

Silence

You are before the sound is heard
From your depths
The universe is lured
You are the creator before mind
A canvas that paints pictures
Into a field of dreams
You unlock my inner door
Liberating my spirit
So it can soar
in the vast expanse of you.

Spaces Come and Go

I've seen spaces come and go
Some move fast and some move slow
Can spaces move?
At first I didn't think so
But with my own being,
I have seen
Spaces can be high
though sometimes also low
and some seem like they will never let go

As surely as rain in winter turns to snow
Or a bud in spring turns to fruit
Spaces move through everyone
Like a wind rising out of nowhere
Moving through us
Like youth moving through a child
And seasons moving across the earth

It all keeps changing
But I am the one who is real
I remain the same
And how do I know?
Because I am the one
To whom spaces come and go.

To my Home of Peace

How can I thank you
I don't have enough words
How can I thank you
For all that I have learned
How can I show you
How you made my heart overflow
Overflow with a love
That never stops growing.

You've taken your thought
And planted it inside my soul
And daily I watch it grow and come to know
That it is your love
That unites and makes me whole
You take my hand
And pull me along side of you
Leading me to my own
Home of perfect peace
You take all my doubts
And toss them in the breeze
I am your child
New born and always free.

You have given me my own truth
The one I was always trying to find
The precious jewel that shines
Within my own mind
You placed it in my heart
To be forever mine
And I will be yours
Until forever is defined.

Beyond All

When I met you
I put aside my joys and toys
And sat with you
And for the first time
Sat with myself
How truly childlike I became
Without my many games
I truly sat
With nothing to distract
For you did not appear
To be outside of me.

At first I thought
“I am so vast”
“I go from here to there,
I reach the mountain top
And still touch the river bank
I can extend to the moon, the sun,
And still go further”

Was this your vision
Or was it mine?
Every time I closed my eyes
I felt like I could fly
Sail into countless worlds
All created in my mind
All appearing so divine
Was this your vision
Or was it mine
It really didn't matter.

Then one day
Many years later
I met with you again
And put aside my where's and when's
And remembered the first time
We met
And I realized,
“You thought you had been all those things
You were vast then
Now you think you are vaster
You were divine at that time
And today claim

'More divinity is mine'
Now, here you are
After all has been revealed
You are still sitting
Watching your discoveries
Stand the test of time

Now you know
You are not vast
You are beyond all that came to pass
You are not merely divine
You have not even held your mind
You haven't grown
You haven't flown
You haven't know
A single thing.

Except that one you sat
And That was that!

You Who have Reached

You who have reached,
The exalted sensation
One with yourself
One with the whole
So profoundly complete
That in your presence
All other beings reach,
Touch you,
And become unbound
Unleashed
From the shrouds of conditions and
deeply hidden ghosts

And reach you
To dance the ecstasy
Of those who cannot contain
The joy of having found you
In your uncharitable expanse
To stumble on
this freedom and love
In your infinite soul.

You who have reached
Your breath, your voice,
Your eyes dark and deep
That travel forever inwards
Your walk
Strong, elegant and refined
Your very feet
Which all aspirants hope to reach
Your words
That travel to the core
Of every pair of outstretched ears
To ring the bell
That chimes the same
In every mind
As Perfect Understanding.

Reaching and revealing,
You bring us to you.
You call us Guest
You call us God.
You welcome us home

Bidding us to sit
To rest as one who has also reached
To sit with you
To shine forth
To light the way
For others who may want to reach.

Waiting at Home

In your divine will
The earth was created and matured
Until it was ready for you
To deliver your timeless message
The one we did not believe before you
The one Jesus told in ancient parables
The one Buddha spoke in sacred aphorisms
The one Moses received from God
And brought in stone to earth
The Mohammed threw from his celestial steed
The message, which all men heard
Honored, built shrines to worship in
Never really hearing
The words.

Why has man not brought
The truth into his mind?
To live by and call his own
To worship there
Where God speaks so clearly,
so purely?
Why would man still rather be man
He here
God there
Perhaps thinking it is all one
But man being only man
And if not born
From the same womb of the mother
He is not mine
He is not brother
He is other.

But you always re-send your message
For it has been said
You will never abandon your creation
So it comes again,
Bringing talk of you once more
Singing the joy of knowing
Reaching inside the mind of man
To instill him with a song
pulsating with the glory of life

You will not heed the protests of man

Who insists on remaining confined
Bound by his own personal mind.
And even though he cannot see you
Find you, remember you,
You still find a way
To sneak beyond his barricades
And tap upon his innermost gate
To announce yourself to the one
Who inside, always awaits.

For mind aside,
There is not one being alive
Who will not recognize you
As his own self.
And love you at first sight

For you are the eternal child
Playing in the core of every man
You are the first breath
From which all takes life
You are the one waiting at home
When man goes to fight the storm
Called his own life.

You are still there
When the body depletes its life force
And crumbles into dust
You are still the one
Waiting at home
Candle in window
Forever lit and strong
Waiting to give your message
To welcome all to their own home
You are the only one
Waiting for us at home.

Life is Just a Story

It is only just a story
Told from a mother to a child
Into his empty vessel
Is poured the tale of life

She tells him of his father
And how he came to be
She gives him his own name
Saying this is who you'll be

She takes him in her arms
Protecting him from harm
And tells him what she's learned
From all her years on earth.

She'll say,
This is the truth my child
You have been born from me
You'll continue in my story
As another part of me.

You'll learn all that I've learned
And add a little more
And walk and talk and live your life
Like all other human beings.

But where from did the mother come
Who makes it all so sweet?
And where will she go to
When her time on earth is complete?
Who made this story
That has been told for centuries.

Life is just a story
This is what we've all believed
But who is the one
Who made this story real?
This is what we have to see
The source of everything
The author of this story.

Oh Mind!!

Oh mind!
Tortuous creature
Glutton for punishment
Entity that you are not
Yet insistent that you are.
Calling yourself solid
Calling yourself real
Well, so be it
Have your realness if you like
But from this time onwards
I take no responsibility for your life

Oh mind!
I can see you are surprised
Why am I so suddenly otherwise?
Why am I so heartless?
Well, it is good that you ask
For upon hearing my reasons
You will stand exposed
Before what I have come to know
You will understand
Why I am being so touch.
Because, oh mind,
I have had enough!

Hence, I would appreciate
If you would abandon this home
Which in my ignorance,
I had assumed you owned.
For even though you have known me
And you have grown with me
You did not once tell me
The whereabouts of my reality
You kept me in the dark
Half blinded by your truths

When I complained to you
Of my limited sight
Always groping for a greater light
In your generosity
You offered me glasses
Though you knew they wouldn't help me see
They must have been tinted

Still, it gave me my first inkling
That you have been steering me wrong
Oh mind
And not only that.
You have been wasting my time!

I have you now
More clearly defined
You are just an instrument
Even though you call yourself president
You ruled my establishment
The very temple of my body
With your ancient iron fist
Oh mind,
Excuse my rudeness
But enough of this.

You have only made me small
Never revealing that I was all
On my behalf,
Without consulting me
You accepted so many conditions
And clouded my pure vision
You persisted in calling me separate
Insisting all my thoughts were true
Allowing moods and emotions
Anger, greed, jealousies and more
To spin me round and round.

Oh mind!
It is not that even after all of this
I don't love you
But your actions will no longer do
It was all somewhat fine
Until I touched upon the divine
So now if you want to stick around
You will have to merge yourself
Fully in Me
The one inside who is fully free.

So mind!
I have a plan
That I hear will serve both God and man
Join me oh mind,
Unite with me.
Let our joint purpose be to create

God's glory
God's own story
Let us sing in freedom
Joy and knowledge
Knowing, telling, spreading
This truth that you and I
Are just one life
One entity of freedom
Living within the divine.

Oh mind!
This is my deal
And if you can accept this
Then you are welcome to stay
Because I do appreciate you
Trained as you are in the worldly way
So, let's sit together now
Not as two parts of a whole
But as the whole itself.

All of Me

However hard I try to hide
There is no place under the sky
There is no place you cannot find
I can't escape you
You are watching me
As Part of me.

However, far I fly away
At times I leave the ground
Rising up and coming down
I cannot move away from you
You are with me
Moving me.

So where does the difference lie?
In the mind.
But where does the mind lie?
In all of me.

The King I Greet

Should a hundred suns
Sit inside your palm
While a million stars go sailing by
Should a dozen celestial goddesses
Dance around your being
while a score of enlightened sages
Bow before your feet.

Should you be draped in golden garments
Sparkling through the night's sky
With brilliant rainbows shimmering
Casting colors by your side
Or moonbeams forming heavenly
Halos around your head

Still,
What would my vision meet?
Only the love in your eyes.
In a gallery of precious jewels
It is the King I come to greet.

How Deep Does it Go?

How real it is
This love to feel
So much a part of me now
I can hardly believe
There was a time
I didn't know

Now I call this love
Love that grows
Beyond the words I know
I lie its sweetest addiction
Savoring its exquisite taste
Beyond all description

I ride in a wave of love
To my love
With my love
From my own love
And become so intoxicated
I am unaware of where I go
Except deeper, deeper and deeper still
Oh my God
How deep does it go?

One Memory

A garland of precious moments
Lies upon my heart
And when one appears
Before my mind
I close my eyes
And smile inside
One memory of you
Just one
Can light a lifetime.

Meditation

Well, I wasn't born yesterday
And I wasn't born today
I don't feel any joy
But neither any pain
Looking at all the people
Their souls appear the same

Meditation
It's changed the colors of my mind
And while it used to spin
Like a windmill in a storm
Now is still and calm
All the clouds have gone
Meditation
You placed a rainbow in my sky
And turned it inside out
In fact,
dissolved it back to light.

I Honor you with Love

Love reaches you
Love teaches you
Love is the unifying thread of all
Love gives power
Beauty, wisdom, compassion
And I love your creation
Every bird, insect mind and man
It's the only way I can honor you.

I am Nobody

The Gods come down from heaven
And ask me who I am.
They are so radiant,
Pure and beautiful
They say,
“We bring heaven down to you.
This what you must do.....”
I interrupt
“But I am not interested in your display
You can do what you like.
I am nobody.”

The Gods depart,
mind suddenly appears
it starts its movie reel
re-arranges all the seats
And says,
“Here is the chair
you always occupy
This is going to be a thrilling drama
Please sit down and....
I interrupt
“I don’t fit in that place anymore
I have expanded
You can do what you like.
I am nobody.”

Then the heart begins
To pipe its soulful tune
It says,
“But what about me?
I’ve served you.
I’ve loved you.
I’ve shared your entire life.
I’ve given you everything
You’ve ever felt.
You can’t abandon me.
You could never live without me.”
I interrupt
“Heart always speaks the same.
But I am beyond your joy and pain.
You can do what you like.
I am nobody.”

When Maya wants to wave its arms
Air its view
Spread its feet
Set its stage
The wise ones say
“Sit and watch
Remember
By who was Maya made
Still she’ll come
She’ll dance and play
So fickle is her game
For she’ll change and go away
But is you who has to say
I am nobody.

Your Masterpiece

I reach the cliff's edge
Wondering if I should jump
Wondering how deep you go
Or if you will catch me when I jump
If you will protect me
From smashing to the ground
Even wondering
If you have a bottom or an end
You,
Who have made everything.

I have to meet you here
But you are everywhere
I have to clear my own head
To hear you
See you properly
Yet, you are the intelligence of all

Really my understanding
Cannot fathom your masterpiece
How you made it all
How you spun your illusion over
The minds of men
Just to beckon them to search for you
Within themselves.

Be Comfortable

You have to see with these eyes
To hear with these ears
And when you have to do something
You are bound to use your hands
When you walk
You must do so with your feet
You do only that which your senses speak

But You are also the one
Who is eternally free
And inscrutable.
So do what you like
And be comfortable.

Always been You

You are the being
Whom you are seeking
Finish this quest and be free
The being inside of you
Would like that
It is free
And would like to celebrate its freedom

For ages we have been wanting
The one who is always free
But for that long it's been kept
Inside a very small cage
Some call it mind
And look for some way
Some one
To help it release
Back into yourself

The being is meant to fly
Not to travel far though
But just to know
That there is no other place,
No other being
Other than yourself
The one who is watching
Has always been you.

Day or Night

The Choice is Yours

For he who can hear
The laughter in the trees
Feel the thrill of the river
As it rushes over rocks
Unbroken in its rhythm
Undaunted in its course

For he who can see
Clouds, spinning careless fantasies
Changing with every gust of wind
The spray of water on a beach
As it breaks away from its sea

He sits under the daylight sky
Watching himself
Illuminated in all
Lit with a love that unites him.

For he who sits alone
Unaware of the timeless story
Told incessantly around him
Having never known
Nor even imagined
The stars weaving forecasts of the future
The full moon
Inspiring poets and lovers
The mountains meditating peacefully
Unmindful of what crawls upon its back

He sits under the night sky
Watching himself
In the semi darkness of his body
Alone.

The watching is one.
But direction, vision,
Perception, understanding
Make it day or night

The Magic Chest

Each mind is creating
Itself out of itself
Into a fusion of movement
Sound, form and light
Shines into each heart
Exposing a private, individual story
And to some
An inner glory

Like a magic chest
Which had been lost for centuries
Then found
What joy!
Then opened
Shattering to behold
Then the realization
This treasure has always been my own.
Then to raise our eyes
gaze upon our world
And witness
Exquisite beauty prancing
Like a bejeweled pony
Intensely proud of his strength
And the splendor of his own
Then as he is
Before he was bedecked in riches
And the cloaks of finery

Simply to see oneself
And know oneself
A freedom entity
Then on the move
Wrapped in loosely fitted form
A vision all one's own

For Love's Sake

For Love's sake
Make no mistake
We go towards you
You stay with us.
And yet,
It's all turning
Constantly we can burn
For love's sake
Look into any pair of eyes
It is not in disguise
It's shining there for sure.

It's all been pre-arranged
So perfect this way
We can't change the way its been made
For love's sake
It is what we live for.
For love's sake.

Expressing the Root

The plant's flower wilts
And floats to the ground
With barely a hint of sound
And the stem sways
As a part of itself falls away
But then a new bud sprouts
Assuming its rightful place
And the blossom that was
Again is replaced
And in that span of time
Between fallen and new kind
The naked stem awaits
For what inevitably creates
Its new flower
From its own root.

Who is not like a limb
An arm or a branch of the Almighty Tree
A face from the many faces
Which are all He.
In all the cycles, changes and phases
We come to express Him
As the flowers, the fruit and the leaves
Taking life that original being

That essence is pushing us onwards
Not allowing us to rest
In the eternal process of growth
From one stage to the next
Teaching our separate seeking souls
That we are of the greater whole.
Not a branch separate from the tree
But the total living entity.

Flying towards Your Heart

I have created a raging fire
Flames shooting
And writing your name as I fly
In your crimson sky
Because I am thinking of you
And my soul is making magic
Come alive

Can you hear the flutter of my wings
Can you see my loud approach
Flying towards your heart?

What you Bring

I have this special place
Unseen by any other's eyes
Where the moon always shines
And you smile at me all the time

I am swimming in a special sea
Of perfect peace and stillness
All around me waves
Of simple joy and happiness

And it is all because
I think of you
And the whole world stops to hear
This sweet song of love
So beautiful
That a sunset pales into pastels
A jewel turns to clay
A poet puts down his pen.

Never could a living thing
Describe this
What you bring.

The Miracle of Life

If you prayed for a miracle
Would you ask for the sky
Would you wish for great beauty
Or riches piled high
Would your thoughts roam the universe
Of hopes, wants and dreams
Imagining miracles.

If I had one chance
To live my greatest dream
I'd wish to be united with the one
Where miracles come from

For
One thought from that mind
Would burst into the world with voice
To describe Him
Would turn the darkness into light
to illuminate Him
Would divide the world into wrong and right
To make us human beings

To bring what seems so far
To put it right inside our heart
To give us a chance to be divine
And shine with the miracle of life.

Amaram Hum, Madhuram Hum

I follow you in my mind
And you lift me from the shifting waters
You lead me through the thickest trees
You turn me towards the inner space
And open my eyes

Whenever it feels too dark
And your presence seems so far
You send a ray of light
Whenever I sink into a sea of thought
Waves washing loudly over me
And it seems like I may just sink entirely
You turn me around
And I float to the top

Whenever it gets too hard
And the whole world seems like fog
You remind me to repeat
The only words that can really set me free
Amaram Hum
Madhuram Hum
I am blissful and free.

Meeting a Special Kind of Divinity

I used to think the world was real
I would find so many problems
Hanging around everything
I used to think
It was all outside of me
Separate little pieces
And trying to put it all together
I fell apart.

And as a part
It all seemed dismal
Totally incomplete
That you should be there
And I should be here
Never with a hope to meet.

But then I met a being
A very special kind of divinity
Who became my Guru-ji
And he wrote a song for me.

“We have always been one
We are One.
We will remain forever one.
No duality can put us away.
I am confident and I hope it will always stay
More than this I don't say a word
It is enough
That Oneness is my Lord.’

It is enough
It is more than enough.
I can sing this eternally.

The Circle of Light

There are some who have
Blended with a tree as if they were bark
Attached to the earth, dry and dark
Sure of themselves as only this trunk
And not the life of the roots
Which beneath the earth are sunk
Knowing no more than
The solidness of this form
Unable to dream the color and splendor
From which it has all been born.

And there are some who's petals have unfurled
Who have blossomed into flowers
Proud and pretty, adorning their world
Worshipping the sun
Dancing in the wind
Holding steadfast in the rain
They play, get blown away,
And are created yet again.

Some have weathered all the seasons
Having seen themselves as leaves
Lending richness and grace
To the many arms of their being

Some have reached another goal
As buds, their beauty quietly unfolds
There are limbs hanging heavily with fruit
Revealing the sweetness of their root

And throughout it all
The tree stands with it all
Constant, its presence unchanging
Silent and unfailing
Simply a tree
Pulsating with a hidden mystery
A source of all its energy
That has produced all its entities
And the tree stands tall
As a pillar to lean
As a shelter to protect
As mother to feed
For all to eat

Take refuge
Grow in strength
And prosper from its being.

It cannot hide itself
In a dark secluded hiding place
Where its body will suffer and rot
Nor can it cover its face
Or mask its purpose from the human race
Thought they selfishly rob from the tree
Its very own progeny.

No, the tree lives in the light of the sun
Exposing itself to everyone
Absorbing the heat of the rays
The essence it transmits and displays
From the earth its sap flows
Into all parts of itself
The trunk, the branches, the leaves
The product of which
Will benefit most living beings.

For a man will come
To pluck the fruit and partake of that light
To nourish his own root
Creating again that light
Which gives him life
Which shone from the sun
And spread through the earth
Which rained down through clouds
To land as drops on a branch
Where the smallest insect crawls
Twirling in a circle of light
That burns as life
Within All.

In Eternity's Blend

Unconquered by time
There is no end
To what continues
Although it did not begin with you
It needed you
To start the motion of the clock
And clockwise you get going
Until the millions of moments
Allotted to you
Are solidified into memories
That will not easily
Relinquish their hold on you
But follow to where you began
Tumbling into eternity's blend.

The Pure Dream

When I was just a tiny tot
Before my face broke into spot
I believed in fairy queens
magical elves who ruled my dreams
supermen who rescued me
from horrible, gruesome, scary scenes.

Then when my body stretched and grew
A different set of dreams I knew
A noble, handsome gentle man
with bended knee and folded hands
would sweep me off my tired feet
and place me on a golden seat.

With time of course I came to see
That all of this was fantasy
Each imagined dream of glory and quest
All lost in childhood's treasure chest

Yet, one fantasy did linger about
One of freedom began to sprout
Spreading slowly within me
At first like a day light
but growing day by day
turning steadily more bright.
A dream that once unleashed
Never dulled, faded or decreased

When all my other dreams slipped away
Freedom began to guide my way.
And now I clearly see
That only this dream was ever real
held true and remained.
The one which is being

who is inside me, inside you
Who's essence is perfect and free
and who's purity gives life to
all dreams.

Deep Sleep to Waking

Writing again about being free
How many times have you claimed to be?
How many times have you sat since then?
Candle light, wondering, putting to pen
All the characters inside you have seen
All the spaces and places inside you have been
Stirring the thoughts to freedom again
After dipping the mind into joys and pain
Such twisting, shaping and twirling
As you
From deep sleep to waking unfurling.

Life's Drama

What can it be
When a thought unseen
Creates from itself
Both you and me
You as the part that plays in the air
And me forever watching you
Pulling dreams from everywhere.

And which is the one dream,
From the multitude of many,
That catches our same eyes,
Takes us by surprise.
Which role will we perform,
With our thought fully worn.
And will we remember,
When,
Enthralled in our game,
That place of stillness,
From where it all came.
Shall our life's drama become so real,
Like molten metal hardened to steel,
Where neither thought nor space can flow,
Or any seed of love can grow?

No, it can never fully be,
That you and I will ever see,
A time when thought solidifies
To freeze us in its futile tries.
For we are spirit
Uninvolved and free,
Moving eternally
Life's Drama so it seems.

Oh Lord
You said your voice is inside my head
And so I watch, examining what you said
I create silence
So you are attracted to come
I await your presence
That will make us as one.

Yet in the silence
Only silence remains
Still I watch and wait just the same
And voices indeed do arise
But not just one or two
Gallopings dozens storm up and cry

Voices that speak of the madness
That lies hidden in my being
Mocking my many weaknesses
Making fun of my niceness
Voices that describe to me
All my life's flimsy alibis
And expose a mind that can also hold lies
Voices that chide me
My forgetfulness of you
And voices that also cry
"None of this is true!"

And then in one quick second
A twinkle of silence and your voice rings clearly
the power you once invested here dispels the force
that gave this madness might and fear.
It commands me to be still and wait
while silence returns a saner state
and my heart's innocence again sprouts
to clean the traces of this madness out.

I am grateful that I can still hear
Your voice that has always been near
Your one voice which carries only grace
That shows me the mind's illusionary face
That casts out sadness, madness, and mental waste
To leave me in peace to live another day.

By Your Grace

When everything comes from you
And everything returns to you
Why is it that we don't know where you are?
While we are engaged in all this coming,
And busier still in the going,
What do you do?
Do you stand at the center?
Bemused?
While we run around your circumference?
Do you stand at the center?
Compassionately?
Watching us tire in our endless laps?
Do you stand at the center?
Loving us?
So much so, that your hand is eternally extended towards us?
You never give up.
While we, with downcast eyes,
Continue to run down the course of our lives.
We don't see your outstretched hand.
We are in very different locations.
You are at the center - in stillness, love and compassion.
We are on your outermost rim - in constant motion.
Yet, strangely, slowly, edging ever inwards towards you.
By your grace.

A Discovery

And the memories rush through
Pulling me to you.
And I imagine the depths of you
The mountains and valleys
Forming in secret
For you alone.
I watch this fragment
Trying to attach itself
Knowing you,
Missing you,
So imagining you.

It began long ago,
When I became aware and had to know
Why the need for differences?
Why does the earth tremble?
A thousand questions aimed at you
Was labeled intelligence by others.

But it was only I,
Rushing from thought to thought.
Falling into words that never held me.
Then, when the first flowers of spring met me,
I did not notice them.
I was distracted.
It was then,
I suspected there might be you.

My Life's Work

It seemed like a hazy faraway time
That one miraculous moment
When I thought I'd caught you
And you were all and only mine
And as I gloated for that
One briefest heartbeat
You disappeared
As if you were never there

Like that one exquisite rose bud
That I watched for so long
Waiting for that one moment
It would open its petals just for me
Until a small piece of dust
Flew into my eye
And in that swiftest of blinks
My perfect bud blossomed
And was already wilting away.

Or my daily, fresh milk
Carefully poured into a pot
Needing to boil on the stove
With me diligently standing over it
To catch it before its overflow
And the fly that turned my head
For that one tiniest flicker in time
While the milk boiled over
Leaving nothing but a dirty puddle of whiteness
Seeping into the earthen floor.

Or my childhood,
Years of playing games and running
Through alleys and fields
In storms, and seemingly endless days of sun
With no purpose other than
Erratic movement and childish fun
Until that one day
When my childhood awoke
With the disturbing discovery
That now, somehow,
It is all supposed to make sense.

I'm older now

Still, I remember
And still, I try to catch you
While you continue to slip in and out of time and space
But I know now
That I will never succeed
You are made of the ephemeral
The best I can do is imagine you
As the changeless part of change
And I am secretly glad
Because my imagination
Can continue its life work.

For You

I looked at your picture and laughed
Your joy had bubbled up inside of me.
I looked at your picture and the world turned to light
a spark of your love ignited my heart.
I looked at your picture and it looked back at me.
Your eyes told me something I already knew
That you are always with me
And it doesn't matter where I am
When I am with you.

The Love in Your Eyes

Should a hundred suns
Sit inside your palms
With a million stars sailing by.
Should a score of celestial goddesses
Dance around your being,
With an assembly of sages,
Bowing before your feet.
Should you be draped in golden garments,
Sparkling with a greatest light,
With brilliant rainbows shining,
Casting colors by your side,
While moonbeams form heavenly halos
To adorn your elegant features.

Still,
What would my vision meet?
Only the love in your eyes.
In a gallery of precious jewels,
It is the king I come to greet.

Where Motion Goes

Where motion meets
Emotions end
And then to start again
Each new born world
Is illusion come to teach
The lesson of the end.

Where I have been within this being
Where motion melts
Emotions spent
Masters whisper to expose
'the world we've known and owned
is ours and ours alone'.

Within me it began
Within me it returns again
Where my world meets the masters'
All motions blend
Where lovers greet their heart
Before it starts to beat.

Where motion ends
And master, lover, I
And all my worlds and other worlds
Are one; the same
And then to start again.

The Only Reason

There is a reason
Why I have never noticed.

There is a reason
Why I have forgotten.

There is a reason
Why my hands are empty
My fingers bare
My body homeless
My sentiments nowhere.

There is a reason
Why I have never stood in line
Never known the time
Never caught your name
Never sought for earthly gain.

There is a reason
It belongs to those who's reason is inside
Or in the sky
Or in the seagull's crying call
Or nowhere visible
Or not at all.

The Kingdom of Reality

The hall was full of reverie
We ourselves could not believe
That we might still be human beings.
What might we be?
Luminous ethereal magical things
Or newly imagined creatures in another person's dreams?
We could not guess.

The hall was shadowed in mystery
The candles were the ones to speak
They made the only sound
Our breath had stopped inside our hearts
But our eyes were not deceived.
No greater light had we ever seen
Then the one dancing around his being.
On a mat of simple reeds
He sat so majestically.
But was he?
A timeless king who'd never died?
A jewel who'd come alive?

As clouds in an unseen breeze
We were slipping past the gates of reasoning
Hopefully, eagerly,
For we had gone beyond belief.
This experience could not be happening.
But he spoke,
Silvery words slid onto soft beams
Which the candles were delivering,
"Oh travelers",
the voice too great for kings,
"You are about to leave this fantasy,
to try another part of me.
Go bravely without fear.
Remember only me.
Walk upon each road and know
Everything – every living thing,
Teaches on behalf of me.
Evolution waits for you expectedly
And every human being must grow to me.

As a leaf from a tree
You will fall from me.
So close your eyes before you go

And plant my roots upon your mind.
You are the leaves inside my being
About to leave from me.
On arms of wind I shall support you.
On wings unseen I shall bear you
On your flight through life.
On smiles I shall shine for you.
In song I shall open up my memory.
And when no else is watching
I shall wink my eye at you
To remind you of the fantasy.

So take my name, my face, my light
And carry it with you
When you depart tonight.
Never forget that you are always travelling.
For life is motion incarnate
And you are born to learn of me.
Go now.
Evolution waits patiently.
But remember me.
Remember me.

I cannot leave!
A voice inside me pleads.
Keep me with you please.
I hold onto a candle beam,
And he reaches out to comfort me.
His words again embracing.
Go now.

The candle too must change.
It's wax will burn away.
Go now.

It is only time that has appeared,
To lead you to your place in the mystery.
Have faith and believe
Changes are not foes or fears.
They all happen naturally.
Go now.
But remember me.

An added gift you shall receive
All candle light will speak of me
Will glow as love inside your being.
Will catch you on its luminous beam
And bring you back to me.

But take heed!
They are my special friends of fantasy
To serve you only in your need.

Go now.
Go forth as a human being.
Be strong.
Walk the earth as my queen
And tell the many tales of me.
But most of all,
Beyond this miraculous dream,
Remember me.
Remember me.

One fearless servant
Bows to the master of all beings.
And In bowing,
turns into Queen
to begin her rule in the Kingdom of Reality.

Word in the Wind

A direction
The wind blows
The direction and the wind
Lover and loved
Embracing in the air.

Softly spoken words
A word in the wind
A word to blow through all words
A tongue that cradles the wind
A tongue that lives to breathe
And sing about the wind.

The language of the beginning
The illusion of the end
The word that spins the wind
Into whirlwinds, into windmills,
The wind that caresses
And strokes the air.

The love, the loved and the love affair
The wind, the word, the leaves.
There is heaven within the air.
There is heaven within the air.

The Sacred Name

In quietness I sat
Long alone with myself
When came a thought of love
Whispering your name.

It rushed throughout my being
Like a wind across the fields
Whirling me in the movement
Of your name.

Your name,
Blowing soundlessly
Echoing in stillness
Hushing softly, calling gently
Breathing in your name
To mingle with my life
Urging me find you
In and out of thought.

Oh, to have the name
That speaks of love to heart
Oh, to be of love
That never stops to start.

Passing Time

Through pages
Passing time
Words that tell the visions
Passing through your mind.

Each word ideal
Each word designed
There you are
Unfolding the harmony
Before the notes dissolve.

Once again,
You again
Composing a song or a rhyme
All of you
Within the pages of your mind.

Just passing time.

Adjustment

Where am I?
Unkown
Strange phenomenom occur on our personal planets.
Where am I now
No ideas
Yet suddenly,
There is this chamber of emptiness
And in it a voice asking me,
“Who are you?”
“What do you do?”
“Why?”
Well,
I just turn to my latest hallucination,
My own life,
And Smile at myself.

Tomorrow Waits

The revelatory pledge.
Tomorrow I shall realize
That time waits in my being
Waits to be released
Tomorrow waits
And everyday the pledge shatters into fragments

The resolution.
Tomorrow I will collect the pieces
And reconstruct the whole
Tomorrow waits
The resolution is lost
In the senseless dreams of night.

The Absolute solution.
Tomorrow I will live
The timeless words of the sages
Tomorrow I will listen to
The various tales of the ages.

Tomorrow waits.
It waits for fantasies and wisdom
It waits for time and transition
To wrap up its loose ends.
Tomorrow is ever free.
It knows.
There is no time called tomorrow.

Everyone is Seeing

One shadowy drop fell
It was enough
A human soul had come to know
A cloud has entered
Into this delicate instrument
A mind in human clothes
God and God's conditions
Nature passing through the eyes.

One thought warned the watcher
He looked quickly inside
One thought astray
Shadowing God's clear mirror
One thought flowing against the course
Doubt, with its human force
Pushing clarity aside.

But nature never stagnates
It alters and follows time
So quickly now
The field is set for change
One thought of God himself as all
And the doubt runs away.

Again, the watching
As everyone is watching God
Whether this he knows or not
Everyone is seeing God
Whether this he sees or not
All know and see
Even if they know not what they see.

Self Witnessing

Tell me about your yourself
Explain your guesses of truth
You must have tried many times
To alleviate your hard working imagination
Well, now leave them all on the entrance table
And I will hang them on my mirror
So you may see yourself
When you come to take them back.

Then look into my mischievous mirror
The one with the ears and the eyes
The one that reflects back only you
Gaze into what you believe is you
In this self exposing mirror
You are clearly revealed
In your unspoiled perfection
So please use this looking glass
To be convinced of your reflection.

For all the images you have dressed yourself in
Take just one penetrating look
And see that these images do not cover you
When you use the
purified eyes you look through
When witnessing yourself.

Return to Source

In my secret world
Where breathe waits by the door
A voice that seeks to speak
Is whispering to me.

One atom clings to another
And a thought springs forth
Liberated into this secret world behind the door
It flutters and takes new shape
Flying with subtle power
An ethereal force of mind
Blowing dust in space
Impossible to grasp.

One atom clings to another
And the thought is transformed
The voice whispers quietly,
“You were just pretend.
Flowers wilt and die
And seeds give them life again.
So why do you try
To be other than this flight of mind
If you are alive,
Then what is that?”

One atom clings to another
And this time does not change
The breath that left its silent core
Returns once more
Returns once more.

The Essence of Itself

It Grew
Until it could not longer live with the space of mind
It grew
Until it surpassed the enclosing walls of form
It grew
Until the Himalayan Mountain range was a speck on an elephant's back
It grew
Until the sky and all it's elements was a carpet of woven elegance
It grew
Until stars, planets and moons were marbles rolling in the dark
It grew
Until night was only a flickering speck of color
It grew
Beyond the point where growth is felt
It grew
Then opened its eyes and knew
The essence of itself.

This is 'I'

Upon a star it fell to earth
To open eyes and speak of sky
And it cried, "This is I."
A speck of life
A drop of light
A tiny glint within your eyes
And it cried, "See my star.
Look in your eyes.
There I am."

"Upon the earth I walk as human
to seal the soul to the sky
I shine at night, I shine for life
Upon my star I travel far
To follow moments slipping by
And leave my trail for you to see
Behind your closed eyes.

Every change of every kind
Is all the turning of your mind
A shadowed sun, an evening cloud
A quiet pause in open sky
An early morning dawn
All 'I', all around.

You can follow me
And wander in the night
Silently, surrendering to sky
To blow soundlessly
On any star that passes by.

My vision is on the wind
Moving on and on
In every thought
That blows through your mind
My story is complete
I've left it in the sky
In every star
That shines within your mind.

Arisen Eye

Arisen eye inside
Watching me
Inspecting me
Arisen eye of intellect
Timing me
Interpreting me
Not hearing what it should
For I am the truth
Of this body which it believes
Itself an object to be understood

And even though this eye
Follows me wherever I am
I know I am alone
Though others appear beside me
Speaking words of make believe

So what do you say of this God?
Is this your way?
I am dumb before you God
You give me nothing,
What shall I say to human beings?

The Unquestionable

A body moved through time and space
And landed in another place
Nothing changed
Life is still the same
A blossom falls
And on wispy gusts of air
Sails unaltered on its way.
Just another day.

Never Apart

As dawn permeates the morning sky
I open my eyes
And the first light greets me
In an instant I realize
You awoke with me
I rise and move from place to place
Sitting, meditating,
Singing my soul's songs
Yet, your presence
Never leaves me
I imagine you
Noticing the clouds in the sky
Reforming themselves
And you sitting with your watchful eyes
Seeing it all
Your mind casting thoughts into the air
Some landing by my side
I recognize them
Because your presence
Is so much a part of me now
How have you entered
Moving within me
Mixing with my breath
Turning with the images in my mind
I feel your eyes inside my own
I feel your hands upon my soul
I feel your love within my heart
And I know for sure
That we will never be apart

Chaytna
Kullu, HP, India
November 24, 2000

As it Should Be

As it should be.
No veils of hidden mystery.
No dark and deep intricacies.

As it is.
So easy, so serene
I, as I am.
Nothing other
Nothing more unique
No stars that plunge infinity
No sparkles in the east
No voice at the entrance to eternity.

As the sun sets
Pink and gold spreading in the clouds
I have seen
I am no less than that.
As elusive as twilight
Or a child's smile
Innocent before all else.
Open simplicity.
Just as it should be.

Life Span

What speaks to me
What is from I
It is
I am
And that is that
A voice in every head
Is I.
I am
A man
A woman
A tiny drop in eternity's spend
Clings to life
And courts his end.

To Sea

Swimming in a great ocean
Some call it life
Some call it death
Most have never actually seen it
Though it is referred to constantly
we cannot call it by name
Yet we swim in it
Some drown in it
A slow, steady
Slow, subtle,
Slow, unending
Submerging in its deep waters
Swimming,
And if not drowning,
Coming up for air
In it.

A Design

A design
Unravels in each frame
That holds you
That houses me.
A plan
Simple to understand
Nothing more than happiness
Was meant for human beings.

The purpose is centered
On what goes on inside
The design uncurls
Perfectly
All should be clear
Upon awakening
Each morning.
We do see everything.

The One with Ears and Eyes

A word for you
The power for use
Your tongue the vehicle
The significance, the ride.

The gift of symbols
To subtle masters of disguise
Shadow readers
Delivering upon request
The words which come alive.

We've passed so many
We've advanced
But only in lines
Turning the page this time
One more surprise.

A new word to accept
The one with the ears and eyes
Regard me in this form
At the beginning and end
Of every line.

Playing with Wisdom

We play with wisdom
Making conclusions,
Building revelations.
Interpretations easily found
In every single mind
Everyone plays their part
All players in this timely game,
In this sport of knowledge
Where there are few rules.

Human thinking is our playing field
We make our thoughts
Then give them words
Yet, they have not created us
We have created them
But once they are completed
We can't remember this.
So this then becomes the game
That Wisdom plays with us.

Meeting with Master

The eyes that adorn his face
Reveal the many stairs and aisles
Inhabiting his mind.
Every corridor and passage
Illuminating in the soft light
Of love and knowledge.
And when he speaks
He drops a word
Like a mother bird drops a pick
Into open yearning mouths.

I am caught by his outstretched eyes
And he holds me tenderly in his stare
He penetrates my thoughts
And I surrender as he stretches them
I release myself to the intensity
Watching in fascination
While I inhale his serenity
And exhale all my doubts and pain.
My mind is cleansed
He enters with his knowledge
Creating union in my being
He is at once my Master
He is my very Self

I join his universal sight
Merging deep into his vision
And I see only light
In the clearing of my mind
I realize suddenly
That his eyes see me,
While seeing all.

And I rejoice in being inches away
To receive just this trickle
From his reservoir of love
And with this drop
I whisper with my heart,
“May I keep this union,
within the depths of my heart?
May I pluck and taste the fruit
I have now just become?”

Alone on a Road

Alone,
I stroll down the same road
You and I have walked before
Remembering how you and I
Always talked while walking down this road
I am now alone on this road,
Though carrying you in thought
We are talking silently now
Remembering our dreams to each other
Dreams of the new roads
We thought we'd always roam.

In between our hushed discourse
I recall the day we first yearned for the road
The day we believed all roads were ours
We were sure our destiny
Was to walk down each and every one
Until they all were done.

But they never ended
And now I appear on the same original road
Alone with these thoughts
Alone with the road
It is empty now
Save for me
And I am only footsteps
Crunching in the snow.

Still I wonder
What do I know of roads
When they always come and go?

A Signal for Clarity

One teardrop fell
It was enough
The watcher came to know
A cloud had entered
The delicate instrument
Of it's human mind

This teardrop warned the watcher
To quickly look inside
One thought had gone astray
Dampening God's clear vision
One thought against the course
Doubt with all its human force
Pushing purity aside

But watcher doesn't stagnate
It alters
Follows time
God and God's conditions
Passing through the eyes
So quickly now
The watcher sends a change
One thought of God himself as all
And the teardrop runs away

Again the watcher watches
And all pure again.
Everyone is watching mind
Whether this they know or not
Everyone is seeing God
Whether this they say or not
Always seeing,
Even when they know not what they see.

One Atom

In my secret world
Where breath waits by the door
A soundless voice that seeks to speak
Is calling out to me
How do I hear it?

One atom clings to another
And a thought springs forth
Though nothing is heard
In this voice without sound
Something is revealed
And it flies,
Subtle, swift as wind.
A force like of mind
Has blown into the space.

One atom clings to another
Another thought appears
The voice is now a whisper
“What in life will not change?”
“The flowers wilt and die
And come to earth again.”
The voice continues quietly,
“Why do you try to be
something other than the flight of mind?”
You are alive
And what is that?

One atom clings to another
And does not change its natural path
The voice that leaves its silent core
Returns once more
Returns once more.

The Hopes of a Dreamer

Each morning upon rising
I greet my life;
The memory of who I was
And who I will be today
I rise with hopes of leaving sleep
But it opens eyes with me
I cannot fully waken
There are many needs
That keep me dreaming
And I walk through my dreams
Dreaming of peace
I see through my dreams
Imagining you.

You are outside my dreams
You stand before me
Yet I pass you by
Watering the many seeds
That sprout as dreams
And then surround me
To become my very life
With my head so preoccupied
Still I dream of you
As the end of all my dreaming
As the Silent Witness
That leads me out of sleep.

Is It?

Is it genius
Or a fool
Squatting on the river bank
Gazing in the soft green pool
Searching for a image
To emerge and flood the countryside
From the hear of he
Who peers so earnestly.

Many travelers slip through the bushes
Lining up their evening sticks
Is it a fool or a sage
Who catches each and every eye
And through devout intensity
Makes them see in the cool clear water
He has surrendered to.

The Thousand Letter Word

I am reaching
The for the thousand letter word
That will answer to clear me
Of all my questions.
Reaching for the thousand that spreads above me
Revealing the one
Who began the numbering.

While reaching
An old and wise friend appears before me
Anxious to reveal
Smiling slyly
He unwraps his mystery
Last night he claims
He himself has reached.
And upon reaching
Feels he earned the right
To claim the status of the reached.

Yet his statement does not reach even me
It does not persuade my ears to hear
'Go on your way', I say
"Your words are still too small
To hold the one who's reached."
I must hear of infinity
I am reaching for the thousand letter word
Which will hold all of me.

Reflection

In the mirror you look
And another looks back
A changing masquerade
From times future or past
Hypnotized you remain staring
Your head separates at the neck
And floats before your eyes
The bones shift
And your features re-arrange
A Remodelled version of yourself
Gazes from the mirror
Back at you.

And then the mirror vanishes
The Seer disappears
The eyes melt into light
To light again the mirror
A hundred people walk across my face
A few stop and stay
My reflection power wanes
Appears and then is vague
When changes are at standstill
And I can go no further
I turn from the mirror
Unsure of who has turned.

Darkness as a Friend

When I am walking
I cannot see the naked limbs
The branch is lined with snow
So I read the snowflakes
And the shadows hiding in the trees
I talk to sparks
That flicker on the face of crows
And when the evening steps up to me
I am prepared
To walk with darkness as a friend.

A Sentimental Union

A candle and a lilac
Lovers on a silver spread
Romance beaming
On golden threads of light
Fantasy patters through the room
Faces of friends disappear
Knowledge is very near
The lilac's fragrance draws the flame
Knowingness in such delicate terms
There are not bodies here
Just a candle and its friend
Their presence following the evening air
A sentimental union
Of fragrance and flame
Dissolving in the air.

The White Walking Stick

With clasped hands
White walking stick between
She appears before the assembly
Marked by her plea
Upon her face, her request
Life for her white walking stick
As the missing link
To the path that will point the other way
She must have a guide
The white walking stick
Must lead her way.

It is only this she asks for
Yet gallant offers of companionship
Fall abundantly at her feet
Her shapely form displays itself
Without her cares or wishes
For she is neither vendor nor display
She is misplaced
And cries aloud from this
Desperate for release
from this murky river bank
She asks again
But her words fall into hardened ears
The assembly answers
But are only puzzles to her
She desires none of what they offer
And this they sense
With deepening dismay
They pull as one to proclaim
“A person of this world
can not take leave of it
It will cause a strain
Aid for those who want to stray
Is abhorrent, a mistake
We want no part, no blame.”

They turn their backs
And slither down the rocks
Leaving fungus by their feet
She stands alone as the odor slips away
She is familiar with the motion
Of bodies rushing away

A breeze always fills the gap
And she sways
As a sole figure in the aftermath
While the ages wave and pass their way
At last she looks to her white walking stick
And sees that there has been a change
Her white walking stick has turned to cane
And so she lays it down to rest.
She has found herself.

Breeze

She dances in the corn fields
Delivering her sermon to the breeze
She toses her golden mantle
and the philosophy of sages
sail like seeds through the air.
She giggles as her words
chase the summer breeze
The wind teaches
and carries words upon its back
The wisdom of the ages
no longer feel for her
It rushes like rumors to the forests
becoming restless shadows
She sings with the breeze
with knowledge only a memory
as she fades into the blowing wind.

Waiting at Home

In your divine will
the earth was made, molded and tilled
Until it was ready for you
to deliver your message.
The one we did believe before.
The one Jesus told us in ancient parables.
The one Buddha spoke in sacred aphorisms.
The one Moses received from God
and brought to men on earth.
The one which all have heard and honored
and built shrines in which to worship it.
Though never really understanding it.

Why have we not brought the truth into our minds?
To live by and call our lives?
To worship there
where God speaks so clearly.
Why would we rather still be separate?
We here, God there.
Thinking, God's will shall be done.
No doubt we are one.
But we are only human
born of the womb of mother.
None other.

What can we really know
when we are bound to our minds?
we cannot see, find you, know you.
Unless you decide yourself
to tap upon our inner being
and announce yourself to the one who awaits.
And then, mind aside
there is not one alive
who will not recognize you as their own Self
and love you at first sight.

For you are the eternal child
playing in the heart of every one
You are the first breath
from which all other breathes arise
You are the one waiting at home
when we go out to fight the storm
which we call our own life.

And it has been said
that you never abandon your creation.
You are still there
when the body depletes its life force
and crumbles back to dust.
You are still the one waiting at home
Waiting to greet all your own
when they eventually come home.

A Discovery

And the memories rush through
pulling me to you.
And I dream the depths of you.
The mountains, the valleys
forming in harmony for you alone.
I watch this fragment
trying to attach itself.
Knowing you, missing you,
So imagining you.

It began long ago
When I became aware and had to know
Why the need for differences.
Why does the earth tremble?
A thousand questions aimed at you
was labelled intelligence by many.

But it was only me
rushing from thought to thought.
Falling into words that never held me.
Then, when the first flowers of spring greeted me
I did not notice them.
I was distracted.
It was then
I suspected there might be you.

The Name of Love

In quietness I sat
Long alone with myself
When came a thought of love
whispering your name.

It rushed throughout my being
like a wind across the fields
whirling me in the movement of your name.

Your name,
blowing soundlessly,
echoing in stillness,
hushing softly, calling gently,
breathing in your name
to mingle with my life
urging me to find you
in and out of thought.

Oh, to have this name
that speaks of love to heart.

Oh, to be of love
that never stops to start.

The Exchange

From this hollow form
I approach the hidden door
Staring at the fold in the ancient curtain
contriving ways to offer
what I have dragged with me
And with corpses hanging on my heels
I enter,
Thinking myself motiveless.

Across the candlelit room
the faint shufflings of entombed centuries
rush to embrace my body
and my words countermand my wishes
My sentiments pour like oil
into the waiting earthen lamps.

I speak of changing winter skies
and all the characters I have been
the hieroglyphics unravel on the walls
as my words become merged
with the shroud of the tomb.

I find myself
staring at the barren tale of my own antiquity
and I exchange myself
for diamonds from the jewelled feet
My words spill once more
and are mummified into stone.

Absence

Absence
A span between two points of time.
One point is you.
The other is I.
Absence is the space between us.

I do remember how this came to pass
or if it ever began.
Suddenly we just appeared
As two points in a span.

Absence of Light

The cellophane window of darkness
in a translucent skin of twilight
definition seeks a last thrust at shape
and murky shadows are at the window again
The days clarity slips into a pregnant dimension
and fades into the greedy night.

Fated to the Fable

A red mountain
lined with many viens
witnesses the centuries setting overhead
and it is on this cloudy morning
that he removes his headdress
and folds his massive arms
the valley trembles as he roars,
"man of the rapids,
Your tongue shall be my food."

Lava rushes down his back
thick resin coats the natural lustre
of the baby's soft pink tongue.
The gales sweep across the land
that birthed the baby's tongue
babbling in the cradle
He was also born to grow
between the stars and the red soil.

The land gathered under his arms
the child matures
the earth beneath his feet
yields to him his heritage
each daybreak
he bows before the morning sun
one eye exposed
one eye opened to awareness.

He grows to hear the timeless fable
when the tongue forsaked its name
and now like the river
which divides itself to flow
he knows of greater pasts and sees
his people paddling in the streams
boasting of their many routes and skills.

He knows
that each one who speaks of these
is fated to the fable
Fated to be swallowed when
the tongue reaches the rivers shores
And thus the child has grown
from earth to sky

remaining undivided.
He can only sigh.
The red soil is eternally nourished.

A Story of a Rogue

A Rogue
meandering along the lanes
He and his knowing grin
winking at the years
bowing into romances
He visits simple country fields
and countless city banquets.

He adores all that has been
in any poor or wealthy home
He loves as he is
and surrenders all he has
Wandering freely into every moment
Sometimes chancing country maidens
he pauses to swear unending love.
While his essence flies past him
to be announced in yet another time.

The present moves with him.
and he leaves no traces behind.
No memory, no heirloom of conquests
So that on and on
he can seduce all of history
leaving no age unspared.
Each heroine will be his truest and most precious
Again and again.
He will visit the shadows of many gardens
searching for an ear
to whisper hints of ecstasy
Leaving his words forever entangled
and his love lingering everywhere.

It Never Passed

A barren courtyard
An ancient tale of gallantry
Inside of us,
A constant reminder
that delight dressed these avenues.

It was a mystery
Whose joy danced with whose
Whose spirits tripped gaily up the porcelain steps
leaving glitter on the way.

But it doesn't need to be a mystery.
We have all once danced
in that same courtyard
When delight gathered in our hearts
And it is still always there
Waiting for the next dancer
to request a dance.

Illusion

A dream and a ghost
entered into my room
Unseen and unheard
they wielded their imaginary power
over and into my sleeping being.
I wished to tremble
in the presence of their unsightliness
but I could not grasp my senses
It was a world of their illusion
and I was helpless in it.
And they never released me
because they were never there.

The Questioner

Where in the space of a second
can you find a proper place
where time has no meaning
and solid objects are mere feelings?

Where on the surface of a tiny mole
can you steadily set your feet?
Where can you search for wisdom?
Where can you seek for peace?

How can you hunt out tomorrow
and would it absolve all your fears?
Can you see between today and yesterday
and could it last for years and years?

Is there a way to see twilight at any other time?
Is there any value to my questions?
Is there any one offering suggestions?
Is there any point in asking
anything other than
Who is asking these questions?

A Date with Ego

A charmer hit the town
melting block by block.
Signing his sweet curvy name
on doors and window panes.

There are so many names
on his well designed bag.
He slings it over his shoulder
in a way that everyone notices
and his sleek body sways away
with your eyes trapped in his body.

Yesterday he was a stranger
Today it is I.
It is his town now.
All the roads, alleys and corners
follow his map.
He will take you for a ride
down his street called "Mine".

But it is a dead end.
It closes tightly after you.
Only he knows the way out
And only he says when to leave.
But a charmed heart never plans its exit.
It hangs on for what comes next.

The Century Ceremony

Centuries stand outside the door
waiting patiently for admission
While inside the frosted room
a candle flickers rhythmically
and breath is wound behind the closed eyes
of a tightly bundled up figure
sitting on the floor.

Through partly opened lips
rushes a faint gasp
from the movement of a mind
Past the friction of turning thoughts
a warm gale seeps
and the candle facing the wind bows.

Outside the centuries build
Inside, the gale floats by the door
The candle now dancing madly.
The rapid pulse of the figure beats
the breath tiptoes in the icy room
the centuries huddle against the door
the figure singed by rising warmth
melts into smoke
and heat spills from every pore
and mingles with breath.

As one, they circle above the candle
around the century laden door
growing in strength
they billow through the room
until the blending fusion steams
and boils from the powerful heat.

The figure dissolves into the room
the room into the hot and heavy air
the candle into the greater flame
the wooden door ignites,
burns and sizzles to ashes
so that the centuries burst in
only to vanish as the final offering.

Truest Love

Unfamiliar to this tale
I admit with simple words
I have never loved before
Never played the part.
I am but a timid novice,
a new comer smiling shakily
afraid to make the same mistakes
that every lover makes.

Yet, I sense that love
is coming from perfection
When the heart awakens
and love begins to move
Each unsure gesture
still keeps perfection as its base.

Somehow all lovers know
that love sees no mistakes
it beckons us towards our truest part
Love,
moves with us
Teaching us its gentle ways.

Taken to the Air

The silver river hurries by the trees
What is the meaning?
These are only images it seems
The boughs nod affirmatively.
Yes, Yes.
You have touched the root
to all the deepest mysteries.
The wind is not the sea
Nor shall it ever be.

A symphony with movement
two daisies dancing in the fields
The scent of sweetness
returning to the lemon trees.

Why?
I call this out to the land and breeze
The wind does not answer me
but it carries me away
and I cross the silent sea
while the river roars beneath me.
It was not meant to be
a messenger of mystery.

Now without needing meaning,
without any cares
I have taken to the air.
Dreaming, dreaming everywhere
I finally see,
that God has made a dream
Of even me.

Watching the Motion

It sleeps, it dreams and it wakes
of its own accord.

Is everything it was
and still represents itself.
It is the very presence of itself,

Yet it is so fast
that its speed surpasses vision
dismantling focus
It can slip into darkness
with a silence so deep
Or it can glow like a shadow
with a faint trace of light.

It is motion,
thought
moving in a mind,
a body
a field of change
while all the while
It remains ever just the same.

Your Eyes - A song

Your eyes
the multitude of color
the spectrum of your mind
the labyrinth of your mystery
the records of your history.

Your eyes
a delicately tinted island of glass
a mirror reflecting the sky
a smoldering ash in a raging fire
a sparkling globe of desire.

Your eyes
my close friends.
They have often whispered my name
so tender, so sincere
speaking so softly
only I could hear.

Your eyes
the crystal ball into your soul
the story of your life.

One Vision

Cloudy skies
it rains on earth
Little drops from clouds
falling into eyes that gaze at the sky.
It is a masterpiece complete
The center of each rain drop
reveals the whole world of nature
and the cycle it completes.

The eyes of all
in the atmosphere of all breathing things
watching clouds
shift languidly
and pass effortlessly
back into the mist from which they came.

And through it all
we can discover the essence
of everything.

Mystical Touch

Like mist,
soft and secretive
something slid unseen
and stole inside my being.
With ethereal hands
it embraced my pulse
and kissed my silent heart.
At once awakening me.

I peered down from my inner walls
musing at the faint stirring underneath
My guesses made
A princess true but never tried
greeting a lover
who defied the high stone walls.
Then suddenly the mist rolled in thicker.
And it appeared that my inner kingdom
had been re-arranged
from the visit of lovers
courting in the yard beneath.

But in vain,
preparation upon mist
ungraspable like the spell of love
it floated through
and once again
I could view the ground beneath.

The courtyard silent now
empty of the pattering of lovers feet.
And since its entrance was not really seen
it was impossible to know
if it had ever been.
Yet still,
though I did not with eyes see
the mystical one who rapped upon my being.
I find its touch will never leave.

Found

It was found
on an evening ordinary in itself
A crescent moon was waning
reflecting faint changes in the night
casting shadows on the earth

And all the while
a soul was taking form
Its cry pierced the sky
and tiny pinholes of light
burst into the rhythm
of a human being.

It then exposed itself
as the knowledge
It entered and revealed
that it is the soul
of all that there is.

Where it Has Begun

Some days,
One cloud in the sky hangs lonely
The wind trails like a banner in defeat.
The air so still and chilly.
The dawn leaving in disbelief.

The sun shines in a distant galaxy.
Leaving only shadows behind.
With mist drags along the ground,
Muffling everything in silence
The earth preoccupied with no sound.

Yet, some days,
the seasons will paint the fields again.
The sky will be resplendent.
The clouds will turn to fairy tales.
The mist only a foggy memory
That times were once soggy and bland.

So on all days,
Listen to the clear gray silence
Between the setting and the rising sun.
Between the changing weathers and time.
Look inside at all your answers
And see where it has all begun.

Every Walker

A silhouette amidst the walkers
 Wrapped around the wanderers.
Let's join our palms before the passing ages
 And salute the changes of every wandering.

To see another face
 Nakedness dresses our eyes.
Adorned by this and still untouched
 Our vision integrates.
to see the supple spine of each being
 And every joint linking them all.

We tread upon the spinal column
 Upon the central nerve
 We are the silhouettes
Sliding up the back of every walker.

Master Mind

All around us we have seen
shadows walking within shadows.
Freedom following close behind.
Yet, afraid to move openly.
We did not wish the sight,
but still we saw
Human souls purchasing human bodies
With their previous lives
And we want to know
if you know why.

Master Mind,
We have renounced in your image
Escaping even the escapists
We have bent the path for you.
Heading out of our own territory
We gladly point ourselves towards you.

We heard you can release us
And we ache to dissolve in you.
We wish to negate our renunciation
And see as you
The whole world realized.

On a Birthday

The days have passed
The years meandered away
An age that paused for a moment
Beside you, moved on anyway.
All claims fall away from you
On the day you celebrate
The Impermanence of age.

The Faceless One

The faceless one,
an invisible body of being
filled with differences.
Crosses any threshold
with its form
of air.
And everything that's from him
Is said on our behalf

As disconnected matter,
it grins everywhere.
Spreading knowingness
in crooked grins, seductive smiles,
Casual smirks,
All of these,
expressions of its self.

The faceless one
Wears every expression.
Yet, liking best to
Smile
Choosing this,
Because he knows,
He is always facing himself.

The End of All Meaning

The meaning of truth?
What can it be?

To see light,
Without witnessing the cloak of darkness?

To acknowledge truth,
Without having been tainted by falsehood?

To feel satisfaction,
Without the fall into discontent?

To reach clarity,
Without tangling with confusion?

To enjoy laughter,
Without having shed a tear?

To know an enemy,
Without experiencing the closeness of a friend?

To seek help,
Without knowing the need exists?

To search for meaning,
Must be,
To accept that it takes two to make one.

Becoming Real

Opening my eyes too soon
Something hazy emerges on this lazy afternoon.
Everything seemed so concrete
Except for me.
But yet it does appear
That I was a solid object.

I blink my eyes again
Chasing away this dreaminess
The sun slightly blinding me
But I suddenly understand
What is taking place around me.

I see no more than myself,
Squinting under the sun
Speaking my style of truth.

And I recognize that I am
Finally falling into synch with you
I lived my dreams
In spite of you
But now I see
That so quietly, so very quietly,
I grew into the truth
I collected all my life from you.

My Own Recognition

I saw a face
It saw me.
After exchanging glances
We both desired
What the other appeared to be.

It moved aside
I stepped behind
Thinking it had advanced
I retreated more.
We both stumbled briefly
And were thrown into reach.

I saw my face
It saw its own
It recognized my reflection
I turned in the other direction.

Then, a bird flew between
Again drawing our eyes to meet.
'I've seen you,' I said.
'I know you,' it exclaimed.
But too quickly,
The bird assumed our faces.
And flew away.

The recognition was brief.
The outcome ever lasting.

A Change of Direction

The crowds are assembled
A knight resplendent on his armored horse
Enters this realm
Having just departed from the other
He is disoriented and unable to see clearly.
But what is this?
He is pricked by a tender touch
And though a furtive glance cast,
He still cannot see
But he believes himself ordained.

The dwellers of the realm
Recognize his holiness
And they call out from their places
‘Yours is a noble cause,
full of purpose and heart.
Only we know not what it is.’
But they continue to watch with
uninterrupted fascination
as the knight rides forth
frees his lance and shield
and rushed towards the empty field.

One swift unseen breath
He is scorched by the heat
from his own mighty charge
Disappearing soundlessly into
the nothingness of the field.
His own inner flame
devours the entire scene.

He instantly becomes a legend.
Given a respected place
Between the outer and inner world
The villagers rejoicing in having seen
The Glorious Event.
As it came to be known.

The legend says,
He came with mighty quest.
He was a messenger
He was full of unknown purpose.
He changed our direction.

Which we still do not comprehend.
And though we cannot follow him yet
He illuminates the way.

Peace of Mind

The first thought was never known
Having never appeared before
And yet, thoughts have been forever
Following a steady course
Difficult to chart or know
Therefore,
Abandoning my business
I think....

Let me follow them to where they go
Finally, discover their true home.

I jump into their giant emptiness
Get swept into their ebb and flow.

But ...
Not one can I grab
and hang onto till its source
Not one will remain long enough
For me to get acquainted
Not one announces itself
So that I can catch it when it comes
Not one thought will allow me
to call it my own.

Have they all been previously discovered?
Are they already owned?
Are they even real enough to call form?
It's all too much to know.

Picking up my business
I put my understanding
Back on the one who watched
All the coming and the going
And am satisfied
That thought need not be known
Only peace of mind.

The Voice of the Mountain

Severed from the womb
The men of the mountain march forth
Covered in the aftermath of delivery
Crying from the pain of sudden separation
They beat their drums
And the voice of the mountain pulsates in their hands
They beat their drums
Announcing their new life.

The procession slips into the crisp daylight air
And the voice of the mountain rolls like waves
As the men use their drums
To speak the language of the mountain
The sounds of men
Personified as beats of the drum
To the mountain
From the mountain
For the mountain
Men with drums beat their lives
Blending back into the heart
To be engulfed again
by the mountain's dark and ancient womb.

About Rita

A dainty, elegant figure
In an expanded mind
Balances and embraces the struggle for union
In the theater of her life and
The being that is within her.

It is a tempest that blows within her
Tossing her about
Thrusting her into freedom
to merge with her beloved soul
To gust again
And snatch her from the one she loves.

Sometimes she defies the tempest
Though mighty in its force
The effort spilling tears
When she is blown away.
But she is strong in her love
And is pained by the separation.

Tears do not signify defeat
She turns and rallies
Pivoting in delicate balance
Between the two directions
Of this tempest's force
From its world of tears
To its kingdom of joy
She has come to know
No matter where it will blow her
She will never be apart from herself.

Purification

Whirling over a yellow peak
Glides a graceful fire dove
Across a prism of light
Nesting for a moment
On a jeweled crown
Reposing weightlessly
Above a sheet of woven threads
A fire dove hovers.

Fanning its wings
Preparing for the ultimate dance,
the dance of all dances.
The dove circles, dips, bows and bends
Pointing its luxurious golden wings
Towards the erect flames
Its precious being
Inviting the fire's cleansing touch.

To burn
For it is only a fire dove
Birthed and pulled from the light
To burn. To return.
I am just the fire dove
Circling over my own inferno
I, the fire dove
Called by the burning flames
Of purification.

A Change of Order

No gentle rolling hills
With curving velvet terraces.
Only mountains
Bare, bold, defiant
No lights of any kind
On this moonless night
Bring softness to the mountain side.
Just a touch of muffled chanting
Moving up the gullies
Along with the Gulley Ghost
On his evening steed.

The earth trembles tonight
So much movement on the valleys floor
But I see nothing more
Than scorpions guarding the door
For I have gathered everything
And have stolen away
Onto a fallen star
Sailing and gliding
While order is replaced.

A Compromise

The times are often
When I appear as a compromise
The unending undoing
Into my Self.
Entering into a mind field
Allowing the return
And the blend.

Once I found
This was all unnecessary
The sought after had established itself
Inside
I nodded to myself
Accepting that I appeared found
But it was still a compromise.

With no place to end this quest
And no one to finish it.
Here I remain
Going nowhere really.
But into myself.

An Option

Looking down upon all this
Holding no thoughts
Looking nonetheless
A man is merely gazing out,
Blank yet fertile
He peers peacefully
Grateful for the freedom
To stand apart and look upon this life
No one mentioned before
That this was an option
To stand, to sit, to watch his life
In freedom
But now he is comfortable with this.
Before,
Without this option
Uneasiness would rule this peace
Would strut like a bird
Poking and prodding its beak
into the stillness of his being.
But now there is this thing
this option
this Freedom
Of looking down upon all this
Holding no thoughts
Of how else it should be.

Upon Itself

A line on any page
Of any book
Of times once gone
Of things to stay
Or perhaps never to come.
Of fables, romances,
Mathematic tables.
A smile spreading quickly
A tear in any eye
A knock on any door
In any unknown avenue
A song in someone's ear
A sound never heard before
A plea that falls in empty air
A birth in a mother's womb
A death in a sick bed.
A mouse in a corn field
A lightening bolt upon the hill
A thought of earth
The earth upon the seasons
The melting mark
An immeasurable unfelt scratch
Upon the bark of any tree
Upon a line on any page

A story unfolding upon itself.

The Show Goes On

Watch

Those things prancing about
Performing as if for you alone

You laugh

You can perceive the humor
As you live inside the joke.

You sit alone in the isle

Amused and watching

Until you wonder

why the show is not over

The stage droops in fatigue

Yet the performers carry on

And someone else sets new scenes

Quietly you step into the exit gate

With no regrets on leaving

The performance seems to be permanent

And they are after all

Performers.

No more than that.

Therefore, you can come back.

The world is always going on.

For Paul

A thousand eras away
In an unimagined place
A celestial acrobat
A juggler of smiles
Tiptoes across the border line
Dancing, prancing, spinning into somersaults
His motion....exquisite performance

For him there is no sky
Nowhere to fall
No place to slide
All is transparent except his role
Adopted, applauded
He entertains the trinity
All worlds grip their sides
As the laughter from his jokes
Rips their world to shreds
After he has entertained them
Nothing else exists.

No one has really ever seen him
They have witnessed only acrobatics
He is too swift for eyes that blink
It is said
There is really nothing other
Than the twinkle in his eyes
The glint before the gods and goddesses
Tumble from his mind.

The Depth

The still beauty of the fallen evening
The soft slurring disappearance of light
The depth of silence
in the darkest part of night
Intelligence plunging into fathomless space
creating memories
as soon as it touches light
the depth never ceases
nor does it increase
there is only the steady
deep tumbling into
endless motion.

The Field

Grow little ones
From your beds of buds and stems
Transform into fruits
And remember the seeds
That began your fairy tale.

All the fantasies
Fodder for the field
making the soil fertile
So it can grow
Into a field full of things
Just for you to know.

Because it is your fairy tale
Your personal mystical unknown
The sun burns only in your fields
The children play only for you
The bounty of the harvest
Producing seeds to
Propagate the field again.

Your story has no ending
Seed to sprout to fruit
And back to field again.

A Simple Style of Dress

Walking the fancy avenues
Leading through my forms
I speak to all
And walk the walk
That every body walks.

I sell my personality in the market place
No one sees the purchase
But me.
Amazed, I return to the stand
And buy my person back
What good was selling personality
When no one saw the sacrifice.

Walking again I watch
My clothes crease with the day's wear
I have clothed myself
In a trousseau of experience
with all my dreams and wakefulness
stuffed into a bag
Banging on my hip

My stride is awkward
Being the moveable container
my wardrobe is folded and sorted
To be carried wherever I go
My power being the glue
That binds it all to me.

And it is no small job
To keep this all so tidy
Above the sheath of nakedness
Which I really am.
So I can walk
In a simple style of dress.

In You

Each time I close my eyes
I die for you
Each time I die
I am sucked again into your womb
Each time I lie in you
I am about to be created
To be
To see
To close my eyes
To die
To be born
To see you
To be you.

In and Out of You

Breathing in and out
The breath from you
Thought per breath
Breath per thought
Depths of thought
Swirling gusts of air
Inhalation , thought creation
Exhalation, cancellation
Breathing in and out
Of you.

The Invisible Mystery

The darkness stole the light
Sneaking off to heaven
A creature that I have been
Saw where my eyes have failed
To see the way of night.

The invisible mystery
Dispels the night's illusion
It not dark
To he who has never captured light

He sees nothing
While I see many holes
Where light and darkness hides
Where I have hidden mind
In a point of time.

Yet he sees everything
That ever could be seen
The theft of light
Has been added onto him.

Unknown by I
Blinded by the many forms
I look in the light of mind
For what I thought was lost
But never was.

For, long before the darkness played the thief
Vision was with man
Long before heaven let him in
Man played in the dark.

The Reason

There is a reason
Why I have never noticed.

There is a reason
Why I have forgotten.

There is a reason
Why my hands are empty
My fingers bare
My body homeless
My sentiments nowhere.

There is a reason
Why I have never stood in line
Never known the time
Never caught your name
Never sought for earthly gain.

There is a reason
It belongs to those
Whose reason is inside
Or in the sky
Or between the earth and sky
Or nowhere visible
Or not at all.

A Question to You

Who are you
To know that you are you.
When I say
That I am also you.
Now who are you
When you and I
Are still only you?

Can you hold a name
That I may not take for my new born child?
Where is your life?
Catch it.
Claim it.
I can rip it away.

Did you know that I have been watching you
Ever since you used your name
Upon closing your eyes
I can clearly see you.

Did you know
That I am always there?
Seeing with you
As a part of you
So much a part of you
That you are never separate from I.

My Lady of the Night

She would sit there
A symphony of night's creatures
Serenading her with love
She would listen
With one ear turned into herself
And one ear kept for her beloved night

This night she sat
The scent of day
lingering timidly behind
I approached her silent side
Wondering how she stayed so still
With dreams and reality
Dancing madly on her other side

Suddenly she turned
And graciously invited me in
How pleasant inside
How magnificent
To roam the night
and share its calmness with her

Then she begged me to look deeper
To where shape melted into shadow
To where the soft light
Shone in the center of her eyes
Where I saw my own dim reflection
Waving sadly, yet bravely good bye.

Then she laid me down
My lady of the night
She tossed my gaze into the sky
And she fastened by my side
A kiss, a wish and a guess
And vanished with all the rest.

Silence and I

We encounter in an aimless way
And salute to the mutual presence
Intrigued we are by the touch
We have met before
But never face to face
Never in such a quiet spot
Never with such tender thought
Leaning against a shadow
We fold into each other's arms
Nothing stands between us
We are wrapped
In the beats of our hearts
And the rhythm of eternity
Casting all away
We Turn inside
And entice each other
With melodies and delights
Arm in arm we wander away.
Silence and I.

The Gentle Ways of Love

Unfamiliar in this fable
Once upon a time...
This was never known to me
I admit with simple words
I have never loved before
Never played the part
A timid novice
A princess never tried
Smiles shakily
And makes the same mistakes
That every virgin has.
I can be the lover
Even with each unsure gesture
So obvious
With perfection at the base.

But towards perfection
Errors are not counted
I sense that lovers know
And love sees none of this
Love beckons me
Towards the truest part of me.
Is this so?
Love will always move with
Teaching me its gentle ways?

The Essence

It grew
Until it surpassed the enclosing walls of a room
It grew
Until the Himalayan mountain range was a pore
On an elephant's back
It grew until the sky, the clouds
Just a carpet of woven design
It grew
Until stars, planets, moons
Were marbles rolling in the dark
It grew
Until night was a flickering speck of color
In an endless sea of light
It grew
Until it could no longer
Live within the space of a single mind
It grew
beyond the point
where any growth could still be felt
It grew
It grew
It grew
Then it opened its eyes
And Knew
The Essence of itself.

Teachings of Sky

Upon a star he fell to earth
To open eyes and speak of sky
And he cries,
This is I
A speck of life
A Drop of light
A tiny glint within your eyes
And he cries,
See my star
Look in your eyes.
There I am.

Upon the earth I walk as man
To seal the soul to the sky
I shine at night
I shine for life
Upon my star I travel far
To follow moments slipping by
Yet leave a trail
Behind closed eyes.

Every change of every kind
Is all the turning of the mind
A shadowed sun
An evening cloud
A quiet pause in open sky
Imagine me deep within
Though all around
I can be found
Follow me into the night
And silently surrender to the sky
Quickly now before
My star passes by

For then my vision becomes the wind
Moving on and on
In every thought
That blows into you're your mind
My story is complete
I've left it in the sky
In every star
That shines within your mind.

The Unanswerable

And why this voice before all else?
And from an open field of choice?
 Why only this?
What has chosen to form through this
What messages speak for open lips?

Purpose brews in the heart of every soul
Stirring emotions, mixing memories
 What sifts through this voice
 which swim the rapids of speech

A simple being is tangled in its flow
 And wants to know
 And wants to know.

Turn Inside

Turn your face Green Eyed Lady
Your soul is weeping
Hide your soul from us
We are flooded by your tears
And our oceans overflow.

You weep from every pair of eyes
When only one of your massive tears
Can create a valley and gorge
So,
Turn from your forms Green Eyed Lady
The world can no longer bear
The burden of your sweet tears.

Afghani Man

His body arches wearily towards earth
His shadow even shivers
It is night time
He is night in his own time
His memory confiscated by
Mammals that walk on four
Then on two
His eyes and ears carted away
He stands alone
His body afraid.

Above him, beneath him
Engulfing him
Shimmering substance wrapping around his limbs
He is a creation of shape
His form swirled by a thick charcoal mist
Spinning a smoky spiral
Straight and steep
Beyond his reach.

A molecule drops
He pierces the haze
The mist becomes silvery rain
It's morning again
He must inhabit the garments called by the day
The process is under way.

His hollow eyes scan
His leathery limbs bend
A soundless motion
Carries him forward
Propels him ahead
A glance behind reveals nothing
All that lived in his night
All dead.

About A Friend

Her eyelids flutter
Her doors fling open
And heaven pours from her eyes
All the sky's creatures
Soar from her
swarm back to her
She, being the tree of shelter
In the heavy summer rains
She, holding truth
In her solid core,
roots of jeweled flames
spread as light from her
To bathe the earth in warmth

And I,
When she speaks to me
I at once miss her
For I know her as tranquility
And when she doesn't speak
I yearn to remember the glow
Left by her golden tongue
I am cradling in her arms
Her arms that hold eternity
Her touch that has inspired me
Her touch that has tickled me
And made me gay
As she does to all her living things.

She has captured the world
So all is offered to her
For she has given everything.

There is a Choice

Surrender is for the strong
The weak continue to fight
Unknowing of the choice to quit

They push and collide
In a frantic grope for life
Arms, limbs,
Flinging towards a path of glory
Mind camouflaged
Believing in a cause
Just because it can think.

Continuing in a constant
struggle for a territory
Which will never be owned
Because one day
Death will carry it all away
No matter the previous plan.

But if there is one awake
It will eventually see
There is no need to fight
Even though struggle abounds
and many suffer pain
Even though there is the prick of death
Stinging every single being
There is still this choice
not want to wound oneself
Again and again.

It requires effort to desert this game
courage and strength
a plan of retreat
and above all
a capable brain

But there is a method
To survive the mind already lived
With body intact,
Still very much complete
There will come victory to a battleground
Which was once humanness

But,
Surrender is only for the strong.

Taken it Apart

It's not that difficult to understand
But first you must want to know
Undress the question
Of who you really are.
Layer by layer.
I'm not just the body
Not just the mind
Not just the breath moving in time
I am what is left
When everything uncovered
Is laid completely bare
I am the naked soul
The one who questions
The one who watches
The one who receives the answer
And holds it as his own.

The simple discovery of who I am
Reconnects me to everything else
Once I have taken it all apart.

The Key

Everyone walks the path
Only some know
Most don't.
They are walking
But unconscious
That there is even a path
Upon which they tread
So there is no benefit
Of that knowledge.

But one who knows
He walks with Oneness,
Truth at his side
And helps himself to wisdom
As he needs it
He walks with open eyes
With a knowledge of himself
As the One who walks the path
In everyone
But he walks for himself
With his own power
Walking and knowing
At the same time
Who's walking.
This is the key.

A Query

Dissatisfaction being the herald of change
When things of the world no longer satisfy
 Old answers are not enough
 New answers not available
 Could it mean
The idea of self awareness begins?

God's Odds

Mouth the words
Mumble the meanings
Repeat the mantra
And mimic the teachers
But unless you are
That which you preach
It will never work
Though it passes time
In a dignified style.

God's odds.
Who gets it
And who has to keep trying.

Meditation
Is the ultimate mirror
You read about Self
Talk about it
Teach about it.
But when you sit down alone with your self
There is only self
And you can't hide
In front of the mirror.

A Tool

It is your partner in this lifetime
You can't divorce it
You can't obtain legal separation
So fill it with goodness
Dress it in knowledge
And treat it with love
When you dance in the ballroom of life
Spin, dip, curtsy where you must
But when the dance is over
Be sure to bow out.
The mind is a tool
Meant to be put aside
Once it the dance is over
And you are home.

Love for Life

How to be sublime?
You hear about it all the time.
It has been advised
To cultivate virtues,
Compassion, kindness, tolerance
Generosity and so much more
It seems like the list goes on forever
So much work to do on oneself
Perhaps a quick route
To all this virtue
Is to love everything
Love your life
Have a love for life
And everything is
Packaged in that.

Your Universe

The Universe wants you to know
Your body is your own solar system
Revolving day and night
Innumerable thoughts in your night sky
Even if you count them
As you might have tried
You cannot get to the
Final count
Of your thought body.

Absolutely everything
Is contained within your mind
An entire changing galaxy
Spirit, soul, self – the sky
Thoughts and memories – the planets
Breath – the ship that steers
In and out amongst it all.

Your own private universe
So make it a mess
Or make it a garden
Or keep it a universe
But call it your own.

Before Our Names

We started calling
The World – world
The mind – mind
God – God
Earth – Earth
Tree – Tree

But before we named it all
Were they?
They were.
That state of ‘were’
Is before our naming
And will exist after
We have finished naming them.

Are we so naïve to believe
That we ourselves
Are other than eternal
We exist in the same creation
We exist before our name.

Gone

Waiting for awareness?
Might as well wait for a train
At least it may come
Awareness you already are.

Hoping to see God?
God is blind
He gave his vision to man
And now man sees with his eyes
And thinks he sees it all
Forgetting the vision
For the sake of the seen.

It's very tricky
Being the simplest thing.
So much so
It is impossible to imagine
Once imagining
Gone.

A Message

Be wary of a person
Who proclaims,
“I’ve got it.”
Cause then he’ll want to give it.
And ‘it’ cannot be given or got
It’s not concrete like a flower pot
He may want to give you flowers
Pulled out from the earth
But once dug up from
That kind of soil
They dry up and wither
So he is giving a handful of
Potentially dry weeds.

If you want to hear God
Don’t listen to human beings.
On the inside
Everyone is God
But on the outside
Everyone is divided into pieces.
Except for the one
Who doesn’t have an outside
Or an inside.
Or even a God.
He doesn’t have anything.

Untraced

I knew a man who said he couldn't sing
For him, it was no big thing
But one day he opened his mouth
And much to his own surprise
Sang a melody he'd heard inside his head

Where had he heard it
Everyone wanted to know
"I don't know how to explain it"
All of a sudden
It was just there."

In the same way we took birth
The unborn state
Came forth
And we cried without being taught
with vocal chords we knew not
Or how a bird can greet the morning
Without pre-written music

It's not really mysterious
It's not hidden
It just hasn't been
Traced back to the perfection.

Creatures of Curiosity

Shouldn't we be
Creatures of curiosity?

Doesn't anyone want to know
Why we keep placing bodies in the earth
And fresh new ones take new birth?
Doesn't anyone want to follow death
To a satisfactory end
To where it is finally explained?
Doesn't anyone want to know
Why this cycle keeps repeating itself
With hardly any modification?

Doesn't anyone suspect a source?
Doesn't anyone want to find it?
Doesn't anyone want to know
The true father
The primordial birth place
The original nature?

Doesn't anyone have a question?
Without one
Who needs an answer?
Outside you is the question
Inside is the answer.
But someone has to be interested
Enough to ask.

The Joy of Not Knowing Anything

Many knowledgeable people
Approached me in my life
Saying,
“I know. I think...
Listen to me.”
If I couldn't run away fast enough
I'd listen with my escape plan
Ready for the next time.

One day I met an unusual man
He looked extremely wise
Hence, I awaited his approach.
He never even came close by.
So I went to him and asked,
“What do you know?
You laugh so much.”

And he laughed at that
“I don't know anything.” He said
I stayed near him
And became an avid listener.
He taught me
How to not know anything too.

No more Shadows

In the faint morning light
The mountain not solid yet
A silhouette against the sky
One rare soul has stirred
From its slumber
To watch and wonder
As the world takes form
And much the same inside itself
The crystal clarity of perception
Awaiting as shadows
in the corners of its mind

Being subject to the lays of day and night
Awake with light
Asleep with darkness
Shadows in the middle
Revolving in an hour glass
Of time's illusion
Until,

Perception takes a side step
And starts
Meditation with the inner eye
Witnessing
Workings of the cosmic mind
through
Workings of the ego mind
Whatever seen and then owned
Making up his little home
Small, confined stuffed in a hole.

Ego owned the glory, fames and joys
though not the pains or woes
But owning and disowning
Both being ego's employees
There was nowhere for them to go
It's hard to toss out the grand
When it's counter part is not at hand.
But it arrives sooner or later.

Perception says
When you are really awake
You will see clearly
The shadows lifting away.

And will know ego's games
Once exposed, it rears its head no more
No longer comes collecting at the door
 Back to the source
 With no joy or remorse
Here let me show you a way
 Just meditate a bit today.

Perfectly Practical

As we enjoy the scent of rose
On a dewy early morn
As we see two puppies
Playing in the dirt
Unmindful of anything
But their joy
As we open the door
To unexpected long time friend

Acknowledge the presence of Life
Enjoy the essence of everything
Life is not to be understood
Just enjoyed
Perfectly practical.

And There be Peace

Close your eyes
Let your attention fly
Let it soar, dip and dive
Swoop down and graze the earth
Wing through thought
Sing through song
Flutter through memories
Sail the inner skies
Let it roam
Comb the blue, black space
Travel to any place
In and out of your body
Above the sky body
Let it rise into
An empty blissful field of light
Then no light
Not darkness
But a place where attention
Melts into itself
And is poised in perfect peace.

About a Change in Relationship

Oh friend,
Why can't you see
What is at last so clear to me
That I am not seeking your love
Like a cold hand craves a glove
You need not rid yourself of me
I am already gone, unattached, free
Now I remain what you make in your head
I am not here to enter your bed
To bind you in friendship
Or put you in chains
Nor offer myself to past countless pains
I do not want you
Or care if you want me
I am already long on the road of the free.

And now when I see
It is for the joy of that moment
Before another moment steals it away
I never expect it to stay
But in that precious moment
That's like a gift to me
When you stand before me
And I see only your mischievous eyes
The purity your soul does not disguise
The honor, nobility, refinement and grace
The wisdom and goodness
That dwells on your face
You are nothing but a vision of joy for me now.

But perhaps you remember me
When I was not so happy and free
You may think it will always be me.
And I know another always looks better
When one is going through stormy weather
But it is all so different now
I myself, do not know how.

So I ask dear one,
What do you see now
When you meet me on the road?
A funny creature who may need you one day?
An old scab that won't fall away?

A beggar for love clinging to your soul?
A part of your history that's already been told?
So much is written on our faces
That only time one day erases.

But looking in my own heart
One hope I do expect
That time will come when you look at me
And know that I was only love
Your vision of me will change
And you can experience a love with no scare
Yet, regardless of this simple prayer
I accept all that is or is not there
For I know now that love does endure
It must.
For it is and remains forever pure.

Stone to Known

Stone, mud, brick
An abode arisen
From an earth
Gently molested
Roots grown into branches
Though connected in private
Hidden to our outward eyes.

We see word upon word
Like bricks upon bricks
Making towers
Reaching for the absolute

All the while
The structures crumble
At the feet of the disillusioned
Arising enlightenment
To rebuild the ruins.

There will always be things
that nest
In the earth and the mud
Again to place a brick
to form an abode
From mud and stone
And all that must be known.

Appreciation

Preparing for duel at sunset
They face each other
Eyes locked in disagreement
Though love sealed in their hearts
Conflict welds their minds

With silence misting between them
They advance slowly
Each movement
The art of precision
Cautious step by step

Yet,
As they come closer together
They cleanse the ground
Upon which they purposefully tread
to halt in the open gap
With a peculiar new stirring

Still,
They raise their weapons
And position their pistols of words

But,
when they fire
Only diamonds fly into the air
Victory
Appreciation always wins.

An Acknowledgment

Coming from the whole
With half truths of the waking state
Symbols of a well trained tongue
which speaks in subtle dialects.

These changing patterns
These concrete rainbows
Coloring a kaleidoscope of thought.

The restful sleep of the fool I am
In the waking watchfulness
Nature is passing through diluted eyes.

Dreaming in and out of illusion
With a garland for a mind
I understand nothing with open eyes.

Between these fits of fogginess
But through this delicious slumber
Night time madness
Delivers a belief in the wise.

Journey into the Unknown

Shuddering little shapes
Their backs against the wind
Their faces masked by fright
They stand huddled in the night
Surrounded by their fears
Believing darkness to be black
They whisper of ghosts and dreams
And all scary, invisible things.
Two tiny shapes cry
Hiding in the safety tears bring
One timid shape
Crawls inside its skin
One fearless shape sings
But into their circle, demons still breath
And they remember all they have heard of the dark
The stillness unsettling their hearts.

It is all we are taught
That darkness is dark
And heading into this darkness
There is no safety, no hope
No end in sight
But what if it were otherwise
Darkness,
a doorway into the unknown
The start of a journey that ends in light
Shadows revealing new shapes of delight
So welcome to the darkness
Come into the light.

Golden Snake

Golden snake of Fire
Silent temple
Winding up
Out of heaven's gates
The Golden snake has slipped away
The moonlight turns its back
as the Golden Snake
Leaks into the night.

Uncoiling itself
He leaves a trail of burning light
Sliding smoothly
heading for the inner cave
Deep and deeper still

Golden snake stops
Just before the heat leaves the flame
Golden snake
Before time has taken place.

World within world await
Upon the slough of golden snake
Within fire
Before light
He fills and is filling still
His flight throughout the air.

Timeless, Ageless, Entity

Who can sift through centuries of rubble
For the first grain of sand
That was refined into glass?

Who can withstand the shock
Of being an ancient idea
Or an unending wisdom
Or a circle of birth and death?

Who can withstand
The simplicity of
Being a timeless, ageless
Entity?

Every Drop of Rain

A drop of rain
Which she watches
As the drop herself
From the rain
She once came
She rolled upon the glass
Slid into the soil
And stood up again.

Now by the window
Through the glass
Behind the screen
She,
Alone with raindrops
Seeing through this trinity
Looking through this window
Which could be anywhere
At the raindrops
Products of the trinity

Ages, sages and the revelations
In every drop of rain

Random Thoughts

After inspiration
The visit brags of brilliance
Life seems to be a mold
Producing moving beings
Bodies of organic things
In the fibers of a larger skin.

After speaking
The spoken is our discovery
Our release of mind
If it needn't be said.
It wouldn't
Once said
It is perfection.

We are a complete universe within ourselves
Each time we open our mouths to speak
We reveal the stars and planets
Revolving in our personal life system
Each thought is a revolution
That begins and ends
In patterns
creating our universe.

Heaven – The State of Mind

I was playing God again
Now I am stuck in a celestial field
Trapped by my own creation
With rushing rivers running below
Clouds blowing through this airy kingdom
In an between field of awareness
Stranded and alone
In my world of play
Where is man
That he may rescue me?

But men can't seem to reach me here
They cannot see me, hear me
Or touch me here
There are many Gods nearby
But I don't want to meet them
I want to break away
And leave this state of mind
To return to the earth I left behind.

I want to finish this flight
To end the re-arrangement of my brain
To be totally separate from this universe
Where sky and earth are foreign entities
I no longer want to be in this
Celestial slice of thought, sound and light
For the more I go, the less is there
The less is there
The less I see what I am

Heaven is this place
And I found myself there
Just another state of mind
Still bound by time and imagination
But Heaven is meant for Gods
Heaven is too real for me
Heaven is too strange for me
I want to stop
I would rather be non-existent
Please
I want to stop.

One with the Storm

The thunder roars fiercely in the valley
Outside my little mountain home
The rain beats forcefully on the windows
It also wants safety from the wind
Lightening pokes its tentacles
Through the cracks in my curtains
I turn my thoughts to myself
Away from the building storm.

I am soothed by the fact
That despite nature's strength tonight
I am sitting quiet and calm
Before the fire warming my soggy little space
Listening to the fury with which
This storm wants to be known

I feel you storm
I have had times inside my mind
When I felt just like you
The thunder and lightening are
Not distant to me
It has rained inside my head
Inside my home
But my attention is towards the warmth now
Inside my body
I am one with you storm
Yet, I am dry inside my home.

The Glory of Who We Are

What we live in
Does not match the glory of who we are
We are much greater
Than we have known ourselves to be
It is only time and time's conditions
That have whittled down the might tree
Into wooden statues
Sitting on a shelf.

But we are to be re-carved
By our new knowledge
that this mind should not plague us
with its ignorance of its true state
and now time is gentle on us
since it offered itself as eternity.

Love of the Ancient Way

Love of the Love of the Ancient Way
You've lived and you've loved
In every new day
You've flown on the wings
That every breath brings.

Wind of the heart
Where do you start?

Love of each lover
Where do you lie?
Where do you take
All the dreams that we hide
How do make everyone smile?

Love of the Love of the Ancient Way
My heart with your grace
So long, it awaits
Love of the love
Will you call out my name
Love of the Love
If you call, I obey.

Love of the Love of the Ancient Way
Choose me to dance with
Together, Forever
Honor my heart
With your knowledge and your space

Wind of the heart
Where do you start?

Maya Devi

“Follow me,”
she says
Maya Devi smiles
And reaches for your hand
“Come to my golden castle
where silver moons are shining
and birds with magic love songs
sing inside.

May Devi strums her harp
And sends her arrows deep
Upon her silken thread
Your journey with her starts
Sound asleep in Maya’s dream
You dance within her trance
And once she’s touched you
You can never get enough.

May Devi makes you think
That all of her is yours
And so you vow
To stay with her forever

But wake up dreamy Sadhoo
Golden chains will bind you
Gold so fine, almost devine
But Maya Devi holds the chains
And she will never let you go

And stay awake dreamy Sadhoo
For although she’ll grant your every wish
She cannot give the greatest gift
Of freedom.

It is the Same

I lay my body down
For so long I have wandered around
I have traveled far
As if to a distant star
And now I return
To where I began

My starting point
After such a long journey
I've come back again
Lightening was striking
With the rains when I left
But I didn't really hear much
I was going on my way

Only now I remember the din
And what was important that day
That you came to tell me
It is all the same.
That I didn't need to travel far
It was all here to stay

But is it too late
In the face of truth
What can I say
You were right
It was all the same.

So I lay my body down
Accepting who I am
After all my wanderings
I fall into your hands
For you hold
The only thing that did not wander away.

Saying Good-Bye Again

What will I do without you again?
Just when I've recovered from the last time
I'm looking in the mirror
Saying, "Oh no.
Here you go again."

And upon my lonely bed
A separate soul has a hard song to sing
Love travels
Though the distance is so far away
But here in front of the mirror
This helpless body will stay

So when you go again
Leaving me like a candle in the dark
In front of the mirror
I will burn each day
The flame barely flickering
Until you come to fan it once again.

To the Moon

They say you're the queen of the sky
Way beyond a poet's mind
But in my looking glass
I see you drifting past
Even though,
every night we take a piece off you
And dissolve it into the sky
Nothing happens to
Last time I saw you
Your face was still bright
Full and round, boasting of your light.
Even when you are eaten by the sun
You turn to crescents and come back as one.
Oh moon,
Your beauty has caught me
And up to your throne I go
Kneeling by your side
I am no longer alone
Silver footed queen
Your bodiless sensation
Spreads me through the sky.

Listen to the Serenade

Captured between two worlds unseen
Rowing up illusion's streams
Just wasting my time
heading up another road
with endless more to go
Walking every avenue
I've sold my soul somewhere

But looking now across the haze
I see a clearer way
I tune in for the wind's sign
To climb upon the breeze
And join what's happening there
A Serenade
Listen to the Serenade
Before it's too late
Listen to the Serenade
It's melody is free.

What you Do!

What do you do
That always makes me high
What do you feel
That always makes me smile
What do you hear
Moving deep inside
What do you see my friend
That brings that magic to your eyes?

What makes you so happy
What makes you so free
What makes you speak
With such crystal clarity
What secret do you hold
That makes your word seem like gold
Where did you get
All these treasures that you chose?

And what me come
And leave all else behind
What made my world
Change right before my eyes
What made me rest my soul
In the garden of your kind
What makes me stare at you
Until my vision turns to light?

It hardly matters
Perhaps my mind watches you
And often questions why
But my heart overpowers
And loves you without question.

On an Ordinary Day

On an ordinary day
When clouds are mingling amongst themselves
Deciding over whose sky
They shall overcast today
I look up and request
“Clouds, please.
Not this way.”

The sun is always patient
I have observed it for many years
Even when its face is veiled
It remains, it perseveres
Some things are unchanging
Maybe not the rays
Definitely not the clouds
They never stay in shape.

But who has eyes
to can pierce the clouds
To watch the sun remain untouched
Who has eyes
To watch the clouds turn to dancers
And dance themselves away.

It is I.
And I am wiser now.

The Space

Into that space
Where thought cannot penetrate
With sound all around
Lie in the silence
That surrounds all of it
Loose yourself in the silence
And breath deep of everything.

How do you find it
If the path is nowhere to be found
Find it within the search
In the silent moment
Between the thoughts
Where it hides.

Footprints on the Shore

Footprints on the shore
And a child is at play
Making sand castles
That will soon melt away
And will be no more

So why does he bother
When the blows the sand into the air
Because he loves the life
And he lives it with no yesterday
Or no tomorrow.

Wind blowing
Children growing
Upon the field of life
We are here to stay.

Footprints in another place
A man laying down his head
For the last step he has already laid
And will be no more

So why does he smile
When the earth calls him home again
Because he loves the life
And he knows
It will never end.

For Ravi Chand

In my dreams I reached for you
And you sent
Your silent touch to greet
Bringing magic and a song for me

“How can I explain to you
To get inside your mind
And tell you what you mean to me
It’s not a waste of time
I see a warning sign flash by
When I search deep within your eyes
A gypsy you were meant to be
Come roam around with me.
Come my love
Follow me
Come experience and see
You are destined to be free
With only faith to be your friend
Throw your chains away
And blow a kiss to yesterday.”

Full

A drop
And clouds that change
I watch them
As a drop myself
From the darkness of the rain
All at once
The light came
And rolled upon the grass
Until it melted into past
Then along the river
With the water by my side
Watching how I came to be
So full of everything.

I Return to You

When I go to the child
And I teach him my ways
I return to you
For you are the base of my mind.

When I step into time
And it twirls me around
I return to you
For you are at the base of my mind

When you show me your ways
And I fall from your grace
I return to you
For you are at the base of my mind.

When you let me in your heart
And I feel your touch of love
I return to you
For you are at the base of my mind.

Pray Today

The universe is silent
When I sit down to pray
And I pray that you show me
How I must pray

I pray to understand
How the faith unfolds
The need to pray is strong with me
But I have not found the words

I pray that you make me pure
So I may ask for what is true
I pray that you make me clear
So your knowledge I can hear

I pray that you tell me
What I must do
So that moment by moment
I am united with you.

Until I Believed in You

I never believed in anything
Until I believed in you
There was no truth
Previous to my belief in you
Now if it doesn't speak of you
It cannot possibly be true.

The moment I saw you
I knew I would believe in you
Until I believed in you
Nothing else would do
Knowing there's no other way
Promises a miracle today.

Wandering Minstrel

A wandering minstrel caught hold of my heart
And gave her pure blessings to me
She strolled into my dreams
Using verses as her means
Blowing songs and sweet melodies

It's a mystical type of feeling
One that I'd like to explore
It never occurred to me before
That something like her could exist
Behind my own front door.

A queen long removed from her past
A soul to whom nothing offends
Accepts any and all who cross her path
All strangers become her best friend.

She speaks to all with her smile
She calls to me with her eyes
She tells me willingly
That love and life are no surprise.

She is keeper of the key
That sets all spirits free
Releasing a magical, fanciful harmony.

A Silent Answer

Sand sifted in the hourglass
And time slid from the past
Gathering the sun's bright rays
The night turned into day.
And all because a silent soul once prayed
And a silent answer came.

A shot burst through
Ringing sharply in the space
A sound surrendering to song
Began to sing in every place

A faint but steady beat
Upon the skin of earth
A shadow hidden in a heart
Moved to play a lover's part

A wave arose upon the sea
That still was calm and still
And swam until it reached the shore
And swiftly walked away.

A spectrum now we are
A color of each shade
And this entire creation painted
To look just like the sky

And all because a silent soul once prayed
And a silent answer came.

Come Home my Soul

Secret of the soul
Spread across the globe
Towards the highest
Spirit always goes.

And suddenly the time has come
To get into my boat
And cross the ocean within me
For beauty far beyond my mind
Waits for me
Upon the other shore

With only just the smallest clue
I know what I must do
The light in me
Reaches out for what is free
All alone in nature's form
Come home my soul
Come home.

The Boon

To the heavens he called me
“You’ve done well” he said.
“And you’ve pleased me very much
Ask your hearts desire
And it shall be fulfilled.”

How long had I waited
Imagining just this moment
Yet still I am unprepared
In His shining aura
I am speechless, dumb struck.

“Freedom.
Give me Freedom.”
I sputter out my special boon
But much too soon
For later in my solitude
I realized what is true.

Freedom. Only Freedom?
I should have asked for all of you.
You offered any wish come true
And I only asked for freedom
Far, Far greater it could have been
If I’d asked the boon of you.

Voice Under the Trees

Lying in the summer sun
Tall cool grass
Wind like a ghost appears
And taps me on the back
“Would you like to come with me?”
Calls this voice unseen.

Mystical voice under the tree
Whispers to me like a breeze
Inviting me
And just like a dream
It does so
While it runs away from me.

So,
I’m chasing a dream
With thousands of other dreams
Scattered everywhere
So many kinds
Which one was mine?

“It doesn’t matter,” calls out one
Just catch one of us
And call it your life
Dreams are free
The voice under the tree
Laughs in the breeze.

The River's Poem

Landing by the river's side
With my load of thorns
To cast into the river's flow
A child no more
Standing now upon the shore
And every rapid rushes towards me
To tell the tale of where it's been.

It's hidden secret fills my soul
Washing every pore
It's servants of the current
Takes my heavy load
And into the river's mighty roar
I am carried forth

Whatever ends at the river
Ready to be surrendered
Becomes its very own
And today I have come
To join the river's poem.

Be By Yourself

Unless you become yourself
You will never be free
All the scriptures speak
You are the being
Whom you are seeking
Finish your quest and be at peace.

For where will you go, my friend
Where you do not take yourself?
Turn around
Stop the sound
And be by yourself for awhile.

Let the waves rise, fall
Watching one, watching all
Let the breath follow you
Around for awhile
And take the chance to
sail in the silence of your own self.

A Fountain is my Heart

Sitting by your side
Under hazy open skies
All my doubts suddenly subside
my energy begins to rise
From the Ferris wheel of thought
I have climbed off
Now I am with you
Not caring what to do
Near the temple of your form
I have become wiser

No more standing in the rain
When the sunshine came
No more hiding in the dark
When the lamp is lit
A flood of love bursts in my brain
And this I can't explain

But like a fountain my heart rises
And I feel fully alive
With the powerful pounding of life.
That is flying by your side

A Make-Over

Had I known
That out of the dark
Came a sudden spark
That perhaps began
As a quiet idea
And spun like a spoke
In a fast moving wheel
Until awareness appeared
With vision unfurled
So form could be seen
Creating the make-over
into one thing
from the ethereal being.

Had I known any of this
On the day I was born,
I might never have called myself
A Human Being.
But now
I use the tongue of God
to re-name my creation
From Me
Came Me
An Infinite Being.

Exist in Me

Born of mother
Arise no other
Live and learn
And exist in Me.

Goodness gather
Wisdom rather
Love your brother
And exist in Me.

Build your bridges
Over ridges
Plant your fields
And exist in Me.

In the shrine of daylight
Worship and be true
Rest under the moonlight
And exist in me.

Water at the root
Flower turns to fruit
Every one's a youth
Who exist in Me.

Multiply and then dissolve
But exist in Me.

A Question of Time

It's all a question of time
When we are born
We don't care
We lie in the grass
Flitting away time
Like it never need pass
We can't count past ten
A moment, an hour,
A day or a year
Doesn't cause very much fear.

But the world soon gets larger
When dollars start to count
How much does a moment cost
Hey, can you spare some time
What we do with every moment
While the clock is ticking
Faster than our own heartbeat
We are never with some time to spare
Always doing something
Somewhere.

Can we break the clock?
Would the universe actually stop?
Well, for one
We wouldn't grow older
And deadlines would be over
But no, we cannot
This is the way
A human being rises with the dawn
And will live only so long.
We might as well call it time
That makes it all move.

So, knowing time must be spent
It must be the ultimate care
Waste it not.
Spend it in freedom and happiness
This way
It serves you best.

Circles of Different Kinds

I am a circle of sight and sound
And the motion that makes it go round
We are all circles of different kinds
Spinning ourselves in a whirlwind of time

The world is a fast moving form
circles and dots on a magnificent globe
Mind twirls as fast as it goes
From a dot to the whole

And it spins, like circles
Thoughts moving in wheels of time
The breath of the sky
Blows in the mind
Making each circle unique
Each of a different kind.
In the sky itself
Is the circle of life.

The Opening

Flower unfolding
Petal by petal
Exposing
Soft, sensitive core
More
A tiny little heart.

Petals parting
Touching gently
Locked together by the core
More
Limbs of velvet
Locked by love

I close my eyes
To see this blossom
Spreading slowly
Deep inside
My heart is full
Love is opening
Flowering
And More.

Today's Feeling

What goes into sleep
Must then awake
Unless it is meant
To move to another sphere
But today she awoke
One glance out the window
It was going to be sunny day
Outside.

But the space inside was also sunny
Breath moving in a
Soft, blue, black space
Today it felt
Like a bubble was about to burst
This could be a revelation
And the stripping away of all meaning
To enjoy it all
Like sound without meaning
Or life's noises all the same
Or no instant replays in the mind
Mind being no more than a radio
With so many different bands

But today the space inside
Is clear,
Neither positive or negative
Nothing other than
Freedom from everything.

The Real Vow

Will you take this universe
To be your wedded partner
The moon, the stars, the tempest's skies
The plants, the seas, the flying things
To accept them as they are
Perfect and unique
To honor their creation
And their changing disposition
To respect the many differences
As part of the Almighty Being
That you must cherish,
Honor and protect
While knowing
That death will never do you part.

Do you take this nameless space
To be your lawful wedded spouse
To have belief in, though unseen
To have faith in, though unfathomable
To love, even without form
To honor as your own
Very own being.
While knowing
That death will never do you part.

Swiftly on a Thought

Just a moment ago
I was cushioned in my home
With snowflakes dancing in the daylight
In the yard outside the window
Then,
Just a split of a second
And I am under moon lit skies
Tracing patterns in the stars
Wide eyed and inspired
By the river
Up a mountain trail
I walk the path to your home.

Oh I have traveled swiftly on a thought
Or was it a passing desire
Still, leaving all else where it lay
I arrived here
With no time to warn you
Of my coming
So you cannot see me
Having left my body behind
I cannot touch you either
Only leave gentle hints
Or perhaps a feeling
That my presence is nearby.

Something is Seeing it All

There are people of the stars
They are not men at all
Luminous their beings are
Shining like the golden windows on the hill
That catch the sun
And twinkle in the evening light.

The people of the stars
Find them
They are not so far away
It's just that they fade
When childhood melts
And gets eaten by a distant star

But for every dream ever dreamed
There is a star, a planet
Or heavenly body
Somewhere
In some galaxy
Something
Is seeing it all.

Watcher

Thoughts are coming
Watcher is watching
Thoughts are going
Watcher is watching
Thoughts remaining
While watcher stays
Firmly at the core.

The waves are gently
Slapping on the shore
Long after and long before
The watcher is no more
A sound that held no meaning
Just a moment ago
Interests the watcher
And he again joins the show.

Thoughts again coming
Thoughts again going
Perhaps the thoughts
Are now snowing
Watcher watches
Coming, going,
Knowing
Nothing stops the Lord
Who moves yet never goes
Only Watcher's growing.

Being Everywhere

Not a sound reaches my ears
When I am feeling so high
I am chasing an image
Flying through my mind
While I remain sitting
Looking inside
Or standing outside
Gazing at the sky
Never a sight
Not the most glorious sunset
Makes its connection
Through these eyes to this mind
When I am sailing through
This universe
Admiring it.

A gentle man approaches
He calls himself I.
Philosophy guides his tongue
He, being so wise
He calls himself I.
But he doesn't realize
That I am in the universe
Spread across the sky
Yet standing right before his eyes
How does he call himself I.

Lit in Light

The difference between man and man
Is only the sort of desire
Harbored at heart.
The difference of a man's sight
Is the depth to which it can go.
When one man's vision stops on a body
Then he sees beauty and ugliness
When he sees with the eye of intellect
Then vision stops on the mind
But with the eye of spirit
He can see the unity in everyone.
Let your vision reach deep
And the whole world will be lit with sight.

Thoughts to Myself

Never look outside yourself
And try to point or blame
For when you point your finger at some else
One finger points to them
But three are facing back at you.

Be like the bee and not a fly
The fly sometimes sits on sacred food
But sometimes sits on filth
But the bee sits on a blossom
Or in its hive
And nowhere else.

Be as light as light itself
In order to be light
Keep darkness as a special friend
For without darkness
Light would never see itself.

Leading to You

I know you
As a babe knows to cry
I know you
As a lover knows to smile
I know you
As the growth of a child
I know you
As the mind of a man.

I know you
And never question how
I came to know you
Since I saw the light
Twinkle in your eyes
I knew
You were leading me to you
And feel you
At the source of my mind
And I touched you
When you took birth as my heart.

Now I love you
Since I know you
And I learn to love myself
Because I've known you.

All There Is

Listening to the hum
That vibrates in all sound
Feeling the heart beat
With the pulse of every one
It is the life in everyone
It is
I am
And that is all there is.

We are bringing our thoughts
To burn in your fire
Take our breath
We are breathing you
I am
You are
It is
I am
And that is all there is.

Listening to the inner voice
It's speaking all the time
Whispering the secret
Of the one who dwells within
It is the same in everyone
It is the life
It is
You are
I am
And that is all there is.

In the Body of the Night

In the body of
The never-ending night
Sitting so still and patient
Listening and waiting until
Every thing is gone
And motion is calm
To see the silent sun
As it sends its final ray
And a night bird leaving the ground
Softly, without any sound
In the body of this excellence
When the soul tends to soar
Like the night bird
Dissolving in the air
Back to nowhere
In the body
Of the never-ending night.

By not Thinking

When we say we want to meet our creator
We have created him already
As we search for light to find the way
We use the light to start our search
When we reach the many levels
of the growth of consciousness
We climb upon a ladder
Which that isn't going up
As we sing and pray for freedom
To come and bless our heads and heart
We use the very voice of freedom
To call out just for that
While we learn about nature,
God, creation, creator
All the glories, all the pains
We speak with the very knowledge itself
To tell us about ourselves.

Is there any place to go
Without the wind and air?
Anything to say
Without the breath and sound?
Anything to feel
Without this mind and heart?
Anything or anywhere at all
Where that being is not?

Think not.
In not thinking
It is seen and understood.

Just Me

Now when I look inside myself
I see that there is nothing else
And when I look into your eyes
I see there is no you or I
One soul looks out
One soul looks back
No difference in
The sameness of the soul

One little thought
That makes me free
One little thought
That brings such peace
One little key
That opens every door
One little thought
It is all just I.

The Homecoming

With the sky full of non conducive stuff
The airport staff kept saying,
Not much luck.
The threat of rain
is moving up from the plains.”

The runway, crowded with hope and faith
A small group of love
Stood with only that in heart
Praying for the clouds to part
To bring their beloved home.

And perhaps their hearts were heard
For a miracle flew in like a bird
And from out of a mist
That lay heavy and thick
Shot a small silver flying disk
Bringing home the light.

Everyone, everywhere,
Old, middle or young
Even the sweeper in the midst of his job
Dropped his bucket and joined the mob
And not a moment too soon
Three hours before noon
The dancing plane tiptoed to a stop
And off every tongue came a cheer of delight.

The airport officials were shocked
With such weather it can't be explained
No plane should have reached.
I desperately wanted to explain
A man of God was on this plane
A being whose powers can affect any change
But I had no chance
For he himself was at the gate.

And flowers, songs, hugs and hellos
Were flung like bouquets into the air
Love flooding, tears and laughs
And the Valley smiled once more
The lord of its rivers
Had at last come home.

And the first thing he said
After so many days gone
“It’s nice to be back again
though I am just a rock in the sea
Where waves appear and splash over me
A six week gale stirred up a storm
While I watched the sky take its course.
But I never moved
From that place that moves not.
It was only my servant that ran without stop.”
It was just a little sadness,
A little separation
Then the joy of re-uniting
And this makes sea life so exciting.”

Now once again he sits in his seat
Once again, we by his feet
Every soul has flowed to the rock
And stopped.

A Poem About Love

First there is love
Then there is you
Then the meeting between the two
I am won by your love
I am one in your love
And the love itself
Has done it all.

First you were sent to me
And made me tingle secretly
Then you left your magic
Lingering in my memory
But when you looked deeply into my eyes
Then I was lost in your loveable ness
What was expected of me?

Between Each Thought

There is a space
Between each thought
Whether we want to call it so
Or not.
There is a wind
Within our mind
That blows between the lines
Though,
Thoughts don't have starts and stops
No capitals or periods
No grammatically correct syntax
And there is no beginning or end to thought
We start from where we stop.

Song – All for You

They say,
you made everything
You created love
You added pain
And they say,
They are merely two sides
of your same creation.
But even though they say,
You once whispered in my heart
“I am beyond it all.”

They say
You had a cosmic plan,
The sun for light
The moon for night
A human being for love
The love for growth and hope
And continuance.

They say
You made it all
Just to experience yourself
In form.
And even though they say,
You once whispered in my heart,
“I did it all for you.”

Enjoy the Ride

There are many paths to God
Says the human being
There is no path says God
There is only Me
It is all One
Equally present in all Beings.

But part of that One
Is the human being
Who claims there are many paths
Mind, making its journey authentic.

Though it is at the end
Of all the roads
Still,
If you want to ride a donkey
Please feel free
If you want instead a silver limousine
It's your choice
Take anything
Just point it in the right direction
And enjoy the ride.

Take any vehicle
Point it home
And don't get caught in the means.

The End of the Story

I've walked a lot
Didn't know my own feet
I was dreaming it seems
In a foggy state of happiness
I was singing my song
If a song came along
Tossing thoughts in the air
Going no pre-determined where
Just strolling along
Who needs to see feet anyway.

Until I came to a sea
And you were sitting there
Looking at the waves so peacefully
You said nothing
But I couldn't keep still
"Hey,
You are also a stranger here.
I came to this ocean to play
What brings you today?"

Well, you didn't speak in words
But I clearly understood.
You made the waves wash over me
Till I dissolved before my eyes
And when you jumped in
I jumped after you
Now, I don't exist at all
Only you mentioned that
I had to come and end the story.

The Immortal One

A thousand years
Does it really matter?
In the face of eternity
Time is like a children's game
For the heavenly one
In its own game of fun
Eternally
playing the life away

Whereas one little soul
Is a drop in its infinite ocean
From the unending rainfall of life

If you take away the moon and sun
Take away the stars
You'd find the left over
Is only light
Dancing across the sky

The Immortal One
Playing the game of life
In an infinite dance of light.

It Must be Right

You don't expect a horse to be a cow
You don't expect a fish to leave the sea
 (willingly)
you don't expect a rock to talk
 a tree to fly
the moon to fall out of the sky
a newborn babe to be born old
or anything to be what's its not.

So there is something
To be said about life
It seems to be just right
Everything seems to be
 Where it should be
 With all of it
Moving at the proper speed

And though nothing stays one way
It seems to be perfectly made
 Therefore,
 By conclusion,
 It means
 It's all perfect.

Just a Dream

You get up in the morning
After a long night's sleep
You look in the mirror
And the mirror starts to speak,
"Hey, who do you think you are?
You life was just mixed in a dream."

You go to your kitchen table
Eat your favorite foods
You get into your car
You're not going very far
Driving down the highway
A sign suddenly reads,
"Hey, You are living in a day dream
"and there is traffic in your head."

Well it's starting to show
That nobody really knows
That it's just a giant movie screen
Of dream, upon dream, upon dream.
Though we are planning out our lives
From beginning to end
Trying to guess what's around the bend
Mostly forgetting
It's all gone when the dream is over.

We hang on so tight
And it still slips away
Even our bodies
Will one day meet their end
But the One who is watching
Every single dream
That's the One
Who doesn't wake up,
It doesn't fall asleep
And it never dreams.

Big Secret

What do you do
When you have a secret
That doesn't want to hide?
When you've got a secret
That just won't stay inside
It sneaks out of your brain
Writes itself across your face
Shines in your eyes
Dances in your smile
And your heart starts singing praise
For the simple things in life.

If that secret is Love
Try as hard as you might
It can never be held tight
It has its own special rules
And its own special light.

The Ever Increasing Journey

In the ever increasing journey
Of the Self
The functioning reveals
The study of a person
living for himself
In order to be free
To think and act with certainty
Watching what forms in his head as thought
or what comes out as words
Watching when he begins to cling
Onto anything
Creating so much need.
Need making him foolish
Limiting himself
With the limitless Almighty Being

A person must build his journey
Based on truth
Being true to himself
Not by arranging the world
According to his needs
What can he gain
From a sandcastle built in the rain
The wind of truth
Blows it all away.

A person should ask
What have I to do
Where have I to journey to?
He must climb out of the box
Filled with his hopes and wants
And jump into the flow
From the Almighty Being
Into the Almighty Being
Of which he is a part
And of which he is one.
And then he must keep the flow
As the ever increasing journey.

The Thousand Petal Rose

We are frying all our seeds
We are canceling our needs
We are taking all our old ways
And sending them away.

We are roasting the coconut
Weeding out the garden
Cleaning out the lake
Hanging up our stakes

Now we smile at confusion
Respect its illusion
We salute all life's pain
But stay out of the game.

Who can call us human now?
We are boldly facing death
Watchfully placing our breath
In a state of perfect rest.

And the thousand petal rose
Arises in our soul
Though once hidden in the vines
It takes its seat now
In a clear still mind.

The Key

Freedom is a promise
A silent agreement
A link between you and perfection
A key that unlocks
The love in your heart
It is the instrument
To lose yourself
In everything else.

The Field of Life

All the sounds
Are resounding in me
Even me takes place in me
And it is a field
That holds infinite things
Beyond infinity's end.

This field,
Is silence
On top of which
All the sounds
are resounding
While the silence is not disturbed

This field is peace
With growth from many seeds
sprinkled endlessly
Keeping it forever fertile
With life
From where the infinite doesn't end
And the field begins again.

Waiting for You

Approach its side with silent feet
It floats inside a lotus leaf
Above an ocean of gentle peace
But in retreat
At the source.

It is the one inside of you
Who has always been free.
It is the one who is not labeled
not bound
not even slightly
troubled if
you know of it or not.

Still,
deep in the core of
Your very own self
Lies the Absolute Being
You may not have been aware
That it has always been there
Existing before your mind
Breathing without a sound
Eternally patient,
Waiting for you to
Simply to turn around.

We Follow Where It Goes

We can't smile
Till the joy comes
We can't cry
Till the sadness comes
We can't wish for something
Until desire comes
We can't even die
Until death comes
So why do we trust
In the idea
That we are running this show.
No.
Where does it really come from.
Where does it go.
Who's actually running the show?
We are living in the shadow
Of the Immortal Soul
We merely follow
Where It goes.

Broken Wings

Broken Wings
How do you fly in the sky?
How do you travel on broken wings?

“Oh my friend,
Don't you know?
You don't need wings to fly!
It's not the body
That makes you sail in the sky.”

Broken Wings,
I don't understand what you say.
Would you please explain.

“Listen to me,
friend of the earth.
My wings are broken,
But my spirit is whole
And I move by a force
Far greater than wings.”

Broken Wings,
How can I grasp this?
Nobody I have known
Speaks in this way.

“Oh my friend,
Well I have come to speak the little known.
Which is,
You are one with the sky.
So accept when I say
You don't need wings to fly.
But sit with your mind in the sky
Knowing you are just sky.
Don't sit with your mind in your body
Because you will be lonely there.

Be the Thinker

What would you want to be
If everything you are
What do you want to see
If everything reflects you
What would you like to think
When every truth is known.
What do you want to own
If all of it is yours.

Never mind the sights and sounds
Never mind the dreams
Be the Thinker – not the thought
Be the Seer – not the sought.
Be Yourself – it's what you've got

Everything belongs to
Everything is telling you
Who and what you are.
All in all and everywhere
You alone
The whole reason for being.

Gentle One

Gentle One,
My special friend
I close my eyes
You are inside
Your laughter bubbles to my ears
Soft green fields
In your eyes I see

Sun on silver waves
Smiling sweetly
I stop my mind
And with me still
Is you, my Gentle One

Gentle One,
You fill the space within me
A continuous moment of love
Gentle One,
My special friend
Always with me
Till the End.

The End