

Yoga Sutra's Poetry..... by Rama J. Vernon

Naked innocence receives the light of Grace
but is not all peace, bliss and ease.

To beguile the infant purity,
Enough to remove clots but must strip
away facade of skin, muscles and bone.

With a glimpse of the glories of the self,
The heart is pained to see its ageless
Armored barriers that surround and benumb
It contracts and draws in upon itself.

Through hurts and disappointed dreams
Stained by growing reservations and expectations,
It can no longer give for itself alone.
Giving for the sake of getting,
responding only for response.

Brick by brick, layer by layer.
The protection grows thick with pious
Mortar of justification.
The defense rises to the offense.

Armed with the invisible arrows of
Judgment and condemnation, aimed
Not at body, but at hearts and minds
Of man and wo-man.

That which cannot be received is
Freely given, the gift of criticism
That separates the I from Thou,
This moment from the next,
The here from the there.

The sages of the East call it Maya
To measure and we do, wielding the
Weapons of rulers and yardsticks
Measuring the value and qualities of another.

To release the tangled fetters of Maya
Things must be seen as they are.
Turn back the grasping hands of
Expectation and let them be
Look not to the object of condemnation,
But to the condemning.

Distinguishing and not judging.
Releasing even ever prejudice – of
Prejudice against the prejudicial.
Easy to say difficult to do.

We seek the tools of discipline to aid
On the journey on the path to the pathless land
But where is the luxurious couch,
In which to ride with ease?

Self effort is tiresome when treading
the rocky path of self-resistance.
The foot of the cold cries out in anguish,
As it pounds the pebbles of dualistic foundations.

Pebbles of resistance and attachment
Pulled from its pockets of gravity,
Wrenched from its foundation of familiarity,
Screams of fear can be heard in the
Unfamiliar chasms of a new space.

A new situation, a new posture
Demanded awareness and attention,
Bit vigilance is engulfed with
Apathy and desire to return to the familiar –where
And the freshness ---with ---
A desire to return to the familiar.

But as all rivers flow to empty
Themselves in the sea,
There is pain and fatigue
When trying to pierce the self – will
That turns us upstream.