

Phantom Buddha



Is he warm or cold? Schroedinger's paradox says the cat is factually both dead and alive until observed. Something cannot be and not be at the same time; it cannot be both raining and not raining. I stand in my aging house, wishing I were warmer in the cool drafts of air but actually too cold. To view this with a heart open to both is to bring to life an impossibility. I create you – you were supposed to be here but are not so my thoughts keep you alive by your absence. That empty chair, that empty spot where you often stand, that remembered laugh. Are you here? Is it you?