

REINCARNATION

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Some say they believe in reincarnation
Past lives, coming around again

Birth and rebirth, round and round
Karmic swill in the Buddha's eternal trough,

I think I might believe it too, sometimes
Sometimes if I sit quiet and still

I think I can remember - I was an old woman once.

I've seen her in my visions, this dowdy old thing
Baggy clothes, worn sandals, mousey bun hair

Stooped over a small thin garden, dirty hands working
Clawing at grass blades, sowing seeds, hard work, good work.

A child playing at her feet, a familiar toothy smile
He laughs and kicks at wandering dirt bugs.

These past life mirages just fodder for fantasy yet
I think can remember - I was this old woman once.

Yes, she is me and I am her, we are one and the same
Long ago, ancient history. Once upon a time in 1991.