



I Never Hear From You

Bernard Scott, Retired Academic

I never hear from you. Have you forgotten me?
If not, why don't you speak to me?
You made the break. I am still here.
Five years ago, I sent you a letter.
I told you how, on reading one of your old letters, I burst into tears.
I just wanted you to know some feelings never die,
Even though they may disappear for a while.
You didn't reply.
Remember when you gave me a pocket watch, one Christmas.
It came in a small box. I still have them, box and watch, somewhere.
Inside the lid of the box, you had written, "Together, forever."
I remember the moment quite clearly.
Forever is a long time.
We're not there yet but we are getting closer.
I can feel it.

I Sit Between Earth And Sky

I sit between earth and sky.
In Chinese, there is one word (ciel) for sky and heaven.
I am of the earth; my body is made from it.
I have evolved a reasoning soul that reaches up to heaven.
I pierce the cloud of unknowing.
Between the soul and God, there is no between.
Humbly, I obey God's will, as best I can.
As my will becomes his will, I become more the son he wishes me to be.
I seek help and strength from my brother and captain, Jesus of Nazareth.
In rest and repentance is my salvation.
In quietness and trust is my strength.

I Practice Krya Yoga.

I practice Krya yoga.
With eyes rolled back and heavenly intent,
I pierce the cloud of unknowing, seeking contact with the divine.
My breath hangs suspended between out and in.
Om, om, om, I croon.
As fire goes up and down my spine, I think pure. I think holy.
I think everything. I think nothing.
May my will be thy will, O Lord. May my soul and Thee be as one.