
Holiday



On the first day I watch
my children celebrate,
Birdsong being played and
Now and Then in the End.
Will I ever remember them?

On the last day I join humanity again
or maybe some alpha or omega civilization,
intercultural transmigration.
Such fun to become an alien for once
in some distant galaxy.

And in between I'll be out-of-body,
enjoying my funeral,
tumbling through the tunnel,
popcorn to watch my life pass by,
discuss my contribution
with the Clear Light full of humor.
Discuss the virtue and wisdom
learned, served and preserved.

Finally, beyond the Light,
I plunge and dissolve into Emptiness,
wondering what my next part will be
in realizing ever higher Oneness.
Quality and Poetry in my rucksack,
until I reach the point
to choose my new loved ones.

Was it 49 Days as they say or just a Flash,
to transpass my Consciousness?
An extraordinary Holiday at least.
An eternal dedication to make this timeless
Present Moment a Beautiful Feast.
Everlasting, Neither Life nor Death.