

## Innerness

How potent is the silent voice within the heart--  
like roses screaming quietly  
at the top of their scents.  
Our inner self turns a valve here,  
flips a switch there,  
rechannels a thought, all undetected,  
guiding the mind with commands never heard by ears.

We inhale a vital force sent up from the sun,  
full of planetary power, star strength,  
universal unity.  
We exhale such love as we can muster from our  
little microverse,  
radiating peace into nearest air  
and farthest galaxies.

We breathe our relentless ripples  
onto shimmering oceans of spirit.  
Each star hears our silence.  
Our mental voice imprints itself  
on a forgetless tablet of inner space,  
indelible as a baby's first cry.

When we listen, the cold wind carries  
the moan of mother earth  
and the rising moon reflects  
the sighs of setting sun.  
Those who hear the universe  
humming its silent symphony  
learn to love each lento chord.

Strum my heart, you silent waves of love,  
with your tuneful touch,  
and help me sing the song of space  
in the sanctum of my skull.