



I was meditating with my cat the other day and all of a sudden she shouted,  
“What happened?”

I knew exactly what she meant, but encouraged her to say more—feeling that if she got it all out on the table she would sleep better that night.

So I responded,  
“Tell me more, dear,”  
and she soulfully meowed,

“Well, I was mingled with the sky and now look—I am landlocked in fur.”

To this I said, “I know exactly what you mean.”

What to say about conversation  
between mystics?

Tukaram (1608-1649)