

# Buddha in the backyard

*by David Ackley*

He sits lotus against the rough granite wall  
I built at the back of our yard  
Under a spread of evergreen,  
pensive, patient, mild.

In his moss apron he could cook  
The cure-all, but he'd rather  
Entertain the gaze of our cat, Bella,  
The bear trucking past  
and nameless grey and red fox;  
moose and the doe  
that eats our arbor vitae  
the odd skier.

It seems now, in bringing him from the concrete statue place  
On Route 2 in Hardwick  
And putting him where each of us can see the other  
Strangely here with a garden surrounded by forest,  
The long winter snows  
The white house, and greenhouse and odd carouse  
On the patio with frozen daiquiris raucous  
So far from figs, and blazing sun and Bodhi Gaya  
I was asking something of him, as one does  
Tiresomely of gods and prophets.

*What would you know, I think to hear him say,  
if not the moss?*

