

Fillet of Soul With a Dark Night Glaze

by Reggie Marra

For Kris Kristofferson and Ken Wilber

Endless, empty darkness,
ineffable, voiceless eternity,
no thing. To speak of.

Just this.

Still
Perfect
Silence.

Now

light so bright it
hurts your hair
since you're there to see
it and
the good news is you
both see and be it
since you are it

in this manifest
game of Absolute
hide and seek.

Suddenly
infinitely empty void
fills with potential
for—well, everything,
expanding in all
directions and no direction
but forward—
an omni-directional
vast, silent explosion
into and as infinity.

Timeless, ever-present
Awareness—oh my, God—
you choose to manifest,
hurtle through hot
endless nothingness,
slow, cool and begin to
take form—
liquefy, solidify,
learn to breathe

and you're still learning
with this breath!

Emerging neural cord
begets slithering impulse,
begets hairy emotion,
begets operational thought,
gets more and more complex,
even now—

and look at you, becoming us,
Mr. and Miss *Homo habilis*
with our opposable thumbs,

creating tools with which
we attempt to grasp
the ungraspable, and

Mr. and Mrs. *Homo erectus*
standing upright on both twos,
recognizing our connection
with each other, learning
to simmer those early grunts and
calls into language that helps us
find our voice and endeavor
to speak the unspeakable, and

embrace the dawning
human potential movement
sending us in search of
warmth—and that first
success-driven speech, a
short, truncated vowel accented
by an index finger pointing toward
the cave, and

Mr. and Ms. *Homo sapiens*
start to share big stories as
myth emerges from magic
and calls forth reason—
Copernicus, Bruno, Kepler
and Galileo tag team
a parade of pontiffs—
Bruno gets a stake and fries
that Clement Eight! Galileo suffers
Urban renewal—together launch
the science-religion smackdown,
and the winner is
to be announced
during intermission at the Apocalypse
Theater's infinite showing of the
Eternal Present—
unwrapped
beneath the bodhi tree, on the cross and
mountaintop, in the cave—or
wherever you happen to find your Self.
Check the Universal Nondual News
for show times.

Right now, look to the lofty,
shaved-head, everyone-is-right,
tetra-arising, talking-horse's-
human part of you—oh, Wilber—
Spirit-in-Action by any other name
is still

a rose arisen
a raisin' as the Sun
from this waking dream to

face the challenge of lying
in the luxury of multiple perspectives,
creature comforts and I - Am - ness

while the prosthesis business
booms in Baghdad,
Bethesda and beyond

rest in the timeless
perfection of this very moment

while the hole in your heart
blossoms too big to bear,
too intimate to bare

and the move from
me and you
to us

to all that is is just this,

just this, but

sometimes so hard to remember,
to shift, to move on

and we don't know in that moment
when the sheep leaves his fold,
when the fool flees her flock,

if he's a rebel without a clue, she's
of little faith, or the next emerging
evolutionary perspective—

what's a shepherd to do?

As I speak, whose voice
is this, really—whose vision
informs my first-person pronoun—
the Eye of flesh? the Eye of mind?
the I of Spirit? Or, perhaps,
the Cistercian's anonymous
authority of the collectivity
speaking through yet another
case of mistaken identity?

Inquiring minds want to know.

I am in this room, and
I am this room and
everything and everyone
in it. I am the music,
the silence and
of course I love myself
and every single one of me,

whom I'm nevertheless called to ask—
do I authentically transcend
and include the
skin-pigmentation thing, the
masculine-feminine thing, the
hetero- homo- trans-
and bi- thing, those
ever-resilient ethnic and
religious things, the

liberal-conservative,
wisdom-compassion,
justice-mercy, and
intimacy-solitude things, and

can I finally stop seeking what's
impossible to avoid

what I always already am

and fully feel my
absolute Embrace, my
Mother of all diversity issues,
the One as the Many,
who invites me to sit down in
the One Taste restaurant, order
my fill from the Emptiness menu

—I've already had the Fillet of Soul
with a Dark Night glaze, so bring
me whatever you prefer—

dine alone with you, with us,
with all of us, in the company of
all that arises moment-to-
moment in ever-present
Awareness, savoring every
morsel of each course served
in this Nondual Feast

still desire,
have room for
and enjoy
the sinfully divine, moist
midnight chocolate cake,
get up from the table
wash all the dishes
return to the street, and
in my own voice
eternally
nourish and nurture
all sentient beings?

Notes:

“Right now...by any other name” and “transcend and include”—language from and reference to Ken Wilber, whose influence permeates this poem; see also:

“talking horse's human...” equine star of 1960s sitcom, *Mr. Ed*, often whinnied, “Oh, Wilbur!” to his human co-star (Wilbur Post, played by Alan Young). Both spellings work in the line, and I've switched (13)³ times. So much for “no preference.” I finally chose “Wilber,” who's a “real” character, so to speak.

“anonymous authority of the collectivity speaking through...” language from and reference to Thomas Merton's “The Inner Experience.”

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