
Holiday



On the first day I watch
my children silently memorize,
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,
contemplating my funeral,
tumbling through the tunnel,
popcorn to watch my lives pass by,
discuss my contribution this time
with the Clear Light's sense of humor.
Discuss the virtue and wisdom
learned, served and preserved.

Finally, beyond the sizzling White Light,
I plunge and dissolve into Emptiness,
wondering what my next role will be
in realizing ever higher Oneness.
Equality and Poetry in my rucksack,
until I reach the turning 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 into a Magnificent Dream.
Everlasting, Neither Life nor Death.