

Ashes

Ashes of guilt surround me,
Burnt remains of past desires.

I leave footprints in their dust.

It was a muse who showed me
That ash, is merely dust.
Dust of what was,
Not what is.

So he shakes his body
And stands once more;

And the past falls away.

And in the fertile soil of the ash,
Grows the spiritual lotus we all seek.

All that remains,
Is to see it for what it is,
And to let it be.

It is that simple.

And in a sublime moment of joy....

Give thanks.

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