

# Everything Anew

Guest

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A poem by a Vedanta student:

## Everything Anew

No need for a proper introduction,

You and I.

Ahead of hello the clouds had already begun to move. How could your gentleness

Have reached me across that pulsating room?

Me, watching you pray for hours,

You, swaying in rhythm, missing my glance,

Music washing over us,

Clouds swirling beyond,

All before even a word.

Still, the sky would have its way.

You, saying more without a word than I with all of mine.

Your laugh, the fracturing of grief. How is it that

You are so unknown, yet dear? Tell me, how

My loudness hears your silence? That my learnedness

Is silenced by your still gaze? How – that your glance

Gently reminds me

Of what I have always known?

These tears, for lack of consummation,

Were once patiently wiped aside by tender fingers, and again, and again

And kissed and held, again, as a cherishing, heartbreak's ornaments set free.

Tonight the wetness

Floods the night sky again in waves,

A deep torrent soaks the parched fields, thunder its voice, trembling its rhythm.

By this release, salvation kindles its seed.

“Sometimes life brings us together for reasons other than that,” you told me.

My shouts at the thunder

Could not cause those words to be unspoken.

You, catching the drops in your outstretched palm – offering a consecration for all to see

Yes, I see how your hand, overflowing

Does cause the ground to come alive o’er the earth and the sun’s rays to blossom everything  
anew.