

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.