

Howling at a Real Moon

What is illusion,
really?
Is it the satisfied look on a rich
lady's face?
Is it a boy smelling the evening
breeze as he rubs his magic
lamp and has
visions?
Is it the mathematically
maternal thrill of writing a tight
algorithm for a computer?

What is reality,
sort of?
Is it the headache after too
much ice cream too
fast?
Is it the birds before a spring
sunrise singing their hearts
out?
Is it the symphonic
climax hurled out
of a conductor's
baton?

If we knew what illusion is,
would it be found but a
word?
If we knew what reality is,
how long before the knowing
were but a memory?

Give me a breath at a time
and keep your reality.
Show me a round
orange moonrise
and I will fully embrace illusion.

I look into your eyes
and I see the absolute
reality of illusion.
Then it is that I forget the
illusion of reality.