

The Ambrosial Hour

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A grey leaden sky stood brooding over the sleeping hamlet
Smothered in virgin snow.
All was silent and still.
A chill wind swept across the barren plain
Dotted with spindly trees
Standing like ghostly spectres in the dark.
No one spoke.
Only the silence.

Lulled in the soft cradle of the night,
The people slept
Snug and warm.
Bacchus - like they lay
Drunk with slumber.
Their hearths dark and cold.
Their lives trapped in a vortex of *Maya*.

But there was one.
Who did not sleep.
Who could not sleep!
There was one
Who sat in sweet meditation.
Well into the wee hours of a wintery morn.
His face aglow,
His eyes like unopened petals
Awaiting a glimpse of the Divine.
He sat there drinking the sweet nectar of *Naam*.
Peaceful and quiet
With folded hands.

He sat there, tranquil as a pure lotus.
Serene and afloat in a spring pond.
While the soft ethereal strains of *gurbani*
Came wafting in from nowhere,
Lingering and melodious!
Rich and meaningful.
Each note merging with the other.

His lips moving in perfect unison
As he softly sang this *shabad*-

*"Sant jana mil har jas gayeo
Kot janam ke dukh gavaeo"*
A gentle tremor shook his frail frame
A warm radiance filled the room - golden and bright
And his face shown with ecstasy,
He whispered - "I felt His Presence".

