

Passionate Enlightenment

One must stand before the melting pot
of the cosmos, the muted fury of all
its goings on, meditating on history,
erotic birds and the door in the sky.

One must move between duty and desire,
the art of compassion, myth and measurement,
with fire in the eyes and the shapes of rivers
flowing uphill and against the tide.

One must journey the landscape of faith,
applauding both the theatre of nature
and the garden of machines. Avoid stony
glances. Anticipate vivid particulars.

One must move among the languages
of slippage and easy attitudes, a time
of no returning, reverent moments
in quiet places, deep longings for light.

The past can last a very long time. One must
learn to dance in the margins of unexpected
miracles, the luminous debris of the divine,
the future of music waiting in the silence.

The mind wants to be still and know. It wants
to sing up the sun and learn the geography
of Kingdom Come and how to mend the heart.
Just now it is in the air waiting for me to find it.

—Fredrick Zydek