

The Dance Master (July 9, 2002)

I've waited eight minutes for you,
and it was worth every second.

What an exhibition you have just put on!

I once saw a movie
where the combatants
ran up vertical walls
and jumped incredible distances
from rooftop to rooftop.
I thought it so hokey!

But now, here you are
outperforming them.

I watch you balance on a single, fragile willow leaf
and then leap onto another,
without once losing your footing.
I see you dancing on the water
without once losing your faith,
unlike Peter.

I intentionally disturb the water,
creating ripples and waves.
You take it all in your stride,
not missing a step,
in perfect harmony with the music.

I've waited eight minutes for you.

What a journey you took:
93 million miles of star space.

And, at the end of it all,
you landed,
not with a crash,
nor even with a thump,
but lithely and lightly.

Was Jesus punning when he said:

My burden is light ?

Perhaps, he didn't mean the weight of the burden,

But rather its composition?

What if the burden of mission

Is to recognize and become Light?

I've waited eight minutes for you.

I've waited five billion years for you.

I've waited because

I bought the illusion of time.

Now I don't have to wait anymore.

Teach me to walk on the waves.

Teach me to dance on a leaf.

En-Lighten me.