

Driving Through The Dharma At Midnight

by Jeff Goldberg

Headlights pierce mist illuminate extraordinary shadows, shapes,
presences

Without substance without form

In constant motion or not there at all.

Thunder and rain wash away, wash away my blues

Dream a dream of dreaming,

Dream a little dream of me and listen to Dharma talk

On the Internet recorded on a night in March in Southern CA

About my, your, our auspicious births—our once in a Lifetime
coming into this

World and once in a lifetime leaving of it and once in a lifetime

Moments of each and every day

With crickets and frogs chirruping

On the path that goes everywhere and nowhere

The cat is scared of the thunder and hides

My father rings the bell of heaven's dome

Third watch, waiting for the realization

Breathing and asking

The half-dreams and hallucinations

To help me keep vigil until the morning.

