

Be Still

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international / poetry / post

the lake is still tonight
nothing agitates its perfect stillness
the night is quiet, the summer air is motionless
the midnight moon is so close one could grab its
reflection from the black ink water of the lake,
its perfect blackness makes for seeing and
reflection

on the shore in body but mind meandering
i drag mind to the centre of the black mirror
and drown it in the stillness
pushing mind to the bottom without making a ripple
i drown it leaving me mindless and free of thought
so still for a thoughtless while

until tremors begin without agitation or ripples
so strange, unexplained, it continues
until the stillness detonates an explosion of pure white light
so bright the sun is shamed yet the light is cool
though intense as it moves up
through the darkness and explodes
into a blazing night of perfection
which sits like a pearl
somewhere in the secret stillness
of the black crystal lake

 [The Triadic Heart of Siva -- Muller-Ortega](#)

<https://inversetimes.hopto.org/news/story-84.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-864.html>