



IT BEGINS HERE

I spoke the words “I no longer believe,” breaking the hearts
of the believing. And so the journey began.

As I walk in the wild of the marshland, I break off a piece
of decaying reed and crumble it, noticing my fingers in the
act. Now do I no longer seek to be deceived.



What authority does the song bird obey. Does she not sing
without pretense. Can I not sing the song of life in such a
way.



When I am here, isn't the question "do you believe" a contradiction. A strange sensation of separation.



Are memories not like the mist disappearing with the rising sun. The untouchable, a recollection never to stay.



Do I hear the whisper of the wind saying in a single breath,
“you are without cause, blown about on the breeze of life.”



Do I know of the invitation to gently row on the stream of
life, that commands. To flow within the teaching of its
currents.



What conflict exists here. I am not a saint. Have I been freed
to walk alone. Have I been freed from the mind's yesterday
and tomorrow.





Do I know that I walk the path of decay, embraced to see myself there. Joining in that journey knowing it is ours to share.



I see the sunset of my being, but do I know its sunrise. Not then, not when, but now. One following the other and the other following the one, are they not the same.



Photography is my meditation, when I make an
image it is a reflection that teaches me.

BILL KEFFELER - PHOTOGRAPHER

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