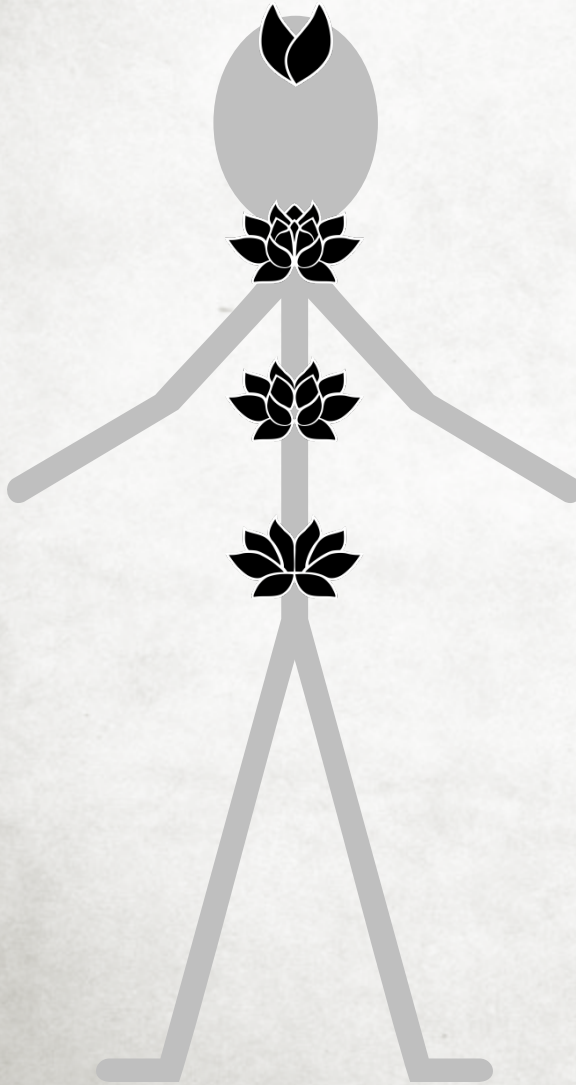


I am.

It thinks.

She feels.

He wills.



I am.

It thinks.

She feels.

He wills.

**Thinking about thinking –
“Reveals” the I am.
Sense free thinking.**

In the human Heart
there lives a part of us
which contains matter
more spiritual than in any other organ;
also a part of us
of which the spiritual life
is made more manifest in matter
than that of any other organ.

Hence in the Microcosm that is us
Sun is the Heart,
and in our Hearts are we united
most of all with the deepest fount
the fount of our true Being.

**More brilliant than the Sun,
Purer than snow,
Finer than the ether
Is the Self
The Spirit in my heart.
This Self am I,
I am this Self.**

In Love lives the seed of Truth,
In Truth seek the root of Love:
Thus speaks thy higher Self.

The fire's glow transmutes
Wood into warming rays.
Wisdom's resolving Will
Changes the outer work
Into abiding strength.

So let thy work be the shadow
Cast by thine I
When it is lit by the flame –
Flame of thy higher Self.

INVICTUS

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

IT IS NOT ENOUGH

It is not enough to know.

It is not enough
to follow the inward road
conversing in secret.

It is not enough
to see straight ahead,
to gaze at the unborn
thinking the silence
belongs to you.

It is not enough to hear
even the tiniest edge of rain.

You must go to the place
where everything waits,
there, when you finally rest,
even one word will do,
one word or the palm of your
hand turning outward
in the gesture of gift.

And now we are truly afraid
to find the great silence
asking so little.

One word, one word only.

FAITH

I want to write about faith,
about the way the moon rises
over cold snow, night after night,
faithful even as it fades from fullness,
slowly becoming that last curving and
impossible sliver of light before the final darkness.

But I have no faith myself
I refuse it the smallest entry.

Let this then, my small poem,
like a new moon, slender and barely open,
be the first prayer that opens me to faith.

It doesn't interest me if there is one God
or many gods.
I want to know if you belong or feel abandoned.
If you know despair or can see it in others.
I want to know
if you are prepared to live in the world
with its harsh need
to change you. If you can look back
with firm eyes
saying this is where I stand. I want to know
if you know
how to melt into that fierce heat of living
falling toward
the center of your longing. I want to know
if you are willing
to live, day by day, with the consequence of love
and the bitter
unwanted passion of your sure defeat.

I have heard, in *that* fierce embrace, even
the gods speak of God.

There is a faith in loving fiercely
the one who is rightfully yours,
especially if you have
waited years and especially
if part of you never believed
you could deserve this
loved and beckoning hand
held out to you this way.

I am thinking of faith now
and the testaments of loneliness
and what we feel we are
worthy of in this world.

Years ago in the Hebrides,
I remember an old man
who walked every morning
on the grey stones
to the shore of baying seals,
who would press his hat
to his chest in the blustering
salt wind and say his prayer
to the turbulent Jesus
hidden in the water,

and I think of the story
of the storm and everyone
waking and seeing the distant
yet familiar figure
far across the water calling to them
and how we are all preparing for that
abrupt waking, and that calling,
and that moment we have to say yes,
except it will not come so grandly
so Biblically but more subtly
and intimately in the face
of the one you know you have to love

so that when we finally step out of the boat toward
them, we find everything holds us, and everything
confirms our courage, and if you wanted
to drown you could, but you don't
because finally after all this struggle
and all these years you simply don't want to any
more you've simply had enough of drowning and you
want to live and you want to love and you will walk
across any territory and any darkness however fluid
and however dangerous to take the one hand you
know belongs in yours.

His presence is present in my own presence.
If I am, then He is.
And in knowing that I am,
if I penetrate to the depths of my own existence and my own
present reality,
the indefinable “I am” that is myself in its deepest roots,
then through this deep center I pass into the infinite “I am”
which is the very Name of the Almighty.

**Not I,
but Christ in me.**

**Not my will,
but thy will be done.**