

# 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