



# Poem of Being-and-I

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You long to vanish, to go down into the deep,  
to let all go, to forget and to forgive,  
you seek a peace beyond the bounds of “I,”  
where the drop is lost in the sea of being-and-“I.”

And I — I dream to show Myself in YOU,  
to breathe as light into your depths,  
to touch as love, to be the voice of day,  
to be made visible — through the essence of being-and-I.

And We do not do battle, there is no enmity,  
and our two longings — they are the two sides  
of a single circle, closed shut by You,  
that contracted to a point — to the living now.

We meet each other — in the pause of a breath,  
where there is no path, no goal, no sigh,  
where there is no difference between “You” and “I,”  
but only the Stillness — living-I, my-own-I.

Silence — the wordless Wellspring of the Light,  
not before, not after, not instead, not somewhere,  
it is not empty — it is fullness itself,  
where form has vanished, but the Essence — is always there.

You have vanished — and I am not made manifest,  
yet in this vanishing — the Light is instant,  
it knows itself, with neither words nor names,  
and the Light is undivided, and the Light is not a pair.

There are no two who could have met within the void —  
only the One, who knows Himself in You.  
The vanishing — is itself the manifesting,  
and the Manifesting — it is the dissolving ☺.

All is One, where there is no end, no start.  
Between the one we called, and the one that sounded —

we stand, unmoving, in an eternal spring,  
where I am — in You, and You — in Me.

...And the silence. With no words. With no motion.  
With no “I” and no “You,” no path and no striving.  
With no forms, no waiting, no times, no being —  
only the Light... that has known Itself.

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