

The Way

by nama *Saturday, Jun 2 2018, 2:22am*

international / poetry / post

i must return to the Way
where meaninglessness has meaning
and the autumn leaves that once
rustled in the wind lay fallen
crunching underfoot

where the sun rises and sets
without the need to presume
and the moon passively receives
its light, shining silver in a motionless pond

but there's no point in returning
as i have never left nor could i or anything else
that exists in the interplay of dreams and realities

longing for the Way is self-deceit so i simply find my way
without taking trails or roads that lead nowhere or at best, places
that i have outworn

it is good to have been a fool, scholar, monk, magician
thief and madman, it is good to have been hanged, honoured,
abused, tortured, murdered and loved, so many times i have lost
count

if u see a familiar phantom in the sky, forest or urban place
that appears and disappears
do not think of me, or follow what u see
as you would only find yourself
searching fruitlessly for what you already have