

THE RAINBOW MASON

Poems by Vladimir Levchev

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MADE IN THE U.S.A.

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A MASON

I have built my home on a strong rock.
I have built my home on the sky.

Stones thrown at me
would reach me
only if they became birds.

The trees in my backyard
are tall-stemmed rainfalls.
I harvest
July thunderbolts.

Those clouds I travel through —
those changing continents —
breathe in a world ocean.

The sun is my bright grave.
The moon is a secret face in my dream.

My tongue is my home
on a rock.
I utter names
and the names become structures.

All my Arguments are well-grounded:
I based myself on the sky.

BROTHERHOOD

The ocean is a cathedral
where service never ends.
Its changing towers, tidal buttresses
are made of spirit and sound.
We enter the ocean like rivers
to become one with the One.

THE TEMPLE

The bricks of the temple
breathe and grow.
But whatever is joined
with the mortar of Love
can never be destroyed.

THE WORD

No one can utter alone
the Word of the Architect.

He has spoken many tongues,
present and past.
He speaks with the tongues
of all times, all nations.

His Word is being uttered for millennia.
But it sounds to the world
like a great silence.

HOMESICKNESS

After the rain
a pyramid of sunlight
fell on the floor of my dark room.
I looked through the window
and saw a rainbow in the East.

This pyramid of light
is where I want to live.
This bridge in the sky
is the way to my home, abroad.

JAH

. . . *sing praises to His name.* . . .

Psalms, 68:4

Every audible voice
 is an echo of Your Voice, my Lord.
Every earthly sound
 is a resonance of your Word without words.
Nothing is remembered, nothing remains
 if it is not repeated, if it does not resonate.

Nothing exists by itself.

Love is an echo and a repetition.
Every new birth
 is an echo and a repetition.
The law, based on tradition,
 is an echo and a repetition.
The mantra and the child's song
 are an echo and a repetition.
The prayer is an echo and a repetition.

We are all echoes of the Voice in the void:
the temple is a song.