

Journey



Arden G.
Thompson

Journey is for those who have searched for the meaning of life and their place in it. It is a record of a mystic's journey.

Journey

by Arden G. Thompson

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First Edition

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“I love you,”
sings each rock
and tree and angel
that I see.

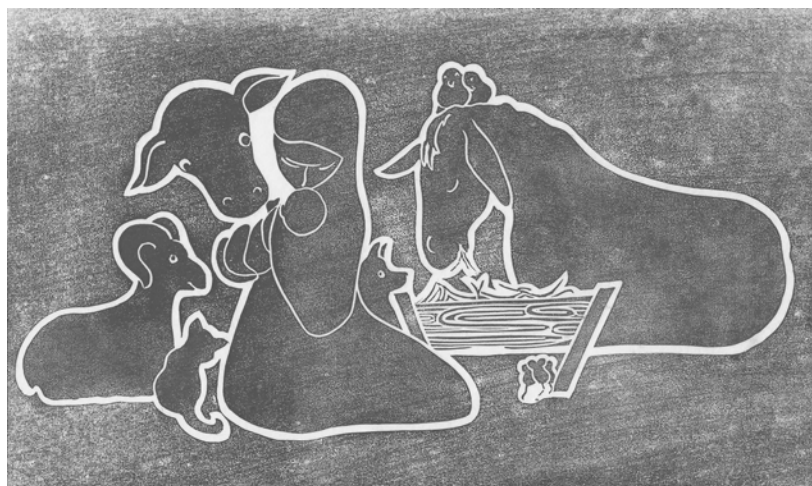
“I love you,”
sings the might
and beauty
of the ocean
and the sky.

“I love you,
momentary child
of Earth;
I love you.

Pass it on.”

Looking up
in a moment
of rushing
thanksgiving,
I see You,
sky-crowned
and golden,
kneeling among
the spring grasses,
holding flowers
out to me
and smiling.
Oh, my Lord,
how long
have You
waited?

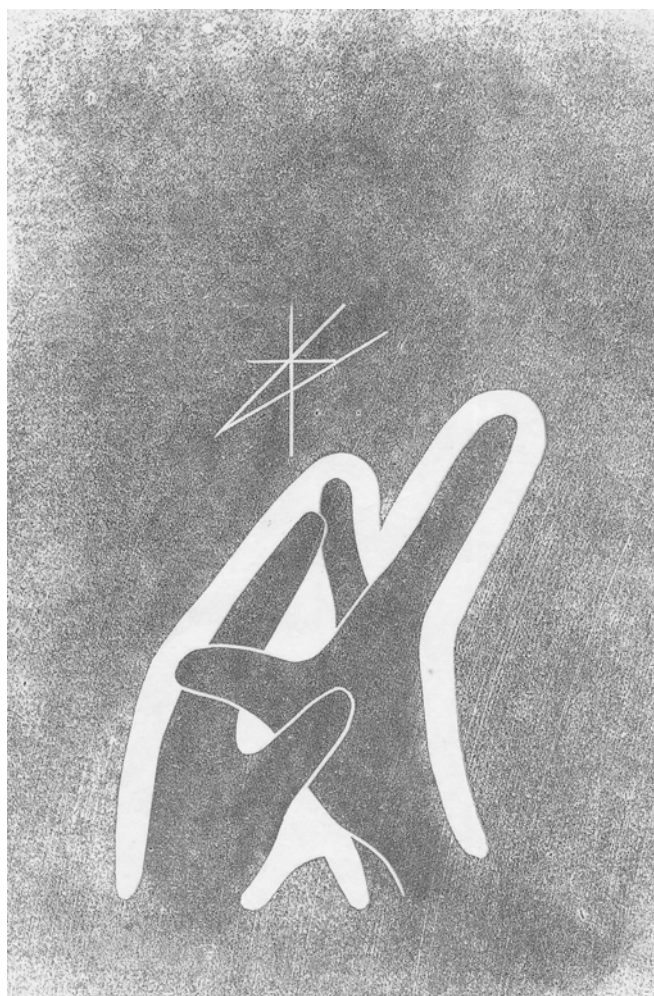
I held a rainbow
joyously within
my open hands
until its presence
grew too great,
too beautiful
to understand;
then I fled me down
the echoing days
and nights
of my assembled
years,
past a thousand
beckoning scenes,
and words
of reasoned seers.
Yet brighter far
above them all
still shone
the wondrous Light
until too exhausted
more to fear,
I knelt in rapture
to receive
God's gift of love
through human tears.



From silence
You speak
with words
that have
neither
sound
nor name,
but carry
the blessing
of Being
and heal
my soul
with Flame.

Driven as a stream
by the Wind,
I am flung head-
long down
from the heights
of myself
towards the burning
sands of tomorrow;
yet even as I falling
hear the mocking
echoes of my own
prophetic cry,
suddenly I am
no longer stream,
but rock upon
which the stream
breaks into rainbows
arching yesterday's
promise in fresh splendor
across the darkened canvas
of the sky.

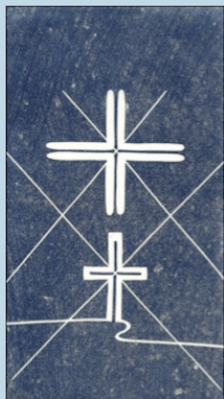
You are
the knife edge;
You the one
who falls.
I embrace You,
my Beloved,
incomprehensible
All.



We reach
out to You
with our words,
but in that silence,
beyond words,
there is
no longer
need
to reach.

Death shall have
no dominion over men,
or the children of men,
or over any who have
known the breath of Life;
for in All
there is no death,
only change from
then to now,
darkness to Light,
becoming into Being,
forevermore.
And in that Light
there is no darkness,
nor time, nor separation
between the Dreamer
and the dreamed,
the Creator and
the beloved creation:
for time exists only
on the edge
of the spiral –
in the center
all is still
as within the mind
of God –
all things are one,
instant and eternal:
the seed, the bud and rose
are One,
and the fragrance,
everlasting.

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