

Disappointment Drives

By Mary Warner

Disappointment drives
With set jaw, crinkled brow
Shoulders clenched.
Get out of my way!
Ugly! For shame!

This is not Buddha's way.
"Shrug off the leather straps of suffering," he suggests.
That's all fine and good for one with soft, roomy robes.

Enlightened? Huh!
See enlightenment collar my head in steam,
Hot bee-drops swarming out of swat-range.

Is it too much to ask for an answer?

I await the alleviation
The anointing.
Bare and whipped, I am prostrate,
Mouth eating sand,
Groveling, begging to stand,
To be counted as worthy.

I spit and choke, wondering why a heel
Grinds the bones in my spine
To fine powder.

"Enough!" Buddha pinches my ear,
Kicks me in the rear.
"Get up! Go do something!"
"You chose to eat sand."
"You put disappointment behind the wheel of life with your unreal expectations."
"You are worthy! Now act like it."