

A Cry From Down The Rabbit Hole In The Time Of The Pandemic

I have gone
down the rabbit hole
chasing a bright
promise of information,
which I believed to be
the quick tail of elusive truth,
but so far, down here,
have scarcely gotten
even another glimpse!

You see, I thought I already
possessed that commodity:
that truth was safely inside me.
I pursued my daily
rounds of life with confidence,
eager to make my sojourn here
a vehicle for truth's stamp
each time the sun came up.

Were those the days!
And in summer, I would travel
to faraway places and sometimes
my holiest spot on Earth,
to refresh those inner wellsprings.

Now my world has been fractured—
cloven asunder by Duality's sword
in the form of bold voices
speaking into my world
what I considered nonsense,
with straight face
and many earnest points
and copious hyperlinks.

My confidence—
easily shaken when challenged,
a lifelong problem—
falters and I think:
"Could they be right?"

I languish in this rabbit hole
of dualistic parry-and-thrust,
for my Beloved of my heart says

all are One, and even more:
*"Inscribe these words on your heart.
God alone is real.
Nothing matters but love for God."**
Oh, Beloved!
How do I recover the vision
of Oneness You gave me,
which I enjoyed—
let's not exaggerate, though,
it was never continuous—
before I dove
down this rabbit hole!

They call this *cognitive dissonance*,
a fancy name for confusion,
for a dragon whose smoke
obscures the clarity of Truth!
A virtual destruction
of the wholeness
I thought I knew.

Show me how to restore
the perception of Oneness
to my double-vision mental eye!

Those contrary voices:
How can I see *they* are You as well—
that there is no "right" or "wrong",
but only You?

What am I not getting?
God was. God is. God will be.
How can I not see this?

Do what You must, Beloved!
Bang me on the head! Burn me alive!
Skin me and turn me inside out!

If this is all a pang of re-birth,
please, please, slap me on the ass
and get me the hell
out of here soon!

- Max Reif

Dawn Revisited

by Rita Dove

Imagine you wake up
with a second chance: The blue jay
hawks his pretty wares
and the oak still stands, spreading
glorious shade. If you don't look back,
the future never happens.
How good to rise in sunlight,
in the prodigal smell of biscuits –
eggs and sausage on the grill.
The whole sky is yours
to write on, blown open
to a blank page. Come on,
shake a leg! You'll never know
who's down there, frying those eggs,

if you don't get up and see.