

Island Sanctuary

The ship on which we're born and live has wrecked
on it's maiden voyage, has wrecked itself
and cast us in the sea, cast us in the sea.
We cannot swim forever, nor float for very long,
the ocean is too turbulent, the water is too strong.
We soon begin to sink beneath the waves from sheer fatigue,
and everyday some people drown, people drown.
They have no life preserver or sure sustainer,
for a life vest gives scant relief awhile.
So,
I sought an island for escape and crawled upon its shore
to rest awhile in silence I withdraw.
I ventured through the thicket into the island's heart
and found a sanctuary there, and sat upon a silent rock apart.
There, there is nothing!
I sit and sought for nothing, desired nothing,
looked for nothing, and
nothing happened to me, nothing appeared to me.
When nothing happens then something happens I see.
When nothing meets with nothing, something happens
though indescribable.
My silent withdrawal into nothing
with the desire for nothing is all;
no feeling, no word, no image, no thought;
desire turns to love alone, love alone.
Who are you nothing? What are you nothing?
I do not know; you are nothing but love.