

THE LIGHT BEYOND  
By Michael Weintraub

Where does it come from?  
This gift of a morning  
filled to overflowing  
light sparkling everywhere  
and a few white clouds drifting leisurely  
intentionless and free,  
with nowhere I have to be  
the trees leaping out of the earth  
like dancers...  
the leaves floating islands  
of green in a sea of quietude...  
and the purple hills  
galloping away into the snow mountains  
beyond time, freedom and fate  
into an infinity of beauty  
and the long lonely  
shadows of the evening  
closing like the eyes of a dreamer  
into a night as deep as the mind  
underneath the skin of our separation  
a wilderness of archetypes  
dark shadows etched in silver  
rivers of dream  
the whole of creation...  
a moth circling nearer and nearer  
day and night beating  
like the fluttering  
wings of my loving...  
on the alter of being  
the flame of awareness...burns  
the light beyond the stars  
is in the Heart