



THE TRANSCENDENCE

Recently I've noticed
a new inclination
To light a candle.
Because I don't know
what else to do.

A response to an awareness
of being as gratitude.
Maybe a recognition
without precedent.
Why who where what how?
I know I am,
I will not be,
yet what?

The source
is a kind of gratitude.
How else to explain?
An accumulation
of all these.
Minutes and hours and days
Has come to this.

I acknowledged the mystery
I am the mystery
Such good fortune,
what to do?
How to say thank you,
and to whom?

Lighting the candle
is a tangible gesture.

Sing a song,
hum a tune,
claire de lune.

There is no Mr. God,
there only is me,

Saying there is no Mr. God.
There is only me.

What else can I do?
Oh.

-DM