

The Poet

The sixth Dalai Lama was a poet,
incarnate Buddha worshipped close by monks,
his prison athrob with flames,
lamps burning butter.

Dark.
As a servant the god slipped out.
He met with women in the town,
laughed them his songs,
the words miraculous relics,
the power to heal.

His knowing lovers swayed and stooped,
little pandas.
In eager breath
they shrined the holy form.
Pearls were his eyelids closed,
curled
the windy shadows of the moon.