

## The Beloved

The Lover stands before the Beloved,  
What do his eyes see?

His eyes are not the eyes of the CNN reporter,  
Who sees imperfections:  
This is too short,  
That is too long,  
Here is a scar,  
This is out of proportion.

The Lover's eyes see beauty,  
Harmony and perfection.

When the Lover talks to his Beloved,  
His talk is not short.  
His talk never ends.  
His talk is not talking,  
His talk is singing.  
Over and over he sings,  
With endless repetitions,  
Each repetition unique.

His singing is not his singing.  
For they sing together:  
One melody two voices,  
Two voices, one melody,  
Two melodies, one voice,  
One voice, two melodies.

When the Lover stands before the Beloved,  
He does not stand.  
He dances in rhythm.  
One move counters another move.  
The question of who begins  
And who follows is meaningless.  
It is a dance of two as one with one.

Now look around and see the Beloved,  
She gives life to the earth and all that is on it.  
Her spirit is within all,

A part of her is everywhere:  
In each of our situations,  
All the time, we are never without her.  
She sings to us constantly,  
She dances with us eternally,  
Can you see her?  
Are you conscious of her?

She sings see me now!  
Can you see me?  
Touch me, I am here.  
Look in front of you.  
Look behind you.  
You cannot miss me.  
I am the closest to you.

She plays with us,  
Constantly transforming,  
Yet never changing.

She is present even in the times,  
And places we think most ordinary,  
Or most devoid of her.  
And we marvel when we find her,  
Realizing that she had always been present.

For the Beloved stands before the Lover.  
Playing, singing, dancing, caressing.  
Magically in this world and beyond,  
Never to end, never to end,  
Never to end.