

Here is inside of what I am

Here exists!

Matter is!

A speck of exquisite dust

Inside of what I am.

Time exists!

Now is!

A momentary flash,

A living silver ribbon

scattering tiny oxbow lakes

handfuls of raindrops,

Inside of what I am.

The Living Eye curiously examines the mote

That spontaneously arose

While He lay dreaming

this half made world,

A scribbled drawing,

A pattern of drifting clouds,

Seeing only Itself as it awakens in form,

Baby eye loving only Reality,

Reflecting the soft unfocussed gaze

Of new born consciousness awakening to Itself.