

THE MEDITATION LESSON

Long ago I confined the worry
that should I cultivate thoughts
destined only for books, thoughts
not caught by power or commerce,
my life would have no meaning.
I am happy. Nothing needs me to see it.
Even the distance from my true love
can be closed by a page in a book.

The clubhouse is warm. I sit with four
others in structured chairs, direct a soft
gaze at a stained carpet. Soft faced
and voiced the Buddhist teacher
speaks of her concern. Lost in thought
you miss your life, she says. Empty
your mind to find the world. She
is calm in her certainty and pushy.
She is a very good teacher.

I question. You say see the sound
but let it be. Why sight? In her eyes
I am a little child. She pauses and breathes.
You love your thoughts, she says.
Your mind is pleased with them.

Yes, I think. She is right. My thoughts
are the house in which I am guest.
It faces West and is filled with longing.
In it the words come and go. A bird sings
outside the window. So long as I am
allowed to stay here, I know all shall be well.