

Depths

by shirl Sunday, Jan 15 2017, 7:14pm

international / poetry / post

at the depths there is calm
only surface waters are agitated
by the howling wind,
which gives the impression the lake
is turbulent,
not so

appearances deceive as they always do
though a little reflection reveals a bigger picture --
behind the illusion of turbulence
the greater reality is calm,
imperturbability

the center is still
the depths reveal more than
the superficial surface
yet most are fascinated by appearances
and are easily deceived

a flickerless candle flame
appears still, immobile
yet its activity as fire is frenetic
though no hint of activity
is perceived by the eye

people fuss and spin in circles
exhausting their life-force
like a dog chasing its tail
to what avail is chasing appearances,
shadows and transitory values?

nothing the world throws at you
is able to disturb the calm at the centre of Being,
you know it deep inside

ships ride wild surface storms that deliver them
to reefs and rocks of destruction
while the tiniest sea creature
navigates the calm bottom with ease

circumstances sometimes force an outcome
but know that nothing forces

calm and imperturbability,
remain centred in your unassailable peace
and nothing would distress
or trouble you,
you know it

dive deeply in your secret bliss
and you will prevail over all

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2487.html>