

“Self-Realization Meditation”

Meditating in the temple  
by the garden,  
I awaited revelation.  
Disappointed, I departed,  
returning to my lonely cell.  
Contemplated all my doings,  
listening for the way,  
but grew tired, so  
I stepped into the garden  
where flowers blooming  
water bubbling, and  
breezes drifting  
drew me to their side.

Tears, they came  
upon the sight of swans,  
bills dipping, necks arching,  
graceful gliding,  
like the moon,  
though sun yet glinted  
from their movement  
'cross the pond.

I felt the fool for all my searching,  
tireless wandering  
on roads that I had chose.  
While trees, tall,  
vines climbing high above,  
reflected my surrender,  
to be as they, like birds,  
aloft upon the wind.

The sun came shining forth  
between the branches high.  
The moon, it dwelled softly in the air.  
My being shown in radiant white,  
enraptured in the garden  
like the flowers and the water,  
like the birds  
all as One.

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