

To the Dalai Lama  
His Most Beloved Holiness,

Happy, Holy Birthday

“What can one offer to honor the birth of such a being?”, I asked my friend Geoffrey at his welcomed invitation to your birthday celebration at the Tibet house this evening. “Your presence is his present,” responded Geoff, my soul brother and beloved friend for many decades. Touched deeply by his answer, I offer you my presence and a poem I wrote in January.

A DISTANT DREAM

I try so hard to stay in the sacred,  
to choose consciousness, to live full-heartedly,  
to be my Highest Self.  
And most times... I do.  
Then sometimes... I fall.

Down into the well of weariness, or sadness,  
or yearning, or doubt, I topple.  
Snared in the illusionary webs of ancient, dark emotion  
and empty, deep desire,  
I become entangled within.  
Spirit caught on sharp rocks below,  
continuing onward, a distant dream.

In this mystical moment of complete and utter self-pity,  
an inner voice screams in my soul.  
“Stop! Be still! Do Nothing! Breathe!”  
“Change not a thing! Meditate!”  
“Become the Sacred Witness!”  
“You will not die...now!”  
Your beaming face appears before me.

Of course, death sometimes appeals at times like these.  
Or perhaps it's merely escape one's desires  
from the murky well bottom.  
Yet, observant stillness is necessary now.

“Practice... practice...practice” resonates.  
Is all we ever do in life a practice?!

I hate practicing! I like perfecting.  
Yet, as “normal” as that thought makes me,  
I have always sought higher wisdom.

So I sit... and I still.  
In the dark moon of winter, where northern air is clearest,  
at midnight... Crone Wisdom Time,  
even in this well bottom.  
I breathe... I trust... and I call  
on faith to envelop me.

Surrounded by her loving, compassionate,  
soulful arms, I am nestled, met, calmed and (re) connected.  
Moving slowly, consciously, one step at a time,  
I climb out of Dark Night of the Soul,  
only to find myself alone again... at earth's surface.

Fear's shadowy presence plays horror movies in my back body.

It is then I remember:  
“One of the most calming actions you can do to intervene  
on a stormy night  
is to stand up and show your soul.  
Soul on deck shines like gold, especially in dark times”.  
I choose not to entertain the fearful visitor.  
It does not share my provisions.

I remind myself: Why I came...who I serve...  
and who sent me here.  
The good words we say and the good deeds we do are not ours.  
They are the words and deeds  
of the One  
who brought us here... our true Soulmate Beloved.

We cannot be separate from the Sacred,  
distant from consciousness,  
nor live any less than full-heartedly.  
These are our nature, our very essence,  
the whys of our coming.  
What we came for is what we are all here to learn (not perfect),  
the art of LOVE... the grace of ONENESS.

Sitting at the base of the well,  
I look down its dark, spiral tunnel, into the muddy waters below.  
Then I look upward  
toward the dimly illuminated, eternal sky.

That slightest stream of light beginning to poke  
its unsure head through the horizon, to penetrate  
the veils between worlds – is enough – more than enough,  
to rekindle my wavering faith...  
to re-member my conscious Crone...  
to re-feel my connection to All...  
to laugh at my self and the stories she tells,  
to stand up and “Show my Soul”.

With love and appreciation to you, His Holiness, for the presence you  
are, for the wisdom you hold, for the lessons you teach... in honor of  
your birth. Namaste

Seena