

A thought of the day in passing . . .

*Enlightenment is a myth of impossible perfection;
But as destruction follows completion, who would want completion?*

July 1, 2009 Day 15

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ENLIGHTENMENT

by Tara

THE SEEKER

The seeker begins
Determined to ascend
The mountain he finds before him.

Bend after bend, where will it end?
As he up and around circumambulates.

Through grasses tall, rock and weed,
He doggedly proceeds,
Till finally; a rise, a clearing. . .

Thank God; there at last.
As he falls upon the grass, out of breath and verily - light-headed.

In the clean clear space, of efforts abate.
Pure thought, streams through consciousness, unaided.
And 'REALISATIONS of TRUTH' come descending.

Ahh, now I know . . . the 'Truth' . . . so profound!
I must set it down, my fellows on the ground to share it!

How astounded they will be when it's revealed for all to see.
I will build a church in which to house it!

A map he was forming, with but memory to draw on,
That there be a blueprint for others to follow.

Jumping up once again, his return to begin
On a descending path that lay before him.
Unthinking he steps down, proceeding on it.

Sailing on his way, lost in thought, in its sway,
He comes to stop, as he sees the place unfamiliar.

I do not recall this at all. Did I once scale that wall?
As sky darkens - there claps a warning thunder.
Under cloud it all looks ominous and different.

*Yet there's a light far away in the distance.
I will follow it to where the clouds are lifting.*

*While plodding long into the day; the mists begin to clear away.
I will stop upon next crest, to rest and get my bearings.
I never realized how vast and varied was this mountain.*

*I see clearly once again, from a view broad and greatly elevated.
The mountain is unchanged, but, 'seen' differently.*

*And neither this the mountain top, as first I had thought.
But tis yet another crest and a clearing!
Perhaps I'd best continue on a bit, with my exploring . . .*

*So, on he trod along, with mind pondering on,
His newly found, and ever expanding, 'Truth',*

*Until he *did* reach mountain crest
To flop upon the ground at rest;
Having, *finally* attained his goal and destination.*

*And the world spilled out below and all around him
In an altogether new and grand configuration.*

*Ahh, from here I can see, revealed in it's entirety,
All there is . . . in its right proportion.
So this is how it is from top of the mountain.*

*As he gazed, head spinning in exultation
(. . . or, perhaps, it was simply of exhaustion.)*

*Hours passed . . . maybe days,
While around him gathered haze
So engrossed . . . in bliss was he . . . on his mountain.
When looking up, he felt . . . suddenly . . . quite alone and rather . . . mellow.*

*Thought he, this place I have found; is so rapturous, so, divine,
But, is it, in fact, of consequence; does it matter?*

*It seems quite real here on the mountain, but,
Will it apply to the world down in the valley?
Will anyone believe, or wish to share it?*

*And, in the distance far away, I make out shapes that play . . .
Hinting . . . of yet another mountain, beyond this.
....I begin*

I think.....

to see.

The real, the true, and the nature of reality.

Horizons reached

*.....again recede,
into a distance ad infinitum.....*

*Mountain tops once attained,
Become just mounds to those beyond.
As ever new expanded views appear before one...*

*Intriguing though they be, as they call out to me,
It is time to return, to the world I left behind in the valley.*

*To my flowers untended, n' fields lain fallow.
Through the truths at every rise, and each plateau.*

*To the life of the people of the valley.
Where lies in wait the world of light and shadow,*

*To live the truth that I have found,
Upon the mountain.*

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