

STATION

The Way Home

By Subhana Barzaghi ~ Zen Roshi

A bouquet of plush pink roses
lay on the vacant plane seat next to me.
Noticing my curious glance, the woman
teared up, her voice soft with longing whispered,
“It’s my birthday and I’m going home”.

As we drove past the old General store at the Channon,
still needing a paint job, then winding down the dirt road
between rolling hills of farms and old growth forested ridges,
my bones feel the echoes of homing coming.

Love calls us to step across the threshold of the familiar
beyond the comforting bosom of friendship,
it calls us to sit by the hearth and gaze in wonder
into the ancient charcoal fire that runs
through you, me and the universe.

Love calls us to attention -
the sound of the roaring stream in the valley below,
the whip birds call and response, trilling through the forest,
a flock of screeching cockatoos overhead,
dairy cows bellowing in the paddock below,
each thing announcing its place of belonging,
each thing calls us back to our true home.

A slither of ancestral dreaming sings in the night,
“All beings are our ancestors”.
Its broad compassionate call
invites true intimacy of the way,
even my father’s frail, withered body’s final gasp,
that slides into a pale stillness,
is on its way.....is the way.
Nothing is excluded in a heart blown open.

‘Not knowing mind’ is a primordial gateway
through which our life keeps walking.
Mindful footsteps caress the unknown
and kiss the earth with each step.
The sacred act of ‘not turning away’
is to walk fearlessly into the darkness,
yet the heart knows a song before the event of time,
that was here before your parents were born,
where the mystery still calls to you,
Enter the vastness of your own true nature,
that has the signature of all names and no name
has the fingerprint of all forms of creation,
singing, “The Way Home”.

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