

Invitation

by Graham Best

What waits beyond the observed horizon
holds keys to lifelong locks within you.
Look deeply inside for a blast of reality.
The inverted soul knows best how to fly.

The tops of clouds are nothing like the bottom.
The sky sheds its blue like a glimmering leaf.
The ocean gapes above us with rolling udders.
The moon bobs and drifts in magnetized fish.

We alight on a reef that feeds all the world.
Iridescent coral tendrils stream like hair in black night.
A delicate wind and current dusts the perimeter.
People without names inhabit spaces unprotected.

In the distance a being of light assumes a smooth form.
Its lustrous nudity transcends perfection and shame.
Its only depth is its eyes, purple and undistracted.
They reveal us to ourselves as we seek their acceptance.

We are sitting perfectly still in life's everywhere garden.
Like-minds practicing like-silences on like-inspirations.
The breeze gently anchors us by suggesting a direction.
Our invitation rests in our hands as whatever we touch.