

As Long as I Can See YOU

How did it come to this?
I close my eyes and all I hear
is a skipping record of delirium...
crashing cymbals and tortured strings.
Desires once so mellifluous,
now a standing-room-only of strangers
arguing and shoving spitefully ...
Who could ever ID this person now?

black bird...

wafting across the desert highway
as I drove under your sweep.
No notion how you came to be there
at that particular time so propitious.
Thank you Bird
for being complete,
for being what you are
without reference to me,
your obeisance an ode
to the whole of the world

statue still white horse in alpine meadow...

Nose planted in the lush dew grass
I saw you as I came around the bend
How often have I passed one as you without notice?
I revere you Horse
How motionlessly you stood,
only heeding one urge at a time
without question receiving.

mother... resting on a playground bench...

face drawn sheen with fatigue,
watching serenely without envy,
as her child experiences
the total mindless joy
she once knew,
unlikely to ever return again

at last, a respite...

The racket in mind becomes a song ...
To all you no-ones who can be

without losing composure.
I am ready to bow and listen.
For I had been *mad* with hurry
to get it all over with.

To all of you I have seen
who showed me what cannot be seen.
through your glimmer of purity,
the quiet gathering you embody,
reflecting something eternal-like.
something uncreated by me.

Perhaps, someday I,
when I am completely no-one too,
filled with nothing in particular,
will pass by Bird by Horse by Mother,
and they will see me as I saw them.
Or if they don't, even better...
it'll no longer matter.