

God's Experience

You have been hiding,
weaving the web of the world,
since the beginning of time
in search of your own eternity.

Lifetime after lifetime,
I have looked. I have sought.
The puzzling, impenetrable
truth of your divine play eluded me.

I failed, time and again,
too busy aching, laughing, dreaming,
believing the illusion of my existence,
fortifying the deceitful ignorance
of my own harrowing game.

I'll be gone when the delusion ends,
for I am nothing but your experience.

Eternity's Prayer

You are everywhere
and nowhere to be found.
You are with no beginning
and no end, infinite
and beyond infinite.

You are everything
and nothing,
with and without form,
the illusion and the truth
of all that has ever been,
and beyond the truth as well.

You are here and there,
you are now and beyond time,
untouched and untouchable,
yet in all living beings
as in the blackness of death.

You are the light, the hope,
the spirit of it all,
the laughter and the silence
of innocence and love.

You are the heart of darkness
and the sadness in the world,

the suffering and salvation
for sins that were never yours.

You are the demon and the angel,
the tyrant and the prisoner,
the prayer and the saint,
the curse and the miracle
of life.

You are endless
and beyond endless,
the master behind all power
and the humblest of slaves.

You are eternally beyond
all names, shapes, and colors,
within the ether of space
and the brightness of light,
invisible and ever present,
beyond eternity itself.

A Game of Solitaire

The player places the cards
as thoughtfully as possible,
but the lonely game unfolds as
unpredictable as life.

The queen does not always
follow the king.
She may like the knave better
or play her admirers with pride
to end up heartbroken
and alone.

Occasionally the aces remain secluded,
hiding behind their peers,
killing from the beginning
the illusion of an orderly suit
with frustrating indifference.

Fate's synchronicity scrolls back
from past, forgotten actions,
in a chaotic collage
of cause and effect
that shuffles life's events.

At times we cannot find
the way out of a tangled game,

an inevitable pitfall,
a predestined liaison;
there is nothing up our sleeve
to spare us the pain.

We play on,
letting the cards fall where they may,
gambling with the game we've got
hoping next time around
we will be holding a much better
hand.

Love

Birds flying in pairs
morning mist all around me
no sound left behind.

A Walk In the Woods

A lush canopy of trees shapes
a secret passage to a surreal world
of thick browns and greens
with the silence of lizards.

Parched leaves rustle behind me
like a trail of mischievous ghosts
uttering gentle whispers
and hiding when I look back.

Ever ready to disappear,
a whitetail doe watches from a safe distance,
her deep, loving eyes
filled with nervous curiosity.

The unraveling exuberance
of nature embraces my body
as I touch the heavy breeze,
and moist and sweat cling to my skin.

Oaks and cedars, birches and firs
share their renewing breath
while blooming magnolias wrap me
with fragrant, colorful elegance.

I feel the pulse of the earth,
like a slithering swell of life,
transmuting my every care
into the quiet and joyful awareness
of fathomless peace within.

Romance

Narcissus wonders:
is this about you or me?
Love is so fragile.

At the Beach

The sun sets in the distance
as the breeze caresses my skin
and the ocean orchestrates
an ethereal symphony of water.

The clouds shape the face of an angel
watching me with a smile
slowly fading away
into an untouched celestial region.

Seagulls and white pelicans
swiftly glide in circles,
looking for a potential prey
or any food left on the sand.

Absorbed and abstracted
by the swashing beauty of waves,
people walk by
without looking at each other.

A few children frolic and laugh,
bronze-red from too much sun
but completely undisturbed
by its piercing reflection,
while playful ripples splash

their bellies, pulling
and pushing their shiny tiny bodies.

Sun, wind, and sea
lazily penetrate my perception,
lulling me into a hypnotic state
where I no longer hear me
thinking,
nor do I want to,
and my mind is perfectly clear.

Uncertainty

Do not resist change
impermanence is beauty
disguised as sorrow.

A Glimpse of Truth

Tell me, dear friend,
my partner, my love,
when did you last touch the sky
to draw birds with the clouds?

Did you dance with the mountains
while you played them a song
or walk through the fog
to follow a rainbow?

Tell me, my dear,
how far did you go
to catch a glimpse of truth
and steal the ocean blue
for the depth in your eyes?

Did you pray for a sign
or a whisper divine?
Did you ache? Did you cry?
Did you wave to the people
you were leaving behind?

Do tell, my dearest,
of all the lies you fell for,
did you really believe
I was holding you back?

Inner Union

In this ever changing wave
of consciousness
I pledge allegiance to my dreams
and aspirations—no matter how broken
or out of use.

Seeking the truth behind the truth,
I've been running a race against myself
deserting those who couldn't catch up,
losing the ones who did not want to.

There is no regret, no judgment in
these words.
Not everybody needs a purpose to live by.
I do.

Aging Gracefully

Nature slows me down
fostering meditation
on all things divine.

Believe

The universe is yours
to paint the ocean blue
on legendary maps
and splash clouds in the sky
with watercolor dreams.

Cover the night with indigo
a thousand and one times,
and a thousand times more
dress the dark with your love.

Reach out for the stars,
bring them close to your heart,
let their soft, relentless light
dissolve your muted doubts.

Believe.

You are the cosmos
and its thoughtful designer,
the silent poetry of nature,
and the planner drafting its plan.

You are the hunter and the prey,
the angel behind your demons,
the judgment and the illusion
of this providential play
you call life.

Early Spring

Sun struggling to shine
grass holding an ice blanket
of tulips in bloom.

Earthquake

Silence brings stillness
I watch the world spin and break
tears can't be contained.

Fall Equinox

Yin and yang of time
the light and darkness within
reflected without.

Chiang Mai

Dawn breaks the arduous,
restless black of deep night
with its swift clarity
of purpose.

Sunrise warms me up after another
endless harrowing struggle
with the resistance of my old demons
as I battle new demons too,
trying to stay attentive and awake.

Rice fields emerge through the window,
beautiful and undisturbed,
as the sky shifts its brush strokes
from a myriad purple shades
to a light blue and pink haze.
I cherish those birds chirping.

Women with pointy stray hats
appear from out of nowhere,
bending over their harvest
while the rising sun hits
their backs and withered hands.

I bow down in prostration,
grateful for a brand new day,

keeping my focus on the feelings
and insight it brings,
while I secretly wait for the nuns
to announce breakfast.

My eyes are tired, my tears dry,
my legs hurt.
I savor the moment, the view
and embrace it all—the light,
the sorrow, the unknown to come.

Acknowledge the pain in the knees.
Breathe in.
Acknowledge the fear, the hope.
Breathe out.

In this almost empty room,
filled with visions and nightly ghosts,
mental constructions and deconstructions,
memories and meditations,
in this golden land of unexpected discoveries,
I recover the sense of who I really am.

Childbirth

To Shanti

Embraced by the night
and warm water
surrounding your body
and mine,
you pushed through flesh and blood
to catch your first breath
before my eyes.

A witness to my instincts,
I welcomed pain as unavoidable
—primal, necessary—
watching my body do
what it was meant to do
even without me.

I chanted for you
and for me.
I gave my spirit and zeal
with no reserve,
eagerly plunging into a sacred,
nurturing space within,
to be divinely touched
—forevermore—
by your arrival.

You emerged swiftly,
graciously,
a little mermaid
awakening from the slumbering
quietude of another world,
smiling into my eyes
and filling the room
with light.

I had been waiting for you
for too long,
not even knowing I was waiting,
yearning for this sense of purpose,
this unfathomable love,
perfectly unaware of how
empowering
and humbling
this miraculous experience would be.

Forgiveness

Fate shatters illusions
without warning.
Expectations crumble,
turning life into a roller coaster of questions
with no answers.

Indignation arises from visions of undeserved
wrath and tears,
a multidimensional puzzle
paving a mental prison of unspoken quarrels,
hatred, hurts.

Like an invisible anchor,
resentment weighs down the present
with acrid relentlessness,
corroding our perception,
tainting our being.

There is no way out but within,
through the darkest corners of deception
and self-deceit.

Turning enemies into teachers,
trials into gifts,
forgiveness unveils the freedom
you were born with.

Hold On Tight

Hold on to yourself.

Let go of all fear,
that everlasting beast
who stabs and steals all dreams,
the poisoned voice that spreads
despair and disillusion
everywhere.

Hold on to the truth.

What are fears but thin air,
fabricated phantoms
of unspoken grief, shadows
of dark remembrances
resounding a distant past?

Hold on to the light,
to the radiance,
to the miraculous sight
of your divine reflection
on the otherness of life.

I Draw Your Eyes

I draw your eyes with my eyes
and watch you watch me
drawing,
as if our eyes were one pair,
a single line from my eyes to yours
and back.

I trace your face
as you look at me
looking at you,
watching me draw that line
that goes from me to you
to me again.

Your eyes reflect on mine
while I see you
drawing my eyes
to yours
until the line is gone.

I Am That

I am the pulse of existence,
the space between your thoughts,
and the spark of your desires.

I am the source of life and death,
the everything and the nothing,
all happiness and all sorrow.

I am mountains and rivers,
creatures and creators,
planets and galaxies,
and beyond.

I am the power of eternal love,
the magnificent light
behind the veil of illusion,
and the illusion itself.

I am you, if you could see me,
flowing through your mind,
making your every move,
whispering in your heart.

I am that, and you are that
which I am, too,
unaware of the worlds
you create and destroy
with every single thought.