

The Other Side --Bob Cergol

What sound was it that you first heard
That made those ears your ears to hear?
*And in such hearing spawned the fear
Of the other side – the silence here.*

What sight was it that you first saw
That made those eyes your eyes to see?
*And in such seeing spawned the vision
An "I" in loneliness imprisoned.*

What movement made first filled your breath
And made that breath your own to breathe?
*And in such moving brought the gasp
That one such breath will be your last.*

What shape was made with flesh and bone
That made that form your form alone?
*A mortal form where thoughts resolved
That "I" as form, will be dissolved.*

What story told first touched your heart
And made its theme a "thing apart"?
*That heartfelt telling does portend –
Where flow life's rhythms – all will end.*

What words were they that left those lips
Through which the Source became eclipsed?
*In darkness, separate shadows grew
As animated forms, with speech imbued.*

What choice occurred that made that choice
The one to which, you lent your voice?
*And in that lending broke apart
From That – the center of your heart.*

What thing is this that strives to *BE*
An individuality?
*– It's just an echo of the other side
In which all things here, do abide.*

From the other side your being came
On this side comes identity.
From the other side there comes the call
"Your Self is here, not there at all."

On the other side of "I am this"
Is "I am not." and "I am nothing."
But – in that nothing – is your Being
And in that Being – everything.