

**Poems written and read by Dr Rachna Chowla at
The Janki Foundation Annual Lecture, 'The Psychology of Meditation: Research and Practice',
27th October 2016, London**

The Oracle Tree of Indra 14/10/15

*There exists an untold story, that lives and thrives in your soul and mine,
And it begins, exactly where it never ends, in that unfathomable nothingness, joyful and divine,
And if you are quiet you shall start to hear, the discernible whisperings of something you know,
Why not try now? In the spaces around whatever is about to unfold, the words in the air and your thoughts, all together in flow?*

*It begins with an unending land, vast and wide as flecks of dust dancing with the light,
And there, a single tree, beautiful, gargantuan, with infinite constellations of swirling leaves, each attached yet in flight,
Flapping lightly, happily so, on slender, tender-limbed branches that nurture them and sway them gently in the breeze,
And together they soar up towards the heavens as far as the silent heart can see, a sky of intricate-palmed swirling leaves*

*And each leaf tells another story, a story for each being that breathes and of each thought and each beat,
Our past, present and future inscribed within their veins, and climbing the tree to find your swirling love, seems the ultimate feat,
But what of the story inside this story? How can each leaf's story be different if their tree's sap is the same?
And each leaf that swirls on a branch, does it swirl and dance by itself? Or because of the others with a different name?*

*And when the heavens grow dark and silent, there is a sight to behold,
For each leaf glows with an exquisite gem, each interconnected in this story untold,
Each gem mirroring each infinite leaf's heart, and where are you in this story you might ask?
In every leaf, in every gem, you are the tree and the unending land! Why question, come and see, just slip out of your own story's mask!*

Poems written and read by Dr Rachna Chowla

Both Mirror and Glass 13/2/16

Your eyes are like both mirror and glass

And there, in their capacious hold

I find Me with You, reflected in our own infinity

That finds itself, back through the looking glass

In my eyes, as they gaze back in to Yours

And as Your eyes, like both a mirror and glass

Capacious in their hold

Show You with Me, reflected in our own infinity

That finds us, reflections of one another

Back and forth, forth and back

Until

There is nothing to reflect

Poems written and read by Dr Rachna Chowla

The Beauty of Love 14/12/15

Ahh finally we meet, and lost I am again

No voice, no thoughts, by Love's own sword slain

And what is left? Nothing of me, just a simple falling

Into myself, a boundless pool, made only of Love's own calling

And what worth now carried by years of thought, feeling and deed?

An eternity, better than gold, if in the Honour of Love and Love's need,

Where gold too, unable to resist the warmth of dear Love's hold,

Melts and melds and merges, into the vanishing rivers of storied untold,

Undressed it is by Love to pure naked quanta of light, just dancers in some ballet,

And then undressed again to that beyond any lens might see, a play in a play in a play

Where the 'what is' collapses too into the unseen, words too rigid to explain

And where even this observer is swallowed into the beauty of Love, that does eternally remain.

Poems written and read by Dr Rachna Chowla

Glimpses of a beautiful nothing

Grades of grey, growing into the seamless blues

Gusts, calling rusty leaves, afloat they travel

Winged into soliloquy

That brings them, Always

Back home

Circles, cycles, flux, flow

Growing ever smaller

An absolute distillation

Beyond its nexus

Condensed, dispersed

Condensed and dispersed

Circles, cycles in flux and flow

Ebbing, ebbing, ebbled, lost, found, lost

Into the glimpses of a beautiful nothing