

Home  
again

In this  
blank page,

Where I  
lie back

In this  
open expanse.

Where  
nothing is,

I live  
free,

In the  
nativity

Of  
everything.

A blank  
page

Is not  
nothing,

An empty  
mind

Is not  
nothing,

It is.

Who talks  
of nothing?

When all talk

Is of  
something,

Even this  
nothing.

The word  
*nothing*

Is a mask

Of its  
heart,

A  
portrait

Of bare  
nature.

This  
blank page

Is a  
template

Of  
everything

That  
becomes

Of it.

This  
blank page

Is a  
photo

Of all  
thought

Before  
it appears

To be.

These  
words,

On this  
page

Are flickering  
eyelashes

On these  
seeing eyes.



Words

Clutter  
the page

With the  
textured

Sound

Of their  
empty

Origin.

These  
words,

That paint  
their face

To be seen,

Are made  
for seeing

To see  
through.

All these  
parts

Of the  
whole,

Narrowed to  
something seen,

See beyond  
themselves.

How  
can I say

So much  
of nothing?

How  
can I not?

What is  
this life?

I am  
here

By the  
grace

Of nothing,

And my  
gratitude

Is boundless.

Here,  
a word

For this  
everywhere,

Now,  
a word

For this  
always.

This  
blank page

I call  
myself

Looks a lot  
like you,

And you,

And you,  
too.

This  
blank page,

Knows  
no other,

Needs  
no other,

Yet grows

Beyond  
itself.



These  
words

Outgrow  
themselves,

Blooming  
wordless

In the  
transformed

Air of time.

Nothing  
is nothing,

Until  
something

Assumes  
its place,

Changing  
its face.

This  
beginning

Returns

To my  
sight,

When  
I empty

Myself  
alike.

Empty  
page,

Mother of  
many births,

Womb  
of wonder,

Her earth  
is here.

I discover  
the heart

Of heart,

In this  
nothing,

Beating  
timelessly.

This blank self

Writes its heart  
in wonder,

Then again,

In thought,  
word and deed.

Words  
chase  
words,

Until  
I return

To the  
invisible

Starting  
line.

I'm home

Where began  
and begin

End,

In their  
silent

Emergency.



This  
page

Contains  
galaxies

In the  
reach

Of its  
enticing

Terror.

I stare at  
emptiness

Before  
me

And  
recognize

Myself  
in love.

Blank  
page,

No longer  
blank,

Never was,  
nor will be,

More  
or less

Than  
this.

This  
empty heart,

Vacant  
in aspect,

Fills  
every word

With its  
fiery

Pulse.

Born

From  
vacancy

To drawn  
upon,

Unwritten

To written  
upon.

Here  
where I am,

This knowing  
unknown

In pages  
shown,

Remains  
unknown.