

PHOENIX
March 19, 2013

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Personality,
Bright beauty of the night,
That terrible crystal,
Burning in the darkness,
At the very edge of time.

Watching,
In rapt fascination,
Fires,
Impossible to ignore,
Forever frozen,
On the face of age.

It is a dark light,
Indeed,
Funeral pyres,
Signifying nothing,
But impermanence.

This is a fire,
That does not warm.

-- March 19, 2013

[Note: I know, kind of a dark poem, but this whole idea of the personality and its attachments (the Self) is something I find amazing to behold, especially as I age. I write about it often. Also, I am struck that in our day-to-day life we gaze on these social bonfires (personalities), often unable to see beyond them to the soul within. It is like the deer in the headlights.]

