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.