



Images of the Staff
Richard Denner

Images of the Staff

dPress 2002 Sebastopol

Cover collage by Jampa Dorje

IMAGES OF THE STAFF

OBEISANCE TO TSULTRIM & DAVID

Surrounded by fire
circled by bears
metallic hell beings
screeching in my ears

I'm an old dog with long hair
in a pair of old shorts
taking a pee
in a *SoBe* bottle

On the inside of the cap, it says
"Who's lizard are you?"
I'm waking up—
who's lizard, indeed!

It's dark out there—
patterns consume me, so
I rest my attention
on my breath

In the gompa
with the altar
of the twenty-one Taras
I built to Tsultrim's specs

Silence pervades
except for the creaking
of supports and the cackling
of candle wax

I relax
but the woman next to me
is into heavy vajra breathing—
I make the best of this situation

Images of the staff arise in my mindstream

Paloma and I eat pancakes
in the Dove Café along 666
the Highway of the Beast

PHAT

Claire weeps in the garden—
searches for the sacred feminine
rolfing her fingers
into the soil of my shoulders

PHAT

Brian performs a TV commercial
a senile farmer selling discounted qi—
"If I can do it, you can do it."
qi is his cosmic buddy

PHAT

Mitzi, a bit scitzi
after what she's set in motion
goes askew— still
she serves with metta

PHAT

Brett searches for form
in content, content in form—
a tarp is refuge from the rain
a yawp is refuge from the pain

PHAT

Marta parades on the path
in her mantram pedal pushers—
an OM swinging behind
her swinging behind

PHAT

Reuben, blond Adonis
grounded, I'm glad
we're all connected—
he breaks down my tent

PHAT

Frances builds a batch
of brownies from the ground up—
chocolate oozing into candy
candy smoozing into kisses

PHAT

Aja writes in my notebook
Loving you
Loving me
Loving Tara
Loving we

PHAT

Tracie writes haiku
with the dementia of a drug fiend—
her shitmonk series, in the tradition
of Gary's bearshit on the trail poems

PHAT

I pass the torch to Josh
who's already on the job—
loading rock into his pickup
he's Mila's nynkypoo

as the singing bowl rings
I experience an expression
of emptiness and bliss—

An image of Jack
on the porch of his yurt
blowing the morning conch
stark naked

Happy Birthday, Jack!

Mandala

31, 2002

Tara

June