

RIVER

Once, I stood beside a tumultuous river,
Watching in awe as it raced down a rocky chasm,
Roaring, its hair flying, arms flailing,
Its wild will driven by some unspeakable passion
That crazy while.
And then down a ways I found the same river at peace,
Sweetly moving by green fields,
Singing softly to me a comforting song,
Calling to me to dare be embraced by her wholly,
To yield my body to her, to trust her unconditionally.
I obeyed and walked into her,
Gave myself to her with a happy heart.
I floated on my back
As if a baby again in the arms of my mother.
As the river carried me just so,
I watched the sky and its clouds above my face
And peripherally
Sensed the dark green trees pass by on either side of me.
Head first I sailed
Believing completely in the sureness of the flow.
I became one in the magic of this motion that was this river
Knowing we were going somewhere now together,
And that the river had been going there eternally
And knowing I would arrive soon
To the beginning of my beginnings.
And hearing with my submerged ears a distant roaring
That sounded a lot like many trumpets blowing,
I smiled and thrilled to sense really that the river and I
Would reach the Ocean vast and deep beyond
understanding,
That I would so soon enter together with the river
The Omega Point of personal communion.

Paul Clement Czaja