

melting

first there's
feeling what is
there

can't be rushed
but sure can be
ignored

been doing that
most of my
life

who would have thought
that trying
doesn't help
and stopping does

so every once in a while
I'm quiet
sitting
or moving with
what hurts
feels wrong
feels right
feels good

not to understand
just recognize

God in you
God in me
has never been frozen

shhhh

it
doesn't speak
our language

there is nothing to hear
nothing to speak
nothing to grab on to
nothing to perceive

it is

in that which can't be gotten
wordless presence beyond
our kind

from the spring
of our existence
the perfectly melting
stream of the Other
rushing over bright stones
of what we think we are
bubbling towards
what is

and we are everywhere
at once

Bill

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