

3 Viewing Points By "A Disciple"

Self

Resting at this remote inn - foothills of the heights.

Looking back for just a moment.
Considering the sight.
Spanning the horizon in greyish light.
Myriad paths cross endless plains
Where weary travelers, carry self-made pain.

Among those paths so drear
Bright shines a Golden One so clear!
Few see or in seeing tread.
For in their fear they dread
That narrow Golden Road -
conveyance to this pilgrim's abode.

Deeply silent recall...
Re-seeing my days on those plains;
Where heavy laden I wandered
Embracing my pain.

In those days my steps left deep prints,
Even in stone.
For I carried much I called "my own".

Sometimes, stepping cross the Golden Way,
A flash of Sacred Fire burned it all away.
Then forgetting,
I re-collected "my own" - again.

Time after time. Horizon to horizon.
Weary Wandering. Restless Roaming.

Finally, firmly, embracing this High Way.
The path now shows then fades away .
This trail needs Love's subtle Wisdom and inner Light.

Each day returns the Sacred Fire.
Compelling me anew to self-enquire:
 "What bounds do I yet maintain
 that hide from me Eternal Flame?
 What burden have I not put down?
 What do I still call 'my own'?"

Ancient scars fade, remembered no more.
Love's cool flame heals in blissful burning.
Boundaries dissolve in the Eternal Breath.
I AM free.

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Humanity

Spectral light flickers in the darkened space.
Cautiously, I slow my hurried pace.

A trail branches along a stagnant stream
Where stands a maid captured by her dreams.
Visions of wonder and terror before her unfold -
My stricken gaze frozen, I watch her tales full told.

No sooner done, the dreams renew.
Again, these visions, her wild eyes with hopes infuse.
Her fears, too, have much to say,
Leaving fair hopes too often way-laid.

Turning aside from my appointed way,
I seize her fevered hand, her weird dreams to allay.
Slowly and in wonder she gazes on my face.
"What means such light in this dreary place?"

"You are captured my child,
By your imaginings so wild.
Leave. Come with me!
Many far fairer worlds to see!"

Say not so! she replied.
These chains of iron bind,
It is here must I abide.

Child I see but spider threads,
Most easily broke
Severing them all as I spoke.

Standing free, her phantoms fading
Life and Love into her face returning.
By the Golden Way her truer guide stands waiting.

GOD

Infinities of times and spaces.
Universes untold.

Each Universe a cell in a Greater Being
Each Galaxy a nerve of GOD-fire unleashing.

This atom of Being knows in awe
"I AM", One in this wondrous law.