

In the Fullness of the Moment

From the quiet serenity of my innermost being
The vitality of the flow
Meets the fullness of the moment
In that deep eternal now.

What mystery!
For this is how and what I am.
The moment beckons
And I respond in love.

What completeness!
The moment exists
To receive all that my love has to give.
And what does it give?
But a joyous sharing of my being
And the vitality of the flow.
By giving everything, I hold nothing.
And in having nothing, I have everything.

The outer circumstances set the stage
And clothe the moment with people.
Sometimes the garments are the crowns of friendship
And the pearls of romance.
Other times they are the hard cloak of competition,
The dagger of power or the poison of domination.

Know that the inner central serenity
Can never be hurt by the garments,
That it has no possessions
And requires not anything other than itself,
For itself is not itself alone and separated,
But is its oneness with God.
Therefore it is its own fulfillment
And can only shine in love.

My consciousness can know of that soulful connection to God,
Through its identification with God.
Making it one with the inner central serenity.
Then the actions it directs the body to do

Are naturally ethical and compassionate.
The actions shine in love.

The playful flow encounters the clothed moment
In joyous abandonness
To express its immortal essence
And be the celebration it is.
Thereby it meets the fullness of the moment
In that deep eternal now.