer stand alone.

I see now the path to follow,  
and slowly she fades away,

releasing my hand and leaving me here  
in this sunlit glade.

The lies we create  
and the lies we've been told  
are blurred reflections of what is true  
and are appalling to behold.

They demand blind obedience,  
to a god who turns away,  
even if our hunger may kill us,  
he still will not sway.

“I go to nature to be soothed and healed,  
and to have my senses put in order” (Burroughs).  
The truths broke through  
and healed my heart  
when life seemed dark and bitter.

Do not serve an unworthy god,  
nor become a lamb in a flock,  
but blaze your own trail, find your spirit,  
and through this time you will freely walk.

The old path ends here,  
but the journey has just begun.  
I am healed and my mind is clear,  
now I set off with the rising sun.

Now as I lay my hand upon the wood  
and think of all the footsteps past,  
her knowing smile,  
her gentle words,  
the questions answered but never asked.

I stand in solitude,  
aging fingers tracing lines in bark,  
then the memory floods back,  
as a river, rushing, churning, and awakening the dark.....

References:

Burroughs, John, "The Gospel of Nature"

A single drop of blood runs down the bark  
A single drop of blood binds us to the earth  
A single drop of blood contains our very soul  
Our soul will transcend the confines (flesh?) of  
this mortal shell.

Memory shapes us.  
Experience sustains us.  
Dreams guide us.

To receive Part 2, send an email to [wanderingmagic@yahoo.com](mailto:wanderingmagic@yahoo.com) , and  
I'll send it to you as soon as it is ready.