

*Paul Jacoulet's, "Le Genie San Noms" Woodblock print on paper (Japan) 441#*

MEL WEISBURD

***Bodhi***

The sculptor, heart to faith,  
knuckle to wood, in the hour of umber  
leans his Bodhi like a bronzed rocket  
at a celestial angle toward the zero gravity  
of the floating world, free of the  
machine-made, free of the virtual,  
that has always lain between  
the third eye and the belly button –  
a super nova for the lost generation  
to steer by.



MONICA LEE COPELAND,

***Greeting***

The artist creates an artist creating an image.  
The French painter makes an Ainu sculpt a deity,  
Who's hands press at chess level as if they were in Western prayer.  
But this golden idol is no Buddha. The Enlightened One,  
Shakyamuni, does not use the mudra for submission.  
We are created in its very image and likeness the pastors say.  
To Animists, Everything in nature has kamuyl.  
The light in this god of no name moves me  
As if it were an escaped sigh at sunrise;  
Scarlet and serenity awakening a sleeping house.  
If this composition is a poem, am I a creator too?  
Or is pen to paper simply spiritual practice?  
And the love felt when viewing the painting was it  
Born with me from another world?  
We know what Sidhartha rejected.  
Jacoulet sends this greeting; a man in awe of his work  
I contemplate my own and the god within me.



JOAN STERN

oh sacred statue  
I have struggled and sweated  
to spread sanctity  
with cold chisels and brushes  
belief born in somber gold

*illustrations by Morgane Plassart*