

A Lotus State of Mind

Aural jewel set in a single tone
Ommmm echoes from the depths
of countless white-clothed yogis who contemplate
Arjuna, anxious on his way to war.
Charioteer enlightened the prince with consciousness
shielding him from showering of arrows.

Resting on scattered papers, Walden sits open,
a white water lily blooming above muck.
I leave the desk with a mind burnished by law.
Taxi ride — window's stream of light pulsing
between trees passing into skyscrapers —
rolls by as I rehearse imagined colloquies:
*Your Honor, there is no factual basis
for the damage he seeks
to impose on the community.*

Cabman recalls the Lotus Effect,
some unapparent purifying force.
Microscopic spears on lotus leaves
pierce raindrops, shatter them into micro-drops.
Shrewd angles shed fungal spores and dirt,
carry them away with beads' rolling motions.

Advancing into the courtroom
with rain and street grit streaming,
I speak before a panel of black-robed judges
well-armed with the leaves of precedent.
Enlightened by floral wisdom, we unite
as democracy's benevolent one.

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