

*Poems by Susan Kahn*

*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*

*Ininitely 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.*