

## “Thoughts”

Constructs of the mind  
children of our meditation  
models clay models  
shaped and sculpted  
by thought alone  
Some see themselves  
ensconced in them  
visualize a future  
as brave warriors  
heros of the sunrise  
becoming instruments  
of their gods  
for out of death  
there is life  
Look to the past  
with its killings  
its unburied corpses  
it remains unchanged  
thinking keeps it so  
When in death's claw  
upon their lips return  
their childhood pleas  
Mama Papa Mama