

All Evolves Us

Exuberant or ecstatic is existence,
time is like a husk.
When fully in this moment
time cracks open, and
ecstasy leaps out and devours time and space; and
love goes wild!

Dear friend, why torture yourself
with thoughts of the past and future?

Be kind to yourself, and
to our innocent follies.
Forget any sounds or touch you knew that did not help you dance.
And, come to see that *all evolves us*.

- Rumi w/edits by Lyn