

A Thinker's Holiday

It usually happens
in the dead of night
that I have visions
filled with light,
when I let my mind
visit worlds so bright:
suspended time,
the soul's delight.

The thinker wrestles
with the rest of me
as I try to cull
life so carefully
and chop it up
so that I can see
this thing I call
"reality."

There sweet Sophia
comes to me,
kneads my brow
unexpectedly,
cooing her
fiat litany:
Let it be,
Let it be.

And peace floods
in so rapidly
the monkey mind
seeks serenity,
Being bathes Reason
so gratefully,
and the man-child
nurses naturally.

When the day dawns
and I am awake
I feel the pain:
Was I mistaken?
Did I die?
Where did I go?
It's OK now :
I don't need to know.

- jb 11/12/11