

in turn each of them tossed a stone into the large deep pond of clear water
and meditated on the waves
radiating from the center of the splash
then they shared in soft voices their visions.
finally
my turn came
and i was silent.
they pressed me in a participation mystique.
so i told them
all I saw was the stone sink straight to the goddamn bottom.
it was amazing to see how quickly
satori
can make people with gems pasted to their foreheads
escort you to the door.

the door that did not exist moments before.

wf.h.

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