Glimpses of This

Darren Jaye

Apple Seed

A young apple on a branch
on a wise old tree asked:
Who am I?
Why am I here?
What is the meaning of life?
What happens when I die?

An answer came:
Do you realise
you're asking yourself?
You are this tree!

In Spiritus

You come to me in flashes, in glimpses, in bursts,
fragments and aspects, concepts and visions...
You rise in me, through me, from me.

Sometimes I float
up down deep
where you find me.
You hide so well,
revealing yourself
in inspired moments,
such as this.

Thinking in Nature

If a leaf was to think,
would it think it's a tree?

If a feather was to think,
would it think it's a bird?

If a speck of soil was to think,
would it think it's the earth?

If a splash of seawater was to think,
would it think it's the ocean?

If a fingernail was to think,
would it think it's a human?

If a human was to think,
then what?

Zen Poet

All day
all night
he writes
nothing.

Birdseye

Eating a chicken,
she said, ‘I’m so upset,
my cat killed a bird today’.

A Whole Half

One cake
cut in two,
still one.

Forward March

Scraping and gnawing and grinding and biting
and chewing and tasting and mincing and feasting
through pine and cedar and oak and teak,
eating hull and frame and oars and seats...

The termites' claws strip
a lone boat at sea.

Why should a termite starve
when there's plenty?

Forest Walk

What does a tree need to do?
Drink? Eat? Breathe?
Grow? Stand? Survive?
Anything?

What is asked of a tree
and by who or what?
To give shade, grow fruits,
scatter seeds, shelter birds,
grow flowers, shed leaves?

Can it be in the wrong place?
Can it be the wrong tree?
Can it grow the wrong way?
Can it not be a tree?

Is the life of a tree, simply being a tree?

How different are we from a tree?

Twisted Love

Small seed dreams big tree,
but clipped, bent and wired.
A bonsai oak.

Born Free

Who owns fire?
Who owns wind?
Who owns water?
Who owns earth?

Juice Bar

She says she's had enough
of all this constant construction
in all of the cool places -
the concreting of so many jungles.

She says she's super excited
about the new vegan joint
that's opening soon…
and also that she's staying in a great new place
and has a beautiful room.

Blossoming

Trying to be beautiful?
Trying to attract, reproduce or survive?
What is a flower doing?

The Riddle of Now

The past is resolving,
the now is solving,
the future is evolving...

The past is revealing,
the now is nourishing,
the future is unfolding...

The past is releasing,
the now is providing,
the future is flowing...

And now?

Intellectual Pursuits

Can the mind rest
and let a question
be an answer?

On a Path

Pause…

Feel into this moment, lean in.

Experience the changing in this moment.

Sense the unchanging of this moment.

The unchanging moment - that's it.

The changing moment - that's it.

Stay with it…

In Flow

Side by side it was happening,
we were falling from the sky.
She was worried about hitting the ground.
It's okay, I said,
but she trembled.

We landed and rolled
down and down,
down
until we slipped
into a river.

She was worried about
the twists and turns,
and being pushed off
a cliff, a water-
fall.

It's okay, I said,
we'll be just fine,
but she tumbled,
splashing, scared.

A waterfall came,
many,
and we fell
down
each
one.

And we slid into the ocean.
She feared
being taken by currents
and smashed by waves.

It’s okay, I said,
it’ll be alright.

We were floating up to the sky...
Did we die, she asked?
We’re here, I said.

We were hovering in a cloud,
as a cloud,
as raindrops,
when we fell...

Are you okay?, I asked.
Yes, she said, I remember.

Choosing Reality

A world where every moment feels complete
and ripe with glorious potential…
A world with hidden doors and ways in,
a key is perceiving perspective.

Beyond Boundaries

Travel

in the space

between

everything you think and believe.

It may seem like nothing,

emptiness,

quietness,

stillness...

but it’s a gateway to you.

Natural Trust

What if food grew on trees?
What if water fell from the sky?

Imagine, for a moment,
how life could be,
if we trusted the absolute,
absolutely...

Me

To be myself
I let go
of who I think I am…
all that's left
is me.

Unconditional

What if those
three little words,
I love you,
settled into
one?
Two words:
I love.

Instrument

Every time you move, it’s guiding you with love,
any time you breath, it’s filling the air,
each time your heart beats, it’s sounding your song,
playing the music, playing as one.

This

A moment is both

an infinitely small sliver

and

an infinitely large space.

Alive

What if any memories of the past
and imaginations of the future
faded
and what was left
was only this moment right now?

What if nothing mattered
yet, in a sense, everything mattered?

What if there was nothing to do
except just to be?
What if there was no one to be
except simply you as you are,
spontaneously and authentically?

How would it be?