

Look into the fire: his spirit called back into this place

red sandstone
torso of prana, swelled,
vein pulled taut, almost invisible in the light
transported like grain throughout the gallery between bowls of flame: our attention;
and the sitars' shimmering outward,
and the drum struck with a branch. With wind,

a man comes to the water-court:
sudden throat, slight rustling
of black wings before rest; then still
as a cypress staff.

This is my understanding of Samadhi:
the Buddha watching, with no panic, the eels at his feet.

I have been torn, have said something hurtful to my lover,
and almost automatically
put my hand in his hair; regret a fetter.

Beside me, my lover closes his eyes to the thunder of bells
and the long, low tone of the cattle horn

calling the cattle back to pasture. A shadow
passing over the water-court,
as the echo of overtones
dissipates. Shepherd?

It is, and is again,
and is again,
and is again,
and is not again and is not.

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