

POST CARD

Kyoto Garden Snapshot

Buddha smiles, enshrined
in stone and moss;
six women walk, all supple
flesh and chatter.

The pastel umbrellas
the women carry are almost
too bright, too new, for a place
that gathers moss.

Look carefully at the one
tucked beneath a parasol
of fiery red. Alone
in her thoughts she walks,
while stone Buddha listens,
readies to carve a Way.



TO: BECKY