

When Love Returns

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i remember almost everything,
a curse some would say as life
if fraught with calamities and sorrow
but what use a troubled heart and mind
if not to appreciate the fleeting joys and ecstasies
we experience?

dread and sorrow are constant companions
to our joys and happiness
the Buddha obsessed with misery and sorrow
and discovered truth and bliss yet without his
tortuous yearning
nirvana would have escaped him,
without the profound sorrow he experienced
the world would have lost a liberating philosophy

take heart,
the scarlet-throated swallow
always returns home to nest
some migrating birds span half the globe
to reach the home of their hearts
without realising it is the heart that guides
them back to itself

are we not greater than swallows?
but still too many fall victim to despondency,
learn to accept everything that assails
the heart and mind as these
tribulations are keys that unlock the gate
to paradise

meet every fleeting and enduring pain
with valour, as courage arises from the heart,
a grief-stricken heart becomes a flowering rose
if we loosen our morbid grip

when love returns the entire world responds,
every blade of grass and fallen leaf becomes an
an exquisite work of art
every glance and smile a joy
responding to our joy

in the most hopeless circumstance
open your heart and allow it to grow
and guide you until that which held you
in a crippling vice is removed by a puff of
breath
nothing is able to resist selfless love
as you walk and go about your social needs
people respond with smiles and sparkling eyes,
love is mutually enhancing,
what a pleasant person they say
a pleasure to be with

you have discovered the secret
that love never abandons itself
the heart always guides you home
to Love

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-1756.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-598.html>