

Realization

10th Movement, Hungry for Heaven, hungryforheaven.com

Where or who or why are you?
When will I take leave of my senselessness?
How will I make my road straight?
How will I fly to you without falling?

Must I climb the greatest mountain
to glimpse your shining radiance?
Must I swim the bluest ocean
to fathom your magnificence?

Hear me as I vibrate.
Know me as I pulse.
Perceive the odor of my being,
the inflammation in my soul.

Must I reach deep inside myself
to embrace your unapproachable intimacy?
Will I find you in inspired pages or hard sermons?
Or should I simply walk with you in the olive grove?

Hear me as I vibrate.
Know me as I pulse.

Suddenly, bathed by a spectrum
streaming through rosette window.
Blessed by a Mother who bears no lance
save the one that pierced her Son.

Touched again by a foreigner's sacrifice.
Made complete by new blood,
nourished by new bread
Made joyous by new song.

Your love is in those I touch:
In my neighbor, in my enemy,
in those on the fringe, in those on the edge,
in those wrapped in self, and in those unraveling.

You are in the infant caressed,
in the student being understood,
in the stranger receiving my last coin.
You are the Master asking for my all.

Providers needing grain, replenished.
Mourners seeking consolation, comforted.
Children gone astray, led back.
Those who were silenced, again singing.

Now wind inflates my breast,
water begins cleansing.
I am floating, warm, calm,
on a current of unconditional love.

Where there was protest is now thanks
for the opening of my eyes
to the life and the love around me.
I thank you for the treasure that is already mine.

It was never mine to question.
It was never yours to answer.
We are enmeshed in a symphony of waves,
all past, present and future encircling.

There is no Father who yearns like you.
No Son who teaches so well.
No Spirit that excites so wildly.
No Transcendence so involved with lesser mites.

I have heeded your generous invitation
to the mystery of creation.
I am no longer hungry for heaven.
You have poured heaven on me.

Pour heaven on me, pour heaven on me,
Pour heaven on me, pour heaven on me,
Pour heaven on me, pour heaven on me.
Pour heaven on me, pour heaven on me.
Hear me as I vibrate, know me as I pulse.
Not thirsty for my heaven cause heaven rained on me.

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