

SANGAM

The Confluence

The Song of Dust

We were born in the stars
And have drifted across galaxies
To merge in this place in time
We call the present.
Where day meets night,
The stars spin in symmetry,
Planets align and the sun,
Pivoting on the axis of its light,
Explodes in an eternity
Whose every moment is now;
And always will be,
Even with the very particles
And pieces of you and me.

We are the song of our vibrating atoms
keeping time as they slowly and perpetually erode.
The melody merely the sum of our days and years
tinged with the coloratura of personal hopes and fears.
As the end of our journey nears there lies another unknown road
The chorus of our atoms shuttling through time disappears
The moment, like the winged bird flies. The seeds for the future are sewed
in the present . The song never really dies even the silence hears
the lustful cries of a newborn child as it opens its wondering eyes
and begins another life filled with laughter and tears

The Life of Dust

A confluence of rivers merging here and now
The Saraswati running through,
unseen, like the hand of God in everything we do.
How beneath the cold calculated currents its warm heart beats,
With solemn vow an alternating rhythm,
Yamuna and Ganga, old and new,

the vanishing point where everything meets.
Body and soul tempered by wisdom (Saraswati)
And experience Karma) competes for the fragile human view
We remain confused by what is false and true,
Until age finally defeats us as if on cue
Our fall from grace yields only a vague clue
We fly to the future where nothing repeats
We are but vanishing dew believing in our own deceits
Before evaporating with all our accomplishments and feats
The hours of our life are short and few

The Book of Dust

Composed as we are of symbols and runes
We look for meaning in the stained flesh of trees
Searching the skies of our dreams for stars and moons
We puzzle over the significance of eternal mysteries
Saraswati; mystical knowledge personified
Light that shines in darkness and which will not be denied
The illumination beneath the surfaces we inhabit.
The words of god by the hand of man writ,
If the answers are withheld the questions must decide it.

Where the waters merge, our blood and souls mingle.
The spring below the level of our perception
Remains invisible, unseen but still makes our skin tingle,
Ineluctable but not beyond mortal conception
A confluence of what is here and now with the ethereal which it resembles.
The place where matter and spirit merge to create the world we know moved by
unseen forces we cannot even imagine but from which we flow.
In these tiniest vibrations of dust and water our life trembles.

Molded from holy clay we are the urn the Gods defend
Their struggle, by our clumsy hand, penned on the walls of our tomb
In cycles of a dozen years after leaving the safety of our womb
We measure each stage of our life by the period of the Khum
Child, youth, adult, and old age until we descend in diminishing days
Casting longer shadows each time we return seeking the wisdom of a sage
Dreading the conclusion we still turn the page
Remembering where the story began we yearn for yesterdays

Reading the final sentence relishing each last word until the end

The Dream of Dust

Joined together
My face and the one in the mirror that stares back
My blood and the arteries they course through
My body and the soul that inhabits it
Hidden from my view, no matter how diligently I search
It becomes me without my being aware
Joined: the music and the silence it shatters.
My fingers wrap themselves around
Each other left and right joined in prayer
My mouth and the words that emanate from it
My throat and the voice it ushers
The sounds and the words I hear
The stars and the wonder I feel
My plea and the silence that responds

Meekly and timidly I scratch at the surfaces
The only evidence I encounter are streaks in the dust
My fingers leave their greasy trail
Across my reflected face. Where are we joined?
In my mind? My Mind which perceives the world,
Am I a part of it or is it an illusion?
The Maya which persists

The Time of Dust

In the end each of us
Must face our final destiny alone and vulnerable
Unprepared, unrepentant and always alone
To look destiny in the eyes and see gazing
Beneath the veneer of glass, looking for a sign or recognition,
Our reflection under a film of dust

Which has inconsequentially settled over the years
On our mirror of accumulated memories.

The Dance of Dust

The dust from millions of feet tramping trillions of steps
In the endless intersections of an imaginary street
Walking over the footprints which have walked over footprints before them
Crossing paths with people they've never seen and probably will never meet.
Some will know victory and some defeat.
Most remain strangers but a few have grown to be friends or foes.
Some will die at the will of those
Who pursue them, some at the hands of the feet they follow.
The child walks in the footsteps of his lover to be.
Strangers pass those who will become the bests of friends.
Wives walk over the paths their future husbands have made.
Their lovers lurk in the footsteps, liaisons marked in turbid clouds of dust.
They have all come seeking the same enlightenment,
The same absolution, but there is no escape from the Karmic cycle.
The river runs, the waters return in rain and the flood plains fill
With the monsoons every year.
People of sorrow and joy bathe in the same waters.
We all share the river and it is the river who washes us clean
Not we who wash in the river.

Dust floating in the wind borne by the breezes
Dust embracing dust and creating dust.
Inhaled and spat out, crushed underfoot again until the dirt and saliva dry
Caked to mud and baked to dust, driven again under the tramping foot
To float suspended in the air. Dust in the throat, dust in the lungs,
Dust in the food and the bowels. We are merely vehicles for the dust and decay.
Motes of dust disturbed by the steps of man
Wandering aimlessly toward an inevitable yet transient destination.
A stone that can only rest in the palm of a hand or the hollow of a grave
Crumbling slowly into dust searching without hope
For an escape from death and life the cycle of rebirth

But there is only dust and the transmigrations of Dust

The Hope of Dust

We are the elixir of the Gods
Without us they cannot materialize into the temporal plane of existence
Cannot taste the sweetness of the fruit,
Cannot feel the rush of orgasm, the tenderness of lovemaking
The joy and pain of Love
By being, by manifesting in the present we become eternal
By the mere fact of existence we give the gods life
They exist in some lofty plane beyond time and space only
through us can they materialize in the transient temporal plane of time.
They can only be manifest if an existence occurs for them to become
We are the vessels that divinity occupies
We are their skin, their tongues that taste the salt of sweat and tears
Their fingers that hold the moment as it disappears
Their lips that sing or kiss another's lips; their joys and fears
Their bodies that tremble beneath a touch
Their voice that sighs or moans from too much life or love
We are their memories and memes, their lust and their sense
We are the evanescent gift of experience
The dove that thinks and feels and flies
Blood skin and bones that seems to give meaning to the dust
The respite from eternity that lives and dies and dreams

Banks of fog
Droplets of water
Clouds of dust

Here at the Khum, the urns droplets of elixir multiplied by trillions of atoms
vibrating and resonating in a space without a specific location.
An approximate resonance which we guess and interpolate.
Each drop of water at the confluence of the three rivers
The Ganga, the Yamuna, and the mythical Saraswati reverberate.

Surely there are countless worlds across millions of galaxies strewn across the universe and in each one the necessary elements exist and must give rise to passions, senses, and the myriad pleasures and pain that Maya consists of
Yes the Brahman is everywhere in every atom in every trembling of the flesh every burning of the flame every drop of water that can quench a thirst is slaked by each living thing that drinks it.

It runs in our seat our blood and our tears
It bathes in our lymph our semen our menses
It runs through our lives our dreams and our senses
Every moment of every life interconnected
We see only the part we are allowed
Filtered through the lens of our existence and egos
We can only see the present which is already past
The great firmament is invisible.
We see the twinkling of the stars not their nuclear furnace
The deep sea is almost fathomless to us
We see only the churning surface
The beauty of the waves as they crash upon the shore.
The slow consuming of the rocks worn into sand and foam.

We scuttle about tiny eddies in some small tidal pool
Hermit crabs abandoning one shell for the next,
Vulnerable without the familiar coracle we carry
Comfortable in the chambers of our spiral residence
Afraid of the sea, the predators, the tides,
The cycle of birth, life, and death.
Unable or unwilling to venture into the great teeming ocean
Whose tides are lifted by the moon,
Where clouds and wind are sifted by the sun
and stars dance upon its undulating surface