

## Morning Puja

*On the path of natural awakening, our morning puja may unfold without the support of traditional prayer or ritual. Try it. Get up in the morning, sit with your coffee or tea. Breathe with the moment and relax into the richness all around. Open the doors of your sensitivity and allow the mystery of pre-dawn light to move you into a contemplative flow of natural reverence. One morning, at Orgyen Hermitage, after sitting in this way, the following words flowed into being.*

Early morning sheen of blue grey greens,  
luminous,  
still.  
You are sitting,  
broadening into the welcome of day.

It has rained through the night.  
Wet and warm,  
your body softens and spreads in the slow chant of crickets.  
The unhurried single repetition of a waking thrush.  
The densifying tapestry of feathered voices  
and releasing muscles,  
a deepening sentient spaciousness, with no outside or inside.

Waking into day – this embracing of light.  
You, joining with a world,  
curious and ready for where it will take you.

The ancients were ever fascinated with reflections,  
how this reflected that,  
how everything is a mirroring of mirrorings.  
And just as each morning we awaken from sleep,  
into a world of sentience that is on-going and  
happening all around us,  
so too,  
with a moment of perception.

The misty hills, the sodden green grays of silhouetted trees and shrubs  
and the angular geometry of the post on the verandah,  
all of this enters your eyes.  
And cascades of cellular function join with an already creative dancing of knowing;  
landscapes of muscle, tendon and bone;  
biomes of organ system functioning, watersheds of neuronal chantings,  
and this night dewed valley,  
merges and sings  
with the ongoing chorus of cell song and arterial flow.

It's been raining through the night,  
raining through your cells.  
raining through your dreams.  
And we stretch and yawn and release and accommodate.  
Feeling our way into the day.  
Growing the dawn of now.  
All of us,  
together, this continuous awakening.

Till there is too much light,  
mesmerized by objects.  
And we change our songs,  
rich and detailed,  
chittering about this  
twittering about that.

Morning puja is over.  
This remembering of community  
eclipsed by hard edge and opacity,

and we fly our illusions of separateness,  
going to work.