

In Held 'Twas In I

Procol Harum

In the darkness of the night, only occasionally relieved by glimpses of Nirvana as seen through other people's windows, wallowing in a morass of self-despair made only more painful by the knowledge that all I am is of my own making ...

When everything around me, even the kitchen ceiling, has collapsed and crumbled without warning. And I am left, standing alive and well, looking up and wondering why and wherefore.

At a time like this, which exists maybe only for me, but is nonetheless real, if I can communicate, and in the telling and the bearing of my soul anything is gained, even though the words which I use are pretentious and make you cringe with embarrassment, let me remind you of the pilgrim who asked for an audience with the Dalai Lama.

He was told he must first spend five years in contemplation. After the five years, he was ushered into the Dalai Lama's presence, who said, 'Well, my son, what do you wish to know?' So the pilgrim said, 'I wish to know the meaning of life, father.'

And the Dalai Lama smiled and said, 'Well my son, life is like a beanstalk, isn't it?'

Held close by that which some despise
which some call fake, and others lies
And somewhat small
for one so tall
a doubting Thomas who would be?
It's written plain for all to see
for one who I am with no more
it's hard at times, it's awful raw

They say that Jesus healed the sick and helped the poor
and those unsure
believed his eyes
- a strange disguise
Still write it down, it might be read
nothing's better left unsaid
only sometimes, still no doubt
it's hard to see, it all works out