



StillPoint Retreats

Symposium

To Lasso a Cloud and An Empty Cornucopia

O discerning one!
Rise above life's dualities.
Above the endless gradations of relativity.

Let the world
Shout in outrage,
Or leap up and down
In a hysteria
Of false joy.

What matters it?

It is all a parade –
Entertaining, colorful,
But for all that,
Only a parade,
Passing endlessly.

People everywhere,
In their quest for
Happiness
Outside themselves

Discover in the end
That they've been seeking it
In an empty cornucopia,
And sucking feverishly
At the rim
Of a crystal glass
From which was never poured
The wine of joy.

To seek happiness
Outside ourselves
Is like trying
To lasso a cloud.

Happiness is not a thing
It is a state of mind.

It dwells within.

From the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

This turning in?

Cultivate the Silence and Be Yourself.