

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.

