

The Apple of Samadhi  
by Jeremy Fonte

A crisp spring breeze,  
And a golden hued ground  
Bring flowering hope,  
Puts my mind to ease

A bite from the apple,  
Which fell upon my palm  
An awareness, a calm  
An escape from beyond

In the origins of  
A conscious mind  
The oneness, the peace  
For us to find

Away from samsara  
Unto the truth  
Of eternal life  
And freedom from strife