

A Way of Passing Away

There is a way of passing away
from the personal, a dying
that expands one beyond the individual.

A gnat lights in the buttermilk
to become nourishment for many.

Your soul is like that.
Hundreds of thousands of impressions
from the invisible world are eagerly wanting
to come through you. I get dizzy with the abundance.

When life is this dear, it means the source
is pulling us. Freshness comes from there.

We are given the gift: of **continuously dying**
and being resurrected, ocean within ocean.

- Rumi w/edits by Lyn