



Renaissance, by Thich Nhat Hanh

This morning, at sunrise, a new bud appeared on the tree. ^ It was born around midnight. ^ The bark, the skin of the tree, split open under the incessant movement of its sap to make room for another life. ^ However, the tree was not listening, was not feeling those movements, that pain. ^ All it did was listen attentively to the whispering of the flowers and grasses that surrounded it. ^ The fragrance of the night was pure and wondrous. ^ The tree had no idea of passing time, of birth and death. ^ It was there, as present as the sky and the earth.

This morning, at dawn, I understand that this new day does not resemble any other, that this morning is unique. ^ We often think that we store away certain mornings for later. ^ But it is impossible. ^ Each morning is special, unique. ^ My friend, how do you find this morning? ^ It is here for the first time in our lives? ^ Is it the repetition of a past morning? ^ My friend, when we are not present, mornings repeat themselves. ^ If we are present in front of life, each morning is a new space, a new time. ^ The sun shines over different vistas, at different moments. ^ Your full awareness is like the moon that bathes in the heart of hundreds of rivers: the river flows, the water sings, the moon travels under the immense dome of the blue sky. ^ Look at that blue color, smile, and let your awareness spring up like the transparent, pure sunlight that caresses the branches and leaves in the early morning.

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A morning is not a page that you cover with words and turn over at any moment. ^ A book is a path where one can come and go. ^ A morning is not a path, not even a path followed by a bird that flies away without leaving trace. ^ A morning is a symphony; for it to be there or not depends on your presence.

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The new bud on the tree is not even a year old. ^ It is the bud of mindfulness and deep looking that, at each moment, in perpetual motion, opens up to life. ^ If you see the new bud, you will be able to go beyond the limits of time, for true life is beyond months, beyond years.

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Your eyes are the immense sky, the high mountain, the deep ocean. ^ Your life does not know borders. ^ All the delicious fruit and magnificent flowers belong to you. ^ Accept them.

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--Thich Nhat Hanh, in _Call Me By My True Names_

