



If you are worried by the title that I'm here to talk about those vile creatures Khan put in poor Pavel Chekov's ear in *Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan*, put your mind at ease. They are totally in another dimension along with eugenically enhanced humans. Everyone knows that. I've seen that Star Trek movie countless times since its 1982 release. Some things bear repetition. No, I'm talking about those things that get in our head, for better or worse, and we can't seem to shake them.

We desire to be free of want's routine embrace, but how and why? First, let's start with you telling *me what you want, what you really, really want*. Hint: It's something we already have because we came from there and go back there. Let's Spice things up and say that you *feel out of touch and out of time*

, because you didn't have your Oates this morning or you got a dear John letter last night. All you want is for your *baby to come back* and *stop, in the name of love*

, being a Player. I reference romantic love here as that is what so often comes to mind first when we speak of LOVE. Is not nearly the entire music industry built on such songs?

Let's posit this question: What if we hold our pointy rose quartz and let love use us? (After I wrote the previous sentence, I received an elegant water bottle with a huge rose quartz mounted in its base. Thank you, Upstate birthday crew.) What if we become the instrument of love? After all, Huey, not Louie and Dewey, said, "The power of love will keep you home at night." To which you respond, "I want you to want me. I NEED YOU TO NEED ME." I rebut, "That's a Cheap Trick. I'm only asking you to observe the wantier."

What do I mean by "observe the wantier"? All that wantier screams—all that wantier *carelessly* *whispers* is,

“Don’t You, Forget About Me.” You know I usually tie everything into some *simple mind*

trick and

*wham*

, you’ve got it all figured out.

*Achtung Baby*

! When you pay attention to the wanter within, no matter what the wanter wants, great or small, it’s a dawning of a new day in terms of meditation and healing. Huge opportunities to let love in on the reg. It’s often the small increments that add up anyway, isn’t it? At what point do we see the strings to the puppets?

I say the line gets drawn here, in the blurriest of places. Can I get a *woo hoo*? After all, the devil actually did go down to Georgia to say the devil is in the details. Notice the little things that get wanted. You want an extra cookie? Okay. You want a

*part time lover*

? You want to be a

*victim of love*

? Or you can Fly Like an Eagle and take an extra little breath every time you want something.

One thing to keep in mind: No matter what, keep saying, “I’m Happy to be Stuck on You,” to yourself. Not in a conceited way. I can’t conceive that most would want Carly to declare, “You’re So Vain.” Don’t give away the things you love for the things you think INXS. That’s only a new sensation that quickly fades to black as we approach the *Dark Side of the Moon*.

Something to consider – *something to believe in*, we don’t require lessons so much as we require reminders. We’re all Masters in our own way. You’re not effed up if you forget to observe that wanter. Seductive is she. Always serenading, “One of these nights

” Somehow, it’s always the night after you have crossed some arbitrary finish line. Always just beyond the horizon. When you see

*reflections of the way life used to be*

, be of Supreme confidence that you’ll want that wanter alongside of you as a companion rather than foe. Why? The wanter wants the battle, it wants you to believe

*love is a battlefield*.

No, you’ve got it down, Pat. Observe and allow. I said allow, not indulge.

Well, sometimes we have to indulge. For instance, I indulge myself by believing that Roger Moore was the best James Bond, 007 to ever swill a shaken martini. I hear you; I really do. You

don't have to remind me he was 57 and older than his leading lady's mother when Duran Duran drew a bead on a *View To A Kill* with their Walther PPKS, 9mm, short. I finally had to face facts after Daniel Craig's *Skyfall*. Spoiler Alert: Dame Judy Dench's character, "M" had the death scene tear-jerker moment of all twenty-four films to date – surrounded by the most complete Bond movie evaaar. I still got what I wanted there by splitting hairs. Sure, why not? You know it's good when at nearly 2.5 hours, in duration, you'd like another two hours of Bond girls and Q gadgets.

*Octopussy*

, on the other hand... Sometimes we want what we want.

*Hey now. Hey now. Don't dream it's over* because you have a Crowded House of wants. It's only a *deluge in a paper cup* if you allow it to be. That's

what meditation is all about. Noticing

*every little breath you take*

. Start with marinating on the ever expansive "What if." "What if I noticed what

*hungry eyes*

I have?" No one is watching but your

*private eyes*

, so it's not a competition. Meditation is easy when your attitude is, "It's all rock and roll to me.

Whew!"