

## The Shimmering

by rayn *Monday, Nov 14 2016, 9:15am*

international / poetry / post

tiny birds dart between  
the falling waters of ancient  
sandstone cliffs  
twitching in space  
in 'the valley of the waters'  
appropriately named

where the entire world weeps  
for joy and sorrow,  
every diamond drop of water has meaning  
as if punctuating the endless stream  
of infinity

the smallest thing reflects the totality  
of everything,  
this surge is quality

sitting cross legged on my favourite ledge  
under an overhang  
humming an unknown tune spontaneously  
one tiny bird somehow acknowledges  
the particularity and appears before me  
hovering directly in front of my gaze  
twitching its head from side to side,  
its iridescent wings beating multi-coloured  
waves that permeate the sky

so i focus as the bird focuses on me,  
we begin a visual dialogue  
and i realise i am actually communicating  
with an exquisite mountain humming bird  
and understand its speech tho not audible,  
we speak the language of light  
understood by all living things  
in this and every other dimension

i am taught the secret of real communication  
which is appreciating the totality  
of a tiny iridescent bird that creates  
rainbows as its wings flutter frenetically  
but to the bird it's natural, pure joy/relaxation,  
as easy as breathing

this beauty is too much to bear  
as my heart explodes thru my chest  
into the moment of ineffable ecstasy

and to think, god forbid,  
the experience here related  
occurred forty five years ago,  
the imprint remains forever  
in the vibrations of time/mind,  
now re-lived in its totality,  
to share with You

---

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2413.html>