

White Box Rise

by Solli Raphael

As I walk among the trees, on this
White Box rise, I realise, that with all the
days I have lived in my life, these trees have spent
the same amount of days, passing time as if it were no more
than a butterfly landing on a leaf, or that same leaf detaching
and drifting with the occasional breeze. To these trees, our calendar means
nothing. There is no 'too early', no 'too late', no winning, no losing, no
expectations, no comparisons. If we rose as White Box rise,
purely from our motives and sheer desire for
love, and peace, and happiness, would we then
reach the canopy of enlightenment? Because
beyond time, this moment is forever,
forever is now. And now, as I
continue walking, I can feel
my soul rise like a
White Box, to a
place where
the illusion
is lost, and I am
Present. Whole. Timeless.