

Bodhisattva (Tibet) 442#

SHARON RIZK

Come, Bodhisattva
stay with me this night
when jackals scream
and dreams turn black

You, with feet planted
firm, steady tree
in wind and waves
that buffet me about

sweet wisdom flows
into your receptive palm
to be offered freely
with the other

dance me lightly
up with you
into the swaying tribhanga
of an open soul

NANCY ELLIS TAYLOR

A teacher is a treasure
with a voice like rain
that returns to ease
our parched lives
and in such compassion we grow

BILLIE DEE

releasing want,
but... not yet wanting release
from this world
I balance the weight of wisdom
with heavy jewels

Illustration by Tim Callahan

