That Buddhist Swing

by Tyler Berg

We spend life
or much of it rather
chasing epiphanies
promised to us by hip prophets and free spirits
we look high and low
search the back end of a smoky bar where a bargain bin jazz band plays
step lightly in some shadowed meadow where man may have never tread, eyes locked on the ground so that we don't trip over one of these epiphanies we've heard so damn much about
we hit the highway and play I spy as we hurtle down the far flung thoroughfares of this nation, music dialed down to a tuneless murmur as we scan the billboards and roadsigns, hoping to find some hint of an epiphany beside an advertisement for the world's fourth largest ball of yarn
We've been here there and all places in between
bought the t shirts and snapped the photos
seen the beaches , boulevards and bandstands of every small town paradise the world cares to divulge
and never once did we find that promised epiphany
We split a cigarette with an old boozer in a dive that sang just like Woody Guthrie
We turned a tiny sailing ship into the winds of a rowdy storm off the coast of Florida and watched the Sun cut through the clouds as we drank margaritas
Our lives are ones to be pitied, to have dwelled so long and gone unfulfilled
what
would
the movie
stars
think?

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