

A Prayer of Love

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Finder: Dear James and Sundari:

A Prayer of Love

All that's left is love. A love that burns away all whispering habits of "me." This love is so immense that it hurts the frail human heart. The pain is a call to the human heart to rise, to open to meet its maker, to know this love fully.

All that's left is love. A love that tears down the walls that mind built. Exposing and revealing. Freeing and destroying. Kali, mother and destroyer of worlds, has been let loose inside my being, and she laughs as she destroys what's left of my personal world. She laughs because she knows she has already won. I have fallen in love and so I let her light my world with flames of truth.

All that's left is love. I find myself as that love and also as that which longs to serve it fully. I now understand the religious ecstasy of mystics who weep for this love as they prostrate to the majesty of life. God and I are in-and-out breaths of the same love. I bow to God and the mirror of God bows to me. I can see through God's eyes, and God sees through me, impotent to change the shape of even one small leaf's destiny as it grows by life's design. Impotent, but finding that all worlds turn in me, me that is love, silent, ever-present, eternal nectar of being, me that is no "me." To this I vow eternal service, this soul its servant, this heart its prayer, this body its food. Take it all. Let only this love be left.

~ Love to you both