



## First Flower

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Emily, thou art  
that immortal Wine—  
no timid hart—  
a wild Skywalker

moving at a dizzying pace—  
that remarkable  
Birthmark on your face—  
a map to Nirvana

crossing the street in wonder about the angle of the  
earth's shadow on your  
soul's wanderings, the crescent moon within hand's  
reach, you are the path  
serene, I bathe in your light, you've been painting  
details on a batik of  
Vajradhara in yabyum while ants march across the  
counter and your snake  
raises its head, your cats cruise among colorful  
candles and burning  
incense, you have made yogi tea and we have gone  
beyond the fuss and dust of  
the day into a room warm in the flow of our words  
and gestures, our glances and grazes

you are a star near and far, a guide in my

meditation, you are like a hart  
moving through my garden, swiftly leaping,  
fearless, eyes nose lips hands  
feet thighs, grant my wish, my boon to dwell in  
your presence in bliss and  
emptiness, you are the teaching, serving in the  
East West Café, present and  
aware, giving your customers food and care  
  
finding smashed glass from a robbed car your  
heart goes out to someone who  
has sustained loss, walking through the plaza we  
find a shopping cart and  
you hop in but don't let me take you too far so as  
not to put the clerk to  
more work, we eat dinner and you read my fortune  
which says i have natural  
grace and consideration for others but this really  
applies to you who give  
the waitress a 50% tip and say, "Why not?" in  
praise, I am blown away  
sitting eating walking with you  
  
you emanate into all realms and in your presence I  
find solace with all objects and all subjects, empty,  
you  
are elegance, no stain no blame no blemish, full-  
breasted warm heart cool brain, carry me away