

II

Deliver me from Beauty's endless snare
the sirens' song the ruse
let reason's piercing stare
illuminate the face behind
the mask behind the make-up, choose
to walk on further find
the leper's loving touch
the geometric clarity of fear
embroidered on a tiger's quiet skin
the graceful passage of a shark's
elusive fin the smile upon the skull
the hidden signs the marks
that point to Milarepa's icy lair
where deep inside the darkness I
may light this hollow wax within
to burn to learn
to see without an eye
the difference between
the fantasy and you
the dharma and the lie
the colleague and the foe
and like the saint's unwickéd and
unkindled candle glow.

III

The frost artificer that glazed
all fragile weeping
trees as well as glass
destroys transformers also
desecrates the monuments
effaces their faces and
reminds us

 we too shall pass
whether
beneath the rubble of Beirut
or bone sclerosis or
simply of the shame of
a worsening reputation; worse
still: the imminent oblivion

He

shall

turn to crystallized pane He'll
break my scepter pride
and turn this graying vale
—His winter bride—
into a pearlèd silvered wilderness

of Beauty.