

NEVER ENDS

Etude for a dark time

What happened when the light object that illuminated the room was turned off? Did the light run out, or did the object run out? Did the one who was enlightened forget it or does it still remember?

I have seen 35 birthdays. But would I myself be born once or every year like the Christ, who to some is born in December, to others in January, to others he has not been born and will not be born at all.

I have seen thirty-six springs, and thirty-seven more winters. Winter always ends and never ends. Spring always ends and never ends.

The light never ends.

Happy Birthday!

I invite myself and Thee, my friend, Thee, passing by and coming by!