

HAND IN HAND

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Hand in hand they went to the top
Of a hill overlooking a valley's drop
A father and daughters out to see
A sunset's colorful dive to the sea.

The sun was settling in orange hues
Nudging the young girls as if on cue
To ask their father who they must pay
To witness such beauty to end the day.

He answered it's yours from the day you were born
And will remain as yours after life is well-worn.
Now raise your hands and touch your gift
To the heavens above send a thank you kiss.



*The above poem is a selection from the poetry book *Upon a Quiet*, by longtime Rosicrucian Michael Shaluly. The book is available for download [here](#).*

Below is the Introduction to the book, which provides us with fascinating insights into the poet's thoughts and process.

Consciousness has confounded humanity perhaps ever since we gained self-awareness. We find ourselves immersed in a fascinating display of the workings of the universe, yet it is still puzzling as to why the universe even exists, why we are here to experience it as we do, and what our conscious awareness actually is. It is when we grant a moment's tarry to contemplate our material, "outer" existence that we



begin to discover an invisible, “inner” existence that is guiding us and speaking to us constantly. Just as our wandering desires are drawn outward to the subtle lights in the night sky, so too is our mortal mind drawn inward to that subtle “light” within us that nudges us to wonder. It is this light, that desire to discover, that drives humanity forward in an effort to explain itself. We could say that light is behind our ambitions, though it is hidden from us as we work and struggle in the shades of time gifted to us in this world. Certainly, light finds us in the form of inspiration from time to time, spurring us on through various expressions of beauty and wonder, both natural and manmade, that we attach to. Poetry can be such an expression and is a wonderful way to probe the boundaries of thought and roam around within this mystery of consciousness.

When we find that spark of inspiration, it is the start of an inner and outer journey to discover more about ourselves. Looking outward at our place on Earth forces us to look inward to marvel and wonder not only about nature herself but also at how we perceive her. Trails of light leave clues for us to follow the history of our universe, the home of our awareness. From the earliest moments of creation, the cosmos began a journey of expansion, and the movement of light reflecting from galaxies and gasses gives us a glimpse into the beginnings of the physical universe.

By measuring the distance and speed of galaxies, and calculating our way backwards, we can get a hint of what may have been the first speck of time. But what do we really see when we gaze out into the cosmos searching for answers? We are looking at reflections of light that tell us not only about physical things, but also about our own evolution. We are looking at, and participating in, our consciousness within a universal consciousness unfolding and continuing to be. We are, in essence, looking at ourselves, and our own history of being, for every aspect of us is part of the same cosmic matter that is everywhere. Human beings focus on physical events, yet within the framework of all things that we know lies the evolution of consciousness. When light came into being, we came into being, and we have been translating light through every thought, every word, and every action that we take.

This book is a contemplation upon that same light that animates this journey of life that we all share. Through the written words here, it is hoped that you might be led to find that meditative space within you and listen to what the quiet has to share. Each poem has its own rhythm and meaning. Grant them the time they need to formulate a meaning and lesson for you, and perchance you may glance at that wondrous spark of light within you that is always striving to be!

