



I Remember a Wondrous Moment

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I remember a wondrous moment —
not a face, a voice, a line,
but a Light come down in revelation
inside a dream scattered into shards.
You did not come — time vanished,
the “I” vanished, and fear with it.
You were not a word, nor a theme —
You were a breath in two worlds at once.
You did not summon, did not insist,
You did not appear — You were recognized.
As if a Flame from deep within
had said: “I am within your dawn.”
And all that had been shadow, pain,
crumbled away like earthen dust.
I was — not body, not a fate,
but a spark of Light, melting in You.
Since then I do it all... Not remembering,
but recognizing You in everything:
in the breath of wind, in a bird’s cry,
in a tear that glistens in the water.
You did not come, You did not enter,
You were always — but I, it seems, had slept.
And only when I let the world fall apart
did I see: You are my first and inmost hall.
Not “Lord,” not “the almighty,”
not the dread judge of the ages —
but a quiet Whisper, never calling,
yet the One who was always — in all.
You do not give, You do not take away,
You are not in reward, nor in guilt.
You simply are — and by this bring all to pass
in the last drop — as within Me.
You do not come — You give birth to Yourself

in the one who has wholly given himself away.
In whom all that is earthly disappears —
there You raise up Your crystal.
You are not of the world, but like a Flame
You pass through the cracks of love.
And what people are calling drama,
You turn into the Light of dawn.
Within me it was no longer “I” that sounded,
but something eternal, simple —
as if the Light were seeking Itself
and was reflected by Its very Self.
I did not search for You in myself —
and that is how I came to know You.
You were not the one who speaks,
but the Word Itself, that said it all.

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