

The Cauldron Of Time -James O'dea

We who live and breathe in a body
see the Creator's signature as living gold:
the gold of a magnificent sunlight splashed on the active rivers
of our hearts' generosity, pouring molten love into the world,
glowing in our greatest stories
signaling beauty
celebrating the courage to go outside and be
more than reflections, instead to be living flames of gold
burning in existence as naked human God sparks.

But gold is not the goal as some profess
it is the gate through which we pass into
the new life, into the greening of our spirit
into an aliveness vitalized in worlds unseen by the material eye,
the green soul force growing in vibrant concentrations of consciousness
where perception begins to merge with Source
and with all the incorruptible energies of Life Eternal.
Up to this point all is energy, energized by the green waves
of the heart's subtle compassion.

But still there is an invitation beyond the gold of inspiration
and the green of illumination,
an invitation that seems to seep out of a velvet darkness
a lake of nothingness
an invitation to no space, no time,
no movement, no thought
no accomplishments, no accolades,
no echoes of the world
gone, gone, all gone
nothing left but the empty well of original bliss.

Only those who enter this dark night
can look up and see the hidden face of God
where Nothing and Everything are one.