

FACE TO FACE

Facing your face, receiving infinity,
You are ceaselessly revealing
As each moment of revelation unravels effortlessly

Receiving this I am slipped free of the fetter of agency
And find myself within unbounded revelation:
You and I safely beyond our habitual assimilation into
Concepts we have about each other

Too vast and too particular to fit within any map or schema
The excess of the infinite gently chides
Our wish to be someone with someone

The face I face in facing you
Is both your infinite face
And just one of its rapidly sloughing skins.
When I face inwards to face the face behind my face
I face nothing streaming everything ceaselessly

The grasping mind is the dulling dullard
The dunce who would become wise
By accumulating dross

Can I face your face
Without attraction or aversion?
Can I let cease my need to make you
In the image of my cherished limitations?

Haunted and harried by the myriad masks I have made of you,
Death masks taken from memories of faded moments,
Your ungraspable actuality offers the means to do less
Till there is nothing left to do and
Nothing can do as it pleases
For I have vanished within it

Your face, attachment to your face,
Is the key to letting attachment dissolve.
When image is dethroned your myriad faces come and go
And enjoyment fills the space of life.
The sky of me looking through sun and moon eyes
Sees the sky sending rainbows out through your sun and moon eyes.

The all-good shows all is good always
We are already here when judgement is bright
Rainbows to be enjoyed without belief.

James Low, 11 May 2020