

# The Buddhist

*by* Adam Sifre

She is not centered, but she finds her way.  
Enlightened?  
She lights a way for others,  
so what matter?

I don't know my Buddhist,  
but who do you know, really?  
The stranger in your bed, clothed in intimacy,  
disguised in familiar habits?

My Buddhist is a mystery.  
Who doesn't love a mystery?

Turn to the one sharing your bed,  
building your life.  
Do you see what you will never see?  
Do you see that wonderful mystery?  
That hidden spark?

( whispers  
ineffable  
when you are not listening.)

My Buddhist is strange fire,  
a wonderful missing puzzle.

and I am drawn.

