



Patricia Ann O'Rielly

May 18, 1959

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*Trish, how can we honor you?
You so gifted and learned
So generous and giving
Such a visionary with clarity
Many have followed you
And their life has blossomed
Many inspired by your Being
Gave so much to the needy
Trish, Yoga is what you were.*

With Much Prayer

Desikachar

Dec. 30/2001

*Sitting in the park watching
the reflections on the surface
of the water.*

*For an instant—
the reflection seems more real
than the world
it mirrors.*

*More clear somehow—
more easily seen into.*

*I think of the Indian dancer,
moving in the light
casting harsh shadows
on the walls above and behind her—
as imposing as the dancer's
beauty and sensuality.*

*The subject is light.
How to see light?
How can you teach someone that?*

*It is difficult for words
to spark a shift in the way you see.
I went from seeing form and structure
to seeing light.*

Light and shadow.

You must have one to have the other.

*Light/Shadow
Birth/Death
Masculine/Feminine*

Balance

*We all walk on a thin line
between light and shadow.*

*Are we just the tip of the pendulum?
Swinging back and forth
over the line of balance
constantly correcting and adjusting.*

*When we dance in the light our
shadows dance on the walls
above and behind us.
What we dance in the dark, exploring
the depths
there comes a flicker.*

We are always close—

*a gesture...
a vision...
or perhaps a poem away.*

*—From the Journal of
Trish O'Rielly*