

The Secret of Ecstasy

I am a very little I.

I do not exist.

In the "I" in ego I am blocked—

My beliefs, capabilities and concepts.

A child attracts love from the known and unknown.

Where is our reality when we must force a smile?

How can we live and be light, be enlightened?

A flower opens its heart to show us how to open our heart.

I wonder and wonder all about me of me that I exist.

Wonder yonder than one can wonder.

Wonder—a bird flying in ecstasy, a donkey burdened.

How WOW is He who teaches me all around,

Everywhere, perfect organization, one-pointed.

The planets and pure sun

Every molecule in me and around me is a teacher.

Why can I not learn the truth?

Beautiful to be transparent like a window.

Why do we bring the shades to be opaque?

Light is the extension of the atom,

Sound is the dance of the atom.

Those who don't eat vegetables eat those who eat vegetables.

The mind is cautioned what to eat—

Taste on the tip of the tongue

When unchewable we can throw it out again.

Why do we not learn from our tongue and teeth?

Sun, moon, stars shine, as the earth and I am a part of it.

A little voice always telling me

All existence is here now; all reality is with me.

Hypocrisy, projections of anger, hatred,

Thoughts of harm

Do not mean anything to me

As I dwell on my own infinite existence.

Why not realize all the time

That existence is nothing but a truth,

As at quiet wondering times?

Feeling proud and haughty,

I forget that beauty is temporary.

In my deeper self I am aware my soul has come to go.

But in the righteousness of Infinity I needn't come to go again.

Why do we forget?

When a hand is placed on the light switch

The room is enlightened.

The past and darkness is dead.

The present and future light is there.

We do not perceive the gap.

Religions, like plants plucked out of a garden—

When you wash the roots

You may see how they have roots alike.
The principle is the same, the origin, the root,
A garden in unique harmony.
They do not fight, slander or hate.

Spirituality...

Heavy clouds in a dark sky—
Watch for lightening,
Which in a moment
Takes away all darkness.
In thunder the spirit speaks to you,
Teaching in deep meditation to give
And never expect back,
As clouds give rain and do not reach for compensation.
The cloud brings life,
The spirit of giving from their drops of water
Nurturing beautiful vegetation,
Which we many times ignore.

I am a very little I—
I do not exist.
Only in ego am I blocked,
While all around me
In me, through me,
God and me vibrate as One.