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Yoga at Sunrise

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Yoga At Sunrise

The thunder of silence
smothers the screams
of a frenzied world
as I sink below
the slapping and parting,
to a liberating darkness.

My actions reach out

[Oh Mother
Sun I rise
to greet you]

I sense a pond,
a tropical cocoon
wrapped tight and shrouded
in whiteness of lillies.

My consciousness reaches out

(Oh Mother
Sun I rise
to greet you)

Round and full
I settle in the center,
blanketed in the white
lotus, a watery drop content
like the potent nectar
nestled in the flower's belly.

My thoughts reach out

Oh Mother
Sun I rise
to greet you

I stretch
from lotus folds,
spreading expectant arms
to part petals
in a pre-dawn wetness.

Pulled straight
by my toes, I snap tall,
embracing the rising sun
(once but a sliver of light)
like the flower's smiling face
tracing the path of the sun.

My breath reaches out,

'Oh Mother
Sun I rise
to greet you'

spanked to life
in the unsteady exhale
of a new born speech.

My voice cries out,

"Oh Mother
Sun I rise
to greet you"

severed
from a meditative, holy
union.

Itar