

LINEAGE  
October 11, 2010

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There 'is' nothing,  
Transmitted,  
And,  
Nothing,  
Ever flows.

A connection,  
Simply opens,  
In which,  
Samaya grows.

And then:  
Mixing of minds ...

Extension,  
By recognition ...

Transmission,  
Through,  
Identification ....

In other words:  
Empowerment ...  
A simple blessing,  
Forever green,  
That,  
Mastering time,  
Makes sure that:

No less than,  
The same,  
Is certain.

This is lineage.

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Note: This was very difficult to put into words and experience may differ. Where prose stumbles, poetry can sometimes grasp a concept. The poem is ragged, but my understanding of lineage is in there. Does this make any sense to anyone else?

