

The Path of the Sages

by Gurupreet K. Khalsa

In the dream you are with me, a climb to the heights:
the breathtaking escarpment a beacon of lights,
up a vast rocky valley, a path paved with stones
marked with cairns of the saints and the image of bones.

Oh, the pilgrims before us have spoken the lore:
this celestial mountain formed ages before.
While a glacier-melt river cascades by in thunder,
we climb, you and I, and the spirits chant wonder.

It is better, we say, as our doubts leap aside,
and the goddess of glaciers sings mantras to guide -
we walk on her white dress to high-frosted peak
and you laugh with your face to the sky as we seek

what is certain, connection with granite and age:
can you feel it? Communion with bedrock and sage.
Displayed down below us, the world dims, unties:
we have found it, pure waters, our soul lifts and flies