

To Love What is Mortal

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the beauty

that makes beauty

beautiful

cannot be seen by mortal eyes

to see

one has to know

knowing, one can see

that trees

turn their own bodies into pillars

of light

giving off

the rich fragrance

of earth, of fulfillment

satisfaction

of their being, love

the delicate fronds of cattails burst and float away in joy over

the cerulean shoulders

of rivers

and

every tree, plant

and river

no matter what its name is,

is light

all is named now

yet remains nameless

involute

invariant to change, full

evinced by nothing more

than its own effulgence

craving nothing

untouched

untouchable

and

everywhere

always

those who cannot see are destined

to sit

on the riverbank

awaiting words from naked trees

and decaying flowers

that have lost their nectar

for mortals, every yeareverything ever learned

in a lifetime leads back to only this: the blindness and the black river of loss

a flock of birds

pour

from the horizon line

soaring over this black river

searching for the other side

for salvation

whose meaningonly some of us

will ever know those who do

know this

about the glittering chimera...

to live

to love

in this world

and leave it

you must be able to do three things:

love what is mortal

hold it against your bones

knowing your own mortal life

depends on it

and, when the time comes

to let it go

let it go

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