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Samadhi Night

Oxon Hoath January 2014

I recall that night of hallowed astonishment

under the dark blue flower of the air tense with icy stars
I lay ringing like a plucked string
I sailed like a creaking ship on the dark deep sea
the luminous crystal unfolded in the crook of my arm

I unearthed a word deep in the loam of dream
its meaning somewhere between a bookshelf and a bird
and when I pulled gently on it from the twilit beach of sleep
my heart hummed for an instant with the gasp of a hushed horn

shouldering a leaky sack of astringent memories
and buffeted by the absurd echoes of the evening
I journeyed through the speechless night like a tired pilgrim
until as I awoke the inside of my head was smeared with a wash of light

and at the beginning of morning a carpet of frost embraced the grass

there was incense and the chanting of antique names
as the hooded dawn gradually awoke
some words whispered as if from a cave's drunken depths
and I sat filled with the sky's breath in the chill blood of a stream
laughter coming quietly to birth in some ancient internal organ

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