

Life As One

Ute Kaboolian

We stand within an ancient brand-new NOW,
At once within an empty corner devoid of vision,
At angle formed by two lines meeting,
The meeting point itself a standstill,

And then, beyond the point, a yearning,
A fierce longing to make another start,
Create a vision of geometric movement at every point.

No static of statistics stagnating between fact and fiction;
Instead a vision where numbers, letters, words
Are worlds of sound, of special meanings imbued with feeling:

Significant signatures, signposts of others' lives,

Which intersect with ours
As they give, as they receive-

Through spoken and through written word-

All shouting gleefully of life as one.

Each one the chiming of a bell within creation's symphony
Part of a variation on one theme.

What was once considered least significant
Now brings a joyful recognition of otherness as self,
As our most holy, wholly innermost,
Most cherished and most private inner self.



Painting : Lona Towsley