

As When We Make Smoke

As when we make smoke it goes to nothing
So come many from none. This is called
Chaos or birth, wonder or enlightenment.
Here is a veil: the shape of a monkey's tail,
a millipede coiled up in a formal maze.

As when we make smoke our thought is carried
To nothing, so we ourselves go up and down,
In and out of dust, nowhere to nothing.
Dew drops sunstruck on a blade of grass.
Juniper seeds strung in a necklace.
Snakes wound round a tuning fork.