

# The grail

The only thing that calls to me  
As distant acts recede  
Is fullness of infinity  
Sweetness on the breeze

Sweetness as the all of me  
Where you and she and he  
Play your roles enthrallingly  
Magnificent to see

Such play moves in me  
Gallantly  
As knight with sword and steed  
Resolves his quest and comes to rest  
The grail at his knees

A grail of such simplicity  
It cannot be perceived  
By striving acts and thoughts that stack  
The structures my and me

For I am not that thinker  
Though I know him close as friend  
The thinker and his shadow-man  
Ruling in pretend

This ruler need not trouble you  
Though presently she may  
With hoards and scores of attitudes  
That populate each day

Such traffic of the little mind  
Sparks and sparks again  
Renewed, refreshed and nourished  
By the anxious needs of men

As fuel for a life of play  
These sparks ignite and flare  
Excitement, awe, astonishment  
Illusion, loss, despair

Whilst all these factors run in me  
Just as in other men  
Nothing sticks or lingers  
To repeat and act again

Reactions to a lively world  
Are lively in reply  
Yet nothing in their nature  
Claims itself as I

Where I once was  
I am no more  
No boundary to proclaim  
Actions play as actions will  
They do not depend on name

The feeling that was mixed with them  
The feeling me and my  
Gives way and withers gladly  
In the fountain source of I

Whilst all around seems ordinary  
It's not ordinary at all  
The shadow-man no longer lives  
In egos' castle wall

The practice is the rock for you  
The Guru is the light  
The fountain source reveals itself  
In those who look tonight