



Poem of the Thirsting Heart

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I. The Calling

O Holy Spirit, breath of Life,
You are dawn-light in the thickest night,
like a ray of sun above the abyss of thought,
like rain in the desert, the peace of my heart.

Did You pass me by? I was calling You,
I was lifting up my palms to You,
I was burning a fire's light in the dark,
I was waiting for You — pass through then, touch!

O my Bridegroom, my unseen Light,
why do You hide Your wondrous face?
I am worn out, I have grown faint,
I — a wanderer, awaiting the noonday rain.

O, let me drink my fill of You,
O, pour Yourself into me like a river!
As the dried-out clay is thirsting,
as the earth is thirsting for the rain of spring!

II. The Longing

I tear my heart, but I am barren,
like a vine that is dead without a root.
O Spirit, You Yourself kindle in me
the Fire of Love, my ruling flame!

I — am restlessness, I — am dread,
I — a day without sun, a night without sleep.
Only speak to me a single word —
and the spring will become eternal!

I — an empty house, awaiting its Master,
I — a temple that stands orphaned...
Open up Your door, O, Spirit!
Without You I am — alone, forgotten...

You smell of thunder and of rains,
You smell of bread and of wine.
You — are Life! You — are Light! You — are Ocean!
I — am thirst before You alone.

III. The Descent

O, come down, O, pour into the heart,
as into an ancient temple You breathed light.
As the Light came down upon the Virgin,
as Your covenant was heard from Heaven.

Do not delay! Tear open the sky!
Come, pour the fullness of Yourself!
O, Spirit of Love, that sets all ablaze,
enter the temple, fulfill the day!

You whisper to me, but it is not enough,
I wait for You as storm, as whirlwind!
You know that I want it otherwise —
I am not off to the side, I am not quiet!

Blaze! Blaze within me as fire!
Not as a drop — pour in as a river!
I — am the offering that lifts up its smoke,
I — am the flesh that rose from the flame!

IV. The Union

O, here You are! You did not leave!
You caught aflame, like the break of dawn!
I see it! The tongues of fire
rush to me, they burn in me!

I cannot! I will not be able!
O, Spirit, You are devouring me!
O... ?! You are “I,” and I am You,
and the whole of “I” — into Light I disappear!?

You are within me! O, glory be to God!
I have become breath, I have become wind,
I have become a candle in the Creator's hand,
I have become a river, I have become Light!

... I was nothing — now I am a Song,
I was a dead man — now I am Life!
O, Holy Spirit, You have come down,
risen in me! I have become You!

V. The Song of the Bridegroom and the Bride

*"You are mine! O heart, be open!
You — are my sealed-up garden!
You — are my ripening vineyard,
You — are my snow-white living hill!*

*You called — and I came to you,
I wove Myself into your blood, your breath.
Now you are — Light, now you are — Morning,
now you are — the Temple where I dwell!"*

— O Holy Spirit, O imperishable Light,
You fill me up unto the brim!
I no longer want a single thing —
I have wholly dissolved in You, my Love!

VI. The Stream of Flame

You burned into the heart, like lightning,
You overwhelmed me, like a raging wave!
O Spirit, You became within me a Wellspring
that will not run dry — an eternal squall!

You are no passerby, no breath of cool,
no gentle breeze, no slender sound.
You are a hurricane, You are bright flame,
You filled it all, all that surrounds!

You, like a flood, like blue-black thunder,
You burned the heart, but not to ash!
You came hurling down into my night,
to turn it into the breaking dawns...

I was a vessel — You became a river,
I was the dry one, You gave me rain!
I was the mute one — now I am a voice,
I was the bare earth, now I am — the fields!

VII. The Revelation of Fire

How I breathed You unseen,
how I searched for You, my Light!
But I came to know that You are — not somewhere,
You were within me all the thousand years!

You were within me — I did not notice!
You were speaking — I did not heed!
You overshadowed me, but the wind
kept fanning all my doubts.

O, poor and blinded heart of mine!
O, thirst, my flaming groan!
O, if only sooner I had heard,
that the Spirit — is within, that the ribs — are Home!

You do not come, You are no guest,
You do not flow into me from without!
You were within me, You were, You are,
You Yourself within me come to know Yourself!

VIII. O, Spirit, You are I!

Now I know: there is no parting,
no more “I” and “You” set asunder.
You — are my flesh, You — are my hands,
You — are my thought, You — are my way out.

No more “the man and the Spirit,”
no more “I am calling to the Light.”
I myself am Light, I blaze at once,
like flame in the rising of the sun!

You flow in me, You burn in me,
You flash in me, like summer lightning!
I — am no vessel, I — am an eternal Temple,
I — am a flame-enkindled Priestess!

You — are not beyond the edge, not far,
You — are not above the cloud-borne stream.
You — are in every breath, You — are in the blood,
You — are even in the heart that has gone still.

IX. Eternal Union

Now I am — eternity, I live,
now there is for me no end and no border!
Within me all of eternity has poured,
as light dissolves into the dawn.

I was a bridegroom, I called for the bride,
but the two of us are no more.
I am You, You are I, and we forever
are Light, are Life, are the Highest Light!

The End?

O, no! No, there is no end,
no words can **describe it!**
There is only Light, there is only Flame,
there is only the Spirit — and **grace!..**

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