

A thought of the day in passing . . .

Life is Thought.

(Contemplate on that.)

August 23, 2009 Day 30

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ENLIGHTENMENT

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ENLIGHTENMENT

by Tara

ON ALICE AND THE LOOKING GLASS (with a bow to Lewis Carrol)

I wished that I could pass, through the looking glass.
And discover new worlds as Alice did.
I wonder if I would see, the same world as did she.
(For I, too, had a Dinah, to accompany me.)
Or... would I find a place of my own conception?

A place wildly unique, of fun and charm replete,
Like a snow leopard sunning, in an ice palace.
Well, what can I say, it was snowing that day
My reverie just took flight in this direction.

As I mused along this way, gazing yon. . . *a little fey*;
Suddenly time and space, lost their meaning.
As I disappeared to myself and into, an altered awareness.

Just as with Alice in the book;
It was Dinah led the way.
And it would seem she was making for the palace.
So what was I to do, but follow?

Beyond a door she stops and waits
And I did not hesitate to follow after.
Only to find to my surprise, neither cat, nor door a t'all.
But *images*, staring back at me and beckoning.

You can imagine my surprise; as I pulled back inside
To find *my own image over there*, and not of me following.
Wait, stop, no! *That's not how it should go*.
Perplexed, I gazed back . . . set to pondering. . . for

My *ideas* are not supposed to run away from me!
Moreover . . . as I further peered inside; what did I espy but?

A snow leopard, on the terrace sunning!

I stretch my hand in reach, for that door of such deceit,
Only to find, as you might surmise, there was none!
For It passed straight through, as through an opening.

Now why was this so?
(I really do not know!)
I only know, I was now quite cross and wary.
But, I tried to pull my wits, again about me.

(Who clearly cared not one whit about me,
For they were tumbling head over tail after Dinah.)
So what choice had I, but to follow,

As I took a breath and leaped into 'the mirror'.
Half expecting it to shatter,
Squinting eyes gainst shards of matter.
I gingerly opened them again, for nothing happened!

Well, I thought, this is most perplexing; *and* humiliating.
What shall I do in a world so unruly?
Nothing here behaves as it ought to.
I'll have to improvise as there's no response no wise,
least none that I know of, to be adequate.

For nothing of this world, goes by the rules as I know them!.
(Not to mention the plot as I planned it.)
Well!, I know who I am.
I am I, here, where I stand.
That other me was merely a reflection.
Its disobedience, just imagination.

I'll go get Dinah now, and keep her well in tow.
On this string, I just happened to have with me.
She has no business leading us along so,
And imagination is after all, just invention.

There is my Image right there!
She seems so free, without a care.
Is she me or someone quite like me?

I guess, what would be best
Is for me, just to leap, now inside her.
I can't disregard her; for it's me she's a part of.
I will simply creep up on her, and nab her.

Oh, won't you please stand still.
You're not supposed to have free will!
You're just a loose bit of my imagination
As she sat upon the snow leopard and went flying.

I sat down upon the grass, spirits sinking fast.
“I know it’s what I’d asked but
Nothing’s quite the same as I’d expected.”
It’s all so out of my control, as it begins to unfold;
Even when I do my best, to grab it and contain it.

As I sat without a plan, my mind blank once again
My Dinah came back to curl up beside me;
And promptly she commenced with cat napping.
When suddenly to my glee, appeared the other me,
My image, large as life, bright before me.

Having flown from the ground heaven bound.
She’d circled round, and came back down;
Appearing now, as though she’d come out of the sun.

Or so I thought,
For the light, so intense, nearly blinded me.
Before I could think up a thought
All the world was naught... but light,
Beams of glory and brilliance.

As the ‘I’ that I sought, and the ‘I’ that thought
Were one and the same, again united.
So this is who and what I am!
Myself, yet more, far greater than
Anything, that I could, ever, have dreamed of.
Or could I . . .

So, that’s how it was with me.
The truth of ‘how it is’, and came to be!”
All this I knew, in a sudden wave of knowing beyond knowing
In the aftermath of which, I sat simply glowing.

Hours must have passed. I never felt so relaxed,
As refreshed as if I were, born anew.
But my watch (oddly enough) did not show it!
It was surely time to return
Perhaps to share what I had found.
Back, through the looking glass, If I could find it.

I picked my sleeping Dinah up again,
Stepped smartly back, into a room!
And over ‘me’,
Asleep upon the floor, before a mirror..

“Well! So here we are again... Who will believe it . . . ?
Must it end?
And oh my! If that is me, who were all those 'others'?”

Ahh, now, I see... all my Me's are but telescopic views of a 'me-ality.'
As I squeezed, back into a body with its view
Made just, for this me.

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