

zazen at galen's wigwam

two feet tall
tiny green leaves
a young tree
poised
like a ballet dancer
limbs outstretched
the dharma of wood



love's dharma

working til 4 am at a neon supermarket
i push my dreams & desires
up & down the linear aisles
while my heart like a nazi of pain .
rages thru all my veins & vessels
destroying intentions beliefs purpose sanity.
she loves me, she loves me not.
she loves him more, equally, not as much.
my soul longs to cry for weeks.
i am the hub of a wagon wheel,
the spokes, all possible paths,
constantly spinning, carrying me on,
leaving rationality in the dust.
one moment, straight ahead is transcendent love
a breath later, recriminations & bitterness.
days spin, choices spin, i spin.
the world, my world, cracks breaks shatters.
i hunt pieces, new & old, in my dreams.
i get desperate, can't find any of them.
this koan has no solution i suggest to myself
& immediately repress the conversation.
scared of pain's craziness, i seek a hiding place
amidst capitalist tv tincan phantasies.
there's no room on the shelf.
i stop, give up, seek only peace,
miss it by a country mile,
& have to start all over again.
love's a dharma all its own.

