

Spice of Life

With the blue water around curled,
 And fringed by the greeneries in its
 ardent splendor;
 With the sun from above
 lighting the lake into glittering diamonds
 making life anew.

Dotted by sailing boats
 And darting motor launches.
 I swear this little house
 peering into the lake;
 Inspires me I confess
 more of life to take.
 Be it sunny be it funny,
 This beautiful spot makes life
 worth the while for me.

You thought well!
 You thought well!
 To make like a swell.
 From your sleeping chair,
 you can see the blue sea
 Ay! And smell the fresh air.

by H. Bahar

Krishna:
 A constant yearning to know the inner
 spirit,
 And a vision of Truth which gives
 liberation:
 This is true wisdom leading to vision.
 All against this is ignorance.
 —Bhagavad Gita

Sleepy haps
 Autumn
 Running saps a
 Naked tree
 Icely stream
 Frail and weak
 All of these
 Makes three.

by Blythe Ann Erikson



struggling
 and straining
 this last flower
 finally came
 into the world,
 but it was late
 and cold
 and the flower
 did not bloom,
 but withered
 and died
 in the cold

by Gary Bring

All men tremble at punishment, all
 men love life. Remember that you
 are like unto them, and do not cause
 slaughter.
 —Dhammapada ancient

A long time ago a man kept a
 goose in a bottle. It grew and it
 grew until it could not get out of
 the bottle any longer. The man did
 not want to break the bottle, nor did
 he want to hurt the goose. How could
 he get it out?
 —Zen riddle

You and I on a drop
 Together through space we drift.
 The faucet drips.
 He cleans the spot,
 Call a plumber dear,
 What a waste of time,
 And get that thing to

Stop.

Street man
 Shuffles past the mansion
 Shrugs his shoulders,
 Wraps up the sky.
 Fifty cent cigar smoke floats by.

by Marcis Upeslakis

