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Moment by moment
All springs forth into being.
From where does it come,
As it goes on and on;
Each single spot, and tinyness, and being, its own,
While together makes the grand?

From the invisible within,
Where nothing is seen,
The ever font wells up
Reaching beyond the furthest star,
Sparkling it's life light.

Could we but see this start
Even if we were it.

We wish so much to know it out there.
Might we instead look within
To feel the ever springing light
And let forth - this which must out?

And, perhaps it is always so, whether we
See, think, like, believe it or not!

We gather to celebrate the story
That tells us we are both -
Forever more and yet a moment.

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