

If there were no duality, there would be no union!

The rolling waves wash over the me,
In the midst of the mergence of upper and lower,
I am balanced, hah! Like the glass on a tipsy waiter's
tray.

Tree lined greyness calls to my wandering soul,
Walking by the moonlit, silver lined sea, the wolf-dog
Pulls my chain, leading me deeper
Into my primordial soup. Just chase the birds, run in the soft sand,
With the sharp sound of little crabs crunching.

The quiet wind howls in me, the pounding of the surf raging
Like my desire to serve, my call to arms. My knees shaking, I roar
"My Lord, who am I?". My humble soul, my true gift retorts,
"not I, not I" but "You!"

Shrieking shadows gather at my gates, "Let us in, let us in." Scurrying to
succour my safety, I gratefully embrace the peacefulness in that inner space.
"Guide me, O Guides, grace me, O awesome ones with my prescience."

Images come and images go. Left to think, right to dream. Why always the
Split, and the need for union? Oh the dialectics of existence. Love is, and will be
And always was. The final statement...

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