

In Memory

15 December 2022

I open the door. It is not clear
whose being-there distrubs my being here, but waves
of pure vibrations meet me there. I am a man
one says, another soy un hombre, one je suis etc...
here we are in memory all the same. We differ
outwardly, perhaps inwardly too, yet all recall
the lessons of teacher who *knew* something. Open the door
upon a field, a pasture, castle in the distance.
Is it home? Or are you longing for another?
What is longing, just be-longing without being?
Let us long, then, till we find a set of beings
we can store within our memories. I'll wait here
for you, patiently, recalling what I know.