

# All Is Arising In Emptiness

All is arising in emptiness,  
Rising, falling and arising again,  
Met only by the spacious loving welcome of an unmoving mind.  
Here all is invited to come, and allowed to burn away in its own time,  
At this altar of complete acceptance and non-judgment.

Here-now this beautiful process is revealed so clearly.  
Even when the tentacle entwined fears and doubts arise,  
Seeming to fill my open mind and return it to darkness,  
With trust and the gracious gift of patience they too burn to a cool velvety ash.  
Arising is no problem; all that arises has the nature to pass.

As I look into my daily life,  
Tears of gratitude warm my face.  
I realise my life's essential peace is because,  
Here too I allow unfolding to arise in emptiness.

Loving, accepting, trusting,  
Saying yes! With arms as wide as I can make them;  
Learning this skill is not only a spiritual practice –  
It is a way of life.

Arising, lingering, passing away in emptiness;  
This is the truth of my life, all life – from birth to death.  
It has never been any other way;  
How could it be any other way?

Can I shine the light of patience and acceptance through all of my travails?  
Illuminating unwaveringly throughout this eternal now?  
Truly reflecting the transparent beauty?

True freedom is glimpsed –  
Face to face with the possibility of life without fetters.  
At first I feel myself as if standing on the edge of a great and fathomless chasm;  
Excitement and fear swirl like mist at this giddy height.

With some trepidation I peer beyond the edge,  
Surprised, I find the Noble Eightfold Path before me.  
That the destination and the journey are inseparable –  
A life of practice calls.