

I ASKED A TIBETAN MONK TO HELP
RENEW ME. THESE ARE THE LINES HE
WHISPERED ONE MORNING, WHILE HIS
FRAIL HAND COVERED MY EYES

*You've long desired
to climb Mt. Kailash,*

*to sit legs crossed
at the top, face up to clouds
that reach
down like warm hands,
like soft rain,
to wake you, to console
your pounding heart,*

*to make you
something you've never been,
the eye of the hummingbird—
a piece
of floating dust
on a dew droplet,
on a white
lotus blossom.*

*Listen,
he said,*

become these crickets

chanting, chanting ...

*now, become the pale mist
you breathe in*

out ...