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.