

Geronimo

You might hear the beautiful shout of "Geronimo"
from a lover who has just dove from a
cliff and is heading full speed
into the Ocean—into the
Beloved.

And of course, there will always be lots of gab
along the shore, from those who are
drawn to God

but have yet to really get bare assed
and go in.

"Geronimo" may be the last word we hear
from that brave gal falling 625 MPH
from a cliff,

for once beneath the sea,
once within the
Water,

only fish open their mouths, still bargaining
for something.

The soul becomes quiet in Ecstasy, so quiet.
Love speaks in absence of God,
not in the heights
of passion.

- *Tukaram*