

BUDDHA=West:

At the Crossroads of Thought

(in memory of Billy Collins)

Since each day is another nail on our coffins
why worry about old paint?

Even children & fools know
practice makes the Master.

And yes –
Night watchmen sometimes die
even in broad daylight.

Since you've already passed away
& rest in distant lands,
why waste time in rabbit holes
when you can watch
3D-CC video streams on demand?

Besides, how many blue tickets to nowhere are needed
to stop the Soviet-Nazi-Habsburg-Tatar-Hun invaders
(and I haven't even mentioned the Rumanians or Czechs)?

The truth is
there are no witches –
in the labyrinths under Buda Castle.

Alas – in the ruins of Aquincum –
where Szemlőhegy's Cave can be found
the sands of time merely drip, drip, drip...

Carlos : (raising his eyebrows) Billy Collins – wasn't that some British rock star?

Devani : Really? I thought he was some Irish-American lawyer from Waco, Texas ...

Anya : Whatever. All names get washed away eventually.

Brice : What I want to know is why the ruins of Buddha Castle are so musty?

Devani : (shaking her head) *Milyen buta!* That's 'Buda' – not 'Buddha'.

And could any answer be dharmic?

- T Newfields

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