

I step up to the threshold, one walking with his wounds,
Felled by 'friendly' fire, a victim of my moods.
I stand beneath the lintel to gaze upon the miracle,
Waiting to inspire, and listening for the lyrical.
I claim a liminal space, part of all and yet apart from some,
Loose cannon out for hire, this parting will be done.

Caverns behind, heaven above, cardinal directions pointing out,
Amidst and between, I pay favor to my doubt.
I know this place, yet rarely occupy it,
Unseen upon this scene, and willing to deny it.
In one continuous and unimaginable now,
I stand, human... being, ready for my bow.

This doorway that I find, this portal that I sense,
I wonder if it moves or frames intransigence.
This being that I am, with a brain that hands out knowing,
Avoids elemental truths and any halo glowing.
Perhaps there is no path, no moving from this place,
Only echoes and my grooves, shadows on my face.

To make the opening sacred, this space where I am found,
At the naval of the earth, emerging from the ground.
The confines of Gaia's womb relax,
I entertain my birth and scatter all the facts.
Neither here nor there, I wed myself to interface,
I claim my worth... and deep, pervasive grace.

Perhaps it is illusion, to think that I am going,
Life's river glides, it does all the flowing.
Bending in the current, I fake my own ignition,
Buoyed by the tides, I take credit for the mission.
More real to admit that my place in life is fixed,
What I think are rides, is just a place betwixt.

At the door I stand, to contemplate connection,
No track that I must course, I'm fixed at intersection.
What that once I held so firm, is really all transition,
Blind pilgrim's lofty goal was merely a position.
To claim my stance, as wholly interstitial,
Can meld my loss with something beneficial.

There's no role that I must play, to draw the crowd's reward,
I escape my destiny, no longer moving forward.
It's here I am, at some point midway,
Between my longing and life's yesterday.
This betweenness shapes my present tense,
Forever has, against my best defense.

Trading knowing for being, I will not go without,
Forsaking all sense of arrival, I cast away all doubt.
I make divine the border; I'm in the birthing room,
Remaining in the entrance, my spirit will attune.
I'll not leave the Master, no matter how it seems,
I'm aligned within the doorway, receiving all his dreams.