

The Bull's Footprints (1987)

Struggle is here, within my mind,
between Reflection and Shadow.
It is Shadow's wish to cast not a reflection,
Reflection's wish to cast no shadow.
I raise myself throughout,
hoisting the chain which mother and society
built so lovingly about my limbs.
I feel free enough somewhere inside
(there must be a place within that cannot be tied).
I pull at my chain, link by deadly link,
straining to see beyond, to where sit
Buddha and my own Buddha-Nature
engaged in non-conversation...
Silence bring me alone.
Sadness too, can carry my flesh and bones.
But my heart and soul shall await power and gold.
My head can follow in an army of old flower-soldiers,
carrying above them the blue wreathes of Liberty,
which slip down around their necks like nooses...
But I ride high because my
somethingness is really nothingness.
My darkness is really light of the path itself
(I see not the light before my eyes
because, indeed, I am its source).
My heaviness weighs nothing and,
though blistered, my feet float above the earth.
My soul is quite new, yet this is its journey.
For I have seen the Bull's Footprints...
and understood.