

Higher Consciousness

Be-ware

A-ware

Seeker

Captivating Kamala,

desire, but samsara,

a heat mirage, far

from what you seek,

illusion

is samsara,

Desire rising,

senses burning hot cold,

hungry monkey, searching for food,

scent of sweetmeats that entice, tempting

scent of spiced rice so saltly tempting, beckoning,

beckoning, alluring, beckoning, tempting,

enticing wish.

Should the man, but should the man,

monkey be, monkey be?

Be!

Curious monkey, sweet meat hungry,

wooden stake driven deep,

the trap is set.

Bold desire crosses the clearing

fearing not for freedom, freedom

reaches squeezing a hand through the hole.

Won't let go, doesn't know,

has only to let go

a handful of desire

for freedom.

Flee from senses fickle,

they are illusory

and with time perish, time perish

they come and go.

Be a-ware, seeker,
the hands that hold you
are the desire that drives you.

Do not be led blindly astray
you are not

senses, passions,
No, so much more,
eternal.