

Sometimes a Glimpse

Poems of Spiritual Inquiry



Alan Harris

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Written by Alan Harris

**Knowing our knownness,
we may find our foundness.**

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Absence

I always thought that you,
dear friend, had been away
due to a long, far journey.

I thought I knew you well,
although I had no memory
of ever seeing you.

Stirring stories I heard
about your distant deeds,
and I felt a link with you
though never saw your face.

I asked you in my heart,
“How long, how far from here
has questing taken you?
Does destiny intend for me
someday to hear your voice?”

My white-haired years
now tell me it is I
who traveled out upon
that long, far journey.

Soon I will be coming back
to share my life’s adventures
with you in a place not
far away nor danger-filled,
a place as near as breath and pulse.

I’ve missed your easy laugh
and kindly voice, dear friend,
but soon enough we’ll meet again
to pray the prayers of ancient days.

After a Mostness of Hurt

How after a mostness of hurt
does flower a sunrise of joy.
How never does awfulness stay
where planets are children of stars.

How warmly a candle lights up
in blackmost recesses of night.
How grieving and torment give way
to palpable peace in the heart.

Analogies for Love

Is love a light beam we shine
upon our chosen few of heart,
reflected by them upon us?

Or is love an inner sea
contained by, yet containing us,
in turbulence or pleasing calm?

Does a new mother perceive
in her baby's trusting breath
the force of a new volcano?

As a cup that cannot explain its tea
or a husk that fathoms not its corn,
I cradle love as an infinite infant within.

April of the Spirit

In this April Sunday
there is pure spirit
scenting all the air
like a sweet candle.

Spirit runs through me
like light through a prism
and splashes all my glands
with a rainbow of loving.

Spending spirit is a joy
and a joke, for no end
is there to it—
as well spend the sea.

When my brain tunes into
spirit's primordial hum,
there are no surroundings
but the starlit cosmos.

I sing into the center of being
whose bud bursts open
and flowers into a fragrant chant
for April eyes and ears.

Amen says all, sings all
that ever will be sung—
begins and sustains and ends
our euphonious zodiac.

As Far Beyond as Here

Perhaps your mind, when still, has reached a brink
Beyond which bottom, top, and sides release
Their hold, immersing all you are and think
In boundlessly profound, peculiar peace.

Set free, aware, and only slightly caught
Within the web you've spun of tickling flesh,
You feel you understand why you were brought
To live within earth's tantalizing mesh.

What sage or mystic ever wrote a line
Containing more than hints of what you feel
And almost know to be the life divine
Which tinglings from the vast unknown reveal?

Experienced have you this thunderbolt?
And savored have you since then every volt?

At Sea

I work very hard and I tire—
when will this work be done?
I long for sweet enlightenment
to provide a blissful rest.

*If contentment is enlightenment,
then a cow is Buddha. Rest, yes,
but within the work is the bliss.
Just smell any swamp in repose.*

I want to walk the path
but how without a teacher?
So many paths are beckoning
that I'm at sea with confusion.

*At sea is a good place to be
beneath millions of stars,
each at one time bewildered
but now guiding your journey.*

I feel that I may be ready
but the teachers appearing seem
prophets eyeing their profits,
unschooled in even honesty.

*Will your teacher knock at your door?
Be found on some random sidewalk?
Have you listened? Inwardly heard?
Serve and create; serve and listen.*

Beauty

Soon after sundown tonight
leftover orange fades upward
into night's deepening blue
above our row of poplars.

How does a sky do this?
It looks so easy.
Such beauty is free to see
yet invites a seeing into.

Who is living behind this beauty?
No name is being spoken to me
but there's an inner rush as if
some Friend from space is near.

The Builders

Temple: none but spirit
Book: an open heart
Mission: help to give
Path: up past the known

Benediction for 2000

Long beheld, this cosmic date
brought in a spook named Y2K
and a few predicted woes,
but still we move along,
up, beyond, in,
planting fresh creative seeds,
casting away old husks,
dropping vestigial outlooks
because lacking in heart or
confined to the seeable or
opposing a grander flow.

Busy in a planetary spiral
around day's fiery light,
we persist in our journey
toward an infinite unknown,
trusting that humanity's
third-millennial lungs
will always find new vigor
while blowing away
the dismal dust of death.

We feel deep awe for all
that has ever happened
but marvel even more that
anything at all can happen.
Infused and confused within
the unfolding Cosmic Aim,
we seal our past in glass
and welcome, as all there is
and will be, our future.

Commuter Queries the Sun

My trusty train
hauls me orangeward
from this 5 o'clock
plastic city into
an on-time sunset.

Fried-egg friend,
over easy
in the wispy west,
innerly whisper me
what you are.
A star?
Yes, but are
you a you
or merely a major it?

May I commune
with you in
the hollow of
my heart?
Dissolve shallow
knowledge?
Understand you?

Humbly may I harvest
your richer spectrum
than my life
in the office
offers?

If I knew you,
would I be you?
To reach your light
must I groan with long
effort and escalation?
Or simply relax with
easy exhalation?

Unanswering,
you fold
the shimmering cloudy
whites around your
blazing yolk and
drop away.

Breath of good night
is felt below
my horizon.

Suddenly I see
you shooting aloft
for thirty seconds
a brilliant vertical
shaft of orange
as if to acknowledge
we know we know
each other.

My train trundles on.

Counting to One

How many skies
has the boomeranging
moon flown over?
One, which breathes.

How many lives
have you and I lived?
One, deepening inside
births and deaths.

How many humans
are in the world?
One, with splendidly
many bodies and souls.

How many religions
are there?
One, tucked into
softest of hearts.

How many universes?
Count to one
until the stars
fall out of it.

How many questions
are there?
One big one.

What is the question?
That's it.

Enlightenment

A vibrating soul
Sends up a tentative tentacle
And feels the Divine Touch.

The trinity of clay,
Body and heart and mind,
Joins the Trinity of Spirit,
Will and Wisdom and Soul,
As the one knowing the One.

An Evening Question

Blackbirds crackle random
sonic pepper under fading skies
at end of day when silence
brings more pain to birds
than sounds held in can bear.

Up west, three backlit
afterclouds, blue-gray,
suggest a breathless blessing,
outer sky to inner eye.

Two robins try antiphony
positioned fence to fence
and trade their choruses
across a subtlety of dew.

Overhead, a helicopter's growl
subdues the singing birds
who observe a silent minute
waiting for the bully to be gone.

Next door, the dog
barks out his being
at something heard or felt
and with each bark
a girl shouts "Shut up!"
until he does.

A cat comes walking by,
surprised at me,
too close,
but quickly taking care
to show no fear.

Quietly alert,
I stare across
this outdoor table—
top all strewn with
wings of maple seeds
delayed from
reaching earth—
and I bow within.

My breath amazed
at simple dusk,
I fold in half,
and half, and half,
until there's hardly any I.

This enigmatic sky
now closing day
with fake finality
while straddling
yin and yang
abstains from answering
my wordless
evening question.

Excuse Me, God

Excuse me, God,
I didn't see you there.
To my nearsighted eyes
you looked like air.

You cleared your throat
with jarring thunderbolt,
but I heard nothing deep,
just felt a jolt.

I built my house
with quite a clever plan,
but didn't see the sign
that said, "God's land."

I walked through woods
and thought the cool smell
was only natural,
from trees that fell.

I thought it quaint,
the orange western stain;
I thought it nice that clouds
wrung out their rain.

I saw the stars
through shallow telescope,
and saw eternity
as just a hope.

I meant no harm—
I had my glasses off;
so next time, if I'm near,
please cough.

Five Definings

Sky:
awfullywhere above,
is ours to
(of course)
share with
(whoever may be)
God.

Earth:
much underrated,
sturdily
(all the same)
holds up
(whatever may be)
the sky.

Heaven:
sky and earth
in a goodly
(feel the flow)
mix holding
(want them in vain)
all unholdables.

Hell:
doorway to
the back
(way back)
stairs leading to
(wherever may be)
heaven.

Friendship:
life sharing
light hearts
(and heavy)
without benefit
(or hindrance)
of shouldness.

Freedom Grounded

Hypnotized by young freedom,
I chased bedazzling baits of my choice
until pain came crashing through my doors.

Thank you very much, freedom.

And I ate choice foods with delight
until my older arteries became clogged
with a near calamity of consequences.

Freedom, do you need to be fatal?

Computer-enabled, I freely flew commodity
futures like a test pilot, with precision eyes
trained on my instruments—then crashed.

Hello, is anyone there?
Freedom, you truly stink.
Can I at least be free not to be free?

“Serve,” says no voice.

Serve? Why serve?

“It works.”

Serve without pay?

“With or without pay—but with energy.”

No more freedom, then?

“Remembering your former agony
while serving where the need is,
you gain a grounded freedom.”

From whom do I hear this?

“From the call without a voice.”

Friendlight

A Good-Bye Poem

When certain folks
become good friends
a candle lights
and remains aglow

and when these folks
round separate bends
this light stays lit
and will always show.

Good Friday

If ever rain should sing a hymn
throughout and throughin;
if ever unfolding buds with tiny pain
should bloom big over meadows;
if ever hearts in deepest pain
should find a silver light—
let it be on Good Friday,
our day of holy surrender to
more than we know,
our bow of reverence to
more than we are,
our wail of grief for
all that might have been,
our needed emptying
of the cup of self to
find an inner morning—
an Easter wherein
the Sun of Love
will rise again.

Grief Is a Thief

Grief is a thief
you have urged
to take you away
but with your own
key locks you,
wet with tears,
inside your musty
woolen closet and
turns out the light.

Dark in your trap
shared with moths
you cry long past dry
and choke on all why.

When you know it's
time (and you will):

burst
the closet open
into a room,
burst
the room open
into a sky,
settle for no moons,
pray past all suns,
inhale from Cosmos.

Not earth are you
but the damp wick
of a future shining.

Strike your match
and light the way.

A Hidden Sky

There is a sky
below the ground.

I saw it today
through puddle windows
along my street.

Big sycamore leaves
were floating in it
like balloons becalmed.

Trees were towering
downly up
beneath my feet.

If streets contain a sky,
do you and I?

Hope and Love

As the earth spins into day and night,
so the human soul basks in light
and quivers in darkness.
And as the earth sometimes has foul weather,
the soul too has it hurricanes and rains.

Hope and love are, were, will be.
Hope is God's eternal nudge in our ribs.
Something is ahead
and, knowing not its shape,
we push toward it nonetheless.
Hope pulls us.

Love is everywhere, and always has been.
Love existed before we came to join it.
Love made us.
Love makes us make more of us.
Love is God's radiant comfort in our souls.
Love binds us.

With hope to pull and love to bind,
we need not fear.

When all is seemingly lost,
when it is nighttime in the soul,
when there is wind and rain,
there are yet two forces to sustain us.

Hope.
Love.

Innerness

How potent is the silent voice within the heart—
like roses screaming quietly
at the top of their scents.
Our inner self turns a valve here,
flips a switch there,
rechannels a thought, all undetected,
guiding the mind with commands never heard by ears.

We inhale a vital force sent up from the sun,
full of planetary power, star strength,
universal unity.
We exhale such love as we can muster from our
little microverse,
radiating peace into nearest air
and farthest galaxies.

We breathe our relentless ripples
onto shimmering oceans of spirit.
Each star hears our silence.
Our mental voice imprints itself
on a forgetless tablet of inner space,
indelible as a baby's first cry.

When we listen, the cold wind carries
the moan of mother earth
and the rising moon reflects
the sighs of setting sun.
Those who hear the universe
humming its silent symphony
learn to love each lento chord.

Strum my heart, you silent waves of love,
with your tuneful touch,
and help me sing the song of space
in the sanctum of my skull.

An Inward East

To calm a care or soothe an anger storm
you pause to breathe your vital inside sun
and, richly quiet with its steady glow
of coremost tenderness and flooding peace,
you reinterpret body's aching bones
as levers placed for mystic ministry,
propelled and infinitely smiled upon
by forces which, when tapped, give tenfold strength.
You find your earth eyes lidded from the room
and focused now on lightened higherness.

In light we are as one, beloved friend.
How can a doubt or fear feel more than mere
when in and up we set our inner sight
to see a splendor further east than east?

Karma Yoga

Living every hour
in the exact middle
of my weaknesses,
I work some more.

Knowing the ways
I fell apart before
and took poor paths,
I work some more.

To piece together
my fragmentary
feelings for peace,
I work some more.

Pretty sure I will
later fail to restrain
some urges within me,
I work some more.

When all of my jobs
on earth are done and
I'm in and out of heaven,
I will work some more.

Mahler's 5th Symphony

Overfull fountain,
he rises abundantly
from where springs
are fed, creates from
why hearts must beat
timpanic against
gravitation.

His concerted breezes
blow confusing beauty in
through windows where
merely walls once were.

Triumph, sorrow,
fire, spirit,
love, joy—
all play and pray
in sonic sanctum.

After the applause
we bring our amazement
home and listen to
the wallpaper sing.

A Meditation

In the where of almost
lies more somejoy
than define inchly gives.

Streamtake and heartgive
are so many too softness
for headly grasp to box.

If seldom all many center
in one boundless allitude,
one oneity can still still.

A Love Song

From heart of space
all gift all give
no star too big
to hold it all

Where up a flower
how down a cloud
can any heart
with love unbloom

One breath of spring
one second on
the spatial clock
but oh the breath

When bliss is work
and silence bliss
up down our cord
no song unsings

All alls need more
all mores need all
yet love is nearer
than purest most

The Middle Way

When the possible
splits inelegantly
into yes and no
or love and hate
or life and death,
a maybe may be
found in a flower
around the corner,
already half opened
and aromatic.

If a mindbox
has been closed,
sealed with tape,
and addressed for
a wrong journey,
the stewing inside
may blow it open
along a road up
to now unseen—
new steps await.

When any love
demands any hate
and gets its way,
that way is poison,
but when any hate
allows for any love
and acts within it,
possibilities arise.

Measuring won't find
the Middle Way,
nor asking friends
nor reading books,
but work and watch,
step by day,
and strive and give,
mile by year, until
where isn't it?

Mother's Secret

A Ballad

*Tell me a secret of living, dear Mother,
a new one I've never been told—
some hint about life to remember you by
that will stay with me when I've grown old.*

“An overlooked secret of humans, my child,
is that each is a seed that will flower,
and that each has a future of limitless joy,
whatever the pains of the hour.

“And I tell you that no love has ever been lost
nor is anything out of place—
that your work is to strive, to give and to know
in this journey through time and space.

“Your grandmother told me the same when she died
and I willingly pass it along.
May your living go deeper than what you can see
and your heart hear the Infinite Song.”

*Now rest, dear Mother, and sleep your sleep
in a region where pain is unknown.
As long as I live I will treasure your words
and will pass them along to my own.*

On Leaning

Some think they leaned upon a stronger will
when all that happened was this will had shone
a light beam on some girder, deep and strong,
within their own divinely buttressed soul.

Mistakenly, they felt this other will
support their own, when really, all are leaning
safe upon the same Eternal Strength
which none of us can own, but all may share.

The light beam shows it's safe to turn within.

Now, Sweet Now

When quiet has its way,
a subtle glow may grow
inside the heart's heart.

One's furnishings reflect
a different cast of light
when silence fills the room.

Consonance with core
allows a laying down
of petty weekday will.

All cells become as servants
to a Master higher than
the calls of sense and self.

True, jostlings and lacks
and irritating chores
await the coming down.

Dark evil, multiform,
may offer up its dirt,
and errors their regret,

but in this now, sweet now,
a subtle glow is growing
inside the heart's heart.

The Other Door

To take a perfect bolt
and start the nut awry
and twist it with a jolt
is like a lie.

To grab a kiss or touch
without her matching mood
won't gratify as much
as tasteless food.

To batter down a door
whose fault is being locked
won't satisfy us more
than having knocked.

For every door locked tight
a second unlocked door
will open with no fight
and please us more.

The one who knocks and waits,
then seeks an unlocked way,
transcends life's petty hates
and learns to pray.

Outwhere

A rocket breaking free
from Earth's gravity is,
by dint of direction,
traveling a trajectory
into outwhere.

No limit is seen
to what is outer,
but what is inner
offers with its
infinity a rainbow
and a promise.

Let rocket people
point their probing
within if they would
make discoveries.

Far-going rockets
may be today's
Tower of Babel
reaching out and up
to an imagined
material heaven while,
nearer than our nuclei,
heaven is hugging us.

Permissions

From whom does your life
have its license to live?
Not from Rome or Scriptures
or fine-robed Interpreters—

not from parent or teacher,
policeman or mayor.
Your frame can be governed
but your heart heeds the One

as butterflies do
aloft in a breeze
over leaf and flower
in tune with The Will.

Enclosed please find
within you a church
never built, yet nearer
than one breath away.

Penetration

Pierce with pointed mind through veils of falsity
Toward evanescent Truth.

Smile through hard frowns
Toward patient Joy.

Pray through frozen images
Toward warm Oneness.

Love through burning hatreds
Toward brilliant cool Light.

When Light floods the heart,
No veil can block,
No frown can discourage,
No image can conceal,
No hatred can destroy.

The proper moment is now.
The proper place is here.
The proper act is giving.
The proper feeling is love.

Plowhorse

My horse and I are brothers,
and the morning sun knows why.

Within my horse resides
a soul, I'm pretty sure—
more wisdom than just to strain
and turn brown fields to black.

I'd guess this horse was human
in ages before the Ice,
but now for some dim reason
is sentenced to the plow.

Service, a horse's essence,
had best be, too, my own
as we pull such plows as matter
into ages still to come.

My horse and I are brothers
and the morning sun knows why.

Prayer for 2000

Undecimated by a new thousand (flow flows on),
abruptly we in 2000 seem to be where
we've always been (and busily been),
still wishing for a wish (still praying for a prayer)
to make our earthlife right (or righter).

Were we to dip silently (each) into a minute (untimed),
we could scarcely come up unwashed (unchanged)
by (I falter at "Your" for dualism) some
transcendent gentle rightness (grace)
guiding our souls like boats (adrift in when)
into a nowness found just below now.

I would pray (if I prayed, and I do)
from within most central us (where one is allish)
for easings where we grasp (egolike)
and gentlings where we (too quickly) scold.

Feeling safe and strong in softest You,
inexplicable Lord most high (most deep),
with Light never seen (Force never unfelt),
I pray and pray (and somehow always pray).

Prayer of Being

Oh Nameless One,
if I, as I, am not
meant to be,
then how could I
sit here writing
a prayer of thanks
for my being and
for the far reach
I am from dust?

My prayer only asks
that, to the sea of
goodness that I feel
all around me, I might
be allowed to add
my anonymous drop.

Today you overwhelm
my most lovingness
by how strangely deep
you go into, through,
and around me.

Waitingly, doingly,
goingly, searchingly,
my heart offers back
to its Source a hum that
sounds as much like a
Bach Prelude as an OM.

Amen

Prayer of Unknowing

O Lord, I don't know
what "O" and "Lord" mean,
nor do I know what words
to silently say
into your holy ear
(if any ear at all is hearing),
nor do I seem to receive replies,

and yet I feel in my deeper
inside places (which have no places)
that, as I'm fumbling for words
and stumbling within my soul,
a prayer is somehow praying me
and giving amen to my life.
Uncomprehending, Lord,
I drop my words.
Amen.

Quiet

When every somewhere
falls away and all
nowheres turn into
the main everywhere—
where is there then
to go but quiet
into here?

When love turns
to sand without
any other in view
and nobody cares
except groanings
of self—
might quiet
no thinking
deep breathing be
salve enough
to allow tomorrow?

When demands on
time money time love
time patience time
agonize the brain
choke all muscles
as deadlines approach
like freight trains
honk-honking beware
of broken futures
at whatever is you—
does a chair
still exist in
a quiet room
for a fortunate
sitting—
does air
still surround
for a breathing—
does the quiet
beneath all crash
of all brain
embrace you
for as long
for as long
for as long?

Reality

Down, down a humming spiral I float
to an undark land that lies about me among unshadows.
I reach out a hand that I don't have, to grope, to touch,
and I feel nothing but soft everything.

Without ears I hear the soft multi-mumblehum
of a misty shore stretching into windless, waveless, waterless distance
where the surf pounds once every eon in a grand, spray-filled creation
within whose star-foam we humanly manifest.

Here I feel the peaceful pulse of Most Inner Underatom
beaming benevolence up through the tree that is we
and feeding our Adam-atoms a feast
of electric apples that never touch the ground.

I see every-you around me and in me.
Here is where you-I find sustenance beyond all paychecks.
Notice this gentle light from no visible sun.
Look at that tiny root leading upwards to a budding planet.

Rising up the humming spiral again, I hear little taps
of what most people call reality.
It is raining on the roof
and the cat needs to be fed.

Recourse

All roads out are blocked
by this rockslide in your mind?
All roads in await.

Remembrance

Remembering tells me
I was never not, nor
were you nor anyone.

Arteries in the Cosmos
are pulsing with light
and life and love

in a flow never ceasing
yet constantly changing
in form and expression.

Peace it is to remember
these arteries that feed
from out of the Unseen,

their pulsings uncountable,
their inner motions subtler
than any evening breeze.

Remembering upward
and inward, how not feel
vitality from the One?

I remember (don't you?)
the beauty within trust,
the safety of community,

the triumph of cooperation,
the brave sureness of joy,
love as easy to find as air.

Remembering as I do
and perhaps as you do,
how could one not return?

Rose Cross

I survey this rose,
seeing into its center,
in and in
to a divinity fed by rainwater
and sparkled by sunfire.

Never was this rose
merely a pretty flower.
It blooms big in the center
of the Cosmic Cross,
bathed in blood-red tones.

The center of the Cross
and the center of the Rose,
conjuring,
reveal and conceal
the Crux of Creation.

Was there in our universe
a big bang
with no one
in the forest to hear it?
Were there thorns
before there was a rose?
A cross before there were saviors?

Look into the center of this rose,
dizzily down into
the center of your head,
for the source of the big bang.

Search into the cross's crux;
drill into the core
of your own hurting heart
to find a blazing forth
of eternity's splendid light.

Now take this rose,
this cross.
Hold them dear until
the next big bang,
which no one will hear
either.

We will know each other
then as now,
for we will say a secret word,
which is _____.
Remember?

Roses

If only one rose
ever in history
were seen to bloom,
what awe might be!

Now people yawn
at roses by dozens,
pretty weeds to eyes
that won't see.

If we but knew
we're each a rose
asleep in a bud,
might bloom we?

Relief in Relife

Does evening raise a fear of no more dawns?
Does autumn's chill forever kill our lawns?
If not, then why dread gray hair in a mirror?
If dawns and lawns recur, is death to fear?

Is body all I am, a soft robot
conditioned by blind chance, then left to rot?
Is heaven just a slide shone on the sky
to keep believers honest till they die?

To think extinction ends our too-short life—
to think a void replaces child and wife—
to think a shroud blanks out all consciousness—
all far too grim for me, I must confess.

I'm reassured from deep in bone and heart
that when I and my body come to part,
I'll slip it off and leave it like a coat,
retaining what I know, but free to float.

Our breath comes in, goes out, and so do we
who end each earthly life, but then are free
to roam bright inner realms with opened eyes
which see through physicality's bleak lies.

We thrive in heaven's symphony of mind
uncounted blissful years, until we find
we thirst again to join the physical
where atoms quickly teach what's practical.

Like gravity, a pull of destiny
reels in our soul from near infinity
and helps us choose as home some mother's womb—
what most call birth, our trammeled soul deems tomb.

Then choice and aftermath on earth are learned—
like school, where each promotion must be earned.
With open-hearted deeds we all progress;
with selfish acts we duly retrogress.

If death is no more end than western sun—
if Soul appears through bodies, one by one—
then life is no more opposite of death
than breathing is the opposite of breath.

Safe

I have floated like a maple leaf
to the sky below an autumn pond,
to an inner place of rich relief
from gusty winds now slipped beyond.

I sense eternal love from high
(or is it deep?) inside my being,
and find this view before my eye
requires a lighter, wider seeing.

Odd now, the fear those final sighs
would turn out all my lights within,
when light now brings these newer eyes
envisionings of friends and kin.

Since here I live within a force
that moves me anywhere I ask it,
let no one feel the least remorse
upon the closing of my casket.

Seed Thoughts

A Haiku Cycle

Part 1: Genesis

Seven soft planets
bloom on the trellis of space
like sunlit roses.

Budding daffodil,
yellow universe in birth,
flows deeply toward light.

Forest dawn reveals
acres of acorns dormant
beneath parent oaks.

Virgin mountain bears
seven bouquets of roses
under Father Sky.

Fohat plants a tree
of apples laden with seeds
to orchard an earth.

Breeze of Creation
swirls sparks from sleeping embers;
monads dance alive.

Seven pearls glisten,
lucid on a stringless string,
linking space with space.

Seed Thoughts

A Haiku Cycle

Part 2: Activity

Brooding dove in nest
warms empty eggs to fullness,
cooing compassion.

Honeybees from hives,
inhaling sublime nectar,
breathe sweet hexagons.

Colony of ants,
thoughts darting, busy, working—
mind in miniature.

Moon-struck timber wolves
howl their mantras mournfully
from far-off mountains.

Caged lion pacing,
fretful of the iron bars,
under silent sun.

Midnight crickets sing
in synchronous symphony
to unknown baton.

Spider in moonlight,
spinning fragile microcosm,
reflects Reflection.

Seed Thoughts

A Haiku Cycle

Part 3: Consummation

Orb of eye twinkling
with golden glint of grandness—
spark becoming star.

Pool-reflected Self,
diffused by breeze-churned ripples,
returns to deep calm.

Mountaintop vision
reveals a whispering valley
where all is in place.

Mind relaxing walls,
manyness softly merging
until one dream dreams.

Ark of human souls,
riding silent in dark waves,
bound for Pralaya.

Black night sky, speckled
with blazing bonfires of gods,
murmurs cosmic OM.

Voice of the Silence,
throbbing through hushed city night,
chanting “Peace, peace, peace....”

Seeking until Found

There is a footless path,
a carless road,
a planeless flight
to a placeless mountain
within.

When focused on our outer joys
we seek after things that weigh or thrill,
we dignify the use of force,
we laud coarse lucre with our hopes.
Seeking without, we remain without.

If we but listen quietly
for the call to an inner mountain state,
we find that our souls are known and loved
by a subtle shepherd grooming us
to serve and build, to sow and reap.

Knowing our knownness,
we may find our foundness.

Sensing a Future

In this shaky world
where up and down
are definitely known
but gravitation still
poses big perplexities
we'd sometimes like
to shake off atoms
and take a guided
tour of the possible
and if such a ride
were available for
a dollar or a million
we'd buy a ticket
but since no booth
sells these tickets
we continue with
our work yet vaguely
sense this ride is
going to happen
sometime because
we see clearings and
glimpses especially
when mind and air
are perfectly quiet
and love is flowing
up and down and
all through our being
as if red lights were at
some railroad crossing
flashing to announce
an unseen movement
much grander than
anything stoppable

Sharing Copedom

How do you cope with nopes, with fallen hopes,
with must-haves that go poof in the night?
Do you glum out and turn numb?
I do, for a while. Join me.

How can you know what you don't know?
You need answers, but all you hear is
the inside of your head. Do you worry?
I do, for a while. Join me.

Is happiness just beyond the next locked gate,
and no one around with key or hammer?
Do you fantasize with fruitless wishing?
I do, for a while. Join me.

When trouble somehow dissolves from notice
and leaves you breathing free again,
do you smile a breath of thank you into the One?
I do, for a while. Join me.

Suppose

Suppose that
many who went before
are still here—as us—
and we now go before
all future lives—of us.

Suppose that
one major all-of-us
is being lovingly built
from billions of me's
as they labor or shirk,
create or destroy,
rejoice or agonize.

Suppose that
from separate confusion
where the me is king
all grow toward a fusion
century by millennium
which births a new being,
its cells and organs we.

Suppose that
space is pregnant with us.

Sun

Our sun
as seen by
the asleep
is a space
heater and
a day lamp
but
oh honey
how very
much we
are in it
and are it
and are and
forever are.

Table Grace

We deeply offer our thanks
to the Deepest of Thankables
and our abiding love
to the Most Abiding of Lovables
as we gather here
in grace under grandness
humbly to eat of the earth
so that ripples of renewal
may nurture and empower our
sweetly imperative lives.

May the sustenance we now
receive within ourselves
enable us to give out
more than we possess
as our lungs and souls
breathe more than is air
on our chosen journey
into more than we know.

We honor the One within us
while dwelling within the One.
Amen.

Thanking the Sweet Silence

An exquisite calm has set in
after weeks of chaos in my being.
That thunder, formerly so rockingly loud,
is now a muted murmuring in the distance.

My new peace is no more explainable
than the prior violence of vibrations
that was ripping my heart out by the roots
and leaving me to decay by a careless roadside.

Would that there were someone to thank,
even myself, if I somehow caused my own release
from those taut janglings and knifelike fear
into a timely if startling serenity.

The planets and stars are so hushed, so calm
that there seems little reason
for any iota of human stress and strain.
To emulate our silent orblike brothers

would seem enough to find peace of soul and mind.
But every orb has earthquakes, storms, and seething fires.
Its quiet, beaming benevolence through clear skies
may be a billion cataclysms deep.

Thank you, silence, from the depth
of my tumult as well as the pinnacle of my euphoria,
and may you permeate my porous existence
with a tempered bliss from deeper down than death.

Together

There was never a never
so always as forever
nor a permanence
so flimsy as finished.

There was never a happy
so permanent as joy
nor a falseness so
fleeting as autonomy.

Insulation clothes well
till it suffocates,
and protection is safe
till it isolates.

To breathe always joy
let our hearts strive together
most brave toward that space
both above and unknown

where our labor with stones
can build the next temple.
Build we together or
become we the stones.

Urges

wild wind
blow me
safe into
all here

all here
let me
fly out on
wild wind

Two Wrinkles in Bliss

The sun is where
it needs to be.

Every breath
in every being
breathes the rhythm
of the Drummer.

All is permeating
every bit of all.

Except for the
peskiness of
atoms and egos,
might not this place
be heaven?

Walk

I walked with you today—
with you and the One inside you
who beamed light through your eyes.

Your voice seemed more than your voice
and held meaning beyond your meaning.
Who was in you speaking?

I walked with you and mystery today,
and now I need to learn Who dwells in you.
Perhaps the One inside me knows.

Whoever Built Chopin

Who so deftly astounds
our roots by means of
Chopin?

How the Preludes
fly and dip and
pause and squeeze
orange harmonies
lasting for days
within the heart's
chamber.

Whoever built Chopin
and voiced his hands
can hardly mean us
any harm.

Word

No mouth big enough to say it,
no voice sweet enough to sing it,
but there, riding on every breath,
is the Word from which words rain down.

World

Is a world hard
like a cue ball?
Or beyond touch?

Does it jangle
with war threats
or does it hum
soft in the heart
like tuned strings
on a fine harp?

Is a world separate I's
on a spinning rock
engaged and enraged
with each other
while blinded by what
they can merely see?

Or is a world precisely
who one can be
(within utmost Who)
subtler than mind
with endless stairs
from love up to Be?



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