

At Sea

I work very hard and I tire--
when will this work be done?
I long for sweet enlightenment
to provide a blissful rest.

*If contentment is enlightenment,
then a cow is Buddha. Rest, yes,
but within the work is the bliss.
Just smell any swamp in repose.*

I want to walk the path
but how without a teacher?
So many paths are beckoning
that I'm at sea with confusion.

*At sea is a good place to be
beneath millions of stars,
each at one time bewildered
but now guiding your journey.*

I feel that I may be ready
but the teachers appearing seem
prophets eyeing their profits,
unschooled in even honesty.

*Will your teacher knock at your door?
Be found on some random sidewalk?
Have you listened? Inwardly heard?
Serve and create; serve and listen.*