

On the Way
In the Dance
In no place
In our depths
In our One
In our very Blood
From our thoughts
Out our eyes
With our breath
Out there
Out everywhere
In Nothing

Sitting

rubbing heart and mind
kindling mysterious Lotus
arising in

Maya
Illusion
Buddha's Mother

Meditating frees us from
yielding

rebirth
Brahminhood
Unattainable
Immortal
Illimitable

Transcendence

Bliss

truth

We experience only that which is presented
We watch the weather channel all day never looking out
What we sculpt has no shadow nor substance
We are unable to turn sensation into perception
All the data we acquire is already filtered
We perceive only that which we already accept
Our childhood delusions our ever-present icons

Tyre, 590

Hear me, oh dear Amytis,

I keep your people from attacking you with the Median Wall
Our city's wall and moot keep us safe from any attack
I bow before you with adoration but with works of love
I build great hanging gardens to fill your longings for home
You have a limestone processional way for your bearers
To carry you to our pyramid temple and other shrines
And though I wish to be with you always I cannot
For I am chosen an unwilling instrument against wrongdoers
Yet you do not show me any notice or compassion

And, dear Amytis,

I have conquered Egypt, Syria, Arabia and Judah for you
I have taken cities, like Jerusalem not once but twice
I have layed siege to Tyre for thirteen years to bring you gifts
You are the queen of the my great kingdom and of my desire
Our city, Babylon, is capitol of the world
And yet you listen not to me but to your handmaidens
What more can I do to earn your love and attention?
Speak to me of my greatness
Speak to me of anything at all
Don't be so distant and withdrawn as if I were your jailer, love

I am your Nabu, Protector of the Boundary Stone

Credo

I imagine while I'm gone
Everyone and everything is leaving
School is closed without reason
My absence leaves me open to scorn
The scorn I wished upon myself
Not believing anything good can be
Long for anybody most especially me
Any good will be trumped by the Fall
My foot cut by the spade
That digs my grave with images
Of myself people imagine in fear
Fear that holds me by the balls
Says It can't be so

You cannot become the one
You were born to be
But only the creature that we made of you
To destroy you
Cut your throat
Throw you in the grave not even yours
No marker; no distinction
No words; no remembrance
Attend the self-destruction
We seek and others demand
Yet demand we be a human
Kindly, useless, invisible
Destitute of any meaning
But scraps of green paper
Based on trust I will not have.

How can we trust the counterfeit
Of human dignity we call freedom
Bound by unknown, complex, contradictory law
Bought and sold in every session, in every court
Is not the extinction of the worst lives
A threat to every life, to mine
How is it we come to believe killing's all right
In the name of peace and justice

Has there ever been a time of both for all
Only for the oligarchs that rule the masses

The slaves, consumers, people, voters, the public,
Call us what you will
For your will will be done
Done until someone else writes history anew
New lies become the basis of our trust
The currency of our lives, our deaths.