

Wesak

O to return to the tree weeping
willow ceiba baobab
to lay down
gifts, offerings:
helm and claymore, carnival masks
comedy and drama personæ
milk-fed cow's milk
macerated lilies, musk
oil freshly-baked bread.

To exit the corridors
wherein I've walked
decades without issue

one end's door
open to the fantasy's
haram the movable
feast desire,

the other end's a
gate to the battle-
grounds arena:
hatred paranoia
phantasmagoria.

Walk on by the sick weeping.
Pass by the ageing trembling.
Walk on past the strumpet the gauntlet
Pass by the dead

today to sit
before the tree
as once did
gratefully

Gautama.