The Little Dalai Lama at Grand Central Station

by Jerry Ratch

He followed me through the crowds at Grand Central Station.
Wherever I went, there he was,
half my height, dressed in the characteristic gold and maroon garb,
with a paper cup of coffee in his hand.

He must have sensed something about me.
That I knew where I was going,
though I didn't.

Or else I had a secret that would advance man into a new realm of being.
Or feelings so rare they were incandescent.

Maybe I was on the verge of discovering something about myself.
Something so big he had to follow me to see where it was going to lead us,
both of us.
Something that would lead us out of the suffering of this world.

Or he wanted to tell me something that would
lead us back and forth between both worlds readily.

Or it could have been that he just needed directions.
A better cup of coffee.
Which way to Mystic, Connecticut.

But they told me he may have had the 32 perfections!

Available online at «*http://fictionaut.com/stories/jerry-ratch/the-little-dalai-lama-at-grand-central-station*»
Copyright © 2013 Jerry Ratch. All rights reserved.

and I — I should have been following *Him!*