

AFTER ENLIGHTENMENT, WHAT?

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AFTER ENLIGHTENMENT, WHAT?

by Tara

THE MOUNTAIN OR THE SEA

On the mountain...
Amidst the woods of Woodstock,
Where the doves once did flee,
Lie clear light fields where sweet deer graze,
On a mountainside in God's lee
There' sits a secluded citadel
Where no one goes but me.

High upon the mountain,
Balanced between air and sea,
Spiritual home metaphorical,
And, where a caged bird first flew free.

Where wild things roam unhindered,
Co-exist most peacefully
With half tamed cats
sprawled on flowery flats
By the cottage in the lee.
And the hummingbird churl in
nurtured gardens
Once patiently patterned by me.

Long a holy spot
Before found or sought,
Marked mine a certainty.
Where the sassafras wild grows
The Indian knows
There'll be uncommon destiny.

One day I got lost
On the mountain's top
While squiring a guest most August.
Admiring views, we stopped.
Of our whereabouts we knew not

But the guest and I nodded knowingly.
And lo and behold as the saga unfolds,
Today stands there, a monastery.

The Journey...
Ahh, but the sea, the sea,
How it calls out to me
And I soar and fly to its side.
Over pretty countryside
Speeding joyfully by

In my haste to meet the sea.
What pull you possess
The heart thrills . . . so blessed!
To feel such joy in your presence.

Is it the tides that lure;
Diana's call clear.
That draws on me so surely?

Life exorbitant and inexorable,
Uncivilized, untamable,
Its life itself, so purely represented.
It's here where spirit lands
As air in movement over sand,
Like silken streams, mercury in motion.

Surely here, and not a garden.
Was where it all began.
(A garden is so perfectly toiled.)
But this! . . . Of heaven unfurled,
Hinting birth of worlds,
This, the sea so resolutely sings of.

The sea, the sea,
In itself epiphany.
The symbol different, be sure
From that to which it points to.
Must one be given up again,
The other to attain?
Surely not ! To a whole, it will ever blend.

When one flows in, and out again
To neither fight, nor struggle in,

Nor lament at the time of separation.
It is to 'Life,' the heavens lure,
Calls at far reach of every shore.
Each meeting, flowing inextricably,
One into another . . .

I will have them both
In time, as was bespoke
That early cosmic morn
When I planned it.

*See Archives for previous entrees

Aug 8, 2010 - Y2 - Day 18

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A thought of the day in passing . . .

What desire is to Samsara
Choice is to Liberation.

**reference to life on earth.*

**See Archives for all past postings.*

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