

Turning Point

and so:
three thousand years later,
through six dozen specialized approaches,
the light was lost.

when can we come again, Sir?

(when shall we three meet again, unquote)

Oh Bharata, your clues abound
but never lead.
Follow your experience.
Eat of the fruit of freedom
through Me.

(go beyond, for the kingdom of heaven is near, unquote)

one silent chord
strikes, striking,
does strike through to silence:
universes fall away;
language becomes sound;
sound becomes silence.

truth is silence? Sir, explain.

cryptic verses and deft descriptions
paranoid interpretations
subtle cyclic knowledge:
drop your bucket into your well
drink motionlessly of still waters.

outside of fear and failure
round the corner of despair
beyond the midphysics of one day's solutions
the small and subtle signal
drifts leaflike down
to the source:
past and future fall away;
presence lost to being,
(galaxies, like grains of sand, unquote)
in and out the millennia like a butterfly