

Nada

Look at me, sturdy as they come.
Not stronger than my fears though,
which have no bones, no pulse,
no nada.

Just a child's story, told on the porch
after sunset.
Kinda fun, kinda scary,
nothing much driven by
nothing at all.

Once Upon a Time

Somewhere, in a church, a cathedral, a museum,
I saw this stone coffin from the Middle Ages.
About the size of a big bed.
The thick stone lid had the full figures of a noble couple
sculpted into it.
Fine stonework, they looked so lifelike, lying next to each other,
dressed for a special occasion.

I see her clearly, an attractive young woman with long hair
close to a nicely shaped head, tresses over her shoulder, a delicate
stone face.

A long gown to her ankles.

And small feet.

Her gown was open at the neck and she wore a large ornate
necklace.

Around her waist, one of those fascinating Middle Ages belts,
heavy, following the curve of her hips,
the rise of her lower belly.

Next to her, her husband, bigger, and overdressed,
vests, weapons and pointy boots.

As I remember, he wore a sort of pleated stone skirt over
his leggings.

The tableau was—pensive.

At the time I thought, skilled and meticulous.

But for what?

It's all just stone,
the reality is inside the coffin.

Then I noticed, they were holding each other's hands,
palm to palm, fingers entwined,
your pulse and mine.

And It Was True

After the detonation that dissolved my ordinary life,
I went to an old Zen Master, soaked in wonder and apprehension.

He said: *Listen*.
And I listened.

He said: *Become—nothing itself*.

What's more ordinary than that?
And I found I was, and had always been, *nothing itself*.

A young Zen Master said: *Stop*.
And I stopped.

Peter, a friend from way back, said:
*If you're that ignorant, accept the consequences
and start learning something.*
Whoa!

Carol, my treasure, said: *I love you*.
And it was true.