

# Surfacing: A Poetic Journey of The Self

(Book Excerpt)

Innerlight Publications

## BRAHMAN OF THE UPANISHADS

Brahman of the Upanishads,  
lead me to your secret place-  
Where the saints rejoice in your glory  
Where the Heavenly Fathers take delight  
Where even the haughty lower their heads.

Brahman of the Upanishads,  
lead me to your secret place-  
Where all hearts beat in unison OM.  
Where the living reside in joy  
Where peace is the unspoken language.

Brahman of the Upanishads,  
lead me to your secret place-  
Where all are free from suffering  
Where worldly shackles fall off  
Where darkness exists no more.

In that sacred place, may the essence of my  
life melt  
in the fountain flowing from your feet.

## THE THIRD DAY

Lord, my altar is strewn  
with bread and wine  
for the dialogue of the heart.

On high my heavenly host suspends,  
in its golden pyx out of a dove.  
Love, lift these wings out of the fire  
for a soul surfaces through the burn of The  
Son.

What else can we conjure up  
but our own pain wanting back;  
To its nest in this cathedral  
on a bridge between the eyes  
where the wind tunnels cross.

Lord, when all food flies back to your hunger  
and Life finds its silent but speaking tongue,  
then I will live the mystery of my heart's  
dialogue.

Shedding my linens  
on the third day saying,

“Ours is not the body of Christ  
apart from consciousness,  
But the empty sepulchre, the removed stone,  
The man formed in light-resurrected.”

## TOUCHING DOWN TO FLY

Om. May we believe in the believer and His unstoppable love. May we believe in our Self- with courage and strength may we lay down unprofitable deeds. May we believe in alleviation and see our way to compassion. May the tributaries of the four corners pour pure into our breath stream and may that stream feed the larger lake.

He has reached inside His own belief and found us. He invested our souls from where we lay, below the glory of so many crowns. There in the vessel of our heart sits the soma wine. May we uncork it and sip the vineyard which grows out of one grape.

It is I who have merged in the rippling waters of we. It is I who seek the soul of all moveable and immovables. Alone in this vast ocean of Self, may we not fear the immensity which Thou has placed in us!

The multitude wait on a makeshift raft, while The Christ within walks upon the sea. If we think realization is a wing in the wind, may we remember the reason even birds have feet.

## UNHIDDEN

I am unhidden from thee,  
vulnerable and exposed.  
Like naked winter trees  
I have no leaves in which to hide.

The clever guise of words and face fools not  
you,  
Oh Penetrating Light!  
As even thoughts belie themselves  
by subtle mutation in silence divide.

Deeds in the breeze  
blow quickly past  
through screaming, scheming canyons;  
leaving only stony intention intact.

With ease you unearth  
my interior core,  
casting the rest  
in a dusty, hollow heap.

I lay bare my open plains  
beneath the eyes of the sky  
and shake with a wildflower or two,  
before they vanish under the snow.

In the fields of vision  
you trace down each blade of grass  
before it breaks dirt,  
and establish your seeing inside the earth.