

A Marriage Of Sense To Soul

This evening my soul poured out and into all things,
leaving this empty, lonely vessel, and was filled
with an infinite, ever-flowing stream.

My soul poured out,
reeling and roaring into everything.
Ceased of breath, I am;
empty of form in a diaphanous blue immensity,
in the gentle frolic of the evening wind,
in the warm smile of the setting sun,
condensed into flowing rivers and streams,
settled into earth and stone.

Now a throb in this vessels breast
animates and enlivens, pours into and through
the vivacious pulses of all beings.
A marriage of sense to soul;
nothing thought, sought, gained or lost.
Darkness falls on fleeting pleasures
and world is shattered to bliss.

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