A Professor Attempts The Way of Zen

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A Professor Attempts The Way of Zen

WILLIAM BUCHANAN

"The trouble with life, it's so daily."

I want to be in a poem
that hasn't any words in it
being lived by a woman somewhere
maybe sitting at a kitchen table
listening to the clock tick loudly
(for the children are at school)
and the cat purring like an accordion.
Breakfast dishes are stacked in the sink.
She does not know me
or my desire. Across the street
a pregnant woman hangs up the wash.
There are weeds in the garden. It is spring.
Doing the dishes, not just getting them done,
washing sticky plates in holy water.
Smell the spring: weeds are flowers.
Hang prayerflags on the clothesline.
The cat is a buddha.
Child and mother are one.

O to be released into the calm of anonymity!
O unattainable bliss of the quotidian!