

MOMENTS

Works by
MICHAEL BRANT DEMARIA

PROSE
EVER FLOWING ON:
ON BEING AND BECOMING ONESELF

HORNS AND HALOS:
TOWARDS THE BLESSINGS OF DARKNESS

Music CD's
THE RIVER
OCEAN

PLAYS
CAFE MEZZO
SIYOTANKA (WITH STEPHEN LOTT)

POETRY
MOMENTS

MOMENTS

Poems By
MICHAEL BRANT DEMARIA

ONTOS WORLD PRESS



*Dedicated to all who dwell or seek
to dwell in the pure possibility and divinity of
this moment...*

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*"We have only this moment,
sparkling like a star in our hand,
and melting like a snowflake."*

~ Marie Beyon Ray

BEING MOMENTS

SINGING YOUR NAME

Sunlight shimmers
through the leaves...
melting everything
around me...

There is no fear...
in this melting
just rapt attention...
and awe at the miracle
of seeing...

Moments,
come, one after another,
as if a dam has given way,
upstream....

It's too much, sometimes...
this beholding,
the miracle of being
washing though me...

Images, sounds
and wordless whispers...
all here...
in this moment...

all...singing Your name...

OCEAN OF BLISS

Opening the
soft petals of
this moment...

beholding
melts
me,

breathing...
unfolds...
me....

dissolving solidity...
liquifying me...

Presence
flowers,
blossoming
into fullness...

flowing in waves,
radiating outward...

Ocean of bliss...

CAN YOU REMEMBER

Can you remember?
...it was not so long ago...
when space stretched out all around you
cradling the softness of you...
and all that your body loved
was around you...whispering...

“Welcome...Welcome...”

Can you remember?
...it was not so long ago...
when the sun drenched you
with kisses...
and the wind cradled you in its arms...
whispering...

“Ahhhh...”

And, can you remember?
...it was not that long ago...
when you knew who you really were...
the silent spaces between words and things...

Yes...and then, in that vastness,

you remember...

EVERY TIME I DIE

Somehow,

every time I die,
I become more myself...

Somehow,

every time I die,
I become more
in line
with God...

LOVE'S BLESSING

The mind struggles
with the eternal
rising and falling of
who we are,
where we are,
how we are,
questioning *everything*...

Can there ever be
certainty,
in all of this revolving
eternity?

The heart answers,

“Who needs
certainty, when the
wind caresses my
hair with the delicate
tender waves of
love that course through
the air...

Love needs no
explanation,
no final destination...

it is...
and for that,
we are...
blessed.”

AMNESS

Breathing,
I remember,
beyond memory...
riding
ancient river
of breath....

Space dissolves,
time expands...
eyes soften...

Speechless presence...
radiating...in all directions...

I am...
becomes amness...
and...

bliss...

THIS LOVE

In and amongst this Love
there are no shoulds, oughts and musts...
no fears that rattle the mind...
no judgments to poison the soul...

In and amongst *this* Love
the kindness of Creation
reaches its tender hands
in welcome...

In and amongst *this* Love
I am cradled in the vastness

In and amongst *this* Love
all-that-is sings my nameless name...

In and amongst *this* Love
I lie down
worn out and tired,
to be refreshed by gentleness,
and rapture

In and amongst *this* Love
I finally cease to think,
or speak...

In and amongst *this* Love...

MELTING FEAR

Throughout history
separateness
has plagued us...

Like some massive
unfurling of hate...

This against that,
him against her,
me against you,
struggle and strife,
bloodying and bruising us...

The cry comes loud,
and sometimes in whimpers,
“how do I know which way to go,
how do I know whom to trust!”...

And the battle ensues...
until we sense fear around
every corner there is something
uncertain, treacherous and dangerous...

Then...
like some luminescent being,
unfolding before us...
radiating out in all directions...
we find ourselves in the presence
of a oneness so deep...
so vast...
we melt...

and the fear that has
haunted us...
begins to recede...

Until there is nothing left
but the faint whispers
of a forgotten nightmare...
like the last thin lines of
smoke
from a fire that has
burned through
the night...

and even those ashes
somehow
cool now,
join the dance...
and sing a new day into
existence...

A day where love
melts all fear...

INEXHAUSTIBLE

There is something...
something inexhaustible
at the root, at the core
of this moment.

Inexhaustible,
like the infinite sea
existing
before me...
before I came to be

Inexhaustible
as the infinite sky...
stretching out before me
continuing
beyond where I can see...

But, this me,
this I...
this am
that I am
spirals around
this core,
this root,
I speak of...

That I recede
back into
this *inexhaustible* something
perhaps no-thing...
no violent death

but, no matter what,
it is...*inexhaustible*.

This something
that is a no-thing...
lets me taste
the infinite...
immortal...
peace within me ...

Its core rings out,
deeply, loudly,
silently...

reaching me
where no other
can...

Encompassing
vast endless
expanses
of stars...
and infinite space...

In this inexhaustible
something
from which everything
grows...

Here...
I am peace.

No wound
no wrenching
of my soul
or any other's
wavers me,
or shatters
me...

This inexhaustible
no-thingness
sustains and
nourishes.

For in it
I see all places
all times...
all things...
and no-thing...

BROKEN BREAD

There is a wisdom in things
like the stillness of a lake,
or mist rising from the sea...

A vastness,
lying in wait
for those moments
the veil of tears fall...

and we see things,
in a moment
as they really are...

but, ah, so brief,
like lightning,
in the distance,
is this great presence of God
waiting to be known.

So much
we can neither grasp,
nor hold...

yet,
somehow,
this smallness that we are,
is necessary
so we can be broken,
and thus known,

by that which is beyond us,

and yes, inside of us,
dying, yes dying, to be known.

Break me open this day
Lord,

make me bread for your
table,

and allow me to remember,
your presence,
flickering in the distance,
which is really,

inside
of me...

SEASON OF THE SOUL

The sky's clear
I can see again...
The darkness gave
birth to the light...
The silence to the song...

Impenetrable by reason...
the heart beats on...
Knowing something unknowable,
speaking a language forgotten
dancing a dance half
seen...

On the other side lies
the missing pieces...
we travel there half knowing
just hoping...hoping for a
glimpse of where the beating began...

and where in its incessant
rhythmic calling it is
taking us.

Do we dare follow?
Entranced by a dancing
goddess hidden in the shadows...
asking us to surrender all we've known,
all we've heard tell of what is real.

Can we, can we,
breathe, move,
sing and dance out
the rhythms of eternity?

Do we have faith?
faith in the night,
faith in rhythm,
faith in love...
faith in life...

The life of the soul...
transcending death
seeing it for what it is...
simply...
clearly...

a season of the soul...

DYING TO BE BORN

There is a time afoot,
where the ancient wisdom
echoes the knowing
quaking in your bones,

dying to be...

There is a time afoot...
for opening the
treasure locked within,

The new world
will not be made
of brick and mortar,

It is the place
found by
turning within...

Glancing
around the corner
of your own eyes...

Listen closely
to the spaces
between your thoughts,

There...
you will hear the hum,
the stirring
of God...

Dying to be born,
in yes... your flesh...

Now

I wonder if
this collection
of moments
called life,

fragile,
ephemeral, and
impermanent,

hides something,
eternal...endless...
inexplicable...

Like some wild,
exotic, vast and
unimaginable
spaciousness...

This is what
enshrouds
every moment...

And, do we,
don't we perpetually
miss the caress
this moment provides?

Ignoring
the Mystery
this moment
cradles us in...

Who we are,
and can be...
and perhaps,
have always been...

Stop,
breathe...
Love this moment...
and no other...

and enter
the kingdom...
now...

TRUE SILENCE

Out of the woods of remembrance
where the path of wonder is found
you will hear for the first time
true silence.

A pinpoint of stillness
merging the forest wind
with the sound
of your own breathing.

In this silence,
the voices of the ancient ones
share the secret of Life.

And the shadows
of your own language
are no longer spoken by the child.

Hearing so differently now
the silence
nature sings
reminding you
of Being...