Dharma Dreams

Blank, thoughtless mind at ease as  
Cross-legged golden Buddha glares straight-smiled  
Calmly under the willow tree, its sadly sagging  
Infinite arms rush out to comfort  
In the cool October breeze.

Awake, he will be,  
In this wind-hushed verdant  
Meadow thickly sprinkled with fresh cottonwood  
And floating memories  
Of nothing, of everything while  
He sits silently, daisy in hand.

Ah, sweet blooming bud, so new, to  
Know life petal by dew-soaked, snow  
White petal surrounding bright yellow mound now  
Blossom of mind, forever soft flower.

Beneath the willow tree with sadly sagging  
Infinite arms, his eyes close, heart  
Straightens, he opens to the sky above sun  
Setting to purple dusk silhouettes,  
He spans countless yards of swaying  
Cattails in that field  
Off to the left.

Austrian Woman

She washes her shoes  
with orange Fanta, the s  
at the end of a German

Her scent is musty  
perfume mixed with uri  
many days of dried, sticky

"Danke," she says repe  
I move my legs from her  
out of the boxcar door

Or help her throw a hal  
suitcase into the bin abo  
her world held within it

Juice from the orange s  
drips rhythmically to th  
leaving a thick, sticky fil

She wipes her hands to  
and sits straight, arms fo  
so proud of her freshly c