

Mooring in the harbour

If you compile all your thoughts
Of where you might be led
By she and them and subtle men
Who claim to know what's right
You steer a course through stormy seas
In tangled lines of sight
Where the cargo boats
Discharge their loads
On the harbour side at night

Harbours full of worldly wares
Straining at the seams
No space to place the delicate threads
Weaving through your dreams
A thread of fine simplicity
Already ancient at the start
Behind the weft of shadowed days
Veiling the heart

Shadows of such density
As clouds on misty fell
Obscure the view
That's bursting through
Where the skylarks choose to dwell

If I have taught you anything
It's how to swoop and soar
Towards clear skies and platelet seas
Opening for more

Yet all around
Such puzzled men
Gallop through this place
Leaking orders and commandments
By which the world is shaped
To instil in you behaviour
Of the common sight
And not the loving sight
Lingering as a secret in the world
Oh a pity...

Not such a pity for you, my love
I've called you into play
To be a spiritual seeker
Exploring this day
Whilst all around this and that

Such a fascinating life
Continues in abundance
As father, mother, wife

I've spoken in you for centuries
A quiet, whispered voice
Lingering and fingering
Opinion, need and choice
And now my voice is bubbling
Singing sweet and long
Like the skylarks in excitement
Endless, breathless song

I know that through all incident
All duty, name and role
You remain constant
The stillness known as Soul

It's there, I reached you suddenly
Though you did not know my name
And called on you to speak for me
In action, voice and claim
Ancient seeds forever sprout
Again, again, again
Though the soil and weather alter
Like changelings

In early eyes I called on you
To see me here and there
To look behind the hidden things
For the wonder waiting there

You felt me as frustration
Sometimes as despair
In the yearning for learning
Where you might at last declare
All is well with us and them
Heaven is in this air
I'm breathing and feeling and dreaming and sharing

I see it in the asana
In the chatting through the night
In the hesitant pranayama
Struggling to get it right

I see it in the kindly deeds
Of abstinence and choice
In argument, discussion;
Such an urgent tone of voice

I see it in the categories
Of wanting to be good
Dipping in and out of all these things
Wanting to be good

And although your flight is turbulent
In the rising current of air
With hawks that swoop and moons that loop
This weather that we share

I am direct and sure of aim
I am not ever undone
The path may meander
But the prize is always won
The prize is always won...

Live your life fantastically
Be magnificent and alive
Adventurous, spontaneous
With wisdom at your side

...And right at the centre
In the pace of heart and mind
Commit the *Satyam*
The *Yogam*
The *Guram*
The *Sangham*...

Be patient, my beloved
And walk towards my arms
That are open and waiting to greet you
Step out, beloved
Step out