

All and More

by kyle Tuesday, Sep 25 2012, 12:04am

international / poetry / post

the more i give, the more i gain
makes no sense at all
tho it's truer than the blue
of a summer day
and deeper than the black
of a moonless jungle night

existence offers up everything
unconditionally
i have learned from the perfect teacher;
i completely surrender to achieve freedom,
i give it all away and my cup overflows

to what do u imagine i refer,
to what open secret do i allude?

days in the warm, clean mountain sun,
and the soothing calm of moonless forest nights
fortify my soul

aromatic flowers bloom
heavy with scent, fertile
ready
pistils receptive

should i/we withhold when everything natural
gives (freely)?

i remove the seven seals to the hidden chamber,
and fling open the door to allow free passage,
my treasure-house now exposed

am i robbed of my most precious,
that which has been given freely (to me)
or am i fulfilled?

i provide to whomsoever is in need
without charge, condition or toll
all according to the original plan.

the lamps are lit
the wedding guests arrive,

bearing more gifts
than i have ever given away;
my bride gleams/shimmers, adorned in her
blinding whiteness

am i impoverished or abundantly wealthy?

my bride approaches along the corridor
illuminating/activating everything
as she passes
until she joins me
at the threshold

in symphonic harmony
we are joined,
together we pass through
the radiant portal
to the boundless reaches
of Paradise

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-140.html>