

TITTI FOLLIERI: from Topologia di un mandala

THERE

There where questions are no more
 there where desires stop
there where waters are deep and quiet
 there where everything is
 there where one find oneself
 there where all becomes one
there where the source breathes
 there there there

MY HEARTH IS A TEMPLE

I will build that cathedral called 'home'
it will not be reachable along highways
it will not have a stable topos with zip code
it will be invisible to the person who has not found it
only he who has reached home will be able to see it

there I have collected all the alleluias and the chalices of innocence
a moment of awareness the tight embraces
the ecstasy of happy throats much compassion
the dazzling light an understanding look
the alliance of sensitive minds
boundless gratitude and a gipsy song
the pleasure of being alive
the temporary paradise our joy of being
there the sympathy the silence the communion

BOUNDRYLESS (Sine limite)

it
cannot be said
it cannot be defined
it cannot be known

it exist
dimensions
ecstatic spaca
together and alone
here and now forever
dwelling everywhere
white on white

nothing
more
can be said

INSTANT DREAM

It was no dream flying together
visiting a dimension of thousands of images
being together was no dream
grasping the concreteness of a reality
completely enveloped in one another
how immense that peace that harmony
uniting our souls was no dream
vast sweetness and strength upon strength
the power of our imprint on the waters
movement of dimensions quick and slow
our music the certainty of our being
it was no dream rediscovering ourselves free in flight
our antagonistic polarities wedded
togetherness was no dream

GURUPURNIMA 1988 (India)

for Osho Rajneesh

our words fine drops of rain
compared to the ocean of your love

only the Kookoo sin song can say
only the frog's small jump can dance
only the cricket's murmuring can remember
only the jasmin's essence can celebrate
only the rain pattering can resound
only the full moon can rejoice
only your compassion can open
only your arms can receive
only your presence can nourish
only absolute silence can bless
only the sun of your being can blossom
'ten thousand Buddhas' buds