When Sur comes into existence,
it unfolds
a uniquely constructed form
in the design of nature,
with its own space in
the grand harmony.

It creates a flame
of an ever-increasing brightness
and a definite structure
of consonance.

In our effort to understand Sur,
we rush
to assign meaning to it.
We translate,
interpret,
convert
this contentment
that we receive from the Sur
into a meaning relevant in our world.
(The world of words, for instance, Ras, Bhav.)

We draw a curtain across this fierce light
only to dilute its essence
so it becomes easier for us to see.
Without realizing that it
cannot be named,
we give it the attributes joy, sadness, yearning...

But,
to have the courage
to stand before the Sur
and witness its creation and fire thereafter,
to accept
its intensely beautiful bareness,
to allow
the experience to be its own self
without
our participation or interference,
this is task.
We know
its power and truth are what
we are unable to stand and watch.
Its radiance is clearly too radiant.

And, in the general playfulness of nature,
every pure note
that comes into being
also creates a field of Maya around it.
Like the disc of the sun
throws beams of light 360 degrees outward
so that the eye is unable to comprehend
through its fog of light,
the actual figure of the sun itself.

And yet,
to stand by Sur,
this is real Sadhana.

To stand still,
and wait in this brightness,
though it may be too sharp to bear.
To watch slowly,
the intensity of the Sur give way
for our mind
to comprehend its form
across the glare of Maya.

To offer this strength,
and to be allowed
into its fold...
This is
to be in
the presence of the Almighty.