

Apologia Part 2

Divine wholeness shattered into forty trillion fragments
upon grokking the scene of my conception
the violence and vacuity of my father and mother to be

Being OK, even enjoying the fascination in the womb
of participating in the development of my nascent, germinating embryo
then cringing in anguish in the smallest crevice
when the viscous black sea of her depression overtook everything

Looking out the car window at the age of five
and seeing God in the sky as a benevolent, smiling
eye-soothing sun and upon relating this
the silent disdain of all parties burnt so
clamping shut my eternal, innate, spontaneous spirituality

The shock and awe of the dazing familiarity of Nefertiti's simulacrum
and certain other implements and icons when, in adolescent wandering
I was magnetically towed into the Met and its Egyptian wing
And my love and affinities for certain other times and places

Knowing and living the reawakening of my absolute oneness with all things
between the sickening sessions of experimental chemotherapy

Delighting in the shimmering gold bands of expanding concentric circles
and basking in the warm sea bath of diamond sparkling love and humor
emanating from my diminutive, bearded Himalayan guru
the seemingly real chance to save the world
then sinking with the stink and disillusion of his self-aggrandizing corruption
and the cataclysmic rupture of his disgusted expulsion of me

Seeking other teachers to fill the void
each providing something then coming up short

Working with thousands
facilitating real healing and spiritual evolution
Writing song upon song, book upon book, poem upon poem

Coming to peace with all that is and isn't
Letting go of all that never came
Being the witness
And then towards the end
finding my one true teacher