



And it will become manyfold...

We are always going to be lost
when thinking takes hold,
and will be reborn,
when we sense the world

trust it, and drift away,
like clouds in bright wind,
because all frontiers left there
are further than the heavens.

And it will become manyfold,
yet we barely grasp it.
How long are we earthbound,
anxious, still in a dream.

Still asking how long,
everything still up for question,
everything that was once so frightful,
now becoming clearer?

Such that a gentleness touches us
as the heavens calm for us
as its nearness breathes
drawing us whole into the now.

Graham Mummery