

Upanishadic poem

Two birds are perching on a tree.
One eats as much as it can see -
the other stares out vacantly.

I'm watching you eat from the tree
and hope one day you'll notice me,
your inner self who'll set you free.

Leave me alone, the other cries,
I'm tasting life's variety -
My thirst knows no satiety!

Wake up, wake up, the soul bird sings,
Wake up and spread your golden wings
Your precious freedom you must win!

Leave me alone to taste more fruits,
I seek these ever new pursuits.
Let's end forever our dispute!

Ah, when your passion is all spent -
your heart will feel this discontent
and then we'll cross the firmament.

And so the soul awaits to free
its twin from its captivity,
and fly into eternity.