

Psalm of Myself

The moon is the mind of Buddha.
 The rabbit in the moon is a story.
 Says so here in my book.

My book is the necessary nothing
 celebrating the fortieth anniversary
 of a non-event. In the free market
 there are maxims to live by:

The consumer isn't a moron.
She is your wife. In the gift economy
 a trellis of vines is a splendid thing.
 Walk under it, *et cetera*.

Who am I to tell you my story when I am no taller than the trees or hills or other humans? That I am as tenuous as our rabbit sleeping away his days, that he, and I are frail leaves floating along the same river. What was it Whitman meant when he said, "I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journeywork of the stars"? Forty years ago in the middle of June, a flood of white light bathed an airport runway. Forty years ago, the moon still awaited its birth. *What was there at the beginning? Was there a beginning?* When the rabbit met the Buddha, the rabbit made a fire and tried to gather some food. Finding none, the rabbit offered itself to the Buddha by jumping into the fire. Freightened memory, refugee city, we landed and then the taxi driver dropped our luggage on the curb. And here, now in the middle of America, I can only imagine the figures huddled in the fog, their slight and foreign bodies.

Eugene Gloria