

Meditation

**My dog Thought
sits on my lap,
a plum-shaped
comfort in the nest
of my full lotus,
a warm compress
across my
aching calves.**

**“Stay,” I tell it,
and it curls there,
glad not to be
abandoned, not
to be told “Bad dog,
Go, home.” Some
would have sent
it away.**

**The ego must be
starved, they say.
It must be trained
and whipped, and yes,
left without love
until it forgets,
shrivels to bone,
and then dies.**

**“Settle,” I tell
my mind, and after
a few yips, a moist swipe
from its thick-budded
tongue, it does. If
awakening happens,
it will happen
to us both.**

**When the gift comes,
the door opens—the
flash, the eternal
flower, I will not miss
my faithful friend;
the one that tugged on its
leash, ate with gusto, ran
in its dreams.**

**We will look up together,
the light will flood our
faces, dazzle our eyes.
And my good dog, safe in
my arms, will turn back
to sniff the dark, to tremble
at how much we have
left behind.**