

The Egg

I cracked a hard-boiled egg
and began to peel its shell
with the carefulness of a scalpel mind
my focused fingers on the flaking white
 shells
 that fell on the table top
 piece by piece each fragment dropped
 like hailstorm on a plate
stripping the sky naked
and crumbling like stone
 the castle of creation
 on mountains of snow
till all that remained was tender white
soft snow hills in the moonlit night

I kissed the soft-boiled egg
as if it were the cheek of a child
and she unraveled like a cloud
for she was the alchemist of dawn
that transformed into gold,
the sky of night,
from mercuric white,
 into the rising sun
 the seed of creation
 beautiful and bright
 and I did swallow
 the embryo of light
 and realized
the egg was within me now
and I was, after all, its child

The Volcano

There is a hunger inside the fastidious feet.
They strive to cover distances.
They must keep walking... oh, they must.
They were not made to stand steadfast
in a singular place and time like us.

After all, we thought
that we were legs
and went in circles
'round our beds,
and found our minds
would go 'round us,
wouldn't let us sleep
with thoughts like feet
that walk in shaky circles searching
for a center, lost deep
deep within us.

There is a hunger inside the longing heart.
It beats its breast upon the rock
of burning coals inside our souls.

We know it has a secret, yet alas,
it remains forever a secret from us.

We know the bleeding of its wound,
the drunken rambling of its wine,
and its prevailing declaration of life! –

like battle drums, repeating words
that we are so afraid to speak,
until Death whispers them
into our ears.

The heart and feet
are the mouth
of a volcano.

It remains silent, all the while,
and the boiling goes on deep inside,
and hunger growing
 and growing till
 our soul-stomachs are full
 of fire! – erupting
 then to quench the world of its own hunger.

Light and Chaos

I

Through clouds of doubt,
A ray of light
Slices forward.
We follow it like a thread that leads
Deeper into the forestry.

The very same doubts,
And clouds, bring rain
To the garden of light.
Rain drains and dries
The mind-skies with rainstorms.

Dew-like drops of diamond
Sparkle on unfolding leaves
And spark up like matchboxes
To light up the sky-forests
With the fire of stars.

The sky burns.
The wheel turns.
The sea churns.

II

In this world of many mirrors
There are infinite reflections of Truth.
A single ray of light
Is reflected boundlessly
Between metaphors of you and me.

The radiance of reflections
Is not blinding illusion, but illumination.
The beauty of life is not humanity
But the breath of the Soul.
Chaos is Love. And Love is the goal.

When madmen embrace each other,
They see the universe
In the falling of an apple.
They drink from the passion
That breeds the chaos of creation.

Their skies burn.
Their wheels turn.
Their seas churn.

The Statue of Buddha

Buddha sleeps in oblivion.

His iron eyes are closed
To the world.

His metal figure meditates
In an ancient temple, hidden
In the forest.

He suffers the weeping
Of clouded skies
Seeping through the ceiling
Of wooden walls.

Unaware of wear
He does not know that rust
Ails his copper skin,
And dust hides His golden smile,
For the longest while.

Time has tugged Him tight
In a blanket of weathering
On His bronze bed of reverie,
Sheltered in His abandoned shrine,
Where the fleeting winds doth sway
The cradle of His figurine.

But the winds are unsteady
The cradle falls, alas, one day
When destiny calls, and thunder
Frightens the wooden walls,
Introducing the coming of a guest
On a stormy night to find some rest
In the sleeping Buddha's lonely nest.

The moment when ends transitory time
Will, with this coming, intertwine
The moment when, finally, footsteps will lift
The dust from the ground, suspended, as if,
And an eternal prayer will the visitor sing,
Once more, at the temple, the bells will ring.

The rust will flake from His fingers fine,
And from His cheeks, will dust drop down
Then candles, once more, will alight
And incense burn through husky air
The ringing bells will surround with sound,
And His metal figure will, with it, chime.

The Buddha will awaken at dawn
After a night of rain and storm
The rested traveler will go on
But then Buddha will be alone
So, He will ask the traveler to stay

But the traveler will refuse and say,
“There is still much work to be done
And still more eternal prayers to be sung
For many, many lonely Buddhas such.”

Will Buddha then return to sleep?
Now, iron eyes closed, but time is still...
No one is inside the metal build.

For there is only a statue, lying
In an, again, abandoned shrine.

No one is left behind.

A Storm in Spring

Words have fallen
From the lips of the sky
Like a thousand comets falling in love
And kissing the earth
As softly as the feet of a butterfly,

Spreading its wings
Like a hibiscus bursting with pollen,
And letting open
The cocoon of winter broken –
Lo, a thousand butterflies!

Escaping like words
Whispered from the Beloved's lips
Such secrets that bring
Raindrops from cloudy eyes
At the onset of Spring.