

“Ambiguous Sitting”

A man pondered the nature of things,
sitting solemnly under a modern bodhi tree.
He attained a wordless union with
the present, and he meditated on.
He grinned, giddy
for a moment,
and he meditated on.
His emotions enlarged
around him, and he
meditated on.
He swam in
love of all things, and he
meditated on.
He was of little
pride, small
desire.
hatred had burned out in him
and greed had run from him. He smiled,
truly happy,
and he meditated on.
Maybe,
eventually,
he
found something
called awakening.