

Now: Shifting words-Stopped

i am the sublime abiding

i am the rise and fall of breath

i am the ebb and flow of the heartbeat

i am the spark of thought, the sparkle of laughter

i am the witness, the cause glimpsed upon in

the deafening Silence of a pause.

Seek me not for i will not be found

not in the rubble of thinking will i be encountered

and from the din and dust of doing will i shy away...

oh but rest, rest in the rise and fall of your breath

yield to the ebb and flow of your heartbeat

give yourself to that dark, illuminating Silence

there will i let myself be known---

the cause, the witness,

the Sublime Abiding.

Prema. (Nov 2015 Sesshin)

