

3 Viewing Points By "A Disciple"

Self

Resting at a foothill inn - the base of the heights.
Looking back for a moment, reviewing the sights.
Endless paths wind across the broad plains
Far marked with travelers, enthralled in searing pain.

Endless roads weave left and right
Spanning the horizon in greyish light.
Few join the narrow golden road
Leading to this solitary wayfarer's abode.

In deep silence, recalling my days on those plains;
There heavy laden I embraced my pain.
Wandering myriad trails - reeling left and right,
Ere following this high way; a trail into the heights.

In past days my steps left prints, even in stone.
For I carried much I called "my own".
Sometimes, crossing over the Golden Way,
A flash of Sacred Fire burned it all away.

I collected "my own" - again.
Time after endless time.
Horizon to endless horizon.
I wandered and roamed...

Now turning my gaze to the heights
This trail needs vision of inner sight.
Twisting, turning thru chasms deep
Climbing the jagged mountains' steep.

Each day returns the Sacred Fire.
Compelling me anew to self-enquire:

"What bounds do I yet maintain
that keep me from the Eternal Flame?
What burden have I not put down?
What do I still call 'my own'?"

Flaming Love heals the ancient scars.
Some Sacred Ash hovers for a moment; framed against the stars.
A gentle breeze swirls - the Breath of Eternity
The boundaries dissolve - 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 weary dreams.
Visions of wonder and terror before her unfold -
My stricken gaze frozen, seeing her tales full told.

No sooner done, the tales 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 away with me!
Many far fairer worlds to see!"

"Say not so!" she replied.
"These chains of iron bind, here must I abide."
"Child I see but spider threads, most easily broke"
Severing them all as I spoke.

Standing free, her phantoms fading
Together journeying to a sacred clearing;
Life and Love into her face returning.
By the Golden Way her truer guide stands waiting.

GOD

What does Pure Being not enfold?
Infinity beyond times and spaces thru universes untold.

Each galaxy a cell in a Greater Being
Each sun a nerve of GOD-fire unleashing.

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