

“Speaker Sutra”

Given the choice
of gifts
between a gold
commemorative watch
and a volume
of Emily Dickinson
I found the latter
a much better way
to pass the time.

November 8, 2006

“Savonelli Sutra”

A stout Irish plug
in a good man’s
now-mine pipe.

No-thing,
No plan.
No point
beyond the act
itself.

An eternal moment
sublime in pungent smoke.

November 24, 2006

“St. Anthony Sutra”

Wrestling with demons
(mine and ours)
in a straw-strewn earthen cell
I know
that our
salvation
is but a sleep
and dream
away.

December 8, 2006

“Sanford Sutra”

Fred and Grady.
Lamont
and
Aunt Esther.
Their quips
in the junkyard
were the pearls
among the swine.

December 8, 2006

“(In a) Second Sutra”

In the time it takes
to read these words
how many children
have screamed and died
as a result of
Dominion’s
dreams?

December 8, 2006