

Trimmed Buddha



The fern grows like a green cloud, like smoke in front of the moon as the world burns. Buddha is made of stone and remains behind the cloud, enduring. Why do we need to view him? Is he less there when he is obscured? The eye wants not to be deceived, a statement of being in the world. There he is. Over there. Behind that. No god exists without the human heart but Buddha nature is beyond the nature of gods – they burn, they die like planets. Why trim the illusion to reveal the concrete? But I did.