

SANNYAS



By clearest flowing babbling brook
There stands a cypress tree.
A boulder flecked in black on white
Is nestled in its lee.

In golden morning light of dawn
When only birds dare speak,
A quiet meditation calls
An echo from the creek.

It sings of far off ocean waves
In dance upon white beach,
Caressing vast and mystic lands
The heart would long to reach.

A sacred spot, where I in childhood
Innocence would play,
Perch on that rock, then watch
The evening sky in dusk of day.

As one by one each blissful day
Of youth first bloomed then passed,
The dark thought grew to make my own
This place. The die was cast.

To shelter me from nature's wrath
Near creek a house I'd build.
That haven thus, by rock and tree,
With wanton lust was filled.

Foundation framed that hallowed ground
With dry decaying board
Culled from my parent's cast off dregs
Of their own rotten hoard.

Then from my school days, plank by plank
Still larger cache was won,
Procured from teachers, friends and foes,
A bit from everyone.

Old beams, cracked walls and sagging doors,
A broken window pane.
As I grew older, building skills
Were practiced with disdain.

Thin mortar mixed of fantasy
I used to seal the seams
Then thatched the roof with lover's words
Gained through my bartered dreams.

No more the evening sky I'd search
To ponder nor to praise.
The reinforcement of my house
Stole both my nights and days.

Now happened once at twilight's eve
Fierce wind began to grow.
It tossed the sullen clouds about.
The trees swayed to and fro.

Malicious anger its intent,
Its rending voice, a howl!
Resounding rout through bough and brush
Thus scattered beast and fowl.

Anticipation, static charged,
Raised hairs along my back.
Sudden outrage! Blinding slash
To forest heart... the crack!

With quaking hands I slowly inched
My window up a mite,
Beheld the woodland's heart aglow,
Red incandescent light.

When from that very glow aloft
In jagged fiery flight
Rushed Phoenix Bat with wings aflame.
I jumped back at the sight!

Straight through my window flew the fiend,
Straight to his task embarked.
He set my poor décor ablaze.
The walls, his tinder, sparked.

My mother's curtains, father's bed,
My heirlooms all, and more
To conflagration fed as fuel,
Then Bat flew out my door.

In desperation, 'round the room
I gathered what I could
For my escape, but found my door
Was blocked by burning wood.

I dropped my treasures, to my knees
I fell in panicked fright.
Then under burning beam I crawled
Out into evening light.

With fraying tarp I beat the blaze,
Then dipped with rusty pail
Creek water tossed to douse the flames.
I toiled to no avail.

At last conceding all was lost
I cursed, I wailed, I wept!
I shook my fist at Bat, then flames
Where devastation swept.

With anger spent, in blackest grief
I crept atop my stone,
Shook deep with sobs conceived in pain
Through dark night all alone.

As dying embers faded gray
 To usher in death's knell,
Grief's toll was met and o'er my cheek
 Last tear of mourning fell.

In silence, I upon that rock
 Did sit for time untold.
For minutes, hours, days or weeks?
 I felt my life unfold.

Stirred in my soul an echo of
 Teal waves upon white beach.
Its playful mystic ocean song
 My heart it longed to teach.

I stood in awe! My heart leapt forth
 With nightingale's sweet tune.
I knew at last, my house had burned
 That I might see the moon.

In resonating sympathy
 By root of cypress tree,
I shed my clothes, sprang to the creek,
 Then danced about in glee!

Jeweled under twinkling starlight,
 Tickling toes, the healing stream
Reflected, veiled in feath'ry bough,
 A wan and silv'ry beam.

It jumped and sparkled on the creek,
 Illumined ferny mound,
Then broke through masks of evergreen
 To spill forth on the ground.

And there in radiant regal form,
 Pale Goddess of the Night
Revealed her splendor, cast her spell
 In purest crystal light.

THE HEART OF A MOUSE

I inside my true self beats a heart of hearts.

The authentic heart I have sought so to dance,

To sing, to laugh and to weep. To rejoice.

How do I know it's awaiting me there?

I intuit a presence as in silence it soars

And glides in a subtle contentment of being.

I once heard the tale of a frightened mouse

Who, aware she was prey, lived in unyielding fear.

A kindly magician, a compassionate soul

Transformed her to a cat, to a dog, then a lion.

But sealed in her fate by the heart of a mouse

Still fear was relentless, her constant companion.

I was born with the merest heart of a mouse,

As was my mother, my father, my sister...

A family that lived from that cramped, scared space.

The friends that I clung to, the people I met

Each seemed to possess that selfsame heart.

So small, so closed and obsessively bound.

In earnest I sought my own lion's heart.

For years I would paw with razor sharp claws,

Would growl, would roar, and all would take flight

Except for my secret-most heart of fear.

With quaking limbs steadfastly it stood

And filled my soul with misery and dread.

One fine, crisp morning I toiled up a hill
Too weary to practice my lion's heart.
I lay in the grass, all alone, unmoved,
And gave over searching for that mighty roar.
A soft, lofty calling rang true in my ears,
Uplifted my eyes. My wandering stilled.

In a perfectly quiet, clear azure sky,
Circling in heavenly motionless flight,
Gliding on eternal breath of a breeze
Soared the harbinger of my authentic heart.
So patient. So strong. Silently waiting...
Waiting... for nothing but my attention.

Revealed at last, my true Heart of Hearts
... In the kindred heart of a Hawk.

PERFECT DISCIPLE

I sat upon a sandy shore
 By ocean deep
In sweet repose, not wanting more
 Than moonlight's steep
Enfolding thought, emotion's lore
 And body's keep.
My soul felt the touch of the formless night.

It asked this question of the moon
 And of the sea
Whose endless dance to cosmic tune
 Will always be,
"What is, can you oh ciphered rune
 Reveal to me,
The Perfect Disciple withheld from sight?"

Not needing answers from the mind
 But intuition
Through a feeling of like kind
 Not through ambition.
Questioning intent to find
 Its full fruition
Unveils true nature's sweet destiny.

"Look to the cliffs,
 Look to the beach,
 Look to the shore.

The one you were
 Is not in reach.
 She is no more.

How did she pass
 From future's breach
 To gone before?"

In tandem retorted both moon and sea.

There looming above,
 An ageless cliff
Wind-weathered and scarred
 From crag to rift
That offered to all
 As stoic gift
Retreat from raging storms.

Perceived through the mist
 I saw the stone
In unyielding stance
 Apart, alone
Both broken and beaten
 To the bone
By waves relentless forms.

“Is pounding and pelt
 Disciple’s fate?
Thus battered and bashed
 She can but wait
That last breaking down,
 And changing state,
Her Master to attend?”

“Breaking down?
 See transformation,

Rock to sand
 In affirmation,

Karma’s call
 With surf’s creation.

Thus they blend.”

Not sand nor foam,
 Not water's pith
Nor light of moon,
 Reflection's myth,

But sand to shore
 Then shore to sea
Thus melding in
 Life's harmony.

"As sea bears waves,
 The ocean's yaw,
It's ebb and flow,
 Moon's cyclic draw?"

"No form
 To call,

No pull
 To pall.

Not void,
 Not all."

nothing left to feel
but motion's own dance as one
Perfect Disciple

AT THE GRAVEYARD

Cold slaps from bitter, chilling wind
Snap strands of hair around my ears.
My tears spill forth
Through years of pain.

Some stranger's name there etched in stone.
Dead deeds forgotten, vanquished schemes
For dreams held dear
Death deems the cost.

Not for the lost, but how I've lived
My life in fear is why I cry.
To die unloving,
Die untouched.