

But a Mote

Watching dust gather
on the tabletop grouping scattering
A mote from Abe had settled down
I asked Lincoln what say you now
His reply The play how did it end

The dust of Caesar asking
Why all the anger Why
Kai su teknon Kai su

Ancient dust of Methuselah
old and tossed about spoke
All those years
repeat peat and repeat

I viewed a bearded fleck
Socrates had drifted in
I queried him with Thirsty
His retort Virtue is knowledge
I thought it was tonic and gin

A mote of dust hails me
Hey Call me Ishmael
the Order loves Egyptians

A mote sits in silence
in silence it says softly
Since in reality all is void
whereon can the dust fall

The past is past
reach not for it
Now moves on
touch it not
Future never comes
think it not
What comes to eye
let it be
Eat Sleep
Every day is a good day

How miraculous all this
ordinary persons affairs
Nothing real nothing absent
Serve me more
First empty your cup
your cup it is full