

Disappointing Buddha



A late winter snow on the ground past time for snow to fall but too early to melt. Shadows of the evening. Shivering bats. Hungry starlings. Stray dogs unable to find McDonalds garbage. A time of exhausted resources, of life tired. No way to know if this is the beginning or end. Our optimism requires a belief that it will get better but it does not. It stays the same, every year this day arrives. Every year the beautiful things of summer can't survive any more winter. A jumping horse that tries and tries but can't clear the hurdle is euthanised or sold at a discount. But under these Buddha eyes, the struggle is drawn out to the last effort. One more time and again...