

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>