

Presence

In the deepest pits of darkness,
I have never gone wrong with compassion.
In the myriad of overwhelming odds,
Of fear, despair, and loneliness,
I have never gone wrong with empathy,
In the silence of the void,
Or the turbulence of the vortex,
I have never gone wrong with listening.

The mellowness of a starry night,
The nakedness of tress in winter,
Swayed by arctic winds.
In the heat of a smouldering river,
Pouring down a mountain peak...
It seems, my presence is demanded,
Not of me, but of my being, to notice, be aware.

Of autumn leaves brushing past my cheek,
Of buds finding fullness in summer heat,
Of the song of birds, singing melodies as I wake from sleep...

It is like, feeling the heartbeat of a dear one in their speech.
Like seeing sensitivity in a smile with no teeth.
Like feeling separation when the arms of lovers meet.

