



All there is

The ache in my heart
The yawning, open need
For something I do not possess
Now. This awakening, this becoming
Aware of possibilities, of things
Barely imagined, leaves me
raw, reaching, and restless.
When does peace come?
With what action? What decision?
Surrender? To what? To whom?
Myself? How can I be the authority?
How can I surpass past opinion? From where
Can I draw the sword to fight? Can I possibly find the
Well from where my power resides?
The soft, sure voice at the core,
Says, "yes". Says, "Yes." Says, "YES!"
How long can I try to silence the sound?
I stand at the edge, looking down at
The dark depths. Breathless, yet
Breathing deep. Waiting. For me.
To uncover the simplest of truths
To discover what the prophets foretell:
We are all there is.
I am all there is.