

## Love poem

The self is the endless depth of the ocean  
The self is in love with its waves and with the depth of the ocean, which is silence  
The self is love  
The self is silence muttering to itself  
The self is essentially alone  
in love with its forms and formlessness

The self is gentle and fragile  
It is a breeze of air caressing your body, leaving my nose with forgiveness and a gentle smile  
on my death bed  
It is a gaze from a distance that is eternally close  
It knows no shame

It is a gentle giant caressing its children  
It is an excited newborn in love with the world, knowing nothing but itself  
It is eternal love  
This is the place where you and I meet

This is who I am and who you are

*Dedicated to my spiritual mother Gangaji. Dedicated to everyone in the sangha and who I  
have met and will ever meet in this moment of eternal sangha in the heart.*