

# 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 road signs, 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 boozier 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?

