

HUBBUB

In a poor Imitation
of Quan Yin
my skinny arms flail
in vain attempts to complete
every task I claim, all at once,
every now and then glimpsing
She who dwells beyond calendars,
unfettered by the fears that push
my urgent buttons.

At the center of hubbub
her multiple arms open,
still as fan blades in a hot kitchen.
Whether she sits lotus on a rock or
resides in a cave, extends a willow branch
or rides a snow lion into hell realms,
her magic matches hummingbird wings.

Hearing the cries of Mother
and all Beings, she blesses
the impossible phenomenal
World.