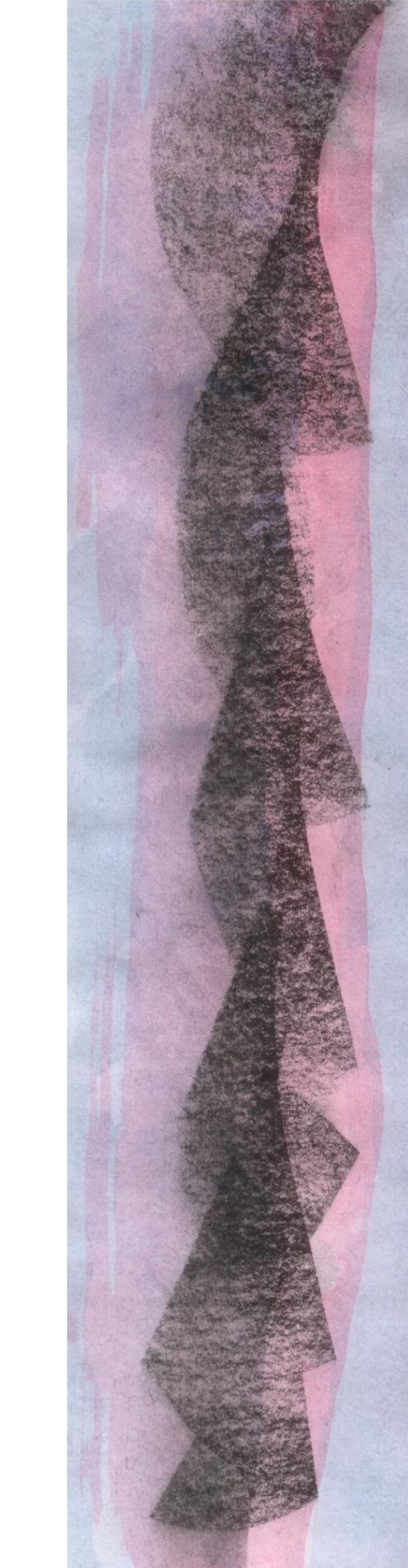


# I am

his soul was suspended from  
heaven  
and rippled and turned like a  
ribbon within

turning inside out  
and outside in

and this the dance of life  
brought everything to life

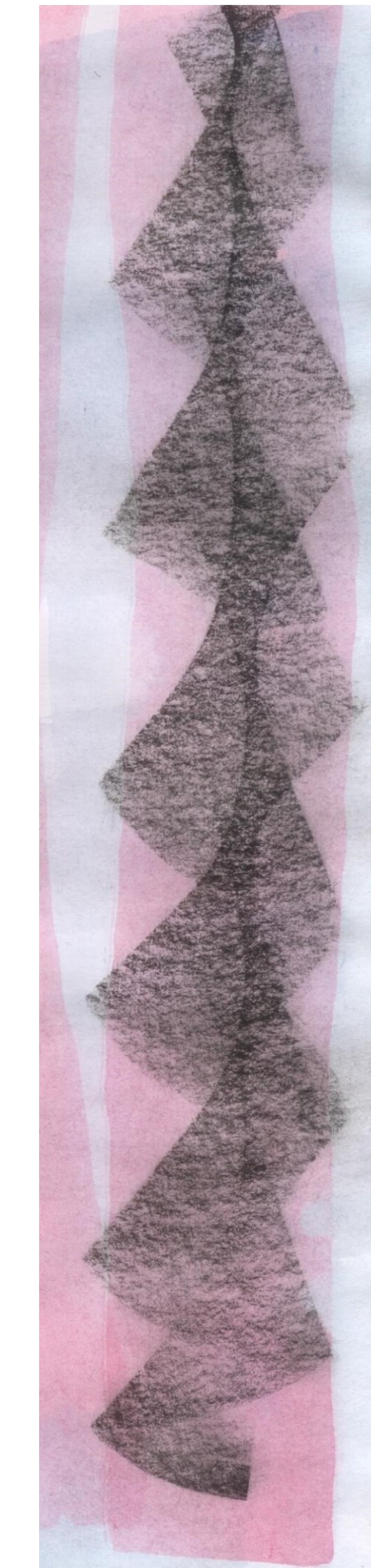


the stone has no life, you say  
and yet I may give it life  
life in meaning  
and it may give me also the truth of stone

thus the stone speaks and I shall speak  
also

and, as the light of the mind just knows  
silent and pure  
I am the stone but not the stone  
for I am not other than the stone  
while I am empty  
and there is stillness and peace






and there is another stone I shall not know  
you call it real  
but real to me is the stone in my mind  
which is just as hard as your stone  
for I do remember

so I shall be the stone but not the stone  
and this shall be the same as I am not the  
body  
nor other than the body

and as I am not the body nor other than the  
body  
and as I am made of what I am not  
I shall always be new yet made from the past  
such is my inheritance  
the play

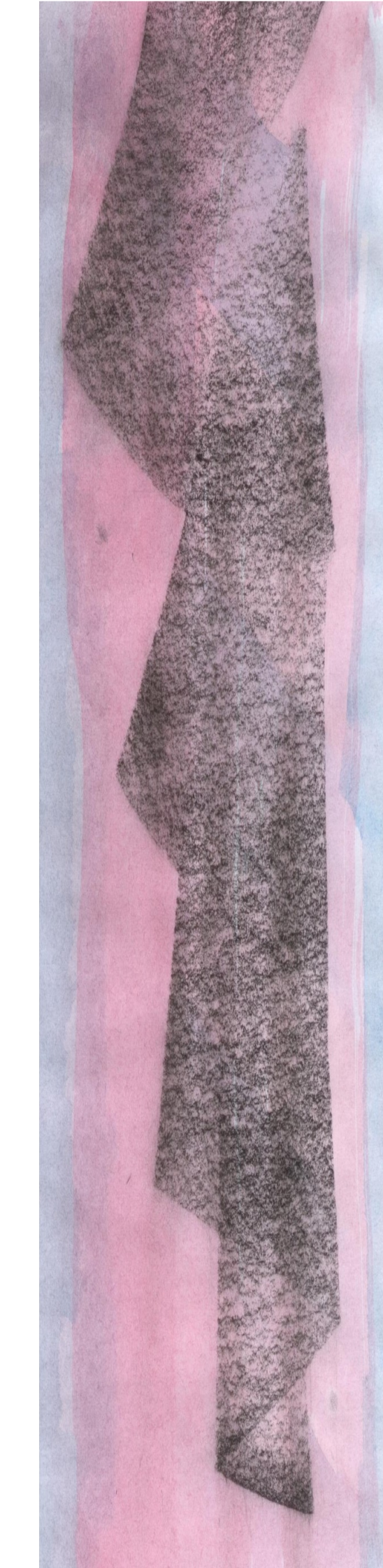
(and when I do not know  
then I am blind and full of ghosts  
as the past, as death and decay  
overcome the present)



and I am the air and I am not  
the bird's flight moves me and also moves  
me not  
and I am not other than the air

and the air is special  
for I am as nothing as I know the air  
as the air is nothing but a feeling





and there is another air I shall not know  
you call it real  
but real to me is the air in my mind  
and I shall be the air but not the air  
just as I am not the spirit nor other than the  
spirit

(and when I do not know then I am absent  
and the ghosts shall play my part  
as the past overcomes the present  
in the dream that is death descending)



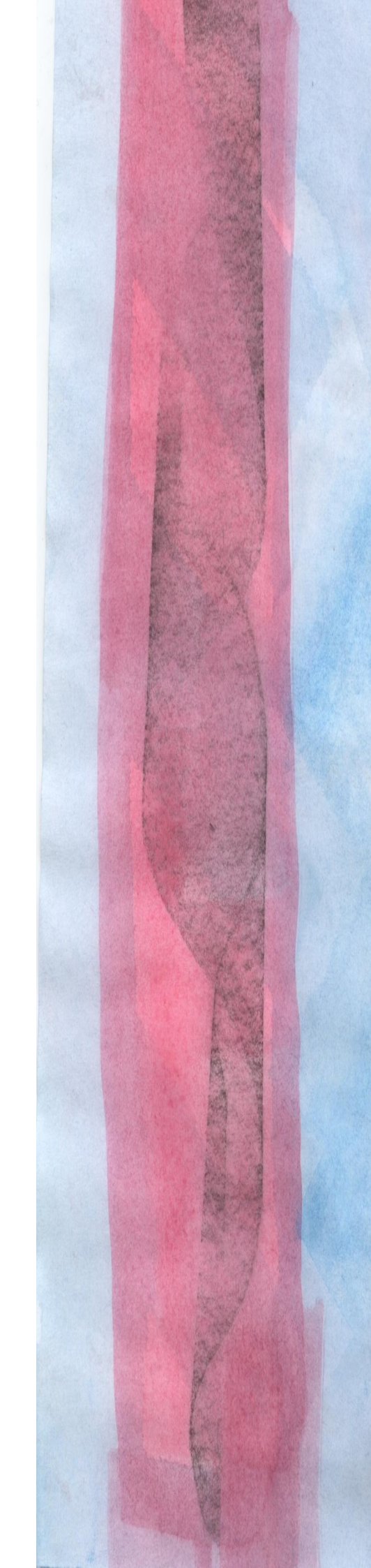
and so what am I you ask?  
I am the knowing space  
I am not the space apart  
this I may choose  
as I choose to know  
and this space is real and present  
but this space is nothing

so  
neither this nor that  
I am not  
and I am not other than  
while my mind is empty

and the thoughts and feelings they suffer  
and are the end of suffering

and this is where all true loves begin  
and where all romance shall end






I am not you that is clear  
you have your own mind  
but while you know me we are together  
and you may hold a place for me  
an empty place  
ready for my visits

then I can be in you

thus I may die and disappear  
and I shall live again



and when I return  
if you so wish  
I shall borrow your eyes  
and as I look through your eyes

your eyes will be mine

and is there anything more than this?  
and do we need anything more than this  
to be redeemed  
(despite appearing and disappearing)  
and to live forever?