

Spanda

by lex Tuesday, May 6 2014, 12:47pm

international / poetry / post

the Himalayas
are on fire
burn

frozen ice
transformed into
flickering flames
licking the roof
of the world

flaming ice descends
to ground and kisses
the navel of the earth

what omen or portend
is this?

the swirling solar centre
burns and moves
from here
to there
and from there
to here again
pulsing
in rhythmic creation

the universe throbs
like a heart
hear its muted beat
and feel its frantic
edge

what phantom world
do we inhabit,
destroy and re-create?

to what end
all this commotion
that veils a hidden peace?

time neither freezes
nor flows,

existence is suspended
momentarily for
eternity

it has always been thus
yet it is reborn anew
with every pulse
of creation

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1127.html>