



The Message, by Rabindranath Tagore

I see a light, but no fire. Is this what my life is to be like? Better to head for the grave. A messenger comes, the grief-courier, and the message is that the woman you love is in her house alone and wants you to come now while it is still night. Clouds unbroken, rain, all night, all night. I don't understand these bodily impulses -- what is happening to me. A lightning flash is followed by a deeper melancholy. I stumble around inside looking for the path the night wants me to take. Light, where is the light? Light the fire, if you have desire! Thunder, rushing wind, nothingness. Black night, black stone. Don't let your whole life go by in the dark. Evidently, the only way to find the path is to set fire to my own life [my own ego, wild impulses]. -- Rabindranath Tagore, from Gitanjali

Published at www.awakin.org on Jul 24, 2000