

Table (Tibet) 405#

KATH ABELA WILSON

on the Table

your simple head ensrolled with mystery
you came into my life like this piece
of furniture set on a pedestal
you loved Tibet your simple side wanted
to scale her heights and sit
in profound meditation
we wiped this table clean
when you left
I thought you loved death and I was right
but the pure wood the intricate workmanship
took my heart away
and when you asked I said yes and put a
beautiful rug
over the surface to cover imperfections for the
long years
then life in its infinite fragility
gave up and left you
to this beautiful bequest

MONICA LEE COPLAND

a table in Tibet

perhaps while big father traveled with the
yaks
his brother, small father, sipped
“pö-cha” butter tea
that ama brewed with pinches of salt
while father’s third brother, the monk
khatag about his neck,
adorned after smiles and low bowing,
told tales from Sertar
his long robe neat beneath bended knees.
perhaps the table never held
ama’s barley flour dough or momos,
but was covered in ancient scrolls
carried from its maker’s tent to monastery,
a thousand feet up in snow,
on llama back, it may have swished,
under mountain passes where
canopies of prayer flags
hurled blessed mantras on wind.
perhaps ink and quill lay elsewhere
and the chant “Om Mani Padme Hum”
was not heard near this table.
but truly the compassion of Buddha
surrounds; it is everywhere:
in the carved faces of these “Pö-pa” people,
within the smooth stones of the rock,
and dancing along the halls of a museum
where perhaps sits a Tibetan table