

## A Frameless Photo

To see the world as a frameless photo  
and wander through the night,  
or submit to sweet affections for earthly form  
caressed in the light of the known.

Can we endure Your darkness  
and pass by the light from these wanderer's inns  
ensconsed from this dark forest?

Into many such places have we wandered,  
been visitors in tidy rooms with polished, sturdy floors,  
taking refuge in comforts that won't endure.

Sun sets and a gentle wind ripples through a field of wheat.  
Gold waves flow and the crickets tone to the silent Om  
and a silent love that fills all space.  
This heart reaches to touch the setting sun  
and forgets the hand can't always reach where I am.

Deeper into night, infinite vision hastens me onward.  
entreating me to await the new dawn.  
Your darkness is more certain than form and self,  
It is only You that I see clearly.

Are you Father, Mother, Lover, or Friend,  
dear, eternal I that lives and breathes me?

Your quiet I sees all that is flowing  
within the banks of our great being;  
the light of billions of setting suns,  
the evolution of innumerable lives,  
the rise and fall of countless empires,  
seeing the great reduced to nothing  
and those reduced again made great.

Few fathom your great secret,  
tread against your outward flow, and capture  
the lord of creation at rest beyond the play.  
Eternally here, source reflects only source,

a quiet pool without ripple nor reflection,  
we sink into sweet unknowing.

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