



FLOWERS
Jampa Dorje

Illustrations by Cory J. Eberhart

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The moon is a flower
the day, a song—
let the dog bark

.

hear
here

is a bird
in the
window

a bee
a flower

a garden
in the
mind

.

dilute the
potion

add water



to the
hemlock

patterns
in this
dream

.

new
dimensions?
shaped
words—
canvases
of space

.

song
bird

word
word

heard
third

.

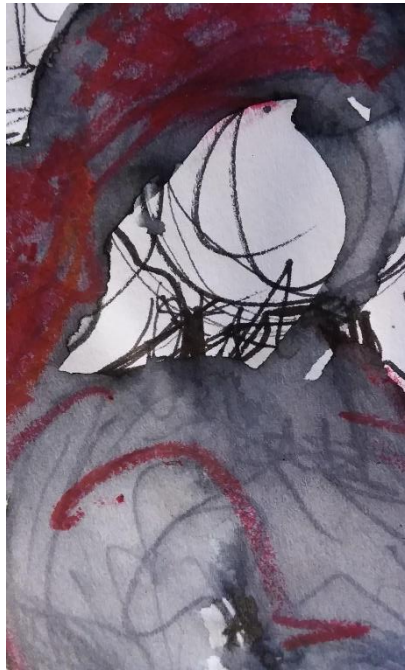
the stars
point
the way

we're
naked

we're
free—

there are
flowers on
the path

.



I was
told

I was
shown

the narrow path
the word's wisdom

.

so
intricate

so
complex

the dead
leaves

on the
sidewalk

the dog
barking

the man
scratching

.

outside
within

is there
emptiness

without
awareness?

.

word

wise
will



word

weed
worm

word

wall
wood

word

weld
wink

word

wild
wing

word

wrath
won

word

world
war

word

.

no time
no place
no heart
for it—

it's
a dark
sentence
a joke on
the wall



.

island
city

one can
lose

oneself
in any

pattern
any tree

star
cloud

mountain
field

.

a problem today
is to put down
the black-white
marble of mind

draw a circle
take your shot
feed daffodils
to crocodiles

.

there
is a
cemetery

in the
mind
tombstoned

we look
for it
the door



that
opens
onto

gardens
and
graveyards

.

there
are stars
in the
branches
of the
tree

all the
windows
of the

moon
open and
close

.

the count
and how
to count
the count

.

Spring
do not

mistake
me for

a flower
or a tree

Death



knows

there's
music

in the
air

