



SAGUNA BRAHMAN KHANḌA

IMMANENCE

NON-BEING

Look, you cannot see It,
It is Formless.
Listen, you cannot hear It,
It is Soundless.
Grasp, you cannot touch It,
It is Non-Being.
These three are indiscernible
And therefore are merged into One.

Tao Te Ching



FRAGRANCES

All life is LIVED: now this comes home to me.
But who, then, lives it? Things that patiently
Stand there, like some unfingered melody
Sleeping within a harp as day is going?
Is it the winds across the water blowing,
Is it the branches beckoning each to each,
Is it the flowers weaving fragrances,
The ageing alleys stretching endlessly?
Is it the warm beasts moving to and fro,
The birds in alien flight that sail from view?
This life – who lives it really? God, do you?

RAINER MARIA RILKE

