

Wisdom's Bliss by Rich Norman © 2013

Now I climb
Toward and through my shining moment
The sacred grove
A palm of emerald and jeweled light
Welcomes me
Holds me
And enfolds my tender heart.

How it beats and purrs
Blood and heat
Warm and sweet is the pulse
As light poured round the hidden circuit
As warmth curved inward into sound
Rushing and receding
Filling me.

The tender drops of light
Each clear and swelling
Holding the Day within itself
A treasure swollen to bursting
A prayer unspent
A thought before knowing
Hangs in silence... waiting.

The wind is breath
Gentle and silent
Its silent heart betrayed
Only by the slipping leaves and their shadows
Sliding through silence...
As the thought before a whisper.

The golden day spilling upon my cheek
Warm and enfolding
Glad and sweet is knowing
And being known
Here,
Complete in this moment
A becoming twice holy and full...

So is this day a treasure
Beyond all others—
A symphony spilled into a single chord
A note sung in still air
Twice perfect.

*To admit that loneliness is bliss—
That and that alone, is knowledge which understands enough of wisdom.*