

The tear of God

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Man is created.

He stands.

He looks around.

He does not yet know the names of things.

A light touches him.

His body is filled with soul.

He trembles.

He falls open in love.

*I do not know what this is,
but it is beautiful.*

Everything.

The colors.

The scents.

The sensations.

He feels as a child.

He reveres and wonders.

He does not question,
he accepts.

He moves.

He begins to walk.

Filled with feeling.

With love.

He discovers the world for himself.

There is no power in his hands,
only openness.

No knowledge,
only presence.

The body remembers.

The blood knows the way.

The heart does not speak,
it only beats.

Peace accompanies him on his path,
the joy of being,
reverence for the Creator.

He grows distant.

The horizon hides him.

He does not yet know.

He does not even sense it.

But God already knows,
and lets fall a single tear.

He has not yet begun his journey,
and already he is bound for destruction.