

SRAVANA



Eight Poems



*This little book is dedicated
to the Source of Wisdom
and Love, in all of us*

Al Gorgoni



WHO

*In pages turned the stories still remain
that fill the ever present now
with scenes and phantoms past.
As moments die the shadows play
and dance upon the screen
in dreams the phantoms cast.*

Who dreams the dream?

Who cries the tears?

*Who bends the bow of vengeance
sending arrows to the enemy?*

*Who watches as the plot unfolds
with twists and turns
through eyes that will not see?*

Are you...the dreamer of the dream?

Are you the shadow and the screen?

Are you the see'r and the seen?

*Conception's prison here will end
No thought or action to defend
Beyond dimensions to ascend*



The Meadow

*I am vanished into a blade of grass
in a great meadow of flowers,
trees and rivers,
mighty oceans, mountains and a sky of
distant worlds.*

*I am a blade of grass
One...in this vast meadow of countless
blades of grass.*

*I bend when the wind blows
I move towards the Sun that warms me
Nourished by the Earth that sustains me
I resound in stillness*

The Drop and the Ocean



*Can I loose the drop and become the
ocean?*

*Can I rise
to become the cloud that carries the rain
to the dry earth
And to the parched lives of my brothers
and sisters?*

*What lives in me is the same as what
lives in you.*

*There is no distinction, no separation
To deny it is total blindness*

*It's a blindness that denies Peace
That denies Love and Justice*

*It's a blindness that denies Wisdom and
Compassion and holds us in a prison of
our own making*



The Music of the Stream

*The music of the stream,
sparkling,
floats through the air and finds me,
moves me,
joins me,
becomes me in a gentle transparent grace.*

*Just Here...
No aim, no target,
no destination
Nothing to choose
Nothing to keep,
Nothing to lose.*



Gaia

*I bless the Earth, my mother,
she gives me her Self.*

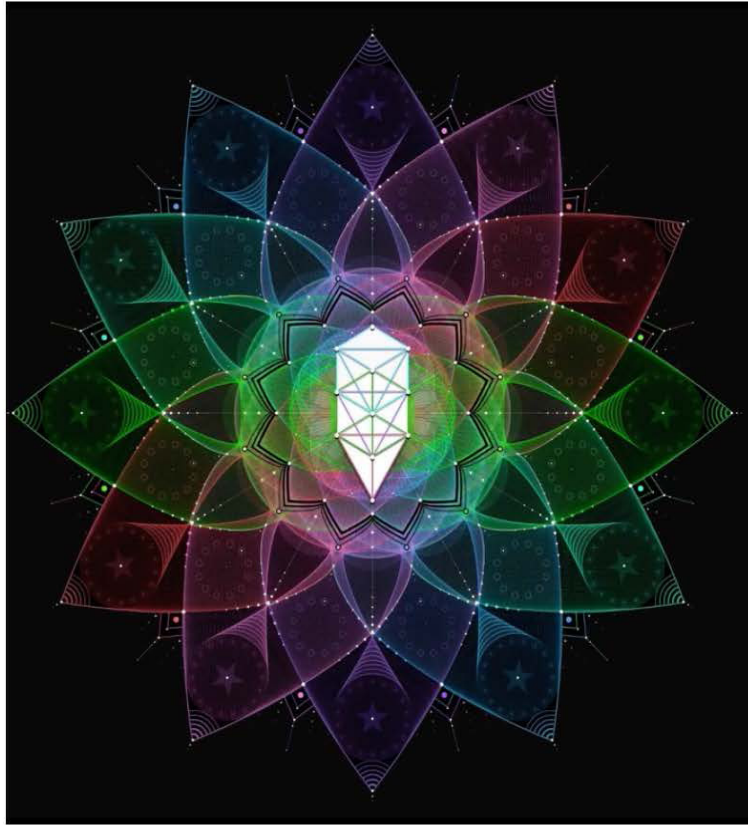
*In seeming otherness
she remains herself, complete.*

*And yet the clay that makes myself,
the other.*

*I bless the Earth my mother,
I ride in her chariot till the road ends
and it returns home.*

*Never leaving...yet returning ever to
herself.*

I Bless the Earth, my mother.



The Jeweler

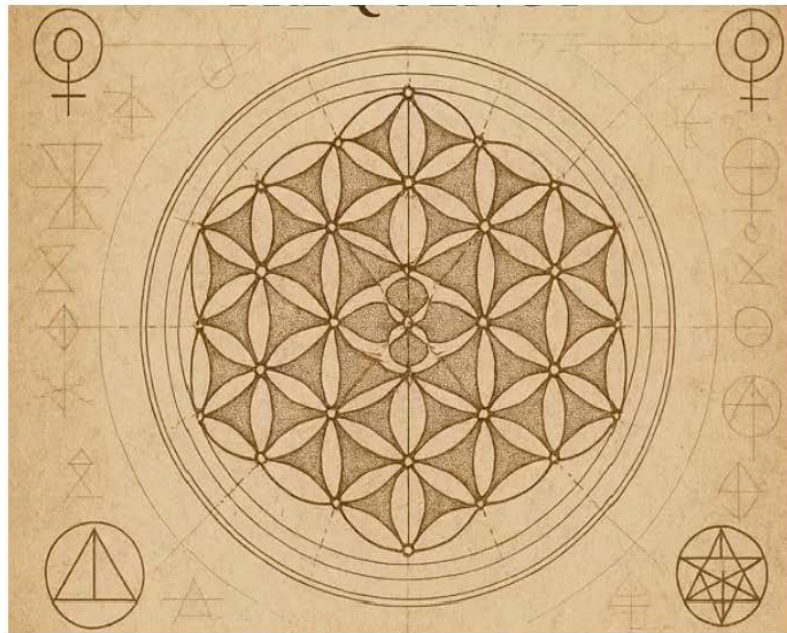
*The Jeweler sees the gem within
the stone
that holds the light
that is revealed as one
on universal skies.*



Oh Death

Oh Death

*I have followed you too long.
You are a shadow among shadows,
Powerless before the Light*



Silence

*Become Silence
Speak from Silence
Speak as Silence*

*Become Stillness
Move as Stillness*

*Think without words
Be Full in Emptiness*

SARASWATI



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