

## 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

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