

Untitled

There is a heart that has never been broken,
that cannot be lost, nor can it be gained
that knows not of profits, nor of remains,
that knows of no God that's not here yet,
no fall from grace, no cosmic debt,
it cannot be earned, and requires no due,
it asks for no payment, and no I.O.U.

For truly, there is no "I" or "U" in Love,
only a full and radiant "O"
endlessly circling in embrace of itself.

We are the arms in loving embrace,
and we are the emptiness at the center.

And seeing this is only the beginning ,
for this "O" is like a seed
that falls from the sky, through the heart,
and down into the ground.
From this seed,
a tree like no other the world has seen
begins to grow.

This is your Virgin Birth.

May you root deeply into the soil
May you rise confidently from the earth
May you stretch your arms in all directions, without apology
May you know each season: taste the sun, the rain, the wind, and snow
May your branches kiss every last star in the sky

And finally, when your leaves begin to turn and fall,
look not on them with remorse, but with awe.
And gaze in wonder
as the 10,000 luminous colors that cover the earth
begin to crumble back into the ground
from which everything came.

- Dan Scharlack (2011)