

The morning light that
gilds the tips
of the thin naked boughs
of the hardwood forest
now in March,
is changed, gets different,
new, clearer
when you lift
your gaze from a good poem.

But how
can the light out there,
the true
real
sunlight
that is kissing the
thinnest tips
of the birch twigs
where the buds
stand waiting,
these buds
that give the whole
hillside
of hardwood trees
a tender
violet tinge
now in March,
how could this
change by the act
of someone sitting inside
reading
a poem?
Is it possible,
is this experience,
that what we see
inside us,
just
an illusion?

I walk the same
road day after day,
but one day
I am so light and cheerful—
perhaps I have just
meditated—
and my senses, washed
and clean, take in the trees,
the houses and the asphalt paving
and give them this
very special
aura of
this being now
this is real
that this is unbelievable
clearly existing—
and then
on another day
I am gloomy
heavy
brooding
and the trees, the road
houses
stand out with
another heaviness
maybe irritating
ugly, dirty, glaring.

Who am I
that can change
the world in this way?
Or is there
really
a darkness
out there?
Does there really exist
a diabolic heaviness
that can slowly steal upon
the mind and
the landscape like a dark cloud
and suddenly
chill it all down
make us stiffen
and close ourselves?
And does there then
in the same way exist
a light
a flame
a living glow
that makes us
warm and open?
Is it true
that we live
in a connected whole
where we can
open our hearts
and be filled by
peace, confidence,
by light?

Is it
so
that you
by doing that,
by saying no
or yes
can be filled
by another
seriousness,
that you can
awake
and become
even more awake
than awake?
Is it so
that there might come
a more vivid
and connected
life into our life?

Can you
instead of
grieving the awful
deeds you have done,
or shuddering
dread the horror
that may come,
enjoy the fact
that you are
seriously well?

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