

Checking The Arithmetic

if life were a cool calculation
where all of the numbers compute,
then one could sum all of creation
and reduce it all down to the root.
but my life is a multiplication
of chance and illusion and doubt:
I'm confused and impatient,
a fool at foundation.
I never will figure it out.

am I just a mutation with a curious urge?
an endless vexation, a mistake that recurs?
a singular statistic, a product of the dice?
checking the arithmetic, it's not quite right...

I questioned a mathematician:
my life is uncertain and strange,
tell me what of the human condition
can the priesthood of science explain?
she said life is a state of transition,
a pattern of chaos and change:
of loss and division
and love insufficient
to answer the problem of pain.

am I just a tangle of jumping nerves
or a point on a line describing a curve?
i'm baffled beyond logic and searching for insight,
checking the arithmetic and it's not quite right...

if I only know what I am feeling
and can't prove the world outside,
then standing or kneeling
or staring at the ceiling
you've gotta have faith as your guide.
the world of sensation
is a puzzling equation,
a persistent hallucination
so you've gotta have faith as your eyes...

am I just an ache in a painful world
dreaming awake in a reciprocal blur
flickering in physics' cinema of sight?
checking the arithmetic, it's not quite right....

Ganashyama

Ganashyama ko dekhata ja raha hun
Usiki jhalaka para khincha ja raha hun

I am fixed on my lord, I am lured to his flame
I keep watching the lord, I am drawn to his effulgence

Lutata hai vaha mai luta ja raha hun
Mitata hai vaha mai mita ja raha hun

He is plundering me, I am being robbed
He is erasing me, I am ceasing to be

Khabara kucha nahi hai kahan ja raha hun
Bulata hai vaha mai chala ja raha hun

I have no idea where I am going
He is calling me and I am going

Mirabai (1498-1546)

I and Me

yekea dardoh yekea darman pasandat
yekea vaslo yekea hejran pasandat
man az darmano dardoh vaslo hejran
pasandam oncherah johnan pasandat

one loves the pain, and one loves the cure
one loves union, and one loves separation
I choose what love wants
i want what love chooses

Babah Tahereh Orian

Jaya Vitthale

Jaya Vitthale Jaya Vitthale Jay Vitthale
Panduranga Panduranga Panduranga Vitthale

Vitthale and Panduranga are names for Krishna, an image of the unity of lover and beloved, longing and surrender, inside and outside, journey and destination, human and divine.

River

river, where will I be
when the ashes are scattered and gone?
forever the music
and the mystery
that splashes in water moves on
river, in thy melody
are voices laughing and crying
for all I have been
and all I will be
in the course of living and dying

in this moment
the current is flowing fast
but it holds on to nothing
as it's going past

when I reach my limit
with travels infinite
the empty places to fill
I slow down a minute
and look at what's in it
'til everything seems to stand still

river, in my memory
I drift in the shimmering sun
deliver me please
from my miseries
when all of my dreaming is done
river, is it my destiny
to journey back where i've begun
through the geography
of my heart to the sea
where everything flows into one?

in this moment
the future hurtles toward the past
to vanish and return
going nowhere fast

when I reach my limit
with travels infinite
the empty places to fill
I slow down a minute
and look at what's in it
'til everything seems to stand still

Shivo'ham, Shivo'ham

Mano buddhya hankara chittani naham
Na cha shrotra jihve na cha ghrana netre
Na cha vyoma bhumir na tejo na vayuh
Chid ananda rupah shivo' ham shivo' ham

I am neither the mind, intellect, ego nor memory,
neither the ears nor the tongue nor the senses of smell and sight,
neither ether, air, fire, water or earth.
I am consciousness and bliss. I am Shiva, I am Shiva.

Na punyam na papam na saukhyam na duhkam
Na mantra na tirtham na veda na yajnah
Aham bhojanam naiva bhojyam na bhokta
Chid ananda rupah shivo' ham shivo' ham

I am neither virtue nor vice, neither pleasure nor pain,
neither mantra nor sacred place, neither scripture nor sacrifice.
I am neither the food nor the eater nor the act of eating.
I am consciousness and bliss. I am Shiva, I am Shiva.

Apurvanam param nityam
Svayam jyotir niramayam
Virajam param akasham dhruvam
Ananda mavyayam

I am beyond all things.
I am everlasting, self-luminous,
taintless, and completely pure.
I am immovable, blissful, and imperishable.

Aham nirvi kalpo nira kara rupo
Vibhut va cha sarvatra sarvendri yanam
Na chasan gatam naiva muktir na meyah
Chid ananda rupah shivo' ham shivo' ham

I am without thought, without form.
I am all pervasive, I am everywhere, yet I am beyond all senses.
I am neither detachment nor salvation nor anything that could be measured.
I am consciousness and bliss. I am Shiva, I am Shiva.

Sanskrit lyric attributed to Shankaracharya (788-820 A.D.)

The Homing Instinct

I'm guided by the homing instinct
on a mission through the unknown
fiercely longing, strong, insistent,
intuition pilots me on

love is the bearing I hold in my heart
a compass unerring, the goal and the start
the light of a beacon when all hope is lost
the sight I am seeking, an ocean to cross

home, to the warmth of my nest
home, to the one I love best
home, how it beats in my breast
home, let my heart be expressed

to be alive, to span a distance
through the clouds, and by the wind blown,
to face the storms of my existence
navigating by faith alone

eternally going astray to discern
the wisdom of knowing the way to return
in the spring of my nature to soar from this earth
wings over water, the course of rebirth

home, to the warmth of my nest
home, to the one I love best
home, how it beats in my breast
home, when my heart is at rest

migrating birds on the radar screen
gliding homeward
magnetic fields glowing green
under polarized light
by the stars of my memory
i ride the jetstream
climbing onward
the hum of the engines
propelling my dreams in their flight

I'm guided by the homing instinct
on a mission through the unknown
a fiercely longing, strong, insistent,
intuition pilots me home

The Satellite Sky

I'm calling
an impulse of light
in the vacuum of night
can you hear me?
i'm swallowed in
the heavens so bright
but no one in sight
is near me

the satellite sky
vast and empty
the silence of existence
that we signal through
await your reply
lost and lonely
a siren in the distance
sounding deepest blue

calling for you
for conversation
linking up and signing off
never getting close enough
to quiet my heart
howling to rue
a separation
a longing we can't satisfy
we are satellites, you and I
echoes apart

I'm calling
an impulse of light
in the vacuum of night
can you hear me?

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