

My True Self

I say to myself that my trouble is,
I don't know my true self.
But I do. He's the one behind the one behind the one.
I know he's there but I don't know him very well
because he's only seen when the sun-god comes out
and flood lights him out of the dark.
And this doesn't happen often because he's
surrounded by dark most the time.
In fact, he seems to prefer the dark because
he thinks it is light, the only light he knows.
Here he is residing within me
but I've only met him a few times in eighty years.
The few times he has come out
it was almost more than I could bear.
I break down emotionally in tears.
He came out, this true self, on 9-11-01.
That day I had a mystical experience.
All time stood still. I caught sight
of something we never see.
A love for all of life and all people.
I had no enemies that day.
I loved everyone, even those
I usually felt judgmental about.
The world seemed to be one,
and I had a loving connection
to the universe. Some kind of God was real
to most everyone that day.
That's what it's like to be in the sun-god's light.
Like Isaiah's burning coal, or Moses' burning face,
or Peter's sight of Jesus transfigured on the mount,
or the women at the resurrection tomb.
Who can abide the day of his coming?
For he's like a refiner's fire and fuller's soap.
We never expect the sun-god's visitation.
Like Paul's fall from his horse
in the brightness of the light that
revealed his true self to him.
Like Pascal's day of light
when he could only stutter incoherently.
Like Wesley's rapture at Aldersgate,
or all the saints who saw their true
selves and gave up everything for
another glimpse of him.
With my true self I live in the truth.
I feel authentic and real.
Nothing is more right in the sun-god's

sight than being my true self.
Then am I most content with
myself and pleasing to him.
I can do nothing better than to live in the truth.
When I am true to myself
all things work together for good.
Just give me a little plot of fertile soil and let me be
a hermit there.