

THE TURNING POINT

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By Michael Erlewine (Michael@Erlewine.net)

I am up late. Can't sleep because of a chest cold. You know the drill. And I got to thinkin' of how important the Sun has been to me in life. I have written before about how my first life teacher Andrew McIver told me over and over again to imagine myself standing at the center of the Sun. He would growl and say "That's hot stuff! Then years later I did just that. I imagined myself standing at the center of the sun and discovered for myself heliocentric astrology, still the most potent astrology I know of.

Then later yet in my life, high in the Himalayas of Tibet at some 15,000 feet, sitting in front of His Holiness the Gyalwa Karmapa, who spoke no English, he gave me a personal dharma name, "Tenzin Nyima," which our guide/translator said means "Keeper of the Sun, Holder of the Sun." He had no idea I was a heliocentric astrologer, but of course he just knew. So all this comes to mind on nights like this. And I love this poem I wrote even through one of my closest friends told me so very gently that this poem was not a good one.

I don't care. I like it. It says what was inside me trying to be said and although I have posted it before, I list it here again. It is about the key turning point in every life. We each have one. Perhaps some of you know of this experience also. Here it is:

THE POINT OF NO RETURN

The point of the "point of no return" is that:
When you have reached the point of no return,
From which there is no return,
The point is to turn and return.

That is the turning point.

Every life has a turning point,
Whether it's in the echo of age,
Or in the very midst of life's prime.

As we reach our point of no return,
We pause,
Then we turn.

And, in turning, 'we' begin to reflect.

In our reflection,
And rising into view,
Perhaps for the very first time,
The Sun.

Where before it was we who were seen,
And others seeing,
Now we are the mirror in which they see themselves,

And we can see our self in them,

What we once saw shining before us, as youths,
That which we gladly embraced in our prime,
And what we now see etched in the mirror of reflection,
Is our eternal Self,
The Sun,
Ever burning in the darkness of our life.

That's it.

I understand this.

What I find harder to understand,
Yet still believe is:

We didn't know it then;
We don't know it now.

We never knew it.

In truth,
It never was.

IT NEVER WAS;
It never will be.

It is not now,
And still, it is.

It still is:

This most brilliant illusion,
Shining in the mirror of the mind.

By Michael Erlewine
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Grand Sextile Helio

A Poem for My Daughter Michael Anne