

## Tired of myself and longing for you

Caught by a thought  
like a fish in a net  
I am born as one dragged  
by a rope round the neck.

Before in the stillness,  
the wide open space,  
presence is given,  
relaxed in its place.

Its place is pervasive  
without having to move  
alive and refreshing  
with nothing to prove.

But caught by the thought  
I lose my own ground  
and grasping at more thoughts  
mere illusion is found.

I feel I exist  
for I seem to be real  
yet nothing is stable  
for the truth is concealed.

I'm a subject, I'm an object  
Yet neither remains.  
It exhausts me creating  
All these sources of pain.

Oh, web of illusion  
Please leave me alone –  
but in taking you seriously  
I make you my home.

Turning and searching  
I never can find  
the one taste I'm lacking,  
my own peace of mind.

Give me a break!  
I scream at myself  
yet it's me who picks up  
the next thought from the shelf.

Row upon row  
offering endless delusion  
the constituents of self  
bring only confusion.

The web is woven by  
my struggle for more  
yet the balm that I seek  
from the source always pours.

Not self and not other  
but the space in between,  
this small gap is infinite  
the ground of all dreams.

So many kind teachers  
have pointed the way  
back home to the source  
yet I choose to stray.

I play with my toys  
bored, lonely and sad.  
I feel cheated by others  
who I then make bad.

Subject and object are  
weaving their spell  
Shut up. Enough!  
I'm falling in hell.

Sinking in sadness  
I remember your face  
my heart fills with tears  
for I've turned from your grace.

I know all the words  
But my heart is like stone  
So busy with good works  
I avoid being alone.

Always engaged and  
caught up in stuff  
although it's called 'dharma'  
it's just ego's puff.

# simply being

Due to your kindness  
I know where's the door  
to the open expanse  
that you showed me before.

I'm tired of myself  
so it's time to begin  
to relax and to open  
letting everything in.

We are never apart  
though I keep you at bay  
you're here in my heart  
but I ignore what you say.

You always forgive me  
'It's just movement in play'  
but I'm guilty and serious  
with my fine feet of clay.

Applying the practice  
is being close to you  
you've made it so easy  
yet it's the last thing I do.

So I'll sit still for a moment  
and rest in this space  
and find myself mirrored  
in your smiling face.

You've given me gold  
yet I'm searching for lead  
it feels like a problem  
that's stuck in my head.

To this there's no solution  
since the problem's not real  
the snake that's a rope  
gives a bite you can't heal.

I'm lost and confused  
and I feel so alone  
while living within  
your mandala home.

So full of myself  
I've no space to receive,  
thoughts endless production  
is just a disease.

I call out to you  
as an object apart  
it's my own dualism  
that enfolds me in dark.

You're here and you're smiling  
and now I'm here too  
released in the out-breath  
thoughts dissolve in the view.

There's nothing between us  
we're both like the sky  
nothing can touch us  
as appearances float by.

Filled up with nothing  
I'm wide open space  
neither lack nor excess  
can leave any trace.

Oh what a struggle  
and with no need at all  
you've been ready and waiting  
yet I couldn't call.

Always alone and  
forever complete  
at peace and content  
at your lotus feet.

*James Low  
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