

Intermission

There can come a moment
when stillness reigns,
when the actor in the mind
is curtained away from view,
when reading is unneeded
though the book be open.

Images stream in and out
with no conscious guidance
or disturbance, each
morphing into the next.

With animation suspended,
whole libraries may be
now serenely renounced,
classrooms unattended,
conversations unengaged,
writing saved for a later muse.

Is this interlude a taste
of the long and quiet phase
that humans call heaven?
An after-state wherein we
reap the ecstasy we sowed
while living the virtues?

For now the mind
is permitted its silence,
and the heart and soul
their benign repose.