



*What If
Poems*

By Joseph Sala

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Angel of Compassion

Her unutterable presence cradled my soul,
My heart nestled, pressed against her bosom.

Her every beat and pulsation was of love and compassion.

Though suffused and imbued by her luminescence and radiance,
I knew this was only the prelude.

She gestured for me to join her on a journey.
In a flash we were at the bedside of a mother
Grieving the sudden death of her young son. “Why, God? Why?
He was only four – his life not yet begun.”
She screamed in agony, heart bleeding, quelling profanity.

The angelic one originated a dirge; the elegy was not for my discernment.
The angel seemed to hug the mother’s lamentation,
Saturating each wound and trauma with compassion.

Our journey was long and arduous from an execution, to a suicide,
To a starving child, to those immersed in depression.

Before our journey ended, I asked,
“Why don’t we always reap what we sow and sow what we reap?
And why does it seem the divine universe has turned its face on so many?”

She cradled my soul and whispered, “Look within.”

Her every beat and pulsation was of love and compassion.

Quiet Isolations

In my quiet isolations the truth echoes in my ears.
The mysteries of life shade the sun and coerce me,
wondering, when will justice ever come.
I dance with my fears and again before long
the truth echoes in my ears.
I laugh at the paradox of it all
and then anguish and torment every detail of my last fall.
Is destiny the answer, or are we really the cause of it all.
Perhaps they flow together, balancing and adjusting life's matter.
Whatever the season or behavior, it all has a reason.
We all dance in the light, bathe in self pity and strive to be free.
In my quiet isolations
I can see you, you, and me,
every star and grain of sand
and when I become very quiet,
I can even reach out and touch
infinity's hand.

Pure Eternal Heart

We recoil and retreat from our pure eternal heart
and find refuge in this mirage we call our self.
Failing to recognize this, we build a fortress of egoic lies
to defend, protect and enhance this mistaken identity
causing us to sink deeper into duality
and to recoil and retreat from our intrinsic goodness
and find refuge in superiority and inferiority.

The song of your true essence is heard in stillness
to rest in the pure eternal heart.
To inquire into and see through this mirage
and to transcend its insatiable thirst.
To be a boundless vessel,
to channel the music of the universe.

What If

What if the peddlers of hate and racism were unable to find anyone interested in purchasing their lies?

What if we were able to recognize the poison before we consumed it, no matter how cleverly it was disguised?

What if the human race had such a major paradigm shift that tribalism reached near extinction and demagogues could never rise to power again by sowing their seeds of cruelty and division?

What if your essential nature was love and it was calling you in this moment to be a great part of this transformation?

Art

Art at its highest is an invitation to go beyond the gravitational pull of our condition and repeated thoughts, which keep us earth bound.

It beckons our heart towards greater empathy and into realms of weightless, timeless beauty and unity.

The Drop in the Ocean of Life

The drop in the ocean of life searched for lasting happiness and peace,
but found it fleeting and soon returned to a wide spectrum of duality and isolation.
Then, its heart was infused and warmed by the shining light of evolution.

Now it searched its past for the source of responsibility
and looked only through the eyes of accountability.
But this seemed only to fortify its sense of ego identification
and left it with a feeling of separation from
the lasting happiness and peace it searched for.

Evolution continued its warm transformation.
It finally found the lasting happiness and peace it longed for,
but only after it rested in the true self it had long ago forgotten.

All this time, it was being what it was not.
It realized it was the ocean of life
experiencing itself as the drop.

From Dawn to Twilight

The shimmer and luster
of this glistening illusion
beguiles us from attuning to
our intrinsic empyreal nature.

Love

Love is not tethered to what comes and goes
or tainted by what the mind knows.

Love is the music of the heart,
which lifts the veil of separation
and removes every wall.

It is the gateway to the one heart within us all.

Concealed Beneath the Noise

Beyond the apparent reality
and concealed beneath the noise
of a chattery or turbulent mind
resides inspiration, wisdom, peace and love.
But are revealed in the calm, quiet stillness of thought
and is cradled by the source of all life itself.

Drama

Do not be seduced by the allure of the drama
or beguiled by the past or future hour
but return to the timeless jewel of life
always here, undisturbed,
peaceful, untouched by all lies.

A Peaceful Stream

In my heart
I found a peaceful stream.

I began to see
that this stream is one
with the infinite realm of love, peace,
and the birth, weaver and ending of every dream.

Oh, but how we cling to our addictions,
aversions and fear of the unknown.

We must learn not to hold on,
but to let go
and let this infinite realm
take us all the way home.

Are You Awakening?

Are you searching for security and comfort in the prison of your amnesia
or awakening to the formless essence of life?

Are you guided by the noise of a chattering mind
or expressing the music of the one heart?

Are you holding onto an image
or resting in boundless, timeless presence?

A Better World

(This is probably a little more of a quote than a poem, but I still wanted to include it)

Unconditional compassion, empathy, kindness and love are all shades of the same color and is intrinsic to all of us.

Its healing power to bring harmony where there was disharmony in our lives, and collectively, is truly miraculous.

If a relatively small number of the human race were to increase the connection to unconditional compassion, empathy, kindness and love, which already resides within their true heart, this would create a synergistic effect on humanity; a magnificent transformation; a metamorphosis for a better world.

Other Eyes

Oh, how misguided we are by our disguise
We are unable to perceive and embrace other eyes.

Oh, but when we look into other eyes
really look beyond the distance, conditioning,
beliefs, images and appearance,
we transcend all form and are able to perceive and embrace
the totality of all life and existence.