

*Song Of Emptiness*

*There is movement in stillness,*

*A blossoming of emptiness.*

*All hope binds the infinite heart.*

*No need for it here.*

*In the peace of this divine space,*

*A white cloud would clamor.*

*To this joy of Being,*

*There is the light of eternity alone.*

*It is silence that truly sings,*

*Before the world is dreamt.*

*No thought can know*

*This invisible truth.*

*No earth dream*

*Can touch this aliveness.*

*Mind is a great prison*

*Invented and owned by "I."*

*Silence this phantom thought.*

*Beyond the veil of concept*

*Emptiness is singing.*

*The Mist of Being*

*The tree stood in the fog*

*That slumbered across the hill.*

*Void of will,*

*The haze was suspended*

*Only by its being.*

*When there is no striving*

*Things just are.*

*Like the mist of sleep, the fog*

*Unconsciously wrapped the tree*

*In a deep ease.*

*And the tree slept*

*Within the still presence*

*Of its own being.*

*On the hill, the tree and the fog*

*Stood as they were,*

*Lost to all direction and time,*

*Forever in their dawn.*

*Undying Self*

*Infinitely here, infinitely itself,*

*Unbounded within,*

*Yet immeasurably outpouring.*

*Going nowhere,*

*This undivided field of now.*

*Singular and endless simultaneously,*

*Innocent and fresh beyond dawn.*

*I have held the mind's breath to die here,*

*Only to remain indestructibly This.*

*Unseen luminosity voices*

*This choir of silent emptiness,*

*This that is not created or imagined,*

*This one undying Self.*