

SITTING TO MEDITATE:

Some Impediments to Clarity

**When I sit down to meditate
all of my devils join me as well.**

**"Are you sure you want to do this?
Isn't it a waste of time?"
a voice of skepticism chides.**

**If I smile and say, "Why not?"
that voice quiets momentarily.**

**However, soon after that
different rascals appear.**

**One announces "Hey – I have some fascinating ideas!
If you give me your attention, you can hear!"**

**This spirit is slippery
& skilled at manipulating hope.
The only way to dispel it is to say,
"No thanks, I'm already a dope!"**

**If I make it this far,
a cool silence sometimes appears,
yet many other buggers beg for attention:
have we forgotten lust, sloth, or fear?**

**Such phantoms feed off energy.
making Trump-style promises
without delivering a single thing.**

**Yet sometimes it seems
through a grace undeserved,
I slip past such negative energies.**

**Then – for a few moments at least –
my spirit is immersed in an ancient well-spring.**



Nadia: (Grabbing a beer) Worrying 'bout devils turns people into boring farts.

Wan-Sze: Agreed! Too much concern with “spirituality” makes 'em tasteless tarts.

Kasim: (Yawning) Only one question concerns me: how can we discover the world's best ice cream?

Will: Why not be honest? Aren't we inflating fear, sloth, and envy?

- T Newfields

Beg.: 2009 Tokyo ☆ Fin.: 2023 Yokohama

