



Images of the Staff  
Richard Denner

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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*