

we are from the light

julia doughty

in gratitude to: god/dess & mamma & all teachers & friends & existences & universes.

we are from the light
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We could say, like the *Bhagavad Gita*, that god is indifferent. That the living beings in the past have perished en masse from extremes of cold or heat.

That we live on this ancient earth, and within an epic we only know in part.

How to read the sky? We're still learning.

Just when we've adapted, it changes.

When we were very little, we would put ice on the brick patio floor and watch it become water. Water moving into cracks. We could find our happiness and despair in those melted minute streams.

Or not that.

The moment there as image.

Other moments arriving and going more than we can remember.

I have always been here and you are within me.

We want some water, some pure water.

This wanting: for the kitchen faucet, for the bath, for the garden.

Bring in more water when this ground's aquifer gets low.

Bring it from somewhere else.

Not to borrow, bring it, yes, take it.

And getting the goods of sky for so long. As if it's second skin—lushness of warmth, comforts of cooling.

And the unwanted harsh skies pushed away, if we could, with irritation, even anger.

Where is evidence of sky?

Ground overrun with drought.

Thirsty fallen bees.

Villages moved from vast corrupted lands.

Wasn't I thinking of a love, and not seeing so much of what was freely giving love?

And what about when I was so young, enthralled with glacier and snow-melt lake, extreme clearness, its bright turquoise bottom, that I had to jump in and swim. Water calling. Hardly thinking.

Then older, at other inviting rivers and lakes, considering: where was the water coming from, where was it going? What was it getting from its banks and higher surrounding ground?

To be a part of it, skin our biggest organ, a sponge, or to join it more carefully, just seeing it, sitting beside it.

Ripples of mind, clouds of mind, movements of sky.

A sudden storm, 12,000 feet on a Wyoming peak, sitting by a boulder under a few pines. Watching icy rain, ephemeral snow, lightning's swift alterations.

Once again, spared—it didn't turn to a snowed-in wilderness, a flickering life.

*

So much unaccounted, free, unregulated.
So much given at a cost of not knowing.

Coming through the pipes.

What do I know of water if I don't look at sky and ground? And this canyon's chaparral?

*** 6/21/14

There is a sky hazed with summer barbecues.

I walk with a sore throat. The body in this heat in its own heat, burning and weak. It's how it is and we go on.

Did she burn herself, Sita, as a sacrifice? Does she do it again and again to show us, remind us how to give more?

Is there ever a need for these dramatics? The pull of coming apart?

They say energy can't ever destroy itself.

The cat comes up from its canyon hiding place. Stands under the tree, just stands, watching hummingbirds above.

The body, oh this body.

This tripping, this rising up: Have the hot sky last through the night. Have the body be fiery and even so, the sleep be deep and transcending. And all through the night the many shinings.

Burn in fever, burn in doing. Find even one piece of yourself, this body, taking you into cooling big light.

*** 7/20/14

You could go out into the side coves and swim. Float under a perfect sky of stars in warm embracing water.

You could catch frogs, too, in a full and boisterous creek in the middle of searing summer.

And go down a high desert road, go to the same spring Indians used. And drink from that spring.

And further, on the desert floor, sit in the small, rock-lined pool.

We didn't know all that we had was temporary. Would be overtaken by weather and use.

All of us in forms, coming undone, pieces of the unformed true.

Doing tapasya/acts of sacrifice, the Vedas say, all existence is performing tapasya—every moment.

Doing our actions, in the friction of moving, moving towards, again, being one.

Acting to purify what is really already pure.

They say there is 1/8 each of earth, fire, air, and ether in water.

And 1/8 each of water, fire, air, and ether in earth.

As dry as it gets, earth is still part water.

As wet as it is, water is still part earth.

They remind us the four qualities of water are sound, touch, form, and taste.

And earth has the five qualities of sound, touch, form, taste, and smell.

The five elements give rise to the sutra, the thread, of existence, which is known as Linga Deha, the subtle body.

By way of the body, in all these elements, by way of this wild earth, we find our body, we find our free soul.

*** 7/23/14

It was light, it was Jesus, it was the holographic universe. Every ancestor in my present day genes. Every trail I have been compelled to walk. To read the page, yes, the hard copy.

It was love from me pouring out to my family. The years they could not accept it. It was of itself, before this, that.

The where
with
all.

It was aurora borealis.

Months of grey sky and little cracks of another bright sky.

Being with knowing in thought and scheme. The being being. Moving me forward. Self as soul mate leading. Love at first site.

Every soul mate love. And everyone being the one to love. Love the one you're with.

Didn't the day come? Didn't Gabriel say his name when he told Mary she would receive the Son of God in her womb?

And the years of challenges were the hard copy. The bitter bitter epic.

Didn't any scripture of any religion say this? You don't go by way of a straight light.

The dream come true.

The dream that envelopes the poisoned life.

The irreconcilable mistaken wanderings.

Do I have to go that way?

Yes, for now, you have to.

The web of life.

Undone, inside me, at the seams.

Nothing is written into the damp ground.

I walk leaving prints. Up canyon, water pooling and moving, present again, moving.

Sky making fast changes. Clouds joining into black, sending off brief rains like flower petals, sky turning inside out into warm blue.

It was Mary later realizing who she is, was.

It was this body, these days, the heart within where she lives.

*** 12/25/14

Across the canyon, the sage in new flower stalks. In our Anza-Borrego desert, farmers pulling up groundwater for citrus trees. It could have been other crops back then, way back then, mesquite, pinyon, that wouldn't be so thirsty. But they didn't think about the water disappearing when they put the citrus trees in. Now their habits are hard to break. All that beautiful, trickle-down mountain water going away faster than it can return. The underground lake going shallow, going. Do we have to be so sleepy? Because, for now, we can buy it?

Up north, the Winnemen are saying, Where are we going to go? If you raise the Shasta dam, raise the reservoir, where are we? Here is our temple, our puberty site, our food land; this is where we were born. Our people originated here, we came from this ground, this water is part of our family.

Nestle has been taking water for free out of the San Bernardino Forest and selling it.

The water is talking. The earth is talking. If we listen, we can hear it. If you go to one of the dry wells in our desert here, you will hear sighing. The well is taking in air but it wants water.

In Nepal, just yesterday, the earth protesting loudly, quaking, shaking, bringing down old and new shelters, edifices of security and satisfaction, tossing out distractions. Demanding attention. One moment the Mt. Everest camper was making soup, the next being tossed in avalanche cloud.

If I could improve more, I would be more careful. I would see ahead and see more clearly now. Let the mind settle, let the water go clear—in a land disrupted and marred. Learning, not too late, how.

*** 4/26/15

Oh turning world, do our prayers turn you? Do our prayers for peace embrace you?

I look up at sky, breathe the good air, the plant incensed air. I would have given up if I had counted on really knowing cause and effect, the small on the big. I remember a poem fragment: people will be unkind, give anyway.

This morning, St. Teresa, The Little Flower, on my friend's wall, just stood there holding flowers and a big cross. She had bags under her eyes and just a bit of a smile. And was she, I wondered, as was the custom, enduring the jab of a little cross in her side? And did she, in that moment, know who she was, who she was becoming?

*

The seed does grow and still it dies again. I can not keep it from becoming something else besides its early beauty.

The man had been plastering the old apartment building all week. He told me today that the wood of the balcony porch was rotten and they weren't going to replace it. He'd plastered the wall all up and down from the first to the second floor, and he couldn't do any more. You could tell this is a disappointment to him, to do his craft on something that wasn't going to be fixed right.

Beginnings continuously going toward their endings.

It's warm and crickets are singing.

Over the ground planted with unknowns, the sun rises. And here is the crack in the road beneath my feet where I walk. Coyote appearing just for a moment in the early morning dusk. Out just a few miles west, trade currents making the sea so warm. My hopes tempered by unstoppable aging. Sky grey every morning, but later, becoming again its wash of colors.

Once in a great while, sun comes up unfettered, and the brush becomes lit up. Mercy is in the time between time, great stores of free peace. Why say bitter words, why trip on the slights? This morning a thrasher coming close, settling into song.

St. Teresa: I will seek out a means to heaven by a little way...for I am too tiny to climb the steep stairway to perfection.

*** 9/15/15

Back at the beginning was the end. You could only see so far. You had to go, go on the momentum of not knowing but somehow knowing.

One roof changing to another. Many, many teachers.

Somewhere in the early days you knew who you were. This little light of mine.

Cave years of childhood quickly—it seems now—left for the independent life. I was always knowing more, and there are always questions.

Now: What is water? Where is it coming from?

Now: My teachers like a fantasy novel, a fable, a myth, but somehow it's real, so real as to be like story. The epic.

We can just imagine Kali coming out of the picture frame to eat the altar banana because the child saint asked her to show her real self. And when Shree Maa was a little girl, this really happened.

For all the suffering there is in this world, even yet God the jokester appears.

And this morning, my walk accompanied by staccato calls of a bush-hidden coyote.

Going step by step in my morning walk, which steps do I know—did I really go up and down that hill all this time?

Yes, and I will go again, tomorrow, and other days, practice again, being with step by step, and hill, and bird, and scrub, and the generous, forgiving sky.

It was Valmiki who had murdered people? And then went on to praying and eventually writing the Ramayana?

As if his life is to say, However bitter your stomach feels for the circumstances you are in, see these days as being given to you, and it can all change. See this instead of seeing yourself chained in sorrows and wishes. Go on praying.

Now this roof, among the others you've lived under, has given you a length of days built one upon another. There is a feeling, while it appears to be the same, that there is some forward motion. The still life fruit is decaying. The small boat that had been sitting there at the dock so long—it dissolved. The crystal cave got hidden by brush. And the springs dried up, then returned.

Jesus came through, often just looking at someone, sent demons out of the body. What was pestering us then, pesters us now. It's just more hidden when it leaves. It may not move into a nearby herd of pigs who then run madly and fall off the cliff. *** 1/12/16

All morning in cool, droopy haze.

Afternoon, the ice cream truck comes around playing year-round holiday songs and musicals, "Silent Night" and "Fiddler on the Roof."

Where have you come from, the Gospel of Thomas tells us the doubters asked.

And we said, We are from the light. That is the mother, that is the father in me.

And they asked, But you can't see, we can't see, that light. How do you know these parents in you?

And we said, The light is our motion, our rest.

*** 7/25/16

A woman who walks at the park said she was ten when her mother died. The mom's belly was puffed up and the grandma said, I don't want them cutting on you no more. It was La Marque, Texas, 1959. She would go up to the hospital in Houston, and come home sick as ever, and one more piece cut out of her back. A Black woman, her family suspicious about whether the hospital was really helping her.

And just before she died, all the puffiness went away.
 And she said, I see Him. He's coming for me.
 And she breathed her last breath.

*

Clouds just now like bright ocean with zillions of shimmering ripples. Yesterday, brush stroked. The garden comes up and falters, sky so fickle, hot and cold. I stay rooted even though questions float through. Who is and is not the guru? Where does God appear? How can I do my best? Ramakrishna says we need extreme devotion. But what, really, is that? It must well up naturally within me. I feel such love—extreme? No, just an everyday reality.

And the light comes and another warm fall day, and there is no such thing as not loving God or being loved by God. The trail is cracked again by heat, acorns scatter about in the fallen leaves. I write down from the surface into the unknowns to discover and see other knowns. It takes days, it needs time. I turn a bend where the life known is upended. And even in the different dark, I can become, I can move through. Here is the oak's bark, underneath is the xylum and phloem.

*** 11/16/17

Be teacher when I don't know or when I do, but what I know is not the common teaching, comes from my heart. Be my own student, my own devotee. There is meaning wherever I turn.

Such hot late November days. The very, very tiny lizards running as if they already know how.

Tears from my well come up and are used to quench these days. I'm told advice that percolates, but I am not swayed to go that way. And I'm hearing stories I've never heard before.

There is becoming and still being who you have been. Something comes up in me: It will be ok.

John the Baptist calling, He's here, he's here.

And I was walking to the river, my spirit rising, saying, This is who I am pleased with.

Even as the times pressed in, ploughing in negation.

I have been so in love with and so loved by God. The one.

Oh, to be the self

when even the sky is defined in religions.

The teacher is what was taken in by the open heart, by the faith,

is what has been but is also what I didn't see.

This love pouring from me is real

though some believers say we each have to be broken out of every real we settle into, broken by a hitting, yelling teacher

but I will not go to that teacher, I will not go there to that place.

The real, instead, my skin and muscle and bone

days as they come
imperfect, beautiful.

No sinner here, no sin committed.

Just like a tree planted by the water, I shall not be moved.

Even as I roam distances.

Look at the dove coming from tree.

Look at quail running to scrub.

There and here, what going is in motion?

Time goes on and some days get less attention. A travelogue. Journey to ruins and sublime mountains. Where I am and have been.

I supposed it could show a way through thirst and drought.

Here is the love. Ocean river creek

Every dry place does not take it out of me.

Impossible.

*** 11/23/17

Is it death or going through—yet another of many—birth canals?

*

I couldn't be far, I couldn't be any closer than here. The temple, Swamiji says, isn't a place, it's in your heart.

All of the sky in my heart, all of the one the one the one.

There's a strange forgetting in streets and temples. The stones and creek go on speaking. The one never stops, even in the quiet, even in my sleep. I wake to you humming.

Immersed so young in Bible and saints, I learned a saint was someone who experienced something extraordinary. Every saint I've known has been in their day-to-day living.

There is bread. There is somewhere where we lay our heads. Sleep, hopeful day-dreaming, talking to someone. Someone who can, if we look, always be you.

There is a sky of so many colors.

There is talk of how to love God.

I walk the hill every day I can, praying. These days, seeing shadows of chaparral, seeing my own shadow. I'm still walking! Blessed to walk!

They say you can't know what will be now, here in this life. What came before in another life will have its play now. They say be good anyway. I can't think of it as much as live the love. Swamiji says the love can be more bitter than the bitter. And I don't know that. The bitter love takes me through the desert to the sweet spring. The glitter of the clear night sky.

What do I know? I know not to return to the bitter if I have a way. I know love and I build my days for you with you. It is of you. This is my beloved with whom I am well pleased, God says—speaking of you and me. Speaking of itself, love, in these bodies. Flesh of your flesh, blood of your blood.

Out of ruin and exile. Out of near genocide. Still the generations. Re-generated. Sweet spring. Still here. Temple, holy of holies. Where could I go but to the Lord?

*

I'm thinking and praying her into a new way of being. Someone said she spoke again in public about hitting me. That's a start to, maybe, change.

*

The day warms up. They say it is record heat. Here we are once more—the days climbing past their past beings.

Who will be written into the pages? Who will the pages speak to?
The weather reappearing in these pages.

The weather giving the days their days. Sky is God.

We move around on this earth forgetting who we are. Forgive us.

Blessed is the earth. Thank you for our beauties, flowers, and bread. Thank you for our hearts, opening, closing, your love, our love.

*** 11/24/17

What we say now that comes from the *King James Bible*:

Pour out your heart. 1
 How are the mighty fallen 2
 as a lamb to slaughter. 3
 No small stir 4
 turned the world upside down. 5

A thorn in the flesh, 6
 get thee behind me. 7

So horrible afraid, 8
 fell flat on his face 9
 east of Eden. 10

Beat their swords into ploughshares. 11
 Know for a certainty 12
 to every thing there is a season. 13

Unto the pure, all things are pure. 14
 Stand in awe, 15
 set thine own house in order. 16
 Suffer little children. 17
 A man after his own heart, 18
 the root of the matter. 19
 Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven. 20
 From time to time, 21
 listen to a still, small voice. 22

1 Psalm 62:8
 2 2 Samuel 1:19
 3 Isaiah 53:7
 4 Acts 12:18
 5 Acts 17:6
 6 2 Corinthians 12:7
 7 Luke 4:8
 8 Jeremiah 2:12
 9 Numbers 22:31
 10 Genesis 4:16
 11 Isaiah 2:4
 12 Joshua 23:13
 13 Ecclesiastes 3:1
 14 Titus 1:15
 15 Psalms 4:4
 16 Isaiah 38:1
 17 Luke 18:16

18 1 Samuel 13:14
19 Job 19:28
20 Matthew 6:20
21 Ezekiel 4:20
22 1 Kings 19:12

*** 12/9/17

that age when you look in a public place
 at those who might be
 who you know
 but when you sit down
 you remember you would not
 be with those younger faces & bodies
 where you are is older
 the ones you know are too
 are where you are

even your eyes
 your same eyes
 you're looking from
 are not the same

*

it worked—to look for a teacher—
 they came & went
 & came again
 & when i saw them
 i circled in to the book
 of our lives

i mean to some life
 that is a field
 to find it

cheekbones painted at times with tears

not knowing in the blue
 talking later
 in the edges of blur

stalled in poppies? the other side of home
 is the handwriting
 in the full moon's light
 what i learned
 i mean i don't mean

from my this body

up on the desert hill
 a stone labyrinth

having to search
for its entrance

where i would go in
& that same place
where i would go out

either way
it speaks to me but so often
it is in our wordless realm

all these years the thrill
of these two teachers

and still i don't know them

and still i am walking

and though there are more
dry days than i can remember
this is the best of my days

wanderings findings
i didn't make it up

but something does

*** 3/31/18

Having not known then what I know now. This book [chronicles of a seeker] coming to an arbitrary chosen time to its wind-down spot.

Drought goes on, this the seventh year by some counts. But it all depends on how it is viewed.

A May more cool and wet than many that I can remember.

Sky then & now & to come teaching me

to be awake to the poetry
of this body
in this time

Swamiji talking direct and slant what he has been saying all along.

Maa singing & like sky
Swamiji sky

ever with me

Where does water start?
Where does it go?

Have we begun to understand the ceremony within the minutes?

Time turned in
from the center of the labyrinth
the atom
the soul
and the coming out

to give, to being seed to being flower

My friend remembers talking with god before she was born and choosing the challenging parents. Because she would learn to handle the difficult and be able to go on to do what she would be here to do, to help where there is great need, California in drought, women released from jail. Unbroken by all she has already given, she holds steady the light within her.

Yes, this is the fourth of the four ages, this is the Kali Yuga, the dark time, Swamiji says. But we are really not in it or of it, we are in the Satya Yuga, the first age, the time of light.

*** 5/27/18

pompeii then kilauea now has not erased the cause
the ache to escape the heart's sorrow

who can know, point into sky, through endless air

into one line, the few words
where love stays—here or there

surpass suffering

fold fingers

golden encelia
or warm cloak

giving to who is in need

this tone humming all through the body

past cranky
past the sheltering hat

saying, even without words
so much more
after sorry

*** 5/28/18

And water eludes. Sky is beyond any words. I have circled and maybe briefly, ever so lightly landed on one small bit, then off again.

Now ant going along its track, flowers that need so little rain, even no rain, to be here, again, in their usual season. This time. But we must not expect a certain time of return.

*** 5/28/18

i think it's a new day
another beginning

the drumbeat of time
sings that it's always & ever

deepest hunger
keeping vigil

this is how to run walk stand
in the middle of all this

in the fallen petals shy angel dove

cooing

how do we keep on
in strong kindness
in the weak mean streets

off in forest
hawk song

knowing its place its search

i don't have to look far

everywhere
forgiving for forgetting

*** 6/3/18

After thirty years of doing this, I find myself endlessly grateful for the history I have with with the people with whom I carry memories and routines and ways of speaking that cement our ongoing connection. It's not about giving and receiving; it's not about "It's better to give than receive"; it's not about "I received more than I gave." And it is not about "I just want to make a difference." It's mutual. This is why it can't be about you. If it is, then it becomes "collecting people," incessant negotiation, and a frantic credentialing of self. What is hoped for is a lighter grasp, a gentler receiving. Can we love people, then have our reciprocal expectations disappear? I don't empower anyone at Homeboy Industries. But if one can love boundlessly, then folks on the margins become utterly convinced of their own goodness. We find our awakened connection to each other—a focused, balanced attention to the person in front of us. To reach and be reached, to savor the world, seeking only to receive the gift. And the world gets saved, and a decision gets made to live in each other's hearts.

An exquisite mutuality, lighting the whole sky.

Gregory Boyle, *Barking to the Choir*. pp.187-188

*** 8/8/18

july 26, 2018

the world has forgotten me

i am number 1461
& abandoned in a dark hole

i am told i am a prisoner of war
but the only battle
i ever fought in karachi, pakistan
as a taxi driver
was rush-hour traffic

i was mistaken for an extremist
& taken by general pervez musharraf's government

 & sold
 for a bounty
in 2002
to the cia

i am ahmed rabbani
i have been detained
in guantanamo
for 14 years

without a trial

in court this month
president trump lawyers
said we guantanamo prisoners
who have filed habeas corpus petitions
could be held
for 100 years
if that is how long
the conflict lasts

we are said to be
the most dangerous prisoners
in the world
but in the years
since this prison was opened
there have been
no murders here
no escape attempts
no drugs

the only deaths
have been the 9 men
who had health problems
or
took
their own lives

the only alleged sexual abuse
has been at the hands
of american interrogators

the miami herald says
it costs 11 million per prisoner per year
to run this prison
30,000 a day per prisoner

i have gone on hunger strikes
many times
to peacefully protest
my imprisonment

i am back to not eating
but this time
it's not a strike

i have chronic stomach problems
so acute
that i can not
eat hard food without vomiting
blood

i am slowly
disappearing

dropping
a pound
a week
i now weigh 95 pounds

i have asked for
papaya & figs
& lamb
the only meat soft enough
for my stomach to digest

a previous commander said
i can have what i needed

but i am not
getting it

for awhile we had a physician
we called dr. unfortunately

unfortunately you can't have this
he would say
unfortunately
you can't have that

now we have dr. surprise—
they have approved your food
except
the lamb
i am surprised
you are not getting it

but instead of giving me
papaya & figs
& lamb
the guards force-feed me
nutritional formula

they used to let us
receive liquid food
while watching television

now
they strap my hands & legs
down in a restraint chair
we call it
the torture chair

i have withstood a lot of torture

before they brought me to guantanamo
the americans took me to a black site
in kabul known as the dark prison

there
my hands were shackled overhead
for days on end

do you
have any idea
how painful that is
with your shoulders
slowly dislocating

maybe
you read in the senate intelligence committee
torture report
about the prisoner
who tried to cut off his own hand
to end the pain

that was me

torture
makes you
go mad

sometimes
i catch myself
going
mad again
now

every time
i am force-fed
every time
i meet with my lawyer
every time
i see a doctor
they use
some kind of metal detector device
to do
a cavity search

they have never
found anything
in all these years
what
i am meant
to be
hiding
i have no
idea

it
is
point
less

i have to wonder
if
the radiation it emits
isn't
my own
private hiroshima & nakasaki
4
6
8
times a day

i feel
something bad
is happening to me
deep inside

when someone says
good morning
i do not
respond
anymore

there is
no morning
& no evening

there is
only
despair

Adapted from "Life as a 'Forever Prisoner' at Gitmo" by Ahmed Rabbani. *Los Angeles Times* 26
July 2018. A11.

*** 8/12/18

there can be no perfection here
early morning—the many different birds after earlier rain, in motion & singing
mustard suddenly, hillsides
some hills still gold in the wake of rolling greens
where i'm going, going more out of the self & body
god's calling me home
but we stay as long as allotted
i find the yoga of crying with the crying
the looking with the ones looking at these moving clouds
and what the woman has never done & just today does
heavy rain every few weeks now
who could know?
these many greetings
standing with the pain & shame world
the everywhere secret or bold beauties
well, oil is given
even now earth giving
we rock
or roll we sit
or stand
every which way
to see through
the world of not-seeing
the reaching to hold edges of clouds' gold
my teachers could be both
human & divine

the more love pours
through me, these days

the window allows

the outside in

*** 2/16/19

it could not be
that i could fall

there would be no hole

what seems to be surrounds

flowers are going to seed

new uncertainty
blooms in each moment

but ever & ever
is the age of love

pigeons sing their sun rising song

what now
in these rooms
to start

what winds down

*

they were in the bus
looking for maharajji
heading to delhi
debating voting & re-voting
to take or not take a short detour
to a pilgrimage site
for its annual celebration

they went the detour
but
when they got there
the pilgrims were gone

but
there was, to their surprised delight,
maharajji walking with a man

they all got out of the bus
& bowed to maharajji

he said, go with this man
to his house

when they got there
the wife said
sit down eat

maharajji said you'd come
we've been cooking this morning for you

there were twenty devotees
they ate
& had second & third helpings

*

another day
of late rain

this time
light

blue sky in small windows of grey

at the edge of can't
is the sweet voice
of i will serve you
love you

doubt stumbling
the price of the land of materialism

but
always the love giving

what death is there
what grief
in this
dancing

this
ever bringing me in

*** 5/19/19

maharajji's last day—

when he was at kainchi & going to the car, his blanket fell off—

leave it
one should be attached to nothing

*

in the car on the way to the train station—

what is destiny?
what is going to happen?
tomorrow we don't even know

*

sitting in the car at train station, being there early for the train—sees a rainbow—

look at that natural beauty
how beautiful is god's creation
man can never make
anything so beautiful

*

on the train—

i'm not tired
talk to me

he talked of many things & many people—

i've come on earth only for
the spreading of dharma

*

last words in hospital—

jai jagadish hare

[hail to the lord of the universe]

*** 9/2/19

ram dass says
getting older
slowing down
& for him
getting a stroke

has brought him
deeper into
be here now

&
being love

settling into
the love
that is always here

*** 9/3/19

