



I,

The
Great
Silent

Seeing,

Wrinkle
Here

Into
Being.



Here
Is

The
Universe

That
I
Wear.

A
Man

Sits
There.



The
Slats
Of
This
House

Peer
In,

Occupy.

Space
Apart,

Stand
Open,

And

I,

Vast
Sky



No
Need

Ever
More

To
Fly,

When

One
Is

Already

Sky.



All
Possible
Movement

And

Absolute
Still

Are
One.

Let
No
Man

Put
Them
Asunder.

But,

Only
Pause.

In
Awe

And
Wonder.



Into

The

Quiet

Center

I

Enter.

The

Man

I

Was,

Now

Is

Melting

Away,

Un-

Missed.

All

That

Was,

Now

Is

The

Blissed.