

In the Beginning...

Time is all we have.

It is the brief gift

We have become custodians of.

Too late I realised that Love

In action is Time.

The Time you spend with someone, or on something,

Is always an expression

Of your love, except when bound.

At this time we speak of Freedom.

But unconditional Freedom is

Like unconditional Love. It

Allows, perhaps even loves,

The darkness.

Ask, and ask again

As we fight to be liberated

From the density of our constraints

That prevent us from experiencing

An expression our individual truth.

Yet, is not this

That I am experiencing

Actually my truth?

What in me is thinking

That thought in the first place?

Where does it all end?

בראשית ברא אלוהים...

'In the beginning...'

Where is He, the Blessed Source?