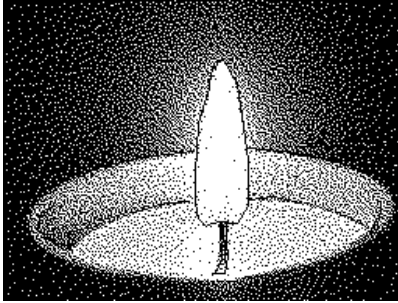


## Meditation On A Candle Flame

"Where love rules, there is no will to power; and where power predominates, there love is lacking.  
The one is the shadow of the other."- *Carl Jung*—



The flame is in the candle,  
and the flame is in me.  
Candle flame like a tree,  
wick for a trunk.  
The flame is in the candle,  
and the flame is in me.

The flame also like a tender bud,  
aching with sweet heat.  
The flame is in the candle,  
and the flame is in me.

And then with a blink,  
it becomes again a burning bush.  
The flame is in the candle,  
and the flame is in me.

Am I the flame of love,  
and shadow of the power,  
or am I the flame of power,  
and love in the shadow?

Does it flicker back and forth,  
with a breeze of my breath?  
I am a flexible tree.  
Yes, deeply rooted,  
but that is not all I am,  
for I am also the changing wind.  
I am so many things.  
The flame is in the candle,  
and the flame is in me.

