



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