

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 fulfilment

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

inviolate

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 year everything 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 meaning only 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

~ Sundari