

Siddhartha

by ryall *Friday, Aug 15 2014, 1:51pm*

international / poetry / post

they simply walked from
all that the world could offer,
and embarked on a do or die
effort, a journey,
a quest some would say
-- journeys become quests
when truth is pursued --
the unchanging, unvarying eternal
principle that qualifies the real
the common factor in
mystical experiences,
the substrate of existence
the quality upon which everything rests
the primary reason
for personal existence

a certain point is reached
in human evolution that
trips a switch --
whatever occupation
disposition, or temperament
a person had prior to
that fateful trigger
disappears, replaced or displaced
by an overwhelming desire
for reality or truth

it is not an uncommon
experience, in fact it lies dormant,
in all humankind;
if it strikes follow it,
refusing invites catastrophe,
ignore it at your own
very real peril,
this yearning must be fulfilled

disregard results in
all manner of calamity,
suicide, misadventure,
death

whatever form it takes,

however it manifests
in your life,
when it is time
to abandon everything,
just walk
leave
and follow its direction
to the prize at the end
of the journey,
the holy grail
the immortal foetus
which restores
the memory of how
you originated,
and reveals
who you really are

need i say that
it is far from any
fanciful or wild
imagining?

it's nice to be home
to return
never to separate again
to live as an immortal for eternity

so when you are overcome
just walk,
walk with determination
and purpose,
you will not regret it

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1251.html>