

Zen Lite

for Andy McLaughlin

I just don't like
zen buddhists--
they're all so
empty, somehow.
I like to hang
out, chew the fat
with folks right there
where they are at:
whose "what" is "what"
and not "not-what,"
who know the wells
of Me and Thee
send up clear proof
I be, they be--
with all our frigs
and frags and flaws,
as full-blown as

a pregnant pause.
"But are we real-
ly here," they ask,
"gaunt, trepid oaves
at such a task
as this debate
as to our being
or not-being--
or are we not?"

Guess I must lack
the seeker's zeal:
I like to think
my pint is real;
real too the grand
and airy belch
with which I punc-
tuate my squelch
when discourse knocks
me off my socks
for want of windows,
walls or locks,
all that real stuff
Illusion stocks.

I wish I could
dislike them more
for storing nothing
in their store--

except I've got
this dear friend, Andy:
zen or not,
he's plenty handy
in this vale of
apparitions--
played best man
when I got married!
(Well, he said
he was that guy,
but was he really
there--or only
covering for himself
while he was NO-
where as the zen
mind flies?)

I better visit
my friend Andy,
seek assistance
in this randy
matter of
matter-or-not.
It may be
he'll be home,
but I don't care
if no one's there.
We always have
a great time
anyhow.

--Tomas O'Leary