

# YOU ARE A MIRACLE

by Hiro Boga

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You are beautiful!

So beautiful, I could sit and gaze at you all day  
and drown in wonder  
as night falls and Time dissolves.

You are magnificent.

You hold the sky as lightly as a bubble  
in the palm of your hand.

You, my friend, are the light that shines through the tender green  
of this leaf  
and brings eternity into focus.

You are the restless power of the sea  
and the yielding boundary of the shore.

You are the freedom of wild geese on the far horizon.

You turn your elegant head  
and the Earth spins on her axis

You are all that is Necessary  
and Sufficient.



Will you rise on the horizon  
in the Land of Wagging Fingers?

Will you become a Pool of Remembering  
for them too?

Write the truth of your being on your body.  
With your naked finger, write...

I am beautiful!

I am magnificent!

I am you!

And you!

And you!

Write it! Sing it! Say it!

I am love.

We are love.

Our business—  
O, our business is love.



You dream the stars from their home in the belly of the Earth.

Your circle of inner selves is the crown that shelters,  
the lap that cradles.

The bead of sweat on your fingertip  
nourishes the whole, hungry world.

What will you do, with all this power?

Who will you be, when you see your true reflection?

Come, visit the Pool of Remembering with me.  
Even a puddle will do.

Come, see your true reflection.

Everything conspires to show you your Self.  
Everything conspires to make you visible.

