



*Inner Truth*

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*Inner Truth is my 3<sup>rd</sup> little collection of poetry, the truth of my own experience, as a human being and student of life; sticky little thoughts I found useful to record for myself, and fix up a bit to share with family and friends.*

*Craig D. Miller • August 2013 • Minor revisions November 2020  
Write to me at [cdm@craigdmiller.com](mailto:cdm@craigdmiller.com)*

INNER TRUTH

the inner truth  
found by Vipassanā  
boggles  
the intellectualizing mind

who would have thought  
that it takes four eons  
and a fully enlightened buddha  
to understand  
and explain  
what we find?

*CDM January 27, 2012*

STRIVING NOW TO MEET YOU

my dear friends  
and companions of the future  
I am striving now  
to meet you

I strive to apply energy,  
equanimity and focus  
where once I was  
scattered  
and confused

in these spaces  
and quiet places  
between dips of the paddle  
is when I can develop myself

and where I can give  
silent thanks  
to the great ones  
who showed me how  
I might be worthy  
of our next meeting  
on this watery  
path

*CDM June 24, 2010*

L I V I N G   T H I N G S

As our vision of life  
expands beyond this decade  
beyond this century  
beyond the oldest folds  
of the earth  
beyond the farthest star

our experience narrows  
to the point where  
last year  
or last century  
or yesterday  
or even an hour ago  
no longer exist

we are alive now  
and there is a  
continuous flow  
of sensation  
that narrows  
the gap  
between us  
and compassion  
for all living things

*CDM June 24, 2010*

Q U A R R Y

I am swimming, I am swimming  
in an old granite quarry  
a feeling of danger  
in the murky waters below  
and a feeling of tranquility  
and urgency  
as I carefully swim  
in the warm sunshine  
and cool stone  
of this beautiful lake.

I am swimming, I am swimming  
crossing the quarry  
and now below  
a stone slab appears  
resolving the depth,  
even as I am aware  
that I am at home sleeping  
with the deeper mind pushing  
bringing this imagery  
before I wake.

There are tears, there are tears  
because I am frightened,  
the past ten days of learning  
going deeper  
feeling a little more  
of the terrifyingly deep pool of saṅkāra  
yet I am swimming in sunshine  
solid stone around me  
the current depth resolved,  
how much I must work  
through my tears  
for liberation's sake.

Morning twilight  
signs of the day  
beautiful and dangerous  
I must get up now  
it is urgent that I try now  
work for my awakening  
I must try again this morning  
every morning  
every evening  
meditate.

*CDM August 1, 2010*

V A L E N T I N E

don't think for a minute  
that because Susanne is not here  
I'll be missing my Valentine

the best parts of our love  
are moving outward

through family and friends  
through teachers and students  
through chance encounters

with strangers  
a kind word here  
a kind deed there

expanding without limit  
filling the air  
everywhere

*CDM January 27, 2012*



R E M E M B E R

will we remember  
will we remember  
those who are gone?

we will remember indeed  
the good we have received  
we will remember in song

with joy and compassion  
we will act while we can  
and remember what we learned  
how they helped us along

with a glass not yet empty  
and joy in our hearts  
while life is still with us

we will remember with deeds  
and voice  
for those in need  
the good they have taught us  
with joy  
in our song

*CDM January 25, 2012*

THE WORTH

What it means to be human  
in the ultimate sense  
I don't yet know  
but still I ponder the worth  
the experience  
between birth and death  
between pleasure and pain  
between sky and earth

she was born in May  
and died in September  
and whether that life  
full of creativity, generosity,  
enthusiasm for play

will create  
another life,  
another birth,  
which curiously enough  
if 8 months later  
would be in May  
who can say?  
but this I am pondering  
on a calm, quiet,  
sunny day

*in memory of SAB*

*CDM February 20, 2012*

L E A K I N G

early morning

the world is leaking  
rain / tears  
before the dryness comes out

I look to the horizon  
and see the sun  
does rise

and son was born  
and wife has died  
and friends and family

are all around me  
and I wonder  
about the mystery

of the  
ordinary  
light and dark  
dry and wet  
and next

what track  
will I  
or the heavenly bodies  
choose to take

*CDM December 8, 2011*

W H E N I ' M G O N E

She said to me  
quite simply  
“you can do what you like  
when I'm gone”

Shall I dance on your grave  
read your postcards  
ride the waves  
watch the sunset  
in the fall?

She said to me  
quite beautifully  
“you can do what you like  
when I'm gone”

I have a house full of you  
all your bright books  
brave letters  
and music too

She said to me  
that I was quite free  
'cause I can do  
what I like  
when she's gone

I'll be traveling far  
and she'll be with me  
a twinkling star

all her wit  
all her joy  
all her care  
all her vigor  
bursting, bursting through

Oh she left me full  
she left me weak  
and she left me strong

and I'll feel  
what I feel  
when she's gone

And you,  
you too  
can remember with me

take it,  
take it with you  
“you can do what you like  
when I'm gone”

*Susanne Abigail Barkan knew that when her colon cancer metastasized in 2006, and returned in 2007, that she might not live long. She recorded a CD, wrote poetry, and taught music in the spaces as the cancer returned again in 2008 and 2010. She gathered a brave and loyal crew to help her. In early 2011, not long after she was given a 2 to 12 months prediction from her doctors, she held a fabulous and tender party for about 80 friends and family and helpers, a party full of music and joy and gifts. Her instructions to me, her husband, about how to memorialize her, were clear and specific and strong: “you can do what you like when I'm gone.” I am so grateful for her generosity and care and confidence in the right thing to do. Susanne died at home on September 10<sup>th</sup>, 2011 at age 52.*

*CDM October 26, 2012*

OCTOBER GARDEN

Was it better  
to have loved and lost and learned and listened,  
than never to have learned at all?  
I hear your silent voice  
right now, my dear,  
whispering sweet truths  
evoking the wellspring  
as I work in the garden  
hearing the wind in every leaf  
and seeing fire in the trees  
and time stretching forward  
towards every spring  
and every fall

*CDM October 8, 2012*

ALL THAT WE KNOW

I laughed today  
at the least little  
happiness in my life

I was sad today  
full of compassion  
seeing misery  
in the streets  
of Greenfield

as I learn sīla  
I see the harm in the world

as I experience samādhi  
I see the scattered  
uneven nature of the world

and as I learn paññā  
understanding of life  
becomes understanding of dukkha  
and I becomes we  
happiness a sprout  
a drop of water  
and the urge to grow

we have work to do!  
this least little happiness  
must grow, must spread  
until we go beyond  
all that we know

*CDM November 9, 2012*

GLORIOUS

On this stormy night  
we are marching  
through the junkyard of history

Aligned in rows  
for that auspicious fight  
we take our vows  
and started our march  
towards the junkyard of history

In the morning we  
start again  
aware and upright

Here comes the weight  
the pinch  
the flight  
the flutter  
and the warm shutter

the light  
the coarse  
and the fine  
the skip  
and the pine



We are marching  
through the junkyard  
here comes shaggy dog  
a coarse pleasant warmth  
licking side  
but we are aware  
and equanimous  
of....  
(oh crap, I forgot all about  
sensations)

We are marching...  
no me,  
no mine,  
just...  
rusty bolts  
and imaginary colts  
filling the junkyard  
(oh crap, I forgot all about  
sensations)

We are marching...  
mind jumping  
and bumping  
with all the sensation

time to find  
the lumpy appendage  
which contains  
the respiration

We are marching  
again and again  
through the junkyard  
of the stockpile  
of the hidden press  
of our impersonal mess  
of history

Then at last  
we bow down low  
– very low –  
to the truth  
and the beauty  
– ah yes, all the beauty inside –  
our guide does show  
– just glorious!

*With mettā to all, and especially to Ben who graciously allowed me to renounce my parental duties for the whole month. May you be happy, peaceful, liberated!*

*CDM February 10, 2013*

U N R E L E N T I N G

fleeting, fleeting!

to anicca unrelenting  
the longest lasting joy  
is not slow

gratitude to the  
entire chain of teachers  
who showed us

how to stick to anicca  
and not let go

*especially for S. N. Goenka, and the gratitude he shows*

*CDM February 11, 2013*