

WISDOM TO LOVE

Who is it that can hold the two end of the universe apart,
yet keep them together at heart?
Who is it that can care without desiring?
What is the form of no form?
What is the sound of no sound?
How do I come to experience the essence of my vision
when what I see is just a great empty gateway?

Walk on though.
Feel the presence between the two pillars.
What is the experience of that nothingness?

Between all things,
Being all things,
In the desires of all life,
In the movement of all matter,
There lies the creative force.
In the primal heart
resides the primal joy that animates it all.

So... ..
Clap hands.
Give a smile.
Animate the emptiness.
Bring joy into the space.
Between the forms,
into the formless...
The inherent life and love.
And on... ..
Bake a cake.
Write a letter.
Fix a hole where discord leaks in.
Feel the affect of essential meaning.
I call it Love —
A fool's love,
Mindless, egoless love.
In the end, it is the primal fool within
that teaches the final lessons,
At least to someone like me who
plies the path of wisdom.