



I Am That Which I Am

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Life does not move apart from the one
who hears the quiet current of its breath.
It flows through the forms of being,
and in that current gives birth to recognition.

Not light alone streams in the heights above —
it may exist and yet meet no one's eye.
But where the "is" flares up in me, the ray
is seen by life at last, no longer passing by.

Not sound alone can stir the deep within,
not wind alone that rocks the garden's bough.
Attention comes and touches the taut string —
and the world is here, made audible, made now.

The phenomenon arrives as a bare "it,"
no name, no asking, no protest, no claim.
But in the still field of pure "I Am,"
the happening becomes known.

So life flows on through every passing breath,
bearing within an unseen, certain seal:
it is at once the showing-forth
and that which can behold it.

There is no watcher standing far apart,
no stage where actors play for some reply.
The happenings and their knowing, heart to heart,
rise up as one within the ray on high.

And so the breathing of the worlds
lives in their very manifestation.
Where the quiet "I Am" arises — there
life has found Its own movement.

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