

Buddha in the backyard

by David Ackley

for Penny

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
the nameless grey fox;
and the doe
that eats our arbor vitae;
the skiers walkers bikers
passing through

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
we were 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?*

