

A POEM FOR THE DHARMA BUMS

Reading Kerouac on the back porch
And the birds chirping
The leaves rustling as they fall from the roof
The dog sleeping in the sun and occasionally yawning
I am so deep into this book
That I fail to see the world around me
I am seeing someone else's world
A world of Buddhas, mountains, Bodhisattvas
Everything I wish the world could be
It apparently was in 1954
I want to see Japhy's paradise on the hillside
But for now, I'm stuck here on the back porch
Totally immersed in someone else's
Hobo mountain climbin' fantasy

13 October 1998